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PHOTOPLAY

JULY
25 CENTS

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

*Evel
Christ*

**Those
Amazing
Bennett
Girls**

**The Age of Fear
In Hollywood**

down to the sea in smart surf suits
 WITH THE NEW
EVENING GOWN BACKS



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The new "Surf Suits" by B.V.D.—have you seen them?

We didn't want them to be like any other swimming suits ever made! So—as thoughtfully, as brilliantly as a Paris couturier designs a dazzling new style in gowns, we made plans for the new "Surf Suits!"

For months there were long consultations with artists, with stylists. And then we consulted with swimming experts, including the famous Johnny Weissmuller, a champion among champions.

"It's never been done before," said one well-known stylist. "Give them backs like the loveliest of the new evening frocks!"

"And the new high waistline!" said another. "Make them up in the smartest colors ever seen in any waters, salt or fresh," suggested an enthusiastic artist. And he selected the colors!

"They must give women perfect play of the swimming muscles," said Johnny Weissmuller. "Here are points about fit . . ."

After months of designing and re-designing and designing again, they were

ready—the new "Surf Suits" . . . with the backs and high waistline of the loveliest of the new evening gowns . . . in colors to charm the most critical or the most gay. And when we showed them to women who during months of each year frequent the beaches at Southampton and Newport and Palm Beach, approval was unanimous!

Do go in and see the new "Surf Suits"—by B.V.D.! Select one with the back which most closely approaches that of your favorite couturier's smartest evening frocks. And then *swim* in it! Win championships in it, if you will! Or merely stroll along the sands in it—and know that you look your most charming! The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York City.

B·V·D

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**A YOUNG MOTHER . . HAS
WORDS WITH HERSELF ABOUT**

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"**H**ER two tiny teeth are so white that they fairly sparkle! I suppose mine looked like that when I lay in a bassinet. Even two years ago they certainly were brighter than they are today. Why, at this rate, I'm afraid that by the time she's old enough to be *critical* of her mother's looks, she'll never know that once upon a time people had rather nice things to say about my smile!

"I wonder . . that 'pink' upon my tooth brush! What does it have to do with my teeth looking cloudy and dim? Why, they're as dull as a blue Monday. And my gums are so touchy and soft that they can't be of much help to my teeth! I'm going to try massage. I'm going to get Ipana and I'm going to write it now upon the telephone pad—we're going to see about this 'pink tooth brush' business."



"I wonder . . that 'pink' on my tooth brush, morning after morning . ."



A glance over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and you'll notice at once that most of our modern foods are *soft foods*. And soft foods certainly give our gums no work to do.

Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the dread, though much rarer, pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may threaten some of your soundest and whitest teeth through infection at their roots.

Don't tolerate "pink tooth brush." There's a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly—it is a marvelous cleanser—and then, each time you use it, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *massage it into those touchy gums of yours*.

Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will regain a sparkle they haven't had for years. And within a month, your gums will be less lazy and far firmer. For the ziratol in Ipana—plus the massage—tones and stimulates the gums back to healthy hardness. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush."

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

Name:
Street:
City: State:

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" . BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

Here are *the new* motion picture *favorites*

Your Favorite Stars

HAROLD LLOYD
MARLENE DIETRICH
MAURICE CHEVALIER
GEORGE BANCROFT
MARX BROTHERS
RUTH CHATTERTON
GARY COOPER
NANCY CARROLL
CLARA BOW
JACK OAKIE
RICHARD ARLEN
FREDRIC MARCH
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CLIVE BROOK
CHARLES ROGERS
JACKIE COOGAN



Be sure to see:
NANCY CARROLL
Fredric March

in
"THE NIGHT ANGEL"
Edmund Goulding Prod.

"THE VICE SQUAD"
Paul Lukas—Kay Francis

"UP POPS THE DEVIL"
Norman Foster, Carole Lombard
Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin

"THE LAWYER'S SECRET"
Clive Brook, Richard Arlen,
Charles Rogers, Fay Wray



ROBERT
COOGAN

PARAMOUNT, with already the greatest stars in motion pictures, is constantly enriching the screen with new personalities. From the New York stage, from Hollywood, from all over the world they come! Attracted to Paramount for the opportunity to play in some of the world's greatest stories. Under expert showmen. And in the most lavish productions. Watch for these new favorites in current Paramount Pictures! And in Paramount's greatest triumph . . . the 20th Birthday Jubilee Program! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

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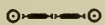
JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

July, 1931



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

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



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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

The \$25 Letter

AS a nurse, most of my time is spent in hospitals or sick rooms. My ears have become attuned to the moans, sighs and complaints of the sick. Is it any wonder that I love the movies with their beautiful people, gay songs and sophisticated repartee?

The movies make me forget that I'm tired. I forget the hospital—temperatures, cold feet, sick people and everything unpleasant. Nothing matters but this world of make-believe—this house of cards that will fall when the curtain comes down. But who cares? The movies are my rose-colored glasses and I love them and am thankful for them.

MISS M. O'CONNOR,
Washington, D. C.

The \$10 Letter

THE American women have often been acclaimed the most beautiful in the world. I feel that this fact is due largely to the influence of the screen. Visions of the lovely actresses reveal to the feminine fans the charm of correct clothing, the importance of dressing to type, the effect of good grooming and the importance of a pleasing personality and voice. Age no longer bars their reign, but adds grace and charm.

ALICE BISHOP,
Denver, Colo.

The \$5 Letter

I WONDER if the producers are fully aware of the fact that millions of children go to the talkies. I have two—a boy nine and a girl fourteen—and we're going less and less each month, thanks to the surfeit of sex and smut, which is so hard to escape. Not only are we going less ourselves, but we're influencing our children's associates also.

C. H. BISHOP,
Park Ridge, Ill.

Gloria Is Grand

WHAT a truly great performance Gloria Swanson gives in "Indiscreet." They can bring on their Garbos and Dietrichs, but to me Gloria will always be the first lady of filmdom.

MALCOLM RICHARDSON,
Meridian, Miss.

GLORIA SWANSON wins high and generous praise from our correspondents this month for bringing "Indiscreet" to a public ever ready for light-hearted entertainment of this kind and fed up on an over-diet of crime and crooks. Ben Lyon skyrocketed to a high place in the fans' esteem for his charm and good looks as the lead in this picture.

Running Gloria a close second was Norma Shearer, whose many fans lived and suffered with her through "Strangers May Kiss"—a tremendous hit at the box-office, according to the quantities of mail received. Robert Montgomery's ever-increasing public voted him a huge success with Shearer, if not with Garbo. They are strong for him in "Shipmates"—a picture which was well liked.

Tallulah Bankhead has been approved of and compared, in innumerable instances, to Dietrich. The fans liked her personally in "Tarnished Lady," even if they did not rave about the picture.

Marion Davies' "It's a Wise Child" placed her way up at the top of the class as a comedienne of the first order.

Clark Gable got a large share of the letters—all full of praise and begging for more of him.

Sylvia Sydney came through with flying colors as a successful substitute for Clara Bow in "City Streets." The fans raved about her acting ability and declared Gary Cooper was a perfect hero in this picture.

"The Secret Six" brought the popular Wallace Beery stacks of letters, although the fans are asking for a let-up on gangster and sexy pictures. More variety, they ask.

With all of these new excitements of the month, the fans still find time and thoughts for the Garbo-Dietrich battle. Come what may, that goes on forever.

Shearer Perfection

AFTER seeing "Strangers May Kiss" I decided that if Norma Shearer never makes another picture, or if she never again attains this standard, we can look back on this and say, "There was Shearer perfection!"

DESIRE JENNISON,
Chicago, Ill.

Norma Shearer was fine in the dramatic scenes of "Strangers May Kiss," but the comedy scenes were ruined by her annoying giggle which grates on one's nerves. Too bad the story was not worked out to a logical conclusion, instead of having her break down and confess that she should have stayed at home and waited for her lover's return. The plot lost its punch, and became just another movie.

ELSIE HUNTER,
Chicago, Ill.

"Shipmates"

"SHIPMATES" is one of the best, if not the best picture I have ever seen. It's so realistic and true to life. Bob Montgomery didn't act his part—he lived it; and Dorothy Jordan is the sweetest girl on the screen. This picture puts a great big smile on your face.

W. C. HOWELL,
No. Little Rock, Ark.

Time Will Tell—

WHEN Robert Montgomery gets a little more poise, he will be one of the greatest actors ever known.

MRS. D. A. DORMAN,
Barre, La.

Robert Montgomery is one of screenland's greatest coming lovers. His indifferent manner is his greatest asset.

C. A. COOK,
Salinas, Calif.

Place Robert Montgomery opposite Norma Shearer, but not Garbo. He was wonderful in "Strangers May Kiss" but terrible in "Inspiration."

KATHLEEN MANION,
Terre Haute, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]


DADDY LONG LEGS

with

JANET GAYNOR

and

WARNER BAXTER



Glamorous Janet Gaynor sweeps to new triumphs of enchanting appeal, as the bewitching, wistful waif who wins the love of her handsome millionaire guardian. A magical masterpiece of tears and laughter, tenderness and charm, with youth and years contending for the love of a little Cinderella mysteriously lifted from drudgery to delight. As dazzlingly joyous as a flood of sunlight — this latest directorial achievement by Alfred Santell.

ANOTHER **FOX** MASTERPIECE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennet, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March)

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

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (Jan.)

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (Jan.)

FAIR WARNING—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (Jan.)

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

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (Feb.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (Feb.)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March)

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

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

FLAME OF LOVE, THE—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (Jan.)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (Feb.)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (Feb.)

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

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (March)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March)

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

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

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

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (Feb.)

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

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (Feb.)

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a couple guns. A sizzling hot Western. (Jan.)

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

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

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

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

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (Feb.)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (March)

★ **ILLCIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A darling film, strong and moving. (Jan.)

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

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (Feb.)

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

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

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

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March)

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

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (Feb.)

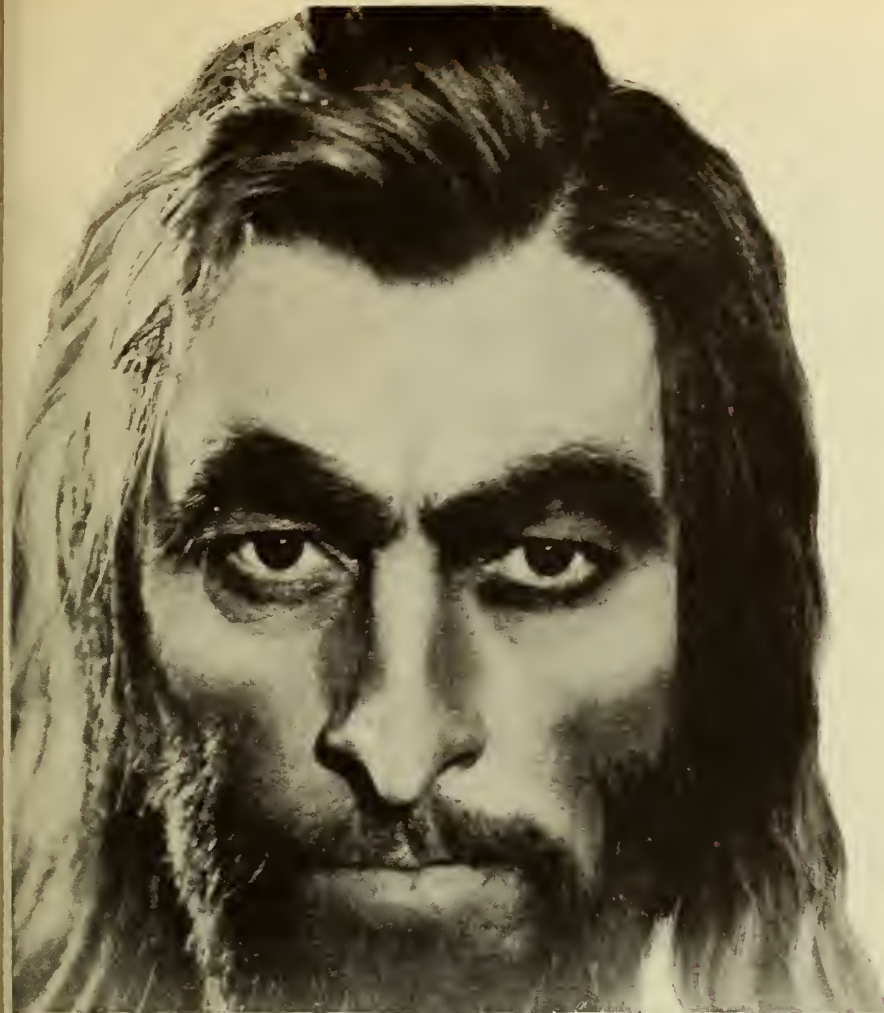
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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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HE is genius—madman
—lover! His hypnotic
spell reaches out of
darkness controlling
love—hate—life itself.

SHE is the beauty who
has all Paris at her
famous feet—who wins
men with a smile—who
hates Svengali the sinister
love maker—until
his magic spell forces
even *her* heart to beat to
his *manufactured love!*

JOHN BARRYMORE

as

“SVENGALI”

The Hypnotist

MARIAN MARSH

as “Trilby”

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

Based on the novel “Trilby” by DU MAURIER



“Vitaphone” is the registered trade-mark of
The Vitaphone Corporation



Don't miss the newest beauty of the screen, alluring Marian
Marsh, selected for this great part by Mr. Barrymore, himself.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March)

ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March)

ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia.—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (Feb.)

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

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (Feb.)

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

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (Jan.)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (Feb.)

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

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

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

BIG MONEY—Pathé.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convince you. (Jan.)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (Feb.)

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

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

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

BROTHERS—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (Jan.)

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

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (Jan.)

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

CHERI BIBI—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

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

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (Feb.)

POLITICS

Rule the world, and they rule Hollywood, too! Being a good actor or actress alone is not enough to succeed in the town where

Studio Politics Rule

Next month's PHOTOPLAY will tell you the real story of politics in Hollywood. One of the best "inside" stories ever written.

In the August issue of
PHOTOPLAY

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (Feb.)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heart-breaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March)

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

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

COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (Jan.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (Feb.)

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

CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (Jan.)

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

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

COSTELLO CASE—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (Jan.)

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

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (Feb.)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (Feb.)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (Feb.)

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

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (Feb.)

DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)—AFA-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (Jan.)

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

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

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

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

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



**DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.**
in **"CHANCES"**

with
ROSE HOBART

The picture thousands of fans have waited for, clamored for, actually demanded—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a greater role than in "The Dawn Patrol" . . . He reaches full-fledged stardom in "Chances" where men sport with fate, honor and life; and love tramps the shambles of the battlefield . . . "The Dawn-Patrol-Fairbanks" as you would have him in war and love—with the gorgeously beautiful Rose Hobart.



Directed by ALAN DAWN
Story by A. HAMILTON GIBBS
Adaptation by Waldemar Young
with a cast including
**ANTHONY BUSHELL
HOLMES HERBERT
MARY FORBES**



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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Girl on the Cover

By

Frances Kish

WHEN you meet Claudette Colbert, when you watch her at work on the set, you get the impression that she is all animation. Yet the real Claudette is a quiet, reserved girl who doesn't talk much, cares little for social life, and feels the weight of responsibility to an unusual degree.

"I can worry off ten pounds in as many days," she says. "When I am working I am always underweight, no matter how much I eat or how much I rest. I can't understand why an actress should have to ward off excess poundage. With the constant strain of each new rôle, the worry over each day's scenes, how can anyone remain placid enough to gain weight?"

"If you're not getting the 'breaks' you worry until you do, and when you do get them you wonder how long it will continue. The tension of stage and screen work is terrific."

At this point in the conversation, Madame Colbert, Claudette's attractive mother, breaks in with, "Yes, and if there isn't anything at all to worry about, Claudette finds something." Which explains why, in order to gain twelve needed pounds, Claudette has been living on a special diet for a period of about six months. Coddled eggs, an average of eight glasses of hot milk daily—each glass containing two ounces of cream—cereals with cream, creamed vegetable soups, custards, rice pudding, junket, and generously buttered toast have been her main foods.

She now weighs about 112 pounds, which is little enough for her five feet, four inches of height, even though the motion picture cameras add about ten pounds to her screen image. But her shapely legs inspired a New York columnist to use the phrase, "a swell pair of Colberts," whenever he wanted to pay tribute to a lady's supporting attractions.

FOUR years ago when she played in her first picture, First National's "For the Love of Mike," she decided she had enough of the screen.

"I hated silent pictures," she says. "To me they had absolutely no connection with the stage. And I guess I was pretty terrible as a motion picture actress. I didn't photograph very well and I wasn't beautiful enough to get by solely on my looks. Not until the talkies gave me a voice on the screen and let me act as I would on the stage did I begin to see possibilities for myself in pictures."

Claudette had not sought a picture career. She had not intended to be an actress—"only as every girl sometimes dreams about it," she adds. With her parents and older brother she had left her native Paris when she was about six years old. She was born in Paris, September 13, 1907.



She's trying to put on weight

The Chauchoin family (Colbert is her mother's maiden name, an easier one for American tongues) settled in New York City. At high school she began to develop a talent for drawing and she continued her studies at an art school, having decided to make fashion sketching her work. But a few days of taking her portfolio around to solicit orders, a few days of waiting outside office doors while she tried to summon up courage enough to go in, convinced her she would never be a success at marketing her own wares.

BUT, like everything else that has come to her, a stage career was handed her "on a silver platter." At a tea one afternoon she met Anne Morrison, author of "The Wild Westcotts," with the result that she was given a small bit in that play which served to launch her in the theater. She wanted to try pictures then, but a friend advised her to wait. He told her she didn't have a "photographic" face, but that if she continued to perfect her acting the time would come when movie people would approach her.

He was right. Just as a stage opportunity had come without effort, her first screen opportunity sought her out.

The first talkie she made was "The Hole in the Wall," for Paramount. She says about it, "It was pretty sad." But when she

appeared opposite Walter Huston in Paramount's "The Lady Lies," both she and the box-office began to take her picture career seriously.

Even her radio début was unsought. She has always liked to sing and, as a young girl, took a few voice lessons. She sings in "The Smiling Lieutenant." While she was working in that picture, a national radio hour offered her a huge sum for two songs. She became hysterical after the broadcast.

HER eyes are large, dark brown and velvety. Her lashes are long and curling. Her nose is too broad for real beauty, but her mouth is full and feminine. Heavy masses of very dark brown hair spring back from a low forehead.

At the studio she has a reputation for being tractable and totally lacking in temperament.

Claudette and Norman Foster were secretly married three years ago in London, where they were both playing in the stage play, "The Barker." The news, even after their marriage became known, that Claudette continued to live in a small apartment with her mother while her husband maintained a separate apartment, caused a mild stir.

In "Young Man of Manhattan," Norman played her screen husband, but of recent months Claudette has been making pictures at Paramount's Eastern studio and Norman has been working at the Hollywood studio.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

Millions of men and women are now discovering a brand new enjoyment since Camels adopted the new Humidor Pack.

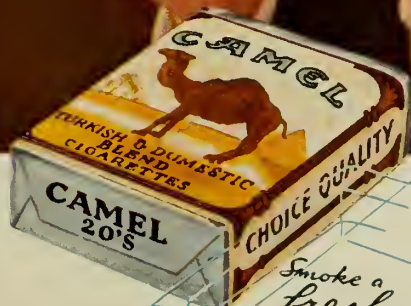
The mildness and the flavor of fine tobacco vanish when scorching or evaporation steals the natural moisture out of a cigarette.

Now, thanks to the new Humidor Pack, Camels, wherever you find them, are always *fresh* and in perfect mild condition.

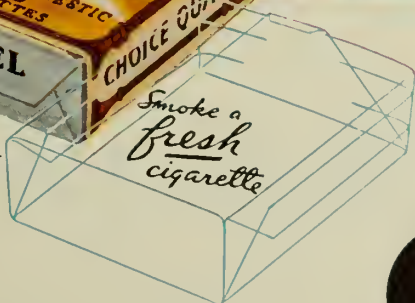
Factory-fresh Camels are air-sealed in the new Sanitary Package which keeps the dust and germs out, and keeps the flavor in.

No harsh, dried tobacco to burn the throat. No peppery dust to sting delicate membrane—just the cool mild aroma of fine tobacco, properly conditioned.

If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, switch over for just one day, then quit them—if you can.



**HUMIDOR
PACK**



● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

CAMELS



He thought:

"You're the brightest girl in the office. Too bad 'B.O.' makes it unpleasant to be near you."

Yet, to be polite,

He said:

"Don't wait. I'll send the papers to you later."

Clever...hard working...but couldn't get ahead until she ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

A VERY capable girl, everyone agreed. A nice girl, too. Yet she didn't advance. Raises were slow and small. Promotions passed her by. People liked her personally, but seemed to avoid her.

Then the new office manager, a woman, had a talk with her. Gave her a tactful hint about "B.O.", the polite term for something people dislike even to mention—*body odor*. Suggested a simple way to avoid offending. . . . From that day on, her "luck" seemed to change. She's popular with everyone now—has twice been promoted within six months. "B.O." no longer cheats her of friendship or success.

Hotter weather no excuse for "B.O."

We perspire more freely these sultry summer days. We *have to* in order to endure the heat. And though we don't notice "B.O." in

ourselves, the slightest hint of it annoys others.

But perspiration *can* be kept odorless by a simple safeguard millions of particular people have adopted. It's Lifebuoy, the delightful toilet soap that lathers so abundantly—even in hardest water. Refreshing, mildly antiseptic, this rich, creamy lather penetrates deeply into the pores—removes all odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Fresh, glowing complexion beauty

Lifebuoy helps complexions renew their loveliness. Its searching, *deep-cleansing* lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—freshens dull skins—promotes healthy, radiant beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



New!
LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. At your druggist's

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Brown or Beery?

"The Secret Six" has a multitude of sins, but the greatest was featuring Wallace Beery above Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny deserves complete and absolute stardom more than anyone else in the movies, and instead M-G-M puts him in a secondary rôle.

P. C.,
New Orleans, La.

"The Secret Six" is a splendid gang picture—well written, well directed and well cast, but it would be just another gang story without the personality of Wallace Beery. His humor supplied the balance the picture needed to keep it from being too tense and gruesome.

FRANK ALLEN,
New York City.

Opinions Differ—

Constance Bennett is the most cultured girl on the screen. She has the richest and most interesting voice; even finer than Ruth Chatterton.

LILION McGRATH,
Montreal, Can.

Why all this raving about Constance Bennett?

ANN CRAIG,
Asheville, N. C.

When Garbo is ready to abdicate, Constance Bennett will be next in line for the throne.

EVELYN K. ABRAHAMS,
Charleston, S. C.

"It's a Wise Child"

I really don't think I've enjoyed any of Marion Davies' pictures quite so much as "It's a Wise Child." It's hilariously comical and full of wholesome fun, so that parents can take their children to see it. Marion is better today than she was ten years ago.

AUSTIN C. MOORE,
New Orleans, La.

Garbo vs. Dietrich

Garbo is charming in her cold, dignified way, but Marlene knocks us cold with her flaming beauty and warm spirit.

JEAN MEREDITH,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I admired Garbo more in silent than in talking pictures. She is sometimes very difficult to understand. She rolls her R's and her voice is very raspy, while Dietrich's voice is mellow and clear and certainly no one can complain of her enunciation.

EDNA B. STULTZ,
Bluefield, W. Va.

After seeing and hearing Barbara Stanwyck in her third picture, my old favorites appear like amateurs: even Garbo.

MRS. FRED J. TORY,
York, Penna.

How anyone can praise Garbo with Norma Shearer in existence is beyond my power of comprehension. She is nothing compared with Shearer for beauty, personality and acting ability.

J. G. EADY,
Birmingham, Ala.

I once said that Garbo was the only star who could walk gracefully—so gracefully that one forgot she was even moving. I now take that

back. Elissa Landi can do the same thing, and more gracefully than Garbo.

ALBERT D. ROEHN,
Chester, Penna.

After seeing Marlene Dietrich's third picture, "Dishonored," I am still wondering why she is billed as an actress. She is charming and at times unbelievably beautiful, but all this does not make her an actress. Most of the time she's on the screen she wastes by smoking cigarettes and draping herself around chairs.

JEMIMA LINDSAY,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.



Silk suits and ensembles are recommended by Seymour for Summer wear. Therefore, this afternoon ensemble of Sylvia Sidney's should receive honorable mention, don't you think? It is a dull blue silk crepe with the three-quarter length coat trimmed in blue fox. The flattering small hat matches the fur in color. Nice for those cooler days

A gorgeous sunset after a drab day.
A glorious symphony of tragic notes and poignant beauty.

A poem of divine loveliness.
An elusive charm as of fleecy, fleeting clouds.
A Being, rare and exquisite—
Garbo, the Incomparable.

ZELMA SMITH,
Washington, D. C.

Often imitated, but never duplicated, Garbo is as flawless as white ivory.

MRS. J. V. PONS,
Lexington, Ky.

Random Opinions—

Tallulah Bankhead has the same personality as Dietrich. You are compelled to like her.

BLANCHE SEARS,
Hiialeah, Fla.

Alexander Gray, in my opinion, is one of the best actors the talkies have brought to light. He has a fine singing voice and never does any unnecessary overacting. I prefer him to all the Maurice Chevaliers in the world.

F. CATANZARO,
Port Said, Egypt.

Sylvia Sidney is a great actress, and a thrilling, different personality.

LYNN FOX,
Yonkers, N. Y.

What the screen fans demand today is Personality! This quality is forcefully expressed by Clark Gable.

CAROL DICKSON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Why does June Collyer smile so artificially?

KATHERINE FEUZ,
St. Louis, Mo.

Fredric March's acting is real art. It is without the slightest trace of self-consciousness or affectation. His quiet, dignified manner and low, modulated voice are entirely pleasing.

EVELYN GIRAULT,
New Orleans, La.

Charles Farrell's voice is completely lacking in dramatic tone.

D. M. POPIE,
Forest Hills, L. I.

Producers! Give us John Boles' productions with plenty of that golden voice.

E. W. HEWITT,
Richmond, Va.

All pictures are alike these days—wise-cracking, dancing, scandal and crime. Why not give us something different?

CYNTHIA VAN HUESON,
Meridian, Miss.

Why do they give songs to Chevalier and stories to Garbo that are in no way worthy of their talents?

J. P. DONNER,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Lewis Stone . . . going grey in the film world and getting handsomer yearly. He has a finish the youngsters lack and an intriguing romanticism felt by women from sixteen to sixty.

LUCILLE MACDONALD,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Advice for Joan

Joan Crawford is one of our most brilliant actresses. Give her more dramatic parts like "Paid."

RAMON THOMPSON,
New York City.

Why doesn't Joan Crawford get the hurt, sick look out of her eyes?

CHARLIE JOE WEBB,
Greenville, Texas.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

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

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

LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard ridin', and that's all there is to it. (Jan.)

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical Saxonia. (Jan.)

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

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

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (Jan.)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for it's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (Jan.)

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

LION AND THE LAMB, THE—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (Jan.)

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

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

LOOSE ENDS—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (Jan.)

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

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (Feb.)

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

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March)

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

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March)

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

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

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish locale and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (Feb.)

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

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March)

*Producer Announcements
of New Pictures
and Stars*

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

First National Pictures . . . Page 11
Fox Films Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . Page 90
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Radio Pictures Page 101
United Artists Page 99
Warner Bros. Page 7

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

★ **MOTHER'S MILLIONS**—Liberty Prod.—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (April)

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

MURDER—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (Jan.)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—paradise! The Ben Lyoneses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (Feb.)

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

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music of the drama first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (Jan.)

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

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

OH, FOR A MAN!—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (Jan.)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (Feb.)

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

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law.")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (Jan.)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March)

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

PART TIME WIFE—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (Jan.)

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

PASSION FLOWER—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (Jan.)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (Feb.)

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (Jan.)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (Feb.)

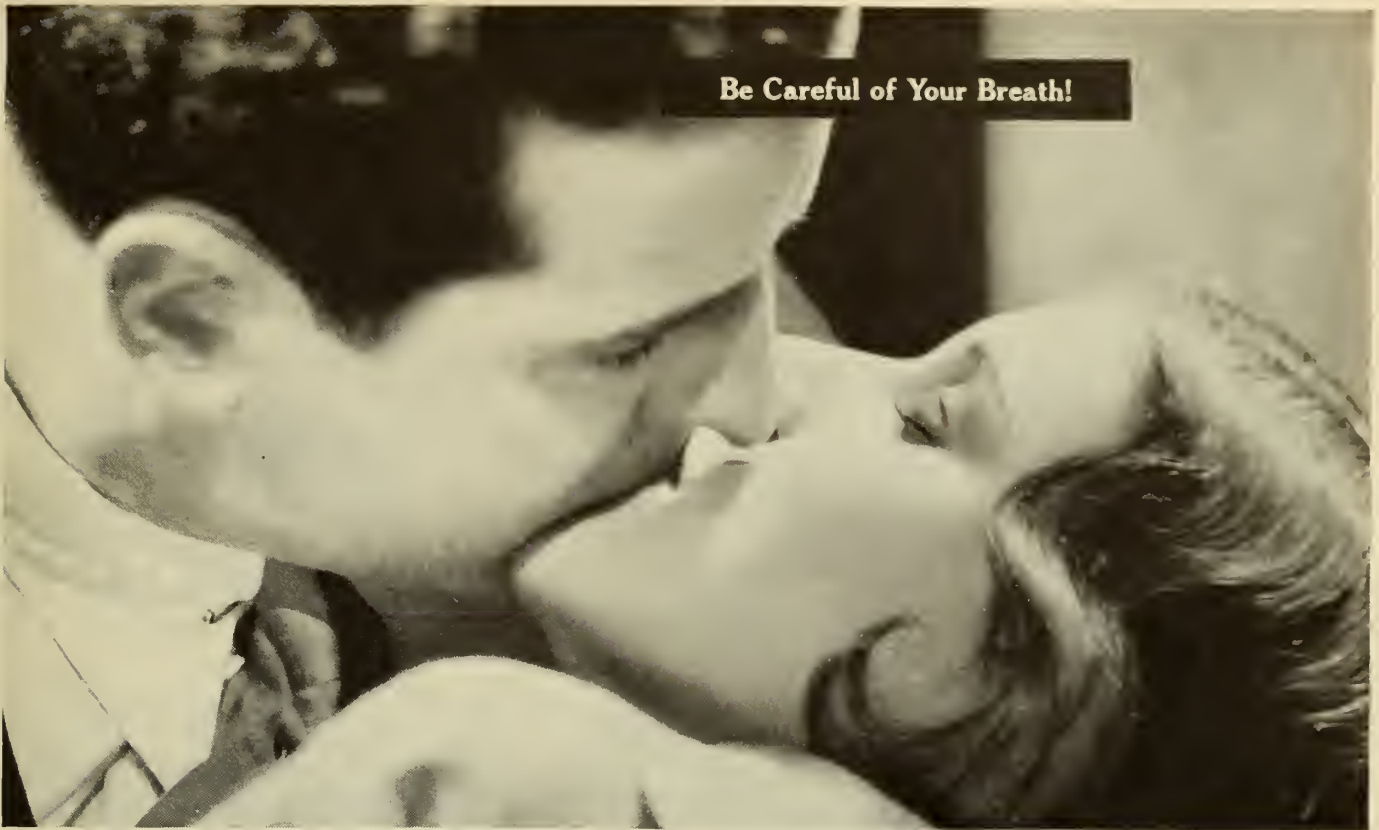
PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

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

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (Feb.)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Be Careful of Your Breath!

New discovery! Pepsodent Antiseptic 3 to 11* times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics !! Checks bad breath longer!!!

AGAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics.

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide.

Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time — that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth; tooth decay; slight infections of nose and throat; excessive smoking. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic when diluted with several parts of water. Hence it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used **FULL STRENGTH** to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories



How to Have a *Beautiful* Vacation

Frances Dee seems to be well poised here! Probably because she's so comfortably dressed for vacationing

HOW often a returned vacationist exclaims, "I had a perfectly beautiful time." Yet, when you look at her sunburned nose in that sad state of peeling, her complexion actually leathered by too much exposure to sun and wind, and her hair faded a slightly perceptible shade lighter, you are tempted to ask to just what the "beautiful" applies!

I know what a temptation it is to let down and to be a bit careless when you have a chance, especially, if you have to keep a stern hand on your grooming all the rest of the year. A vacation, however, whether it is merely a few days or several weeks, is supposed to be a beneficial excursion. It should provide not only a change of scenery and a gay, good time, but it should reward you with a decided improvement in looks.

Don't let it do a damage that will take weeks to rectify when you return home. On the other hand, I don't want to give you the idea that you have to spend your time worrying about yourself. By a bit of careful planning, it is very simple to have a "beautiful" time in every sense of the word.

When you start packing your bags for that week-end or cherished holiday, take an inventory of your beauty equipment beforehand. What will you need? If you want to acquire that nice, healthy looking tan—put in a bottle of some good oil or cream to protect the skin from becoming coarse or scaly. Sun tan is not the fad it was a year ago—you will find everyone doing it in moderation. And a great majority are actually trying to avoid the burning rays of the sun. It is always wise to take a good sunburn lotion along with you. A powder foundation of cream will help keep the skin smooth and free from burn.

So many of the prominent beauty houses are offering com-

plete kits of your favorite cosmetics for vacation trips. These are attractively packed so that you can keep bottles and jars together without either the inconvenience of spilling their contents or futile searching about among things in your bag. Even if you do not want to go to the expense of one of these, they offer a good tip for packing your own cosmetics. Just pack all your toiletries in a good-sized box, well wrapped in tissue paper or cotton.

Vacations hold such thrilling possibilities, don't they? New people to meet, new places to see—and always the promise of romance just around the corner! Could there be more reasons why it is important to look one's best?

Faithfully keeping up your beauty schedule is not the only thing you must do. There are clothes. And how important they are! As soon as you decide where you are going, you must consider what clothes will be suitable to take with you.

I THINK we are all unusually fortunate this year. Vacation clothes are so simple and inexpensive. With colored accessories so smart, you can make one little tennis frock look like several by merely changing your color scheme! Don't forget that comfort is of first importance in choosing vacation clothes. Is there any sillier sight than to see someone in the country teetering about on high heels? Or to see a long, trailing skirt when everyone else is wearing short sports things?

Unless you are going to a resort where dressing is more important than sports, I suggest that you pack your bags full of simple sports clothes. People have become sensible about vacations. They no longer strive to make an impression; instead, they wear good looking clothes that are comfortable and wearable.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

DOES Summer seem to aggravate your beauty problems? Would you like to be slimmer? Does your complexion need some helpful treatments?

Then send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Also for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. You may have both, simply by asking for them.

But don't forget to enclose the envelope and be sure to address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. If you want other personal advice about your hair, the correct colors for your type, the right shades in cosmetics—I'll be glad to mail back a personal letter of advice in the envelope you send me.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

Discovers a NEW Type...

Brownette

and tells her Secret of
MAKE-UP

Are you of this distinctive type . . . not Blonde, not Brunette, not Redhead?

Discover how the magic of make-up in color harmony for your type, as created by Max Factor for famous screen stars, will bring you new fascination, new beauty, new personality. Mail coupon.

FROM HOLLYWOOD, comes the most important beauty news in years for girls and women who are brownettes . . . neither blondes nor brunettes, but a distinct type named "Brownette" by Max Factor, creator of make-up for Hollywood's studios and stars.

"The real secret of beauty in make-up, the keynote of alluring personality, is correct color harmony for the individual type", says Max Factor. "No longer will cosmetics produced for the general classifications of blonde and brunette satisfy beauty's needs. There are titans . . . brownettes . . . and many variations of each type. Each subtle variation must be considered . . . the color harmony in the make-up ensemble . . . the powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and other requisites . . . to be true to type, to bring out personality as well as fascinating beauty."

This is the magic beauty secret which Max Factor has given to the stars of the screen . . . and which he now offers to you in a new kind of make-up for everyday.

Scores and scores of feature pictures . . . millions of feet of film . . . depicting the entrancing beauty of Hollywood's famous stars, have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Now it is within your reach.

So whatever your type . . . discover now what Hollywood knows about make-up. Discover the one way to actually double your beauty and vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality. Permit Max Factor to create for you, as he has for the famous stars of the screen, your own individual color harmony for day and for evening in Society Make-Up. Mail coupon now and also receive copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1930 Max Factor



DOROTHY JORDAN
in M-G-M's "Min & Bill"

Dorothy Jordan, typical brownette, says: "Perfect make-up, perfect harmony of color in powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites, is something a screen star must be assured of at all times. That is why I use Max Factor's exclusively."



RAQUEL TORRES,
M-G-M, with Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using the correct color harmony tone in rouge



Leila Hyams,
Blonde
M-G-M

BLONDES . . .

BRUNETTES . . .

REDHEADS . . .

No one color in powder, or rouge, or lipstick, or eyeshadow may be worn by each type becomingly . . . for complexion colorings differ even in the same type, and make-up must be in color harmony with the individual to magnify beauty.

Mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, for your own complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart.



Marc Prevost, Brownette, M-G-M

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-7-36

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

She couldn't

BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me...breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically.

"Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . .?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why*? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are present.

Its commonest cause is ferment-



ing food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the

odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION yields to it!



INA CLAIRE, still Mrs. Jack Gilbert, made movie magnates pay for turning her down two years ago. They bought up her contract, yet as a result of "The Royal Family" she's back with a five-year contract at double and triple her old salary. You'll see her soon in "Rebound"



ANY star who can make an old-fashioned melodrama like "East Lynne" thrill this modern public and turn that venerable old costume vehicle into a box-office success is an actress. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Ann Harding—Mrs. Harry Bannister, if you please



JUST as the screen decides to discard ingénues, as they call the little persecuted heroines, along comes Helen Twelvetrees and knocks the box-office for a whopping profit in "Her Man" and "Millie." Selected as a "Baby Star" in 1929, she succeeded despite the prediction



JACKIE (SKIPPY) COOPER, caught by the camera at a time when he wanted to join the other kids on the studio lot playing baseball. "I don' wanna pose for any pitchers today," he told the photographer. "Gee, won't you ever give a fellow a rest? This acting business is the bunk"



Summer

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on
and you look ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. — Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent — just as you would ordinary vanishing

cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder — the most clinging powder ever made — and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. — This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set — enough of each preparation for two weeks' use — to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent,

Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful — all charming — all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly*.



get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago Dept. A-1567. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....
Street

City and State

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

"ADORATION is the tribute men pay to femininity"

says

DOROTHY
DIX



"I HAVE never known a man yet who didn't adore the quality we call femininity.

"It makes a woman seem precious and mysterious to men—yet it's not mysterious, really. If you yourself *feel* feminine and charming, men find you so.

"One of the clever ways of feeling feminine is to wear feminine underthings. The charming colors, the soft touch of the fragile silks and laces, all give you a sense of femininity that is magically contagious.

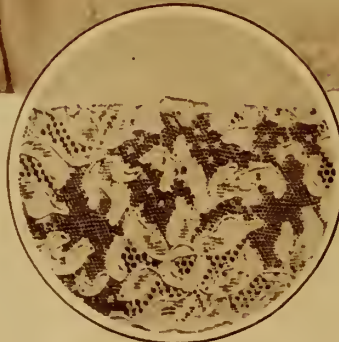
"I often repeat these 2 simple rules:

1. Wear colorful, lacy lingerie.
2. Keep it exquisitely new with Lux.

"I say Lux because it's made especially to preserve color and charm. Ordinary soaps, even the 'good' ones, too often dim colors, spoil lustre and finish. But with Lux, lovely things stay new, retain their enchantment, for months and even years!

"AND REMEMBER, TOO, that your *surroundings* can also cast a glamorous spell about your personality. So cherish the daintiness of draperies, slip covers, sofa cushions, table linens—keep them all color-fresh and new with Lux."

Dorothy Dix



The
Secret
of
Dainty
Femininity

Peach satin lingerie washed 12 times in Lux—all its exquisite beauty of color and texture retained. Just as colorful and charming as new!

Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary 'good' soap—the charming color faded and drab, lustre gone, lace and satin damaged. Unattractive!



The magic promise . . . if it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

July, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

DEAR CHARLIE:

I AM awfully sorry your European trip was such a disappointment to you. Things seem to have broken wrong for you from the start.

I don't blame you for being a good business man, but those English men did feel pretty sore when you pushed them to the limit on the price of your film.

That made them peeved in Germany, too, where, with all the unemployment and unrest, a million marks seems an awful lot of money to them for the rights to your film in that country.

As I figure it, that is about a quarter of a million dollars, and I don't think they even hope to get it back.

Somehow or other they feel they have to have you, and I suppose business is business with you, and this Brotherhood of Man stuff is pleasant conversation.

OF course, Lita and the income people have made quite a gouge in your bankroll in the past few years, but with four or five million dollars left, and the possibility of doubling it on "City Lights," it might have been a nice gesture to have given them the million laughs for less than a million marks. But it does seem that even in these difficult times, people will dig down and find the money some place to pay for your pictures. So let 'em pay.

I was awfully sorry when I heard that you had to disappoint those children—the little fellows in your old Whitechapel public school—when they all dressed up to come to meet you.

But then, I suppose Bernard Shaw and those other high-brows did hound you to death, and at that time you were very popular with the noble folk of England.



WASN'T it nice of Professor Einstein to give you that autographed photograph after you had spent an hour with him discussing the world's faults and troubles? "To Charlie Chaplin, the great economist," he inscribed it. Did you watch the Professor closely as he wrote that inscription? Did you notice if he had his tongue in his cheek? Do you suppose the old rascal was

kidding you, Charlie? You don't suppose he had heard how you gave Lloyd George and Prime Minister MacDonald all that straight dope on how to settle England's problems?

I heard you got in a little pet because they did not knight you, but I know better because you have often said you did not want to be knighted.

It was gracious of you, however, to accept the Legion of Honor from France. You probably gave Mr. Briand quite a thrill.

WHAT'S this I hear about you rejecting the invitation of the King of Belgium to attend the opening of your picture in Brussels? Did you really have a previous engagement?

They tell me that it was quite embarrassing when that delegation from the Communists and unemployed called on you at the Adlon Hotel, where the Kaiser used to give his parties, and suggested that you put some of your theories about the Brotherhood of Man into practice for the relief of the unemployed. I don't blame you for leaving town immediately afterwards. Those chaps ask too many impertinent questions.

What's the low-down on all this fuss about your refusing to attend the annual variety performance for the indigent and unemployed actors, which the King and Queen have honored with their presence for generations? That seems to have caused no end of

talk and made the British pretty sore. Anyhow, you sent them a check. It ought to have pleased them to get that kind of an autograph, eh Charlie?

BY the way, is the Duke of Connaught, King George's uncle, still peeved at you? Nice old chap. What if he did wait an hour? Do those fellows good to cool their heels once in a while.

That situation at Nice must have been a laugh. You know, the one where the thirty European correspondents came to see you and the hotel manager came down to talk to them instead. I can just see those fellows couldn't get the joke of it all, as they grabbed their hats and canes and yellow gloves and walked out in a huff. Ha! Ha! That was funny. You certainly turned the tables on the newspaper boys that time, Charlie.

I have heard, though, that those European journalists haven't got such a sense of humor.

Were you kidding those other newspaper fellows when you said you liked Algiers and would like to live there? Now, wouldn't you look funny running around in a sheet the rest of your life!

Your pal,
Jim

DOUG, JR., rushed into the story department the other day and said, "I've just written a swell yarn. Want to hear the plot?"

Well, they didn't much, but they listened while Doug told his story in bare outline, giving it no time nor place. Ten eminent story doctors listened earnestly and when he was through they all shook their heads and said, "No, that story isn't any good—too episodic, too . . . well . . . it just isn't any good."

Doug made his way to the door and stood with his hand on the knob while he said, "Well, somebody thought it was good. The story I've just told you, gentlemen, is the plot of 'Hamlet.'"

Doug believes that the cuts the inkwells left on his cheek will be healed by the time you read this.

EXTRA! They're going to stop making gangster pictures. Sure they will—when the public quits going to them.

PERHAPS you have never heard of Donald Beaton, son of Welford Beaton, editor and publisher of *The Film Spectator* of Hollywood. You would have heard a lot of him if he had not, at the age of 21, died an untimely death recently. A talented chap, with a flair for good writing, sound criticism, and clear thinking, he was building into one of the finest minds in pictures. Our sympathy goes out to his parents. In what pitifully little time you had, Donald, you earned our admiration for yourself and your work.

THERE was an evening of (to me) rare entertainment at The Art Centre of New York recently. The topic of the discussion was "What the Movies Are Doing to Our Architectural Consciousness." There's a box-office title for you.

A group of serious art-minded folks, several hundred of them, gathered to hear a studio art director answer the charge of architectural bad taste in motion pictures, and they went after him like a committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union putting a bootlegger on the spot.

The art director was explaining why, in talkies, it is impossible to build in ceilings on the sets because they interfere with the acoustics and the free movement of the cameras and microphones. For instance, he said, they once built a ceiling and Ernst Lubitsch, the director, ordered it out.

"May I ask who this Lubitsch person is?" asked one of the discussers, "and may I ask what was his architectural training that justified him in ordering it removed?"

IT went on like that for hours.

And all the time a dignified old chap in evening clothes kept leaning over to me, utterly regardless of the discussion on art. He wanted to know if Mary and Doug were really going to separate. He wanted to argue that Greta Garbo was a much finer actress than Marlene Dietrich. He volunteered that Joan Crawford was his favorite actress, and asked why he didn't see more of Anita Page.

He was one of America's foremost architects.

HE was particularly interested in the marital future of Mary and Doug, neither of whom he had ever met and both of whom he admired.

"Well, it's too bad if they ever separate," he said, "but it is their business, anyhow. Folks who have lived their married lives in the spotlight for ten years, as they have, seem to have done pretty well to stay together that long, and I'm for both of them whatever they do."

THE old chap put the whole situation pretty well. Doug and Mary are genuinely fond of each other, and, what's more, have the utmost respect for each other. The white flame of love cannot burn at full intensity year after year in Hollywood, any more than it can in the quiet precincts of Kansas. Let's hope that in Europe they are permitted to have a little moonlight together, instead of the torturing glare of the front page spotlights.

PLEASE! Please! Mr. Producers. Can't we see Jean Harlow as anything but a gangster's sweetheart or a slithering seductress? And wouldn't her parts get over just as well if she wore a few more clothes? She always looks like a picture from one of those phony "art" magazines that are barred from the newsstands in some cities.



“Sadder!
Miss Lombard,
Sadder!”

AND at this command all of the blonde loveliness of Carole takes on an appealing wistfulness as the lights and camera bear down on her for this stunning close-up. You'll see it in "I Take This Woman," in which she appears opposite Gary Cooper



Charlie's been having microphone trouble. This fighting look you saw on his face in "Body and Soul" is just a reflection of the way he is tackling the problem. After a honeymooning absence from the screen, young Mr. Farrell is out to prove to the world that he is a star in his own name

Charlie Has To Fight!

By Leonard Hall

MILLIONS of words about Charlie Farrell have thundered and tinkled over the typewriters of the nation in the past few months.

His tender romance with Janet Gaynor, his happy marriage with Virginia Valli, his honeymoon rambles in Italy—all have been bathed in adjectives and dried with the turkish towel of adequate publicity.

What the word-mongers *haven't* said, in all the mooning about his love-life, is that Charles Farrell, the wedding trip over and the rice all combed out of his hair, faces the fight of his life in the picture business.

Little Caesar Microphone, plus the fateful chances of studio policy and expediency, have put Charlie "on the spot."

Right now, back in Hollywood with the lucky little woman, he faces the battle of his century to hold, consolidate and make more resplendent the stardom he won with *Chico* in "7th Heaven." Few know what and how Farrell has had to fight, and has to fight today and tomorrow.

He told me. It wasn't a confession—there wasn't a hint of a pettish whine or excuse. It was a plain statement of fact.

"7th Heaven" made Charlie and Janet Gaynor stars, but it did more than that. First, it shackled them as a picture team, and labeled them as Farrell and Gaynor, Unlimited Dealers in Screen Sweetness. Second—oh, fatal tag—it hall-marked them as Young Lovers for ever and a couple of weeks. Both have been squirming, and are struggling to this day, to grow into the mature, vigorous parts that they hope to get.

Now the team has been torn asunder—the kids are on their own. And that's easier done than made to stick!

We—and the men who show pictures in our theaters—are very apt to deny, with screams and arm wig-wags, that half a loaf is better than no bread at all. If we can't get the whole loaf, Gaynor and Farrell, all sweetness and light, we're apt to say we'll eat cake, and amble down the block to another bakery. And that's not nice, for stars or company, either.

That's just one tough angle. Here's another:

There's the voice, and if you think that's all skeer and bittles, you should hear Charlie tell it, as he sits with his lanky legs draped over a chair arm and his eyes roaming across the continent, 3,000 miles to the struggle on the set in Hollywood!

I cornered Farrell in a luxurious Park Avenue hotel—one of those gilded

joints where the doormen are dukes, and no one below the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Bulgarian Horse Marines can get a job hopping bells.

The new missus was out walking the bankroll along Fifth Avenue, where every shiny shop is a dare. And Charlie got philosophic and reminiscent.

"Until I heard my voice from the screen," said Charlie, gazing speculatively out at the Rolls-Royces, "I never knew it was high. Furthermore, no one had ever said so.

"I'm a Cape-Codder, and folks up there are inclined to speak with something of a nasal twang, and in the upper registers. But off the screen nobody had ever commented on my voice, and I got plenty of shock when I heard it in my first talkie."

THAT'S another cross Farrell totes on his broad and competent shoulders. He's laboring with his pipes day in and day out, working to bring his speaking voice from a high tenor to a middling baritone.

It's dollars to corn-plasters he'll ask you, hopefully, if you don't notice a change for the lower since he gave us a bit of a turn when we heard him in "Sunny Side Up."

There's still another thorn in Charlie Farrell's rosy crown.

Charlie may be only half of Gaynor-and-Farrell of Sweetness, Unlimited, but just the same, Charlie is a Name—a solid draw among the susceptible young ladies who tear down the theaters where his pictures are shown.

It's no secret that Fox, for whom Farrell toils, is zealously—even ferociously—trying to develop more feminine stars to glitter in their line-up. They want the girls—need them, in fact!

And how does a picture company hopefully launch stars of the feminine persuasion?

Well, one way is to push them off the dock. The other, and better, is to nudge them toward the public as nominally supporting a well-known masculine name—such as Charles Farrell. The ladies' parts, you know, can be judiciously padded and built, and the completed film will sell on the strength of the young gentleman's name and at the same time introduce the lassie, in a plump and succulent rôle, to a world made up of chronic Missourians.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Can she overcome it? That is what everyone is asking. Clara Bow is at the crossroads in her career. Unless she can down her Microphone-Phobia she is slated for permanent retirement. Which will it be, a farm in Nevada or a future in Hollywood? A scene from her latest picture, "Kick In"



Clara's Microphone Fright

By Ruth Biery

THIS is not a plea for sympathy for Clara. It is not in criticism of her. It is merely some inside "dope" the world should know before they censure or praise her.

As this is written, Clara is in the Glendale Sanitarium. She is not, however, as sick as the newspapers have stated.

Clara has fooled, or partially fooled, approximately twenty-five doctors upon her illness. Furthermore, she has fooled herself—which is even more important.

Clara Bow is suffering from Microphone-Phobia.

Naturally, her recent troubles with Daisy De Voe and the publicity resulting from them have not helped her condition. But it is not the main-spring of her present breakdown. More of that later.

Did you know that Clara Bow stammers? I use that word, although it really is not correct technically, and Clara won't like it.

She said, after reading one of the scurrilous attacks made upon her by the Girnaue paper, "Why doesn't Daisy come out now with the proof that I stammer? She has forgotten something."

Clara talks very rapidly. She gets thoroughly excited when telling a story. Her excitable mind works so much more rapidly than her tongue that her words can't catch up to her. The result is equal to a stammer—although it is not an impediment of speech, but a psychological reaction. For example, if she were telling a story, she would say, "And then I—and then I—I—why—I ran—I ran across the street." By the time her tongue is at that statement, her mind is on what has happened long after she crossed the street. She has to think back—and repeats herself in an effort to remember where she was in her story.

But through the years, this habit has grown upon her. Furthermore, the terrific excitement of the past four months has accentuated it. And her natural fear of the microphone—from the first day of talking pictures—has doubled it. She does the same thing when speaking her lines for a picture. She is thinking ahead, of what comes next, what she will do next—and forgets the line she is saying. Each scene has to be taken and retaken.

It is absolutely true that Clara hates talking pictures. She

has begged Paramount to release her from her contract. In one letter to

Ben Schulberg, highest mogul of the West Coast studio, she even offered to allow Paramount to take all she has owned, her entire savings—which amount to a quarter of a million dollars, of which \$210,000 is in a trust fund and \$40,000 in other holdings—if they would allow her to retire from pictures. She promised that if she ever returned, she would make pictures for no one but Paramount, if they still wanted her. She said, "It is my home. The only one I know. You have been like a father to me." Her one plea was, "Please don't make me do another."

But Paramount refuses. They believe they are doing the best thing for Clara in refusing. Mr. Schulberg says, "We believe Clara to be a great actress. We know she is. She must be as great in talkies as she was in silents. We are going ahead with our plans for her. Her first will be 'Manhandled'."

Clara has had nervous fright before every recent picture. She goes into them with a mania of fright. When some other girl is put into the production, she begins to get well immediately. Within four days after Sylvia Sidney was given the Bow lead in "City Streets," Clara was saying, "I'm all right now. If they had only waited—"

But when "The Secret Call" started, exactly the same thing happened.

BEFORE rehearsals for "City Streets," Mr. Schulberg told the entire cast of Clara's fright—her so-called stammer. "Now, Clara, they know all about it. You do not need to be self-conscious."

He did the same with "The Secret Call." In fact, Stuart Walker was chosen to direct her because of his long experience and reputation for being able to handle young people and highly nervous ones. He was told of Clara's Microphone-Phobia and asked if he would do everything in his power to help her. He wanted Clara Bow for this picture, not only because of his belief in her, but because he wanted to show her how unreasonable and foolish was her bugaboo about talking pictures.

Clara was at Rex Bell's ranch in Nevada. When all her pleas to be relieved from her contract failed, she produced doctors' certificates to say she was unable to work, and refused to come to Hollywood. But Paramount [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

How to Adapt Screen Modes

A remarkably frank article in which Gloria Swanson answers the questions millions of women ask about styles created for the stars

By Lois Shirley

THERE is no woman in Hollywood more competent to talk on "Clothes for the Screen as Compared to Clothes for the Drawing Room" than Gloria Swanson.

She was the first "clothes horse" of pictures. She is, today, one of the best-dressed women on the screen—or off.

Yet, I doubt whether she would have talked on the subject (she has refused for years!) if it had not been for Chanel's trip to Hollywood.

When Chanel came out of Paris to tell Gloria Swanson how to dress, Gloria's back stood up in little ridges.

Just what did Chanel know about it? She might dress women for the drawing-room correctly, but how could she know about dressing them for the camera? Gloria will not admit that Paris dressmakers of today know all that there is to know about dressing American women for the street and ball-room, either.

Two years ago, when Gloria was in Europe for the London opening of "The Trespasser," she purchased many clothes in Paris. She had the usual fittings and departed for London. She dashed back to Paris to pick up her clothes in time for the opening, carried them back to London with her. *She was unable to wear one of them until they had been refitted.*

"Dressing is not a matter of general styles, only; it is a matter of a personality's particular style!" she says.

"One fitting will not do it; sometimes several are insufficient. What looks right in a design or in the first few fittings, may look all wrong when the gown is finished. Each one of those Paris gowns needed some little change to make it right for Gloria Swanson. And they would undoubtedly have needed some change to make them right for some other person."

TO explain what she meant, Gloria showed me a gown which was being completed for her recent visit to New York.

Made from a design by a famous creator, it had been cut and fitted to her by Ann Morgan, who has been supervising the actual making of Gloria's clothes for many years. It looked all right at the first and even second fitting, but at the third and fourth—!

There was a cape across the back. Now, a straight cape makes shoulders look broad. Gloria has to be careful and not give a broad-shouldered impression because she is naturally a *little* broad-shouldered.

"Let's cut that cape on the bias. Make it longer at the left point than at the right," she told Miss Morgan.

The diagonal cape did away entirely with the broad-shouldered appearance.



Paris didn't say one sleeve was the thing — but Gloria did. And a million fans went home to cut out their jacket sleeve!



Chanel might not endorse this — but Gloria says it has the necessary exaggeration for screen purposes

to Fit Your Personality



Gloria Says:

“OUR clothes are exaggerated for screen purposes. But a woman can take a gown from a picture and follow the general idea—change it here and there to fit her personality.”

“IF women would only take the time to do those little things to their dresses, we wouldn't find three women in the same drawing-room dressed exactly alike—all in 'exclusive' models from Paris!”

“THE creator for the drawing-room has material, color and line at his disposal. The creator for the screen has only lines.”

“ACTRESSES are not manikins displaying Agowns. The gowns are to display the actresses.”

“STYLES for the screen often have to be a bit different from styles of the street.”

The gown was black and blue. There were two little pleats of the blue running from the bust. They were exactly parallel on the design and at the first few fittings. But before the gown was completed, Gloria said:

“Let's raise this right pleat half an inch. Parallel lines are not good. They are too mechanical. And uneven lines give me height!”

Gloria is five feet, one-half inch in her stockings. She must always watch this matter of height for off-screen and on-screen purposes.

The right pleat was raised. The entire dress changed its appearance with this mere half-inch differentiation. Her bust looked fully an inch smaller; *she* looked fully an inch taller. The parallel lines had seemed to block in her figure; the uneven ones elongated it. There was a coat with the costume. It had sleeves.

“NOW, picture trying to put that cape into sleeves without absolutely spoiling it by wrinkles!” She slipped the coat off and on, again and again, to see if she could do it. She paraded before her mirror. Finally, she smiled.

“I've got it! Leave the left sleeve out of the coat, entirely. Put in the right. Cut the left side of the coat so it comes under the arm and fastens here. So! The blue from the cape of the dress makes a lovely covering for the arm. See—”

Three little changes in one gown. Yet—it was so completely altered from what the designer intended that you would scarcely have recognized it.

The uneven cape line; the non-parallel darts and the one-sleeved coat. The last innovation was something *new* in fashions. It made Gloria the ultra-smart—distinctly the *La Swanson* person for which she is famous.

“If women would only take the time to do those little things to their dresses, we wouldn't find three women in the same drawing-room dressed exactly alike—all in 'exclusive' models from Paris!”

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Remember this black velvet negligée from “What a Widow”? The original designer was carried out screaming when Gloria slit it down the side

This little model illustrates the longer effect in back which gives Gloria that taller look. Note the one cuff effect—a typical Swanson touch

The Other Side

A clever story of a girl who bargained recklessly for love only to find it where she least expected to

SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD sweltered in the ten o'clock sun of a July morning. Around the horseshoe of an open market, gingham housewives busied themselves among the riotous displays of the wealth of California. On Vine Street fat, red busses trundled by and traffic bells jangled, as the business of a brisk and busy city went on with neatness and despatch.

But Hollywood is Hollywood for a' that, where a day, though reduced to even its most unsophisticated terms, may still be depended upon *somehow* to bear the unmistakable mark of a cuckoo's egg in a peacock's nest. As proof of which, that July morning, on the corner of Gower Street and Santa Monica, there stood in the blistering, sun-baked safety-zone, Miss Carlie Marquette in decidedly décolleté white satin and pearls, a train folded over one arm, a load of American beauties in the other, white spangled slippers badly smudged, a towering crown of rainbow-colored ostrich plumes, and to complete the picture, a wash of deep ivory make-up and a dark and rapidly closing black eye.

The stream of limousines and natty roadsters traveled by on their own concerns, unobservant of beauty in what may or may not have been distress. Hollywood spends little interest on that which has long since become prosaic. Unnoticed, the face of St. Mark's of Rome, backed by silvered uprights, stands across Grubb's vacant lot, its cathedral doors plastered with ads for the latest schemes in gentlemen's underwear and the newest irons with which to crimp a waffle.

AND it is only part of a day that in traffic crowding down Wilshire shall be a bus-load of Zulu cannibals, an arch-angels' choir, and a dozen assorted soubrettes of the days of '49; or grouped about a city park fountain, the veiled ladies of a Turkish harem; or along the stools of a counter where you drop in for lunch, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, deposed Nicholas of Russia, Ali Baba and his thieves, and Salome trying to find out from Sitting Bull if he remembered to empty the pan under the ice-box before they came to work.

Unstirred by the Ziegfeld glory of Miss Marquette, the up and down town traffic moved smoothly by, the morning became hotter as the sun traveled higher, the shadows grew shorter as the hour neared noon.

And then, after twenty minutes which must have seemed an hour to the young lady in the safety-zone, an extremely high-toned and expensive car stopped along the curb, and out of it stepped a gentleman, assembled after the well-known pattern of "man-about-town"—the alluring, happy-go-lucky eyes, the wicked, fascinating little waxed mustache, the stick, the light Fedora, the boutonniere—one of those gentlemen your mind instantly places in the paddock at Pimlico, or at Nice, or Monte Carlo, or looking into a woman's eyes across champagne!

He removed the light Fedora and approached Miss Marquette.



of the **SUNRISE**

By
Dixie Willson

Illustrated by R. F. James



"Pardon me," he said, "is there anything I can do for you?" He seemed slightly amused, addressed her with just a careless little *savoir-vivre*.

Miss Marquette straightened the feathered crown on her castle of canary colored curls.

"Believe it or not," she said, "I'm waiting for a street car."

The gentleman made a slight gesture toward the waiting limousine and its plum-colored chauffeur.

"I should be delighted to substitute," he suggested. "May I take you somewhere?"

SUDDENLY down her cheeks descended tears. Suddenly vermilion lips were quivering childishly.

"You're damn right," she said in a very small treble, one hand folding over the indigo eye. "You can take me to a p-piece of raw beefsteak!"

In the coolness and luxury of the limousine she wilted, her iridescent train carpeting the floor, the roses falling in limp disarray beside her. From his top pocket, the gentleman supplied an imported linen handkerchief.

"Thanks," murmured Miss Marquette, and proceeded to absorb the clinging tears, and to blow a small but really quite patrician nose.

"I suppose you think I'm getting home from a jag, but I'm not," she said, her voice tremulous and unsteady. "I only told another lady in a cockeyed night-club set what I think of her."

An orchid colored plume and a scent of gardenias trailed the gentleman's shoulder as Miss Marquette sniff-sniffed into the handkerchief.

"And if there are any more events in my life line," sniff-sniff, "that are worse hokum than the p-picture business," sniff-sniff, "I'll blow the works right now. The appeal they expect from a girl for ten dollars a day would make Venus look like she had fallen arches! Just let them try to get a baby," sniff-sniff, "that can walk with a train eight yards long and balance a head-piece like the grand allegory and wave a fan the size of a man-eating ostrich and kneel down in four counts and get up in four counts, with one arm full of roses, and shoes three sizes too small, and the men at the tables shooting vichy down her back and the chorus she's got to warble written in double G sharp!"

She removed the "grand allegory" and placed it across the nearby white flannel knees, and through her tears observed that the car had not moved from the corner of Gower Street and Santa Monica.

"Is this chariot a prop," she said, "or can we get going?"

The gentleman moved his feet away from the scintillating train and reached for the speaking tube.

"To a—a meat market, James," he relayed to the plum-colored chauffeur.

* * *

WHEN a woman weeps, let her explain it as she will, you may bet your bottom dollar it has something to do with love!

And the cold facts behind the tears of Miss Carlie Marquette were brief and simple, after all. Along with several other hundred thousand fluttering feminine souls, she was a slave to the dark intense eyes, the impassioned voice, the superb command of that young God of the screen, Jarod Sarvis, though Carlie Marquette had a better right, by far, to love him, than had the rest, since she had loved him long before the other hundred thousand had even known he was alive!

She had loved him suddenly and absolutely when, one day, they had sat side by side at a twenty-five cent lunch counter, and she had spilled her coffee on his only suit. She had loved him through the weeks after that, when they had met playing mob scenes together. She had loved him through the months when he hadn't even been cast for mob scenes, and she had kept track of him to make him loans and keep his courage together!

He had taken her to supper once or twice; one night they had

There in the sun-baked safety zone stood Carlie Marquette, a train folded over one arm, a load of American beauties in the other, and a dark, rapidly closing eye. "Pardon me," he asked, "is there anything I can do?"

sat together in the moonlight along the beach at Del Rey, and he had ruffled her hair and pulled her teasingly against his shoulder when she had read his fortune in the sand and had told him in a year he would be famous; and she had loved him through the year she had foretold in the sand, when he had been plunged overnight into that hey-dey, that whimsey called "success"; the world suddenly aware of him, money suddenly bidding for him, the spotlight suddenly following him, the world of women suddenly adoring him!

And still loving him, Carlie Marquette had felt him growing farther and farther away from her, as she had longed for him the more. Not that, in success, he had forgotten her, but just that he had never really been conscious of her at all! To *him* the little hours they had been together, had been but incidents of gipsy days. To *her*, those moments when she had been near him, had touched his hand, had heard his voice, had been Heaven; the only Heaven she prayed for!

Boyishly he had laughed with her, those nights they had made thirty cents do for supper for both of them; gaily they had crowded along together in the mobs for their five dollars a day—wildly cheering the homecoming hero, or in terror fleeing from the Indians, or with swords and staves storming French royalty, Carlie always poignantly, achingly aware of his nearness, and he, so intent on just a day's work, he was aware of nothing at all!

CARLIE hadn't seen him for months! And so she had written him a note which had said:

"Jerry Dearest have you forgotten all about me? I suppose you've missed me like a mermaid misses garters! Can't I see you sometime?"

He had answered at once, an answer which had been delivered to her on the "cockeyed night-club set."

"Dear Carlie:

I am glad to know you are still in Hollywood. Yes, we must get together sometime and have a laugh about the coffee.

Sincerely,
Jerry"

So she had been right in guessing how little he had missed

her! They must get together "*sometime*," but not particularly sooner. Nor for any better reason than to laugh about the coffee!

That was what she meant to him—a laugh about the coffee! To her, he was the sun and the moon and the stars! And all the yesterdays—and all the tomorrows!

So she had wept; and had blamed her tears on the intricacies of the night-club set!

SOMETIME around noon, the limousine and the plum-colored chauffeur and the man with the Monte Carlo eyes and Miss Carlie Marquette stopped before Villa Number Nine, in the nondescript, zig-zag musical comedy street, where tiny houses and tiny courts and angular chimneys and thatch roofs and rakish lanterns and gay flag-stones and wide open windows made one of Hollywood's little Bohemias.

"If you care for slumming, won't you come in?" suggested Miss Marquette. "I always keep an extra chair."

The plumes, and pearls, and satin, and the over-bright golden hair looked pathetically weary—as did the little kitchen in which Miss Marquette and the gentleman presently reconnoitered. She deposited the roses in the sink, the feather crown on the ice-box, and regarded a brown paper package in her hand.

"If I cook this steak instead of wear it," she observed, "we can have lunch."

He glanced at a watch on his wrist.

"Is there any reason," he suggested, "why you couldn't change your dress and come down to the City Hall and marry me? I'm going East today, and on to Egypt. I live at the Hotel Continental-Savoy in Cairo. Wouldn't it amuse you to come along?"

Miss Marquette evinced no surprise. You are somehow outside the pale of surprise in Hollywood; satiated with fantasy until *nothing* is fantasy! She stepped out of the spangled shoes; and incongruously into a pair of beach sandals from under the gas stove beside a little pile of egg-shells and coffee-grounds, on a pie tin.

"I'll bite," she said. "What's the laugh?"

Over the bed of crumpled roses [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



Lou Tellegen before he put himself into the hands of a clever operator who gave him a "permanent facial." Lou was offered a big movie part if he knocked off five years. It is not an entirely pleasant proceeding and took about two weeks



It may not last long, but this is how the veteran matinee idol looked when he was again ready for the photographer. All for the sake of art. See an item in Cal York's columns about how they get similar effects in the studios

Norma Shearer can well afford to look regal with all of us clamoring for her more loudly than ever. She wears this knockout negligée in "A Free Soul," which you must see. It's tangerine velvet, girls, with one of those trains that is simply "tripping"!





Another Hollywood elopement? No, just Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) holding that smiling pose between trains on their way East. They are vacationing in Europe. Irving Jr.'s along, too



Do you recognize this smiling mother as the wistful Mae Marsh of Griffith fame? After years of retirement she is staging a comeback as the mother in a talking version of "Over the Hill." Her children seem as pleased as we are about it

Cal York

Announcing-

THERE are persistent rumors going around that Marlene Dietrich's trip to Germany served two purposes. One, to get her child; two, to discuss their marital future with her husband.

On her return to New York, her mentor and director, Von Sternberg, was on the telephone with greetings, and issuing strict instructions that she was to give out not one interview; in fact, she was to see no one. These instructions were carried out to the letter. Marlene was heavily guarded.

Paramount's Chicago office was also notified to meet Miss Dietrich, escort her from one train to another and see that she was approached by no one.

She left New York accompanied by her small daughter, who is at the minus-the-front-teeth stage. Marlene was attired in a sharks' skin suit, a white lapin coat and a white, woolly cap, worn carelessly—all rather reminiscent of Garbo.

DIETRICH spent just one night in New York.

And what a night!

Friends wanted to make her short stay a pleasant one. They decided to show her the sights, so took her to Harlem. Tallulah Bankhead was along.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S best parlor stunt is imitating the deep, vibrant voice of Marlene Dietrich, whom she admires greatly, singing,

"Falling in Love Again." But Joan is too embarrassed to face an audience, so she sings with her back to her friends.

DOLORES DEL RIO emerged from her recent illness looking so beautiful that even blasé old Hollywood gave a great, big gasp, and rest cures are now the order of the day. Dolores says she's never been so happy in her life.

Cedric Gibbons, Metro's art director, is the perfect husband, she says.

ONE really shouldn't take up space with this, but one of the Hollywood gag-writers has named his beach place "Yes-Manor."

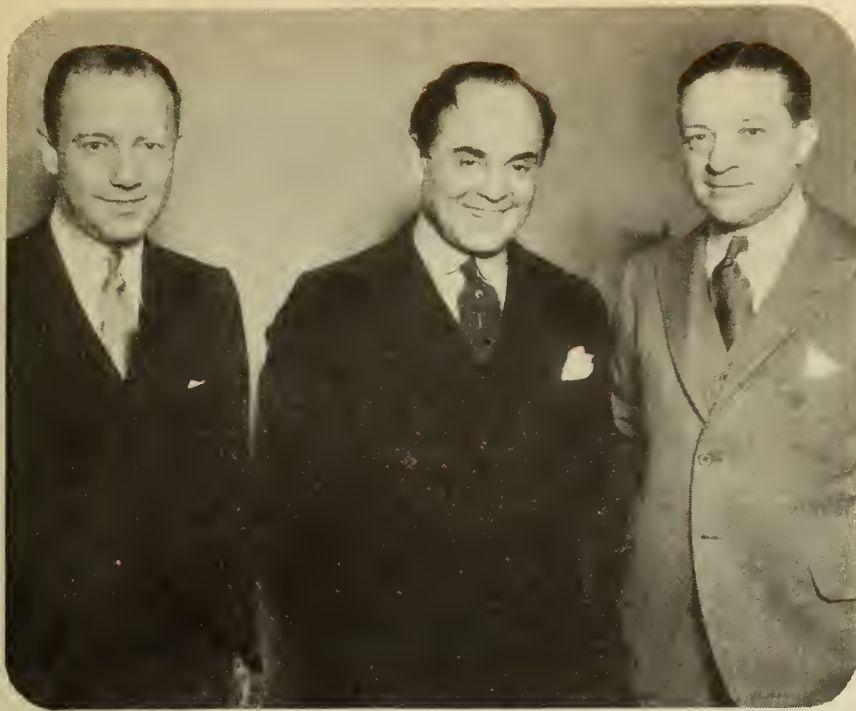
WHEN Pola Negri came back to Hollywood she was met at the train by a horde of publicity and newspaper people—but only one real friend among the players was there to

welcome the returning star. Kathlyn Williams, whose loyalty to Pola has been great through all the years, was there to greet her.

Pola, by the way, is sensitive about her weight. Someone remarked, "I heard you were not as slim as you should be."

Desperately Pola threw back her coat. "Then, look, look at me. See for yourself. Oh, I am thin. You must see that I'm thin. There is not a surplus pound on my body. See—oh, please say that I'm thin."

ONE of the main objects of conversation over the Hollywood tea tables is the change that has taken place in Norma Shearer. Once the most discreet little lady of the films, she is now appearing in gowns so sensational that they make even hard-boiled old Hollywood gulp a couple of gulps. When she is having her clothes designed for picture purposes she insists that they show as much of her anatomy as the law and Will Hays allow. And cer-



Ain't this sumpin? Amos 'n' Andy give the smiling Mr. Leo Carrillo a big send-off at a recent luncheon for the star of "Hell Bound" in New York. The famous radio team have been making personal appearances at New York theaters



Who's your smiling blonde friend, Gloria? What, not our old friend Bebe Daniels behind those orchids? Gloria Swanson and Bebe arrive in New York to give the shops a whirl and their bank rolls a jolt!

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

tainly, being the wife of Irving Thalberg, she gets whatever she wants on the M-G-M lot. When, after some big party, other stars are given an early call for work the next morning, Norma is not needed before eleven A. M. She is always the gayest of them all and ready with a sophisticated line of patter.

Perhaps the thing is psychologically sound. Think of the rôles she has been playing on the screen, "The Divorcee," "Let Us Be Gay," "Strangers May Kiss," and "A Free Soul."

THOSE close to Lupe and Gary Cooper believe they are to be married in Mexico soon but they are making every effort at secrecy.

HOLLYWOOD is planning the grandest baby shower in its history some time in August. The heir or heiress to the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon fortunes is expected in September. Now what do you think of that?

IN the bygone days, Theda Bara used to play the siren on the silent screen.

Now it's the sound-effects man in the gangster pictures.
Get it?

WE'VE just heard a story about Marion Davies that makes a big hit with us. It seems that when Alma Rubens died it was Marion who jumped in and relieved Alma's bereaved mother by making all the funeral arrangements.

Marion rounded up as many of Alma's old friends as could get off from their work—the stars with whom Alma had worked through her long career in pictures—and had them at the touching services in the little church in Forest Lawn. Marion even made the police arrangements which were necessary to hold back the big crowds that couldn't get into the crowded church.

Just the other side of that vivacious, happy girl, whom Hollywood knows best for her sense of fun.

COMING out of my sixth movie this week, I couldn't help wondering to myself how the Fourth Largest Industry ever made a successful gang picture before the pulchritudinous Jean Harlow "shocked" herself into prominence.

All I could think was that gang stories must have been pretty tame affairs before the platinum-haired siren arched an eyebrow at the gang leader and made him her slave.

RECOGNITION did not arrive as easily as one might think.

At sixteen, bored with life, she married Charles McGrew of Chicago.

This event, important at the time, brought her to Hollywood.

Visiting a friend at the Fox studio one day, she felt the call of the cameras, the glamor of the Kliegs, the cause of Art! She knew that married life and the emptiness of a social career were not enough for her.

Hal Roach offered her a two-year contract to play in comedies, but Grandfather, back in Kansas City, swore to cut her out of his will if she dared to become an actress.

WITH a quarter of a million at stake, Jean argued, and wisely—that perhaps a career was a snare and a delusion and not worth the

Tune in, Folks, on Cal York's



Here's the answer to why young men become life savers. Dorothy Mackaill gets a few California super-sun rays after completing "The Reckless Hour" for First National

price one paid. The contract was torn into shreds.

However, the call of Art proved too strong for her.

Jean felt her beauty was not meant to bloom unseen.

So, stripping for action, she did extra work, "bits" here and there. Then one day she met James Hall.

She broke down and told him of her struggle to succeed.

He took her to Howard Hughes, who was



The "Merry Widow" returns! Mae Murray is the latest of the old favorites who is showing that the microphone holds no terrors. You'll find her the same Mae in Lowell Sherman's recent picture, "Bachelor Apartment." Page the other Mdivani princess, Pola Negri, now an "ex," and we'll have old home week!

then trying to unravel the millions of feet of film which later burst upon the world as "Hell's Angels."

She was engaged for the heavy and very sexy vamp part.

GREATER love hath no man than that he should dye his hair to suit a lady's whims.

But that's what Rex Bell did for his Clara Bow.

She didn't like his particular brand of reddish locks. She prefers 'em dark.

So Rex up and had his hair dyed to suit her tastes.

IN the United Artists announcement for 1931-32, neither Doug Fairbanks nor Mary Pickford is scheduled. Doug was quoted in London as saying, "The great mistake is that people take each other as a matter of course after marriage."

LOU TELLEGEN, the matinee idol, has gone for facial treatment in a big way! To regain his lost youth, he had his face daubed with some sort of preparation that took the years and the wrinkles away.

Out in Hollywood, the studio make-up wizards have developed a plastic surgery system that isn't surgery! The Westmore Brothers, for instance, have perfected a system whereby invisible court plaster and other gadgets are used to give faces an artificial lift to remove sags and wrinkles.

When you see George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton," you'll be surprised how young he looks. Westmore took thirty years off his age by lifting his face lines with adhesive tape at the temples.

Next thing you know, Marie Dressler will be doing Clara Bow rôles.

BILL (SCREEN) BOYD has just given Dorothy Sebastian a wedding ring. Yes, gentle reader, they've been married for a number of months, but it was such a hurry-up affair that they didn't wait to buy a ring and were, if you remember, joined with a ring that was given to Bill by Dorothy the Christmas before.

But the real wedding ring is the most novel in Hollywood.

On the finger it looks like a link chain of tiny diamonds.

Upon closer inspection you discover that each link forms a letter and the whole spells out, "Bill to Dot."

ESTELLE TAYLOR is hoping—and through her attorneys has suggested—that Jack Dempsey will buy the mansion which has been their Hollywood home. The place is now in Miss Taylor's name. The actual investment, including furnishings, is \$125,000, and that is what Miss Taylor would like to materialize from it.

Mrs. Dempsey says she cannot afford to keep up the place and the cash would put her in a position where she can take care of herself. At this writing, it is not decided whether she will ask anything further.

LILA LEE is back—that is, she's back in Hollywood but she is still taking the cure. She thought it would be just as well to leave the sanitarium and finish the rest that she began in Arizona, now that she has learned how to take care of herself. She stays in bed and all Hollywood has banded together to see that she remains quiet.

Even her dearest friends resist paying her a visit. They write her notes instead to let her know that they love her but they realize that she must be alone until she is completely well.

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S



We wouldn't blame the little Vidor for being jealous of this little girl—she looks so much like their beautiful mother, Eleanor Boardman. She is Marilyn Knowlden, who has been chosen by Paramount to play Eleanor's screen child in her new picture, "Women Love Once." A remarkable likeness, isn't it?



Oops dearie! Jean Harlow does an aerial daily dozen in her new Fox picture, "Goldie." Try this at your swimming pool the next chance you get. It's great for the figure

LOIS WILSON won all of the honors at the Hollywood premier of "Seed."

When her name flashed on the screen, there was an outburst of applause. When she first entered the picture there was a greater outburst.

When Conrad Nagel called her name for introductions, the applause was so great she had to wait several moments before she could be heard above the clapping.

But when she said, "I am so happy to be back on the screen again—" frankly admitting her recess and her appreciation of another opportunity, the house went crazy.

A simple, unaffected girl, loved, and therefore honored, by her own people.

CONTRACTS which Rudy Vallee holds for this summer guarantee him \$17,000 a week.

Chicago censors barred shooting in gangster pictures, but the Chicago police can't do anything about it in real life.

Marie Dressler's weekly salary has been increased from \$1,500 to \$5,000. Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery have been elevated to stardom. John Barrymore is no longer at Warners. They say Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers is to become a band leader at the end of his picture contract this fall. Sessue Hayakawa returns to pictures this fall.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is offering bargain rates in its initiation fees. Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore are planning comebacks. The press-agents have the nerve to claim that the "Rogers for President" campaign is on the level. Reri, beautiful Polynesian of "Tabu," arrived in San Francisco in a smart American costume. The Ziegfeld press-agents put a native grass skirt on her by the time she arrived in New York to be photographed. Karl Dane, the Danish actor, now talks with an English accent.

GEORGE ARLISS will make only one more picture after "Alexander Hamilton."

Universal is teaming Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in comedies. Display lines in newspaper advertisement "Constance Bennett in 'Born to Love' with Joel McCrea."

Norma Talmadge has been repeatedly reported as through with pictures forever. Helen Wills, woman tennis champion, refused to go into movies when she found that she had to kiss her leading man. Well, she couldn't make love to him by hitting him with a tennis racket.

RUTH CHATTERTON is going to stick to Paramount.

Madame Chanel, famous French dressmaker, says she is astounded at Hollywood. Hollywood wasn't so crazy about Chanel either.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., is starting a new school for motion picture training. Ted Cooke suggests why not try exchange plan—send collegiates to the studios and film executives to college. Two weeks after PHOTOPLAY'S May issue appeared, nearly every newspaper in America had copied our Pickford story.

FRENCH censors got Jean Harlow completely out of "Hell's Angels."

Worcester, Mass., has barred all gangster films. Gloria Swanson admits she is thirty—that will do for a minimum. She divorced Wallace Beery in 1918. On one lot they call an unpopular player "one of the leading poisonalties on this lot."

JUST mention the name Jeanette MacDonald to a certain overworked and harassed press-agent and he breaks right out in tears. For days he's been trying to get her on the telephone and invariably her maid said, "Miss MacDonald can't come to the 'phone now. She's in the bath." This went on for days and

although the man was willing to admit that cleanliness was next to godliness he wondered where business came in.

At last she began work on a picture. Ah, he could see her on the set. Certainly she could not avoid him at the studio. The first morning he journeyed across the lot and arrived upon the scene of action, but he was stopped at the door.

"I want to see Miss MacDonald," the press agent said.

"Sorry," said the doorman, "the set is closed today. Miss MacDonald is doing a bathtub sequence and nobody's allowed in."

EVEN Hollywood maids are not immune—

The other night in Hollywood, at the home of a couple who, although not in pictures themselves, are on intimate terms with many of the screen great, a new maid was serving dinner.

One guest was late.

He arrived just before the new maid brought in the soup. As she stood by his side, he turned and looked at her. She squealed and dropped the plate and fled, in complete confusion, to the kitchen.

The guest was John Gilbert.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



AND all togged out in what the well-dressed Malibu Beachers will wear, too. Mrs. Barthelmeß evidently doesn't care about acquiring too much of that sunkist tan, for the flattering beach dress she wears and the broad brimmed hat offer ample protection from the sun

Jessica
and Dick!

Fashion Winners On The Screen

PERHAPS you have been doing it for years—perhaps it is a new thought. But don't you find that these animated fashion tips from the screen put a new zest into your shopping routine? There is something about seeing a costume in action that dramatizes the details. You want to try them out, adapt them to your own use. And that's the way I want you to use these monthly selections here.

— Seymour



WHEN you see Joan Crawford wear this smart outfit in "This Modern Age," you will want to go home and try striped accents on your new white dress. There's a trick to that scarf, if you look closely. A piece of the stripe is sewed to the belt so that tucking the scarf under doesn't spoil the line. White gloves, white bag and perforated white oxfords are perfect.

COLOR contrast—everyone is doing it. And none more strikingly than Rose Hobart who wears this frock in "We Three." The dark top is navy blue to contrast with a pale pink skirt. Clever buttoning, don't you think? I like the large natural leghorn with its shallow crown and blue ribbon trim.

These Summer Fashions Have



DON'T wear them all at once—but separately these bracelets are very smart. To the left, a triple ensemble in emeralds, rubies and coral with diamonds. To the right, a five-inch coil of corals. In back, Lilyan Tashman, of course!

— Seymour

YOU don't have to be as darkly witching as Fay Wray to wear this evening gown. It is the simple type of frock that's generally becoming. Graceful crepe roman in a pale flesh tone. Notice how the jeweled bracelet and earrings emphasize the jeweled touches on the frock. Worn in "The Lawyer's Secret."

If you are young, slim and delightfully feminine like Anita Louise, I would say your best party frock should look like this. She wears this pale green, silk dotted net confection in "Everything's Rosie." Ankle length for the skirt, however.

HOW a frock can change your personality! Yes, it's Fay Wray again, but this time quaintly ruffled. I vote this charming—because it is organdy, and cotton is a first fashion, because its short sleeves make it perfect for afternoon or evening—and because it is feminine but not fussy.

Passed A Screen Test!

YOU can save space in that week-end bag if you take along an outfit like this one of Frances Dee's. She wears it in "An American Tragedy." White jersey, striped in blue, forms the top and trousers. Remove the trousers and there are silk shorts ready for the plunge! Clever, you know. I like the floppy beach hat, too.



AND speaking of week-end jaunts—this silk frock of Barbara Stanwyck's will travel well. It is brown with those cool touches of white that everyone likes this Summer. Don't wear those buckles on your shoes for traveling, however. Barbara wears this frock in "Ten Cents A Dance."



GINGHAM girl! That isn't the role Conchita Montenegro plays—merely her dress. With cotton so popular, even gay plaid gingham are appearing. The vest-like top and pleated skirt are youthful. A good vacation frock. Nice, wide-brimmed panama hat. I would have liked brown and white sports shoes better.

— Seymour

Seymour Approves Mitzi's Fashions



MITZI GREEN may be only ten but she knows what a smart little girl should wear. Playing hooky from "Let's Play King" and a few other pictures, she took time to pose in her new clothes which I immediately picked.

FLOWER girl in a wedding? Oh, just party best! Well, I think it's pretty nice. Powder-blue chiffon on simple lines with ruffly short sleeves. The hat is leghorn—and please notice the gloves!

MITZI uses that touch of white, too. A blue and white printed silk jumper tops a ruffled white silk blouse. I imagine the socks have some blue in them. They should.

Seymour



I DON'T know whether Mitzi cries "My Kingdom for a Horse" or not—but she wears this jaunty outfit in "Let's Play King." The coat, hat and boots are brown—the jodhpurs of beige whipcord in the best contrasting fashion. The gloves are yellow, a good third color to use with beige and brown.



A VERY busy young person, like Mitzi, can't go through a Summer without at least one sweater and skirt outfit. Here, her newest sweater is a green and white mixture which tucks into a green woolen skirt. Do you suppose that tiny flap in the sweater is a pocket?



The Prince of Fans

An English writer reveals, for the first time, intimate stories of England's royal princes at the movies

By
Donovan
Pedelty

IN the so-called Grand Cinema, a little neighborhood house situated at the fork of the Edgware and Harrow Roads, one of the poorer quarters of London, yet within a short taxi ride of fashionable Mayfair, a keen observer might have detected an air of tension about the doormen, the ushers and the house manager.

A whispered word from an official in a not-very-well-boiled shirt caused a ticket-checker to redouble his efforts to get a line of ten and twenty-cent patrons into the auditorium.

The manager glanced at his watch and breathed a furtive sigh of relief. Two minutes to nine and an almost empty lobby.

A long Daimler landaulet glided up to the front of the cinema. A quietly liveried chauffeur poured out of his seat and held open the door.

A slight, good-looking, nervous young man, with a gray soft hat pulled down over his eyes, sprang out and disappeared into the cinema lobby.

The house manager bowed—just low enough to be respectful, not so low as to attract attention.

"Same place?"

The manager answered a low affirmative and was rewarded by a smile more widely photographed than any other in the world.

Taking two and three steps at a time, the Prince of Wales ran up the stairway in the center of the lobby. A tensely expectant *commissionaire* saluted swiftly and swung open the doors leading to the circle. The darkness of the auditorium swallowed up the heir-apparent to the throne of the British Empire. About then I came out of a corner, where I had been drinking a cup of the unspeakable mess which in England is dignified by the name of coffee, and began to climb the stairs.

"Hey!" said the manager—an old acquaintance—"where are you going?"

"Going to have a look at the Prince of Wales."

"You're crazy."

Illustrated by
Van Arsdale



The Prince was sitting in a thirty-cent seat, whispering to a girl. Five hundred people around them remained blissfully unaware

"No," I said half-way up the stairs, "you are." He joined me on the stairs.

"The management," he said, "reserves the right to refuse admission." In polite and circumlocutory England that means quit or they'll call the bouncer.

"And the press," I said, "the right to print what they damn well like."

After that we went and took a look at him together. He was sitting in a thirty-cent seat, next to a girl whose face I could only dimly see in the darkness. From the lines of her slim shoulders and the shape of her head I judged her to be a good-looker. She and the Prince conversed in low tones. Five hundred people round them kept their eyes on the screen, blissfully unaware that the Empire's most popular Prince of the Blood sat among them.

From the manager I learned that for some time the Prince has visited this little out-of-the-way cinema every week, sometimes twice a week—always in the same circumstances.

About eight o'clock one of the Prince's secretaries would telephone the manager. About eight forty-five a young lady arrived and was shown to a prearranged seat. On the stroke of nine the Prince arrived and joined her.

Even if anyone had caught a full, clear glimpse of the Prince's face he would not have believed his own eyes. That I was present on this occasion was just bad luck—not for me, but for the Prince, because I'm giving away his secret now.

IS there anyone who will blame the Prince for these stolen pleasures? If there is, he must be strangely ignorant of the constant, maddening lack of privacy in which kings and princes have their being. No one knows the real Prince of Wales better than the Navy officers, for a naval cruise is the only real escape from publicity which that cheerful but overburdened young man ever gets. Informal visits to the movies on the part of younger members of the Royal Family are, of course, common enough. But—apart from these quiet excursions of Prince Edward—they are always to fashionable West End cinemas.

A visit of King George or Queen Mary to a theater or cinema

is invariably a state occasion, complete with awning and red carpet on the sidewalk, policemen holding back the crowds, the inevitable press photographers and a roped-off enclosure in the auditorium for the royal party.

These visits are not pleasure excursions but duties undertaken to give the royal *cachet* to worthy and essentially patriotic pictures. The showing of practically all historical films of England's share in the war, such as "Q. Ships," "Mons," and "The Somme," have been publicly attended by the King or Queen—and consequently boosted into greater popularity.

WHEN in search of undiluted movie entertainment, Their Majesties hold "command performances" in the privacy of their palaces, Buckingham, Windsor or Balmoral. "The Divine Lady" and "The Gold Rush" are among the famous films which have been shown in this way to the King and Queen.

Without any question Charlie Chaplin is the first favorite of every member of the Royal Family, with the possible exception of Princess Mary, who is not renowned for her sense of humor. At least, he was until his last visit to Europe.

When "The Gold Rush" was playing in London, young Prince George broke camp to see it. He was then at Aldershot with his regiment and motored to London without leave from his commanding officer, to collect a laugh from the great comedian. Recognized in the lobby, he asked the management to keep his visit a secret.

Unhappily, the old spirit of loyalty-at-any-cost does not always obtain in the English show business. Someone telephoned the newspapers.

I never heard whether Prince George got solitary confinement or just three days' C. B. The one thing that is certain is that his royal blood would not in the least mitigate the rigorous course of ordinary army discipline. Whatever punishment he got, it was just what would be meted out to any obscure lieutenant of lesser birth. And whatever it was, the Prince would take it on the chin.

Talkies are not yet popular with the older and more conservative members of the Royal Family, but the younger members are enthusiastic fans of the audible screen. When in London, the Duke and Duchess of York frequently slip into the Plaza, the popular Paramount house in the West End. They come unannounced and buy their tickets but are, of course, invariably recognized by theater officials and specially escorted to their seats.

ON one occasion the Duke of York and his aide secured the last two seats available in the circle (considered in England the best part of the house) greatly to the disgust of a couple who came in immediately after them and who loudly voiced their displeasure at having to stand.

The Duke and his companion, unrecognized in the darkness, at once insisted that the couple take their seats while they stood at the back—to the horror and consternation of the Plaza officials. Usherettes in all parts of the house were notified to grab and hold for the Duke the first two vacated seats and, although His Highness did not have to stand more than ten minutes, the incident serves to show that a nobleman can on occasion be as democratic as any fan.

Indeed, one may with pardonable pride go further and record that the Duke and Duchess of York have been observed surreptitiously holding hands during the screening of a movie. Not, of course, before their marriage. A bachelor prince never flirts. Of course not! Oh, my, no!

The tastes of the princes, as regards the type of film they prefer, vary considerably. The [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



This is a "boiled shirt" moment in the life of a young gangster. Meet James Cagney who puts a real punch in "The Public Enemy." This red-headed Irishman is on his way up—watch him!



Close-up of what the Irishman said to the Englishman—but maybe Jimmy Cagney has lapsed into Yiddish. Anyway, Mr. Arliss looks interested in this scene from "The Millionaire"



Jimmy from the "Jungle"

ON the afternoon of July 17, 1904, the swinging doors of John Cagney's saloon on Avenue D, near Tenth Street, New York, banged open. John Cagney himself strode in, an expansive grin on his Irish face.

"The drinks," he bellowed, "is on me! Set 'em up—an' see what the boys in the back room'll have."

Mr. Cagney's customers, needing no further parley at that moment, drank.

When his schooner was empty, a certain one of them drew the back of his hand across his foamy lips and raised the question.

"An' phwat'll the free drinks bein' fer, Mистер Cagney?"

"Because," roared John Cagney, "th' missus has just brought another Cagney into the world, an' he's got red hair, an' his name is Jim."

Whereat the pride of parenthood became so strong that Mr. Cagney bought another round of drinks for the house. So was announced to the world the advent of James Cagney—

—and the piano player in Polonsky's movie nickelodeon down the street never missed a note. Nothing seemed more unrelated at that moment than the flickering screen of the nickelodeon, and the birth of a red-haired Irish saloonkeeper's kid, named James Cagney.

And, as a matter of fact, for more than a score of the years Jimmy Cagney has lived since then, the relationship continued nil. Jimmy grew up just like hundreds of other kids—Irish and Jewish and other kinds—in the "Guerilla Jungle," which was the cop's name for the district where Jimmy was born.

Jimmy wasn't any tougher than the other kids. And he wasn't any un-tougher. Kids in a district cops called a "Guerilla Jungle" don't wear Little Lord Fauntleroy collars and airs.

By Harry Lang

Jimmy learned from environment that the proper way to smoke a cigarette in his social circle was to let it hang from your lower lip.

He learned how to clip a guy on the jaw and send him listening to birdies. He learned words and phrases that are not in primers and first readers. He learned how to speak Yiddish!—but he never let his father know.

And even today, in Hollywood, where James Cagney is suddenly one of the screen's newest sensations, the red-haired little Irishman suddenly convulses a party, now and then, by breaking out into a torrent of perfect Yiddish. It's pretty well understood in Hollywood, and always somebody laughs at what Jimmy's Irish pan is saying in Yiddish. But it can't be printed, usually.

BUT that's getting away from the story of Jimmy's start in life—and the explanation to the question that has been bothering movie fans' minds ever since "The Public Enemy" burst onto the screen as the newest and most terrifying of the current output of gangster films.

Fans, seeing Cagney swaggering through the amazing sequences of this picture—seeing him be tough, talk tough, act tough; seeing him clip a dame on the jaw for getting funny with him; seeing him doing a hundred and one other things along that line with an amazing naturalness—are asking how the youngster can be that good an actor.

The answer is that Jimmy Cagney isn't an actor when he portrays those rôles on the screen. In that part, Jimmy Cagney is much less an actor than he is when he's off the screen, trying to act like another citizen of Hollywood. On the screen in "The Public Enemy," Jimmy is actually reliving the life he was part and parcel of throughout the formative years of his life. It's just a cinch for Jimmy!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



★ A FREE SOUL—M-G-M

THE picture follows, almost exactly, Adela Rogers St. Johns' splendid novel of the same name. Lionel Barrymore's performance in the rôle of a brilliant but heavy-drinking criminal lawyer is magnificent.

Norma Shearer is excellent and handles the part of his daughter perfectly. Her clothes are breath-taking in their daring. But you couldn't get away with them in your drawing-room.

Clark Gable and Leslie Howard are both grand. The story concerns a modern girl, brought up by her clever but erratic father to do exactly as she pleases—to be "a free soul."

She pleases to have a sordid affair with a gambler, whom she discovers to be a cad. By all means, see it!



★ SMART MONEY—Warners

THIS moves as rapidly as the money on the gambling tables in it. Laughs and excitement come in carload lots from the first shot to the last.

Edward Robinson checks up another fine performance, as he did in "Little Caesar." No, he's not a gangster. Just a gambler. He rises from a small town barber, whom the cards, dice and horses favor, to a gambling king.

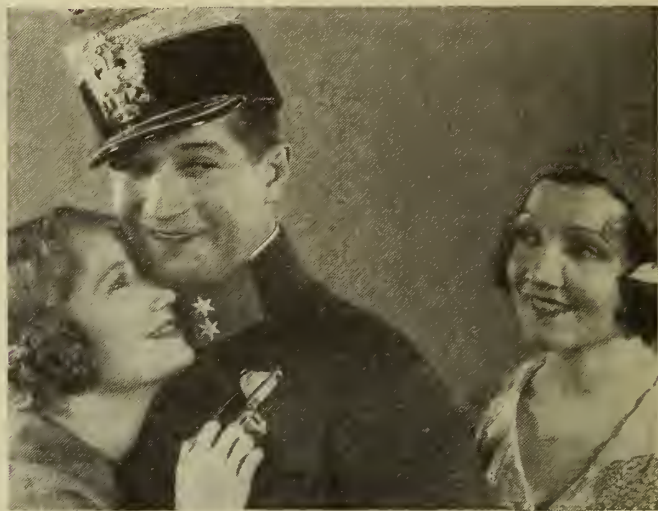
Blondes are his weakness. They're as unlucky as the tables are lucky. Incidentally, they come like street cars; one right after another. Gentlemen who prefer blondes should not miss the opportunity offered to look 'em over in this picture.

Evalyn Knapp, Noel Francis, Margaret Livingston, and Gladys Lloyd (Mrs. Edward Robinson) are a few of the girls.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE SMILING LIEUTENANT—Paramount

WITH Herr Lubitsch leading him by the hand, back comes Chevalier in one of the breeziest and most tuneful pieces of entertainment that we have seen in a long time. And what a relief this is, too, from some of the current types of pictures!

Here is Chevalier at his best, as an Austrian lieutenant in love with a girl orchestra leader (Claudette Colbert) but forced into marrying a princess of one of those George Barr McCutcheon kingdoms. It's really an educational film for girls who are inclined to be a little too old-fashioned!

If we must have man-and-woman and triangle stories in films, please let Mr. Lubitsch do them. He can put over a red-hot love affair and dare the censors to say it is anything but a game of checkers. The audience just grins and chuckles and laughs throughout. It's a cure for these depression blues.

The music is so generally good that there is hardly any outstanding hit. Miriam Hopkins is great as the princess, Claudette Colbert is lovely, and you will scream with laughter at George Barbier, as the king of the hokum kingdom. And, girls, just between us, notice how those actresses sock each other! *Ja wohl*, Herr Lubitsch.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

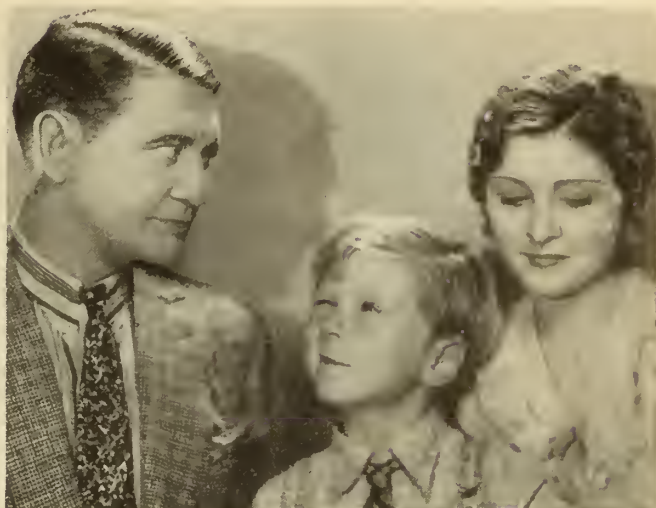
The Best Pictures of the Month

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT DADDY LONG LEGS
A FREE SOUL SMART MONEY
YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID THE VICE SQUAD
THE LAWYER'S SECRET

The Best Performances of the Month

Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs"
Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs"
Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul"
Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"
Paul Lukas in "The Vice Squad"
Edward Robirson in "Smart Money"
Jackie Cooper in "Young Donovan's Kid"
Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
Claudette Colbert in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant"
Charles Rogers in "The Lawyer's Secret"
Elissa Landi in "Always Goodbye"
John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius"
Evelyn Brent in "The Mad Parade"
Norman Foster in "Up Pops the Devil"
Will Rogers in "Young as You Feel"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Chances"
Regis Toomey in "Kick In"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 136



★ *YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID—Radio Pictures*

AND now it's Richard Dix's turn to essay a gangster thriller—will there never be an end to these? But this one points a nice moral lesson and it's full of punch. It's from the Rex Beach story, "Big Brother," once made as a silent picture.

However, that won't interest you as much as the fact that seven-year-old Jackie Cooper, the screen's new child wonder, steals this picture right from the star's nose. Dix gives a fine performance, however.

Jackie is magnificent as the gangster's kid. He'll make you cry again—and laugh, too.

There is plenty of excitement in this, and plenty of suspense.

Altogether, it's a swell show. Don't miss it.



★ *DADDY LONG LEGS—Fox*

AFTER the welter of "gun operas" and pictures that reek with sex, "Daddy Long Legs" comes to the screen like a breath of sweetness from a spring meadow. Janet Gaynor, as the spunky orphanage kid, *Judy Abbott*, and Warner Baxter, as the confirmed bachelor who adopts and then falls in love with her, make a remarkable team. Both are charming. This is the wistful, sweet Janet you have always known. Here is a rôle that seems just suited to her.

The silent version, which Mary Pickford did so many years ago, was one of her greatest pictures. But the talkie-version is much better. As a stage play it was one of Ruth Chatterton's great successes of the theater.

There are no sex problems, no cocktail drinking—just a great, fine, refreshing dash of sentiment and human interest. You'll love the scenes of Janet and the rest of the little orphans.

Una Merkel and a new lad named John Arledge, with Southern accents that would make Stepin Fetchit sound like a Yankee, get plenty of laughs.

Encourage producers to make such pictures by patronizing this one. You will get your money's worth—and plenty more. The children will love it, too.



★ *THE VICE SQUAD—Paramount*

BESIDES being something you'll enjoy, this is a picture you'll think about. Don't be alarmed. It isn't a problem piece, but the situation is tremendous and everyone's attitude is understandable. You know why the characters played by Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson behave as they do. You forget they are actors playing parts.

The story concerns the life of a gentleman, forced to become a stool-pigeon, who discovers a way to happiness, but sacrifices that happiness upon the altar of ethics. It's a real plot and not one of your wishy-washy yarns.

The starring rôle was built for William Powell before he went to Warners, but Paul Lukas leaves nothing undone in it. Kay Francis, Helen Johnson and Esther Howard are excellent.

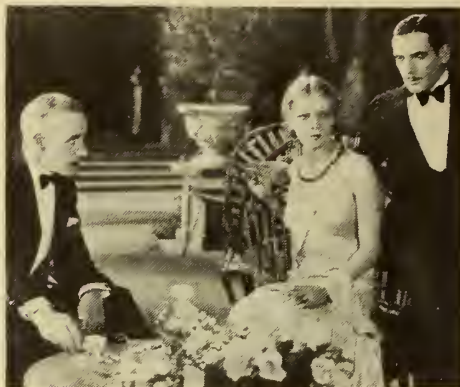
Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**THE
LAWYER'S
SECRET—**
Paramount



TAKE a look at this cast—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur! Satisfied? And every one of them turns in an elegant performance. Charles isn't the *débutante's* delight after this—no siree! He's a first-class actor as a boy who tries to throw blame for a murder on someone else. It's an intense, brittle drama. See it by all means!



**ALWAYS
GOODBYE—**
Fox

THIS Elissa Landi has everything—charm, grace, beauty and that vital thing called glamour. Won't some kind sir or madame find a story big enough for her? This isn't bad in a light, melodramatic way (there are diamond collectors and men from Scotland Yard) but it's ordinary. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh have the male leads. See *la* Landi, anyhow, and don't worry about the story.

**HIGH
STAKES—**
Radio Pictures



WITHOUT Lowell Sherman this wouldn't be so amusing, but with him we can't do less than advise you to see it. That boy can act. He makes you laugh even when you know his remarks aren't particularly funny. He's an amateur detective playing drunk in order to check on Mae Murray. Mae's playing for high stakes. She's supposed to be affected in this picture.



**THE MAD
GENIUS—**
Warners

MAGNIFICENTLY produced and photographed, but Barrymore's artistry is so perfect that "The Mad Genius" leaves a bad taste. The crippled son of a great *danseuse* can realize his own ambitions as a dancer only through a protégé. The protégé falls in love with a girl in his ballet. Marian Marsh, who played *Trilby*, is again the feminine lead and is beautiful, as well as convincing.

**THE MAD
PARADE—**
Liberty Prod.



BEFORE you swear off all war pictures forever, see this and get a final thrill. It's that all-woman war film you've been hearing about. This tale of women's hearts is even more poignant than any picturization of what war did to men. Evelyn Brent, brilliant as a diamond, gives a grand performance. June Clyde steals second dramatic honors. Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Fritzi Ridgeway rate special praise.



**UP POPS THE
DEVIL—**
Paramount

STEVE, a young man tied to an advertising desk, thinks he could write the Great American Novel if he had time. *Anne*, his wife, secures a job in the chorus. He stays home and tries to write. Norman Foster is fine as *Steve* and Carole Lombard wins sympathy for *Anne*. Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin and Lilyan Tashman help along. Sprightly dialogue and a fine portrayal of the spirit of today.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—
Fox



ANOTHER grand Will Rogers film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. In this Will is a drab, middle-aged business man who suddenly discovers that a little dash of champagne and Fifi Dorsay are enough to make him younger than his sons. You'll hear plenty of *risqué* lines, but no viciousness. Good cast, with Lucien Littlefield a scream, and Fifi doing her best work.

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—
Radio Pictures



YOU'VE heard the story about the traveling salesman—now's your chance to see if it's true. They're a pretty naughty lot, but they're funny. The picture is *risqué* without being smutty, humorous and yet dramatic. The scene between Evelyn Brent, the woman-on-the-road, and Dorothy Peterson, the wife, is worth the price of admission. Top-notch acting; a completely new story. Go see it.

JUST A GIGOLO—
M-G-M



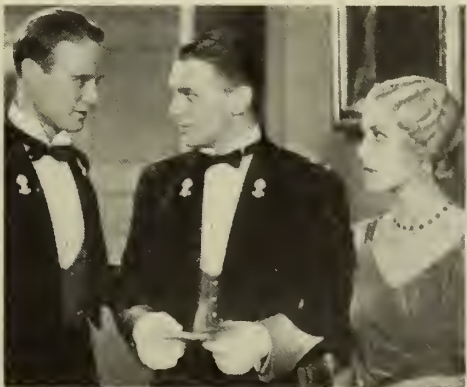
OOOOOH, naughty, naughty . . . !—but amusing. It deals with the theory of a young bachelor that no woman is a "no-woman" to him. He sets out to prove that, within thirty days, he can have his way with the damsel chosen as his fiancée by his uncle. You'll get a new idea of William Haines' ability as an actor. The children should stay home and listen to the radio.

KICK IN—
Paramount



POOOR Clara Bow. They tried to make her dramatic and sympathetic and emotional in this one, but it's a pretty sorry attempt. Of course, it might have been better if the story were not about a couple of young racketeers who try to follow the straight and narrow path. Old as last year's hat. Regis Toomey is great, but the film just doesn't click. Good try, Clara; tough luck.

CHANCES—
First National



YOUNG Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller—an emotion-twisting tale of two brothers' love for the same girl, pictured in a war setting that doubles the force of the story of how the two loves clash—brother-love and woman-love. Not a great picture, yet splendid entertainment. Anthony Bushell ranks nearly as high as Fairbanks. Rose Hobart adds a strangely fascinating characterization.

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—
Fox



FOLLOWING a preview, club women raised such a fuss that it was taken back to the studio to be toned down. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. The picture has been carefully produced and the situations objected to are left to be finished in the minds of the audience. Not a family picture. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 107]

Out on the set, Hector found a long-haired writer who talked his language. "You're not givin' me any news, kid," he told Hector. "Dig out all the old films this dame has been in and kinda meld them together. That way you'll write something they liked once, anyway"



Contact

By
Charles
Francis Coe

THE Associate Producer dropped thoughtfully into the judge's chair which tilted invitingly behind an expansive walnut desk decorated with expensive inkwells, gold pens, crystal ash trays and nondescript but important appearing papers. The harassed executive looked over this monumental array of equipment into the somewhat doleful eyes of a long-haired individual whose features were draped in the habiliments of continuous and unending disappointment.

"You see how it is, Hector," the executive pointed out. "I don't say your story is a bad one. I simply say that it does not fit into our production schedule. In the first place, we haven't

a star for it. The picture business is changing all the time. Developing and expanding. It is an art now."

He leaned forward so that the chair creaked. He reached across the great desk and opened a silver cigarette box. He helped himself and glanced inquiringly at the stricken author, who declined with a doleful shake of the head.

"Yes," the Associate Producer continued through a smoke-cloud which wreathed his face, "pictures have now reached the status of art. Each of us producers is an expert in our line. We are turning out picture plays on schedule. In order to do this, we must be practical as well as artistic. Certain actors



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Proving that, in Hollywood as everywhere else, it isn't what you do but it's the way you do it

"That isn't necessarily love," the producer snapped.

"They married for love," Hector argued gently. "There was no money involved in the theme or any of the other causes for marriage." He paused a moment and the producer puffed at his cigarette.

"If love is a human, underlying emotion," Hector suggested quietly, "I presume also that hate would be so classified."

"Oh," the producer exploded, "lay off hate, Hector! We can't do nothing with hate."

"Why not?"

"Censors. Boy, what censors do when we show hate on the screen!"

"I have given such matters a great deal of study," Hector went on quietly, "and I am convinced that the fundamental thing is always simple. My story is a good, old-fashioned, simple love story. I figured if the director wanted to throw in a few modest boudoir scenes with an electric kiss every ten feet in the picture, he could do that himself."

"It all depends on who the actors are. Maybe your story's too simple. It just don't click, anyway," the producer insisted impatiently.

"The greatest pictures ever made had the simplest stories," Hector said.

The producer leaned forward and began rustling the convenient pile of papers on his desk. Hector reached sorrowfully for his manuscript and hat.

"I still think there's a good picture in this script," he said stubbornly. "Sooner or later, somebody's going to see it and make it."

"Mebbe so," the producer shrugged. "As it is, though, I wouldn't pay you a thousand dollars for it."

"All I'm asking is five," Hector said. "What's five thousand dollars for a story out of which you're going to spend three or four hundred thousand making a picture?"

"Well," the producer grinned tolerantly. "Try again, Hector, if you like. We'll always be glad to read your stuff."

"MAYBE if you happened to like this one and sent it to somebody else, they wouldn't. Then what would I do?"

Once again, the Associate Producer shrugged.

"The trouble is," Hector argued, "that the real creative people out here sit up nights and struggle to create something new. And the money people, those who actually make the pictures, refuse to make anything that hasn't been made before and proved successful. The result is that all pictures are exactly alike. All producers blind themselves to the real reason and go on hollering for some new angle."

fit certain parts. And we educate the public to expect those actors in those parts.

"Unfortunately, your story, which I must confess is creaky in several points but might be bolstered up, cannot, in any event, be made to fit our stars." He shrugged and smiled as benignly as was possible under the circumstances. The author dampened his lips with a darting tongue.

"Couldn't it be changed, sir?" he asked.

"I hardly see how, Hector. What we must have in pictures is a portrayal of the fundamental and underlying human emotions."

"What are they?" Hector asked timidly.

"Well," the producer shrugged, "you know that as well as I do."

"Unfortunately, I don't," Hector insisted mildly.

The Associate Producer seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Well," he drawled, "for instance, love."

"Isn't there love in my story?"

"Well, I suppose there is. But you really didn't get it across."

"How does anybody get love across?" Hector asked. "My two people got married, didn't they?"

"This story of mine is a good, sound, dramatic story with a pretty little love interest all the way through. It deals absolutely with fundamental things and you couldn't go wrong with it. It won't be a record-breaking picture, but it's bound to be a profitable one."

The producer rattled the papers again more suggestively. He smiled through cigarette smoke at the disappointed author.

"I'm sorry, Hector, that it don't please us. But it isn't goin' to help things to have you stand there and argue with me. After all, if I gotta take the time to read your stories and after that argue about them, I might better not pay any attention to them at all. I read this story and I don't see a picture in it for us. I hope you'll be able to sell it to somebody else. Honestly, I speak right from the heart, kid, when I say to you that if I hear next week that somebody has paid a fabulous price for 'The Old Mill,' I'll be happier than you are."

By this time the author was at the door. He wet his lips again and turned as though to offer further comment. In this, however, he desisted and the producer said:

"I'll tell you, Hector, authors don't understand business very well. Why don't you get yourself an agent?"

"Agent?" Hector asked. "What good would an agent do me?"

"Well," the producer said, "you'd be surprised. I was going through the records of the studio here a short time ago and I found that of the stories we bought through our Scenario Department, almost seventy per cent came to us through agents. They understand about what we want, you see, and they know the sort of stories to hand us."

"YOU think," Hector asked, "that an agent would have a better chance of selling 'The Old Mill' for me than I have myself?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I do."

"But I don't know any agents."

"Well," the producer said tolerantly, "why don't you drop in and see Sol Sluffin? He's a live wire. Tell him I said that

you've really got something that will come out sooner or later."

"All right," Hector said thoughtfully. "I guess I'll do that. May I say you sent me?"

"Sure, that's all right. I think you've got something in you which experience will bring out."

* * *

SOL SLUFFIN, in turn, sat behind his desk and looked at the doleful Hector. The author had a rolled manuscript under his arm and stood before the agent characteristically moistening his lips with a darting tongue.

"You understand the purpose of my visit, Mr. Sluffin," he began.

"Oh, yes," the agent nodded. "Sure, I know what you're here to talk about. Sit down, boy."

"I've brought the story with me," Hector said. "I don't suppose you could talk intelligently until you read it."

Sol shrugged his shoulders. An undulating vibration ran up the sides of his thick neck and across an array of four chins.

"Sure, I oughta read the story," he said, "but you sit there and gimme the highlights."

Briefly as he could, Hector outlined the plot of "The Old Mill."

"No synopsis is ever a satisfactory description, Mr. Sluffin," he finished. "But that gives you the general idea. I hope you'll read the story."

"Sure thing," Sol nodded violently. "Throw it over here. I'm the kind of a guy that reads a story very fast. How many pages you got here?" He unrolled the manuscript and examined it. His eyebrows rose in surprise.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You got twenty-six typewritten pages just for one short story? My God, lad, there ain't a producer in Hollywood ever read twenty-six pages of any story in the world!"

"It only runs about seven thousand words," Hector said. "Most of the magazines of the better grade print stories of that length." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]



A smiling million—right to the penny, for that's what the combined yearly salary of this beaming group of 17 Paramount stars amounts to. In case the sight of so much money has made you blink, we'll identify them for you. Top row, left to right: Stuart Erwin, Eugene Pallette, Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, William Boyd. Second row: Richard Arlen, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson, Rosita Moreno, Norman Foster, Sylvia Sidney, Lilyan Tashman. Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl are the youngsters in front

"Give Arbuckle a Chance!"

By
James R. Quirk

That's the unanimous verdict of the motion picture democracy but organized moralists and reformers are relentless and unforgiving



He made the cleanest comedies ever made and gave humanity a billion laughs

THE motion picture public—that vast army which pays the freight and makes the movies possible—has given PHOTOPLAY its answer to the question of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's return to the screen.

And its answer—a unanimous answer—is: Let Arbuckle come back.

Out of thousands of letters received by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as a result of a story in the March issue and a nation-wide broadcast, in which the editor of PHOTOPLAY made an appeal to the motion picture public to express its opinion on the Arbuckle question, there was not one dissenting voice. As one person they wrote in to approve Fatty's return.

The only dissenters—and we must admit this was not unexpected—were the good folks who were responsible for having him barred from the screen ten years ago. They are still unrelenting and unforgiving—and there is nothing quite so unrelenting and unforgiving as a professional moralist.

In the article in the March issue Arbuckle was quoted as saying that all he wants is a chance to work. In a letter to the editor of PHOTOPLAY he says:

"I have no desire to return to the screen as an actor. In the dark hours of my life it was a consolation to know that I had given happiness to millions of people.

There doesn't seem to be much chance of happiness for me. No man can live and be happy without work, and all I want is to be permitted to use whatever talents and training I have in the writing and direction of pictures under my own name."

That doesn't seem to be much to ask. The motion picture public has given its decision by its astonishing response to PHOTOPLAY's appeal, astonishing not only in the number of letters received, but in the absolute unanimity of expression.

ONLY the Good Folks dissent. They may preach the precept, "To err is human, to forgive, divine," but they don't practice it.

The attitude of Canon William S. Chase, one of the most active figures in the world of organized reform, is typical. He says:

"I have no personal animosity toward this man, but I think it very unwise to have him restored at this time to what I consider a very important moral influence in this country."

Most of the others avoided the issue and declined to answer PHOTOPLAY's question, but Mrs. R. L. Sisson, of the Women's Federated Club, Potsdam, New York, replied:

"There are too many good artists. I have no desire to see one of such notoriety."

On the other hand, those men who were most active at Arbuckle's court trials, the prosecuting attorney and jurymen, come forward with a fine exhibition of fair play.

Nat Friedman, a juror at the second trial, who voted guilty, says:

"I feel that Arbuckle is a victim of circumstances. He has every right to use his own name in moving pictures and make his own income."

AND August Fritze, foreman of the first jury that tried Arbuckle, says:

"He is more than entitled to the opportunity to resume his theatrical career. I was foreman of the first jury that tried him. If it had not been for one woman, he would have walked out of court a free man. He has taken a lot of undeserved punishment. What is there to gain by keeping a stigma over Arbuckle's head?"

"Officially, he is innocent. Three juries failed to prove him guilty. It surely is not fair to condemn him for what someone *thinks* he did. Arbuckle's contributions to the screen were always commendable. In the name of Americanism, he should be permitted to go his own way untroubled."

PHOTOPLAY feels that the verdict of the motion picture public and the men quoted above, who were made familiar with every phase of the charges against Arbuckle and the three trials that resulted from them, should be accepted as final and that Roscoe Arbuckle is entitled to work under his own name.

He is now working in a minor capacity in the studios in Hollywood under another name. There is no question that Arbuckle is one of the greatest masters of picture comedy in Hollywood, and in these times we need laughter.

NO one ever accused Arbuckle of making a picture that wasn't clean. Even the relentless reformers have to admit that. He was a favorite of the children and that is brought out forcibly in scores of letters received from parents who are readers of PHOTOPLAY and who have taken the trouble to write in and say that he should be given a chance to work.

And now there is a still greater [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

MATHEW BRADY, San Francisco district attorney, who prosecuted Arbuckle bitterly through three trials, seeking his conviction, says Fatty should be permitted to go into business and earn his own living.

"The prosecution at the time of the trial gave to the jury and the court every bit of evidence it had against him," says Mr. Brady. "After three trials the jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty.' After that absolution Arbuckle should be entitled to make his own living in his own way."

And that from the man who fought with all the power of the State of California behind him, with only one purpose in mind—to put Roscoe behind the bars!



Clara Bow had good reason to fear newspaper publicity

Hollywood's

A revealing story of the terrors that beset the stars and turn their hard won successes into worrisome burdens of unhappiness

By Ruth Biery

HOLLYWOOD'S Age of Fear is the Age of Success. It is when the stars have reached the summit that the horrors of a terrific nightmare harass them and fright of the future becomes an obsession. Ironically enough, it is when they should be most happy that they become most unhappy.

Years ago when Gloria Swanson and her first husband, Wallace Beery, rode around Hollywood in a great yellow car to attract attention they were happy. Their seventy-five dollars a week offered security in the present and encouragement for the future.

When Gloria Swanson, with her third husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, listened to the acclaim of all Hollywood at the premiere of "Madame Sans Gene," she was a frightened and unhappy woman. She was afraid to accept \$20,000 a week from Paramount because of the bad stories that might be rushed into production to guarantee the proper returns upon such a colossal salary.

Wallace Beery suffered from the same experience Gloria had feared. He made "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now" for Paramount. They were sensations. He says:

"**E**ACH cost \$500,000. They were well produced. The exhibitors made a lot of money. The producers saw a chance to clean up. 'We don't care whether we kill Beery and Hatton,' they reasoned, 'we'll make three or four in a hurry, sell them at a big increase in price, and clean up.' They did. Such silly things as 'Fireman, Save My Child.' And they killed the team of Beery and Hatton.

"When M-G-M released 'Min and Bill' I begged them not to kill Dressler and Beery. 'Wait six or eight months and then let us turn out another one as good or better. Don't wash the welcome off the door-mat,' I said. Thank heavens they are waiting."

Climbing the Hollywood ladder you don't have the same fear. Mary Pickford summarized it the other day when she said: "While you are climbing everyone helps you. When you are there, the reverse is true. On the top you

must make your own decisions. It is not enough to have acting ability. You must be a clever executive and able to judge and manage your every movement shrewdly."

The greater the heights, the greater the fear. I doubt if anyone has had more fears than Mary. When Doug, Jr., married Joan, Mary objected. She dreaded the thought of "America's Sweetheart" becoming a grandmother.

"America's Sweetheart."

"Queen of the Movies."

"Mistress of Pickfair."

Think of the titles she has had to live up to.

"**A**ND I didn't choose one," she says plaintively. "The press even named 'Pickfair' for us. And it was one Christmas night when I was playing 'Good Little Devil' in Baltimore that I first heard myself called 'Queen of the Movies.' I hated it. I turned to my mother and said, 'It makes me feel like a snake charmer.'"

Yet, she has been afraid *not* to live up to the titles that an adoring public heaped upon her.

"When abroad," she went on, "I was introduced to titled people. They entertained us. When they come to this country it is only courteous for me to entertain them."

But in doing so she has feared the effect of this "royalty complex" upon the American people.

Life is comparatively simple for Anita Page, Carole Lombard, Joan Marsh, Frank Albertson, William Bakewell and dozens of others who are on the lower or middle steps of the ladder. They are living in hope, waiting for the one big rôle that will make them.

LEW AYRES knew nothing of real fear until "All Quiet on the Western Front" was released and he was trade-marked a sensation, for fear of the next meal is small compared to fear of losing an income of thousands weekly. For three years Charlie Farrell won the popularity contest of a New York newspaper. This year Lew Ayres nosed Charlie to second place. "The Doorway to Hell," another good picture, helped him win the



Wallace Beery feared bad stories would ruin the success good ones had earned

Age Of FEAR



Greta Garbo fears the harm the wagging of friends' tongues will do

competition. Now he wonders: "Will my next picture be as great?" He asks himself:

DARE I MARRY LOLA LANE OR ANY OTHER YOUNG WOMAN? WILL IT HURT MY POPULARITY TO GET MARRIED?

HE has many examples. If he reaches the heights of the John Gilbert of silent pictures, every move of his marital life will be followed and marked for or against him.

Sue Carol reached the \$1,750 a week class. Then she married Nick Stuart. Radio Pictures did not renew Sue's contract in May. I heard a well known Hollywood actress tell Sue the other day, "If you will pardon me, dear, there has been too much of Sue and Nick. It has hurt your sex appeal on the screen."

How much Vilma Banky's and Rod La Rocque's marriage had to do with their turn of fortunes is problematical, but it had its share of responsibility.

As long as Johnny Mack Brown remains a leading man his wife is not tremendously important. If he becomes a Gilbert or a Colman or a Valentino, he will be unable to keep her out of the picture.

The public was trained to accept Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr.'s, marriage by Joan's cleverness. They told the public they were afraid, until the public pitied and begged them to marry.

Marriage is a common fear of the Hollywood successful.

DARE I MAKE FRIENDS?

FRIENDS are a Hollywood menace. They know too much.

I am certain Greta Garbo would have liked turning gangster and taking some of her friends for a ride when they talked about her.

Adrian, the designer for Metro, is a friend of Greta. I learned, accidentally, that Garbo had sent Adrian flowers when she saw the clothes he had made her for "Romance." I went to him to check the story.

"Please don't print it," he asked. "I wish to keep her friendship."

"I've had to sweat pretty hard for my success," says Charlie Chaplin, "but the trouble of it is that things don't get any easier. It's difficult to get to the top of any tree, but what's more difficult is to stay there. One's got to go on beating one's self all the time."

I chatted with Mrs. Jacques Feyder, wife of the director who is frequently seen with Garbo. Mrs. Feyder pointed with pride to a picture of the star on her mantel. "I wish I could talk about her," she said simply, "but Miss Garbo comes over and plays with the children. The children adore her. She would not come any more if I talked about her."

I doubt if there is a really successful man or woman in Hollywood who is not afraid of his intimates. I know there are many who keep certain intimates only because they are afraid of them.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY? SHALL I PUT IT INTO GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEMES AND GAMBLE ON A FORTUNE WHILE MY INCOME IS HERE, OR SHALL I PUT IT INTO GILT-EDGED BONDS AND RUN THE RISK OF MY CAREER LASTING UNTIL THERE IS AN INCOME SUFFICIENT TO TAKE CARE OF ME?

RICHARD DIX took the gamble. Dix had a few good pictures, "The Christian," for example.

"Then I did a long series of 'walk throughs,'" he recounted. "I'd kiss my grandmother and make an exit. But after all is said and done, it's the check every pay day that counts. I continued to do them because of fear I'd lose the check. I invested in get-rich-quick schemes because I was afraid the checks would stop from bad pictures and I wanted financial protection.

"I have a horror of being broke—and here I am, broke. But to be broke after you've made it! To get used to four figures a week and then be constantly afraid it won't last long enough to give you financial independence is a frantic experience.

"The fear on \$3 a week is nothing compared with the fear on \$3,000."

Three years ago Greta Garbo, at the end of her first three

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



Richard Dix feared the big salary checks would stop before he became financially independent



Lew Ayres fears what marriage will do to the popularity his sudden success has brought



Hal Phye

WHEN Louise Bernhardt arrived in Los Angeles to appear as soloist with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, following Schumann-Heink and other opera folks, producers deluged her with contracts. Young, beautiful and gifted with a remarkable contralto voice, she proved a magnificent screen subject in several shorts, notably "A Tribute to Mother." Note the diversity of her personality in these pictures, both taken at the same sitting. In one she has the lure of a Garbo or Dietrich; in the other the ingénue quality of a Gaynor or Mary Brian.

Two Girls in One!

See GARBO First

Author of "Hollywood with a Spy-Glass," discoverer of the knot-hole in Greta Garbo's back fence

By
Leonard
Hall

NO doubt, readers, you are now planning That Little Trip for this summer—something to fill those precious two weeks Away From the Grind.

Perchance you are figuring on Yellowstone Park, The Grand Canyon, Coney Island or a visit to Tony's—ring twice, ask for Gus and tell him Mr. Hossefross sent you.

These journeys are all very well in their way, but they are primarily for the dullard, the conventional soul who is content to hand six feet of green ticket to the conductor, sink back on the cushions and let the railroad company do the rest.

Are you one in whom the spirit of adventure still throbs, like galloping toothache of the soul? Are you willing to risk all for a thrill? Are you of the bulldog breed which rode in covered wagons for Paramount back in '25 and fought the redskins and canned-corn ptomaine along The Big Trail (Fox, '30)?

Then forget the silly trips to the mountains, the shore, the shanties in the hills!

See Garbo First!

It's the most exciting adventure left to desk-chained Americans today. The hunt for Villa was just a game of tag to tracking down and laying dazzled eyes on the Secretive Swede.

The sands and boulevards of Hollywood are white with the bleaching bones of ferocious flappers who perished of starvation while waiting for Garbo to emerge from her Santa Monica deadfall and go down to the store for a pint of milk. Thousands have drowned while lurking behind shrubbery in the hope of seeing her come out for a walk in the rain.

Few living men can boast of having seen the Scandinavian Hermitess. I have seen Greta Garbo—a sight never vouchsafed Admiral Byrd, Robert Ripley or any other of eternity's famous gate crashers!

Perhaps you are willing to give all, dare all, do all to witness this eye-blistering sight. If you want something easy, go chase the wall-eyed wallaby through the Australian bush! But if you have the heart of a lion, the patience of a saint and the curiosity of a film censor, take up the pursuit of our Stockholm Siren.

Mother and I trekked into the Hollywood jungles, not long ago, with this one avowed purpose. We would see Garbo!

Our safari was equipped with express rifles, field-glasses, trout-flies, butterfly nets and many cans of Swedish antipasto as bait.

We had one idea. Other matters—a possible hair-pulling bout between Connie Bennett and Lil Tashman, for instance—could wait.

We stalked Garbo as a hobo stalks cherry pies.

By bribing a studio press-agent with a ticket for the movies, we managed to rig up an electric gong signal at the head of Mother's bed. Whenever Garbo issued from the Metro lot bound for location, the bell rang, a red rocket went up and Mother and I leaped for the long, red automobile that puffed and pawed the ground, twenty-four hours a day, at the hotel door.

Once we lost her in the Nevada desert—we learned later that Garbo had fooled us that time by turning into a coyote and howling for her mate. Once, with a police escort on motorcycles, we roared to Santa Monica in four minutes, eight seconds, only to find that the supposed Greta was only some unknown blonde digging her pinkies into the sand. Her boy friend threw stones at us and chased us away.

A GAIN, I bought the newsstand where Garbo was said to come, at dead of night, to buy her copy of the *Stockholm Njews-Tjimes*. I cursed when I learned that she had, that morning, given up reading for Lent. I hired out as grocer's boy, and was bitten by a large dog next door.

One day Mother and I thought we had her. Garbo was having a bowl of bean soup at Ye Olde Beverlye Hillse Sandwiche Nooke. Mother guarded the front door—I the rear. Two hours later we found that the star had been carried out on a tray, covered with a napkin. I even
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

We shot several guards named Nils, Sven and Moscha. Then the portal opened slowly and a tall, rather awkward figure stood before us



\$5,000⁰⁰ in Prizes

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

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

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

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

Read the Rules Carefully Before Starting Work

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

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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

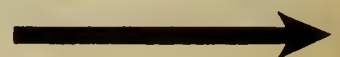
Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

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

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

70 Readers Must Win

Follow the Arrows





PHOTOGRAPHER STAGG dresses up a charming portrait of George Arliss and Doris Kenyon, who plays opposite him in "Alexander Hamilton," in the spirit of the new picture

This Way to Puzzles



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000.00 Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair is deep auburn—no commonplace red!
The eyes had their chance due to Barrie;
The mouth is the college boy's idol, they say
She's the choice of each Tom, Dick and Harry!

Lower

The hair has a son who's about a year old,
The eyes are already twice wed;
The mouth is from Texas, she's just twenty-three,
And she'll go a long way, it is said.

Upper

The hair's from Chicago, the town of gang wars,
The eyes were Canadian raised;
The mouth has known tragedy out of the sky,
And her courage can't be over-praised!

Lower

The hair had a part in an Ina Claire film,
The eyes never played on the stage;
The mouth was discovered by Douglas MacLean,
And her triumphs would fill a whole page.

RESUME

Three of them are known to their fans by screen names,
And only one's medium tall;
None of them has blonde hair, and one is unwed,
And one came from quaint Montreal.
Not one went to college nor knew the legit,
And all of the four of them surely have "it"!



Upper

The hair came to us from the Empire State,
The eyes from a warmer land came.
The mouth entered pictures in nineteen-fifteen,
'Twas a war play that brought him his fame'

Lower

The hair claims his birthplace as Al Smith's home town.
The eyes wed a blonde star in haste,
The mouth knew the stage for a number of years,
But he finds the screen more to his taste

Upper

The hair has been married to three charming girls,
The eyes have a daughter and son,
The mouth started out as a dancer, and now
On a singing career he's begun

Lower

The hair had ten brothers and sisters—how's that?
The eyes are first starred in "Shipmates"
The mouth has been seen in many screen thrillers,
For his next picture everyone waits

RESUME

Three have been married, and one never was
All four of them have hair that's brown
Two of them are sons of the East, and just one
Was born in a small Western town
Three of them are daddies, and two have light eyes
And each one has known a spectacular rise

Those Amazing Bennett



AMAZER Number One. That girl Constance, svelte, sophisticated, charming, and making it pay her \$30,000 a week. Earning twenty times what her veteran stage father does, and known to more people in a few years than her dad in his stage lifetime, she is virtually the head of the clan



SISTER JOAN is lovely, beguiling, youthful, a different type than the enchantress beside her, yet a star in her own right, collecting \$2,000 a week, and a mother. She pursues her career with the same intensity that moves Constance and seems only to be getting into stride now on her upward climb

Girls—and Their Pappy

By

Harry Lang



Even being happily married is amazing when one of the Bennett girls does it, and Barbara amazes as the wife of Morton Downey, content with a career of love and domesticity

IT'S a powerfully overworked word in these days of tabloid reporting—that word “amazing!” But it's the one word that inevitably pops and keeps popping into your mind when you give thought to this Bennett family. The Barrymores, now, are interesting—sometimes startling, and not infrequently downright shocking. But the Bennetts are simply amazing!

And just at this particular moment, things have come to a particularly amazing pass in the amazing Bennett family. For out at the Warner Bros. movie lot, Papa Richard Bennett—that audience-damning, stormy petrel of the stage—has offhandedly cast away his richly earned stardom and taken a completely subordinate rôle in support of the straw-haired kid he used to bounce on his knee not so many years ago—his daughter Constance.

Richard Bennett—the Richard Bennett!—is just another actor in the cast of Connie's starring picture “Bought.” And although he's getting the not-to-be-sneezed-at pay of \$1,500 a week, it pales into nothingness compared with the fact that Daughter Constance is getting just *twenty* times what they're paying papa. Constance is getting \$30,000 a week from Warners. And what that makes Papa Bennett is just another of those things that can happen only in Hollywood.

You might think, without reading any further, that Bennett père is a bit chagrined at the situation. You might think he's looking for a hole to crawl into at the thought that the snub-nosed brat he used to spank is getting thirty grand a week while he's getting only one-twentieth of that.

BUT he isn't. On the contrary, he's *bas* proud as a million peacocks! “It's the proudest moment of my life!”—those are his very own words. And that's merely another amazing manifestation of these amazing Bennetts—they appear to lack that notorious professional jealousy that has broken up so many theatrical homes.

Oh, there's been gossip buzzing around Hollywood to the effect that the Bennetts hate the sight of each other. That Papa Bennett won't speak to Constance, and Constance won't speak to Joan and so on and so on and so on. But it isn't true.

You know the customary gesture when you want to illustrate how close friends two pals are?—you hold up two fingers close together and say “they're like that.” Well, with the Bennett clan

force her. She approached everything with fear and trembling, and then she finally met Morton Downey. She seems to love him. Oh, she's had offers, but Morton doesn't want her to play on the stage or screen—matrimony, domesticity, that's her career. You know, to my state of mind, she's doing just as well as her sisters because, after all, she's happy, isn't she?”

You wonder if she's a disappointment to him—when he compares Barbara with Joan who's making \$2,000 a week with the Fox company on a long-term contract, and Constance, with that hair-raising \$30,000-a-week arrangement with the Warners and that \$25,000-a-week business with RKO-Pathé. So you ask him if Barbara is a disappointment to him. “Disappointment? I should say not. She's made her mark in pictures. Why, she was the very first of the Bennett sisters to make a success in films, several years ago. But after all, she's just a girl who wants to be married and have a family. So she's doing that. Why, I'm sure that if Barbara liked the stage or screen as much as Constance or Joan does, she could make as good as either of them. But her hobby is domesticity and if that's what she wants, let her make a success of that!”

And that disposes of Barbara, the wife. It's just another of the amazing facts of the Bennett clan that Barbara, in contrast with her sisters, should be the wife-type while both Joan and Constance are immeasurably more successful as ex-wives!

Of course, Constance is the big thrill of the outfit. Constance is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]



And here's Bennett, père, that fascinating stormy petrel of the stage, thirty years a star and yet proud as a peacock to act in support of Constance

Four Newcomers Who



A New Type of Sex Appeal

"YOUR ears stick out—
"Your hair isn't curly—
"You aren't good looking—"

This is the song producers sang to Clark Gable six years ago when he tried crashing the movies.

Today, they are singing a different tune—to the sum of \$750 weekly and a five-year contract with Metro.

The styles in movie heroes change. Then, the sheik reigned, Valentino. Now, it's the big he-man with the rough and tumble personality, Clark Gable.

They wouldn't give him a chance then. Now, he's completed: "The Painted Desert," "The Easiest Way," "The Mob," "Dance Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul" and "Laughing Sinners," in which he took Johnny Mack Brown's part opposite Joan Crawford. At the moment he is Garbo's newest leading man, playing opposite her in "Susan Lenox."

His entire thirty years have unwittingly developed that he-man angle. He was on his own at fourteen; drilling oil at twenty. One time he threw all he had at a station agent with, "How far will this take me?"

It took him to Butte, Montana, where he joined other unemployed. A pawnbroker gave him seven dollars for his "other" suit when he couldn't get a job. He rode the rods to Oregon. Lumber camps. Out of work again. A wandering stock troupe without pay—a split of profits when there were any.

HE liked the gamble of stage life and he stuck to it. Played *Sergeant Quirt* with Louis Wolheim in Los Angeles, and the newspaper reporter in "Chicago" with Nancy Carroll.

Hit Broadway as he had hit Butte. They needed a he-man for "Machinal." He looked the part and got it.

In Hollywood, the girls rate him with sex-appeal. Even Joan Crawford.

His two wives have nothing to do with it. The *ex* teaches school in Los Angeles.

The current Mrs. Gable was a stock-professional.



She's Hard To Know

WYNNE GIBSON is the kind of girl you never feel you can quite know. Oh, she's cordial, and a good fellow, but those who work and play with her feel that behind it all, she's hiding something, or pushing something back inside her.

"She's clowning around so much that you just feel it's not the real Wynne—that she's just covering up," is the way they put it.

Well, maybe—but Wynne says it isn't so. She's red-haired and cute and Irish. She came to Paramount without any great hurrah, but after she'd played in a few pictures everybody began to ask who she was, and now they feel she's got a great future ahead of her. They compare her with Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton and even say sometimes that she's a feminine Jack Oakie—but none of them fit her.

She's a trouser if ever there was one. Other actresses want their dressing-rooms primped up, but Wynne is satisfied as long as hers is clean. She doesn't spend money on clothes and jewelry, but she goes for automobiles in a big way. She has a special car now that cost more than a half-dozen stenographers could make in a year.

SHE was born in New York and ran away from home because her parents wouldn't let her be an actress. Her stage career wasn't a great success. She came to Hollywood on a Paramount contract in 1930, and has been climbing ever since.

Has never been married, and Hollywood sees no signs of her getting that way. "It's uncanny for a girl that pretty not to be seen out with men friends," Hollywood says. But the fact remains that when you see her at lunch or out places, it's usually with some woman friend.

She loves to play practical jokes and make wisecracks, but won't talk much about herself. Interviewing her is lots of fun, but you don't get any information about Wynne. She's not beautiful, but she has an attractive personality. They're trying to get her to dress herself and her hair so as to appear less cute and more Chattertony.

Are On The Up *and* Up



He Likes to Be Lazy



This Gal's A Real Trouper

JOEL McCREA is his real name. He is twenty-five years old, six feet, two, has curly brown hair, blue eyes, and lazy as nobody's business. That's why he's in pictures. . . .

When he graduated from Pomona College, not far from Los Angeles, he tried to figure out what he could make the most money at by doing least.

The answer seemed to be the movies, and Joel hasn't found any reason yet to believe he was wrong.

He's making around \$750 a week now, and not working half as hard as a lot of people who are getting maybe \$35 or so.

He went into pictures deliberately. He knew he was good looking, and what it would do to the fannettes' hearts. But even Joel didn't know what it would do to stars' hearts, too. Joel is one of Hollywood's outstanding ladies' men, and he gets a bit peevish if you mention it.

He and Dorothy Mackaill were quite exclusive about each other for a while; she used to call him "Softy," for a pet name. More recently, he's been going places much with Constance Bennett while the Marquis Henri de la Falaise says, more or less cheerfully, that it's "all right and Joel is my best friend."

JOEL is under a long-term contract to Radio Pictures, but he plays for a lot of other companies because famous stars like Connie Bennett ask for him as their leading man. Radio loans him out.

He dresses well, is always a perfect gentleman, swears very little, takes himself quite seriously, hopes to be a great movie star some day.

Although he admits he's lazy, he does work hard when in production. But the rest of the time, he likes to loaf around the beach.

Plays tennis and rides a bit. Prefers outdoor life, but fits well in a drawing-room.

He's proud of his success, of course, but insists he'll never get a swelled head or show other symptoms of having gone badly Hollywood. Reason?—"I've got too darn nice a family," he says.

WHEN John McCormick, ex-husband of Colleen Moore, sailed for Honolulu, he said, "I will not marry Mae Clarke or anyone else." But, since then, he evidently changed his mind about the "anyone else" for he married Mrs. Janet Gattis, of Washington, D. C. For eight months Mae was engaged to marry him, but there was more than that to her love. They were friends, first; sweethearts afterwards.

Having been divorced from Lew Brice, she thought that she had achieved the perfect companionship with John.

But she's a valiant little soul and she knows how to take 'em on the chin. She and Barbara Stanwyck began together in the chorus and both—they were all of sixteen—swore that some day they'd be great actresses. Barbara has proved herself conclusively, and if Mae gets a few more parts like the one she has in "The Front Page" there won't be any doubt about her. John McCormick having failed her, she has thrown herself headlong into her work.

SHE started in amateur theatricals in Atlantic City. Earl Lindsay, the producer, discovered her and induced her to turn professional. She sang in night clubs, went into vaudeville to get experience, and got a part as a dancer in "Gay Paree," a musical production.

Unashamed of her humble beginning, she runs through a funny little scrap-book of snapshots and clippings she saved when she was in the chorus.

"Barbara would die if she knew I had some of these old pictures," she said. "See the funny look I've got—that crooked sinister smile? That was because I'd had a tooth pulled and I didn't have enough money to get one put in properly. I could only smile out of one corner of my mouth."

But those hard times are ended. One of the brightest of the newer batch of players, she has bought a home in Westwood and her mother, father and kid brother and sister live with her. Her father was a theater organist. Then came the talkies and the old ill wind blew fame and fortune in Mae's direction.



One of the strange cases B—Madge Bellamy who didn't pull with the public sufficiently to warrant continued starring. She is living in Europe now, her back turned firmly on any future screen offers



Was it temperament? Betty Bronson says not. It's just another sad case of limited box-office appeal

Bellamy Bronson Borden

By Katherine Albert

NAMES, names, names!
That's the cry of the producers. Names to string in electric lights. Names to lure the wayward fans inside the theaters. Names to quicken the pulse of the American public.

The studios look for new faces, new personalities. They build up stars only to let them drop. What causes this? Three young women come quickly to mind. They have well-known names. They are good actresses. But they have done almost no screen work in the last couple of years. Why?

They are Betty Bronson, Madge Bellamy and Olive Borden. There are many more, but these may be considered three cases B. Why have these girls failed? Let us consider both sides—producer versus star.

FIRST case on the docket—Betty Bronson.
After her great success in "Peter Pan," Paramount gave her a long-term contract. Now, not having worked for a number of months, she is playing a second lead in a picture at Columbia. Why?

We'll hear the producers' side first. They say she is temperamental. One picture in which she was cast required that she wear lounging pajamas, and this was in the day when pajamas were still *risqué* as a French postcard. Betty refused.

Three names dimmed. Read why these once-famous stars are not so popular today

Again, she was told to smoke a cigarette before the camera. Betty refused. Or rather, Betty's mother refused. Mother invariably took the rap for Betty and quarreled with the executives about working hours, money, type of rôles and all the other things movie mamas interest themselves in. At last the girl's contract was allowed to lapse.

When it was understood that the option would not be renewed, Mrs. Bronson ate a goodly portion of humble pie.

Why, if necessary, Betty would smoke a black cigar. But this vigorous change of heart came too late. Betty was through.

She went to M-G-M for "The Bellamy Trial" and might have done something else there had she not suddenly gone to England.

It appears that a young man named Joe Pendergrast was being graduated from Oxford and Betty wanted to see the deed done.

Upon her return, she was cast in the famous Al Jolson picture, "The Singing Fool." Jolson didn't take to her.

Now, for Betty's side. Betty said that the reason she would not wear the pajamas and smoke the cigarette upon the screen was because she was not the type, her fans would disapprove and such gestures would cause her professional death. She explained the European trip by saying she was stagnating in Hollywood and had to get away. She also claimed that she had not the slightest notion why Jolson didn't like her, for she had tried to be nice and do whatever was necessary. Never was she temperamental.

The case of Betty Bronson rests for a moment.

NOW, for Madge Bellamy.

Here is the complaint of the producer. It was said that she, too, was temperamental, that she put on the grand robes of stardom, attempted to dictate to her bosses and refused to work with a certain director assigned to her. This last was the immediate cause of the breaking of her contract.

Madge, herself, tells another story. She was not temperamental. It is true that she never really liked her pictures. For all her baby-doll face, she has a good head, and she felt that her program pictures were not bringing out the talent she had to offer.

She was promised, by the highest executive, the rôle of *Diane* in "7th Heaven." During a trip to Europe, she was photographed upon the battlefields of France to prepare herself. She returned to find Janet Gaynor playing it. This hurt Madge. She felt it was unfair. But she went on and did what she was



Olive Borden is another star that took a toboggan ride. Temperament was the excuse given—but again that old devil box-office was the reason

assigned to do. She did "Mother Knows Best" and one other. Then she was called into the executive office one day and told the name of her next director.

"Oh, but I can't work with him," she said. "He was assistant director on my set once and he took a dislike to me. There is something that must pass between star and director—a mutual understanding that is necessary for the success of a film. I simply cannot work with him, for I know we'd make a failure—his hating me as he does."

"YOU can't tell us who shall direct you," said the producer.

"And if you don't like it, you can quit."

"All right," said Madge. "I quit."

Perhaps they were only trying to bring her to task and make her take a cut in salary, since she had been with the studio for a number of years and the figure was high.

But Madge had wanted to retire, had wanted to have time to do a little studying and thinking. She promised to consider the matter over night. After having talked it over with her mother, she came to the studio the next day, only to leave.

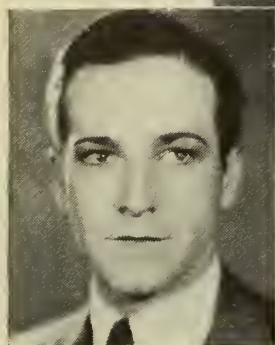
That was two years ago.

When the newspapers came out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Last Call *for* Your Story



You may have all the story ideas in the world, but unless you get busy on that typewriter they are never born



David Manners, who will play opposite Miss Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss." He has already won praise and recognition with his work in "Journey's End," "Sweet Mama," and "The Right to Love"



Marian Marsh, who has already been selected to play the heroine in "Beauty and the Boss." Rising rapidly in the movie heavens, it might be your story that will put her among the leading screen actresses

To win that \$2,000.00 prize or sell your story for the same amount you must get your manuscript in by July 15

DELUGING PHOTOPLAY'S offices, a flood of manuscripts have already been received in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. Contest for a story to fit the title, "Beauty and the Boss." Seeking the \$2,000 check which goes to the winner, as well as the nine other \$2,000 checks for successful picture stories, hundreds of contestants have poured their stories in upon us.

Evidently, there is no drought of ideas anywhere, for stories have come in from all over the country. Several have come from Europe, one from far-off Turkey.

If your story is not among them, get busy now. You still have plenty of time, for the contest does not close until midnight of July 15. It is original, modern-day stories that Warner Bros. are seeking, and for which \$2,000 will be awarded for each one accepted. It might be the very story you always intended to write, but never did, that they are looking for. So get to work and get your story into PHOTOPLAY'S office before the deadline.

You don't have to be a literary genius or even an experienced writer. Don't try for literary effects. Just sit down and tell your own story in your own way, clearly, simply and completely. Don't look to recent books, plays

or short stories for your ideas. Be original, because it is *your* story that is wanted.

Since the last announcement of this contest, letters have come in asking if it is all right to submit a brief outline, or "sketch of a story." Others have said that they are unable to put their story idea into scenario form. Still others have pleaded that they are unable to write the dialogue which they feel is necessary for talking pictures.

Now, don't worry about too many things. Never mind scenarios, dialogue, or anything else. What is wanted is a story with a basic idea, your story. Write it as a story in the best way you can, but be sure that it is complete.

"Sketches," as some have called them, are too often inclined to be incomplete and vague, leaving too much to be filled in by others. Make all your characters whole and complete, put them in whatever setting you have selected, and tell your story with them or through them. But turn out a complete plot job.

In past issues of PHOTOPLAY Jacob Wilk, manager of the story department of Warner Bros.-First National, has given

you some advice and outlined the kind of stories that are wanted. If you have these back numbers glance over them again and act on

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

Study Rules of Contest on Page 118 Carefully

“Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds”

says

MRS NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE



Smooth, lovely skin is easily won by the use of POND'S four preparations (at right)

NEWPORT for the brilliant summer season . . . a whirl of early autumn festivities in New York, then on to Melton Mowbray, England, for the fox-hunting . . . winter in Italy or Egypt . . . spring in Paris . . . such is the gay round of this charming cosmopolitan, Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse.

To the education of a princess Mrs. Whitehouse owes subtle secrets of charm and chic, for before her marriage she was the Princess Tamara Bragation Moukrahnsky, of Georgia, in Russia. Petite and piquante, she is dark and very lovely, always smartly dressed and exquisitely groomed.

Her clear pale ivory complexion bespeaks unflinching care. “After all, what is so important as a beautiful skin?” she asks. “A fresh, fair complexion gives chic to one’s simplest frock. Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than diamonds and pearls when one is in evening dress.”

LIKE many other society beauties, Mrs. Whitehouse is devoted to Pond’s. “No wonder fastidious women prize the four delightful preparations, and follow the Pond’s Method every day,” she says. “The four steps make it so easy to keep one’s skin lovely!”

You, too, must know this wonderful easy way to keep your skin always glowing with youth:

- 1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond’s Cold Cream generously several times daily, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine, light oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.
- 2—With Pond’s Cleansing Tissues wipe away cream, dirt, make-up and powder. These *softer* Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, by laboratory test. White or peach.
- 3—With Pond’s Skin Freshener, briskly pat your skin until it is pleasantly aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, bring lovely, natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.
- 4—Now smooth on a delicate film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, and an exquisite finish . . . Use it on neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder . . . Marvelous, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

At bedtime: always cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Tune in on Pond’s Program Friday evening at 9:30 P. M. D. S. T. Reisman’s Orchestra of Central Park Casino. WEAf and N. B. C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND’S FOUR PREPARATIONS
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"Why look your

SAYS

BILLIE BURKE

*Famous stage Beauty declares no woman
needs look her age*

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why any woman should look her age.

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can. 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 regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

. . .

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness! She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to

guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* Surely *your* skin should have the protection of this gentle, luxurious care!



BILLIE BURKE, wife of a prominent theatrical manager and the mother of a beloved young daughter. Her charm is never more compelling than when she is presiding as the amazingly youthful mistress of her luxurious home.

LUX

age? I am 39!"



BILLIE BURKE

As this photograph plainly shows, the years have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game." She says: "To keep youthful charm, it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Toilet Soap 10¢

Vote Now!



Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"Humoresque"
1921
"Tol'able David"
1922
"Robin Hood"
1923
"The Covered Wagon"
1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
1925
"The Big Parade"
1926
"Beau Geste"
1927
"7th Heaven"
1928
"Four Sons"
1929
"Disraeli"

It is your duty to
vote for the best
picture of the year

IF you haven't cast your vote for the best picture of 1930, get right to it now.

The annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor, the highest and most coveted honor in the world of motion pictures, is made on the selection of picture fans themselves, and it is your duty to take your part in making the award.

This is the eleventh annual awarding of this distinguished prize. The ten previous winners, which are printed on this page, show what a brilliant line of film accomplishments have gone before.

It is a real privilege, as well as your duty as a patron of better moving pictures, to encourage fine screen achievements of this type by casting your vote today.

Since the first award was made to "Humoresque" back in 1920, pictures have made astounding progress. Every branch of films has advanced, and in addition sound has come along to bring new technical advantages, as well as new delights, to the screen.

"DISRAELI," which won last year's medal, was the first talking picture to be so honored.

Since then the talkies have progressed to a fine state of perfection, and the industry is definitely committed to the talking screen.

In voting you have your opportunity to express your approval of the progress that has been made in this direction.

As in the past, we ask you to be thoughtful and comprehensive in your judgment, that personalities be forgotten in the broader duty of considering all of the ingredients that go into the making of a picture worthy of this high award.

Story, directing, acting and the spirit behind its making should all go into the scales for judgment. The picture makes themselves, in awaiting this vote of approval from you, want all aspects of the picture taken into consideration.

For your convenience a ballot is printed on this page. Use it. You will also find a list of fifty notable pictures released last year. Of course, you are not limited to select one of them.

Vote for any picture of 1930 that you think entitled to this high honor. All are eligible.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one half inches in diameter.

Each medal is made and designed by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

Remember that this award goes directly from the millions of film fans to the makers of pictures, and you, as a representative picture-goer, should cast your ballot.

It is the one great gift of motion-picture-goers to those who serve them well, and surely it is a privilege to have a voice in the giving.

In the past your votes have not only rewarded fine screen efforts, but served to encourage the upward trend in quality.

IF you want pictures to continue to improve, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through your vote.

Send it in! And may the worthiest win!

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <i>Abraham Lincoln</i> | <i>Free and Easy</i> | <i>Old English</i> |
| <i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i> | <i>General Crack</i> | <i>Outward Bound</i> |
| <i>Animal Crackers</i> | <i>Green Goddess, The</i> | <i>Rogue Song, The</i> |
| <i>Anna Christie</i> | <i>Grumpy</i> | <i>Romance</i> |
| <i>Big House, The</i> | <i>Hell's Angels</i> | <i>Sarah and Son</i> |
| <i>Big Trail, The</i> | <i>Holiday</i> | <i>Seven Days' Leave</i> |
| <i>Case of Sergeant Grischa, The</i> | <i>Journey's End</i> | <i>Song o' My Heart</i> |
| <i>Caught Short</i> | <i>King of Jazz</i> | <i>So This Is London</i> |
| <i>Check and Double Check</i> | <i>Ladies of Leisure</i> | <i>Street of Chance</i> |
| <i>Common Clay</i> | <i>Laughter</i> | <i>Tom Sawyer</i> |
| <i>Dawn Patrol, The</i> | <i>Let Us Be Gay</i> | <i>Unholy Three, The</i> |
| <i>Devil May Care</i> | <i>Lummock</i> | <i>Vagabond King, The</i> |
| <i>Devil's Holiday, The</i> | <i>Manslaughter</i> | <i>White Hell of Pitz Palu</i> |
| <i>Divorcee, The</i> | <i>Men Without Women</i> | <i>Whoopee</i> |
| <i>Doorway to Hell, The</i> | <i>Min and Bill</i> | <i>With Byrd at the South Pole</i> |
| <i>Feel First</i> | <i>Moby Dick</i> | <i>Young Man of Manhattan</i> |
| | <i>Monte Carlo</i> | |
| | <i>Office Wife, The</i> | |

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 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

It Stands Alone



See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy



and Colgate's
costs but . . .

25c

COLGATE'S toothpaste has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

COLGATE'S has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

COLGATE'S now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

COLGATE'S sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.



The result of the conference is usually a joke that appeared in *Punch* in 1874

Yo! Ho! and a Bottle of Gin

Or Ten Men on a Dead Movie's Chest

IT takes ten men to write a joke in Hollywood, most of them with caps on. And then it usually turns out to be a joke which appeared in *Punch* in 1874.

I visit friends in studios frequently, usually writers, and I have never found less than ten persons doing any one thing (usually, yo ho, with a bottle of gin in their midst). In fact, I once helped nine other men write the titles of a picture, back in the old silent days. The company used three of my words—for which I got \$600. This helps explain why nickel pictures are now seventy-five cents.

Early in the history of movies somebody was tremendously impressed by the good old epigram to the effect that two heads are better than one, and it was reasoned, then, that ten men ought to be five times as good as two, and ten men (at least) it has been ever since, most of them with caps on. After several years of working in tens, movie writers and other movie workers have, I guess, developed a type of cloisterphobia.

THEY think in tens, are inspired in tens, write in tens, and go to the water cooler in tens.

"Mr. Johnstone says to come right up to Room 204 in the writing plant," says the ogre in the reception foyer, and you look forward to a quiet, pleasant fifteen minutes with Jim, discussing old times, and then lunch. But you find him in a room full of ten humorists (several of them with caps on) writing a funny joke for the Five Mocks Bros. (They ought to go great in

Hollywood because there are five of them instead of merely one or two.)

And you wonder how Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare, and how Michelangelo painted the Sistine ceiling all by himself.

You wonder if there has really ever been Art until just here recently. Can there be Art with less than ten people in on it?

And, for that matter, how did Newton discover the law of gravity without calling a conference?

IT is not only in the writing plant that movie misery loves multiplicity. It takes five men to go get a screwdriver. It takes twenty men to operate two cameras. It takes seven men to hold a tinfoil reflector, and about forty men to manipulate six lights. So when you see "a million dollar production" advertised, it doesn't mean anything; just picture a lot of guys with caps on, sitting around wasting a million dollars' worth of time.

I suppose if a picture employee were told to go into a room by himself and work something out, he would scream with loneliness.

Frankly, if you ask me and nine other fellows for our reactions, I can't help feeling, sometimes (speaking for myself, as one of ten, understand), when I see the finished product, that the many geniuses behind the picture have certainly done a swell job of neutralizing each other. And maybe that's exactly what the producers are after. Maybe it takes one-hundred per cent nullification of creative impulses to make a one-hundred per cent box office success.



If a writer or director, or even a studio carpenter were told to go into a room by himself and work something out, he would scream with loneliness

By Don Herold

In 64 cities of France alone—Beauty experts advise this way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Lovely LINA CAVALIERI of Paris

tells why she advises Palmolive



YOU'VE never known any beauty formula as widespread as this! France, herself, so wise in the ways that lead to loveliness, has enthusiastically adopted the daily use of Palmolive Soap . . . because experts assure her there's no better way of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

Lina Cavalieri, with salons in Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet, is a leading figure in this movement toward natural loveliness. She recommends her own cosmetics, of course. But with them, to further the work so well begun in her own studios, she is careful to recommend Palmolive.

Mme. Cavalieri's advice

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive," says Mme. Cavalieri. "Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"If you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it . . . to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri

"In the morning cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my 'Lotion Onctueuse' No. 7 before applying my Cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris leads! 63 other French cities follow. And throughout the world, in over 1600 cities, beauty is now being safeguarded because specialists have discovered and recommended Palmolive daily care.



YOUTH is precious! Keep it! Keep every outward sign of it. Begin with that schoolgirl complexion. Lovely Parisiennes have a smooth, creamy complexion that is fostered by the use of the oils of olive and palm as embodied in Palmolive Soap.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAf and 39 Stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Retail Price 10c

The New Colleen Moore



Hal Phyfe



Hal Phyfe

Above—The new Colleen in her new personality, photographed for PHOTO-PLAY on the day her divorce became final. Below—The Colleen who blossomed from an extra girl into one of the greatest of stars—and then retired with two million dollars



What? Can this be the erstwhile demure little Colleen who made the Dutch bob famous all over the world? It is, and Hal Phyfe's veracious camera herewith proves it. When Colleen returns to the screen soon she may display that gorgeous figure she has been hiding for years. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer—look to your laurels!



This dentifrice for lustrous white teeth

—its economy is an added pleasure

our teeth will respond immediately to the remarkable qualities of Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll tell the same story that millions of others tell.

Cleansing agents in a new-discovered formula speed away all traces of tartar and discolorations. Brilliant whiteness, that attractive *well-loomed* look, shows how thoroughly this dentifrice does its job. Its gentle action polishes your teeth as effectively as it cleans them.

The tooth enamel is fully protected, because there is no ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste harsh enough to impair or scratch the natural hardness of teeth. We have kept it free from all gritty substances injurious to the precious enamel surface.

Notice, too, how fresh, how

consciously invigorated, your mouth feels after each brushing. The same pleasant sensation that you prefer in Listerine is present in this other newly-perfected Listerine product.

Of course, you wouldn't deliberately buy a less expensive tooth paste, simply to save money. Teeth are far too important for unwise economy. But—realize that Listerine Tooth Paste, at no sacrifice in quality, saves you just about half your former outlay. That's something pleasant to think about. Who isn't glad to have \$3 extra every year, for every member of the family? Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

**Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brushes**

**With that \$3 you save
buy beauty lotions . . .**



You can find a hundred uses for the \$3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves for you. We mention face creams merely as a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]



"Oh, Animal Crackers!" disrespectfully shout three little Marx boys as they line up in front of Papa Samuel Marx—Harpo, that silent fourth, just snaps his suspenders. This family group was shot at Paramount where Harpo, Groucho, Chico and Zeppo are making "Monkey Business" for Paramount

THEY tell this story on Harold Lloyd: He came home to his million-dollar mansion one evening and found a strange man in evening dress in the hall. "Come in and have a drink," Lloyd said hospitably, and led him into one of the lower drawing rooms.

During the drink, Lloyd thought they might as well get acquainted.

"Who are you?" he asked genially.

"I'm the new footman, sir."

You couldn't blame Lloyd if he did get his servants and guests mixed. It's quite impossible for one human to keep track of either. They are too numerous.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Claudette Colbert are just too sweet to each other since they slapped it out on the set at the Paramount Studio on Long Island. In fact, they're so sweet, that one can't help wondering. Each declares the other's "a lovely girl."

IT'S tough enough usually to find human actors for retakes on a picture.

But for retakes on "Skippy," they had to have the turtle that Skippy carries in a box in his pocket during some of the picture's action. The turtle, in the meantime, had been released in the goldfish pool on the Paramount lot.

It took a squad of five propmen and "grips" three hours to find the turtle before retakes could be taken.

ONE of the most amazing household tricks in Hollywood is in the beautiful home of Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio. Cedric, who is the most famous art director in pictures, designed it all in ultra modern style. Cedric's room is on one floor, Dolores' on another, but there is a secret stairway that leads from the dressing room of one to the other and there's a trap door in Dolores' dressing room that opens on to the stairs. How's that for mystery and romance, Elinor Glyn?

Club and mixes with the elite who play polo. She keeps fit *a la* tennis. In shorts, if you please.

She goes out with boys who play tennis; such as Charles Webb, writer; and Monroe Owsley, actor. She also has a couple of millionaires for real social functions. We understand there were two from New York to escort her to the opening of her first big picture.

JUST once did Genevieve go where it was not, perhaps, necessary. A press dinner. Mama didn't like it and told the publicity department so the next morning. While Genevieve said: "I think, after all, Maude Adams was right. It is what one does before the public which counts—one does not need to go places."

Well, Genevieve, maybe Maude Adams and mama are right. But it takes a newcomer a long time to establish herself as the heir to even the offstage rights of Maude Adams.

Genevieve's one real passion is football. She never misses a game. And although the story of her experience at the Notre Dame-Southern California one of last year has been told before, it's so good we're going to repeat it.

She was sitting next to a Catholic priest.

She grabbed him: "Oh, Lord, what a play!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" the priest answered. "But next time, just call me Father."

GENEVIEVE, transplanted from Broadway stardom to secondary rôles in Hollywood in an attempt to build her into a picture star, has been quoted as saying that she doesn't know a thing about pictures and isn't trying to learn. But that young lady doesn't need to worry. Her producers took mighty good care of her in "Seed."

In one of Lois Wilson's biggest scenes, where Lois, as the mother of five children, battles it out

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

GENEVIEVE TOBIN lives at a fashionable apartment hotel, with mama. And mama is like so many maters of the old days, namely, Maters Pickford, Talmadge, etc. She keeps a close eye on the ambitions of her daughter.

Genevieve goes to the Midwick Country



The line will form to the right, ladies. This is Georges Metaxa who has made cold British hearts flutter and promises to keep it up over here. Mr. Metaxa is a favorite of the London musical stage who will make his American debut in Paramount's "Secrets of a Secretary," starring Claudette Colbert



A daring young aviator told me, "My ideal girl has courage, first of all. Then she's likeable and *natural*—with a clear, fresh skin that looks nice even with all the make-up blown off!"

IS HIS *Dream Girl*...YOU?

94 out of 100 bachelors, interviewed during the past few months, told me, "The wife I'm looking for is *natural*."

Are you the kind of girl these men describe—with the *natural* charm of a nice complexion? Or have "beauty" experiments given your skin a slightly hothouse, artificial look?

Let me tell you what medical authorities have to say about skin care.

73 dermatologists approve Camay

73 dermatologists (doctors who specialize in skin treatment) advise regular soap-and-water cleansing; and approve Camay as an unusually gentle soap, safe for even delicate skins.

No other soap has such medical approval! It means that you can safely trust your precious complexion to Camay's soothing gentleness.

Try Camay for a week. Revel in its sculptured smoothness, its deep-piled fragrant lather. How exquisitely soft your skin is after Camay's use—how fresh and clean!

Can't you see it a little more clearly, there in your mirror—the *natural* charm men love to dream about?

CAMAY



Helen Chase

for the fresh **NATURAL** skin men admire



**BETTER
BRAN FLAKES**

A matchless combination

ROMP THROUGH the joyous hours of summer with energy in your muscles and pep in your spirit. Eat heartily and healthfully of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

The first taste tells you these are *better bran flakes*. They're a matchless combination with a matchless flavor. Every bowlful is packed with three vital elements. Each sun-brown flake is filled with *whole-wheat* nourishment. Each serving contains just enough *bran* to be mildly laxative. And each spoonful is brimful of the marvelous flavor of PEP—that crisp, delicious taste that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have.

What a wonderful lunch these better bran flakes are when the day is hot! How good and nourishing for the children after school and at supper! And what a treat for the men-folks when they're served for a late evening snack! Every one loves their glorious flavor.

In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES

Beef Stew à la Cody



"Just a dash more seasoning, James!" Here you see Lew Cody and his famous chef, James, sampling a bit of that good stew

ASK anyone who frequents dinner parties at Lew Cody's what the favorite dish of that establishment is and you will get the surprising answer—"beef stew." You would think as suave and sophisticated a lad as Lew would go in for elaborate dishes in the French manner—never such humble fare as beef stew. But, you see, there you are wrong, for the culinary *pièce de résistance* is the savory stew which has become as well known as the genial host who serves it.

A typical menu for one of these dinners will include:

- Fruit Cocktail
-
- Beef Stew
- Biscuits with Currant Jelly
- Cole Slaw
-
- An Ice for Dessert
- Coffee

Here is how the stew is made—try it for some of your out-

door suppers these evenings. It will add a new jewel to your cooking crown!

Beef Stew

Place two pounds of beef cut in squares, into cold water. Bring to a boil. Let simmer for several hours, or until the meat falls apart. Add barley and juice from one can of tomatoes. Add chopped carrots, celery, onions, parsley, green beans and any other vegetables in season. To thicken the stew, sear brown butter, thicken a little water with flour and add to the stew pan.

If you should ever be one of the fortunate "beef stew" dinner guests, don't fail to add your name to the hundreds of other signatures carved by famous people on the door of Lew's study in Beverly Hills. All endorsing more beef stew when made by the Cody formula!

FOR a delectable looking and tasty hot weather dish, try Irene Rich's salad recipe.

Salad à la Philippine

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 head endive | A narrow strip green pepper |
| ½ grapefruit | A narrow strip red pepper |
| ½ orange | 2 tablespoons olive oil |
| 2 halves fresh pears | The fruit's juice |
| | Salt and paprika |

Remove the pulp from the grapefruit and orange without breaking the membrane. Cut the pear in lengthwise slices. Cut the endive in halves, discard the outer leaves and wash with care.

Dispose the endive in halves on plates, set the pear fan shape over these.

Back of the pears place a section of orange pulp, and a section of grapefruit just above the tips of the leaves.

To the fruit juice add the olive oil and salt; beat vigorously, and pour over the salad. This is a recipe for two, of course.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

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

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

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

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Does your husband know about this, Joan? Young Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., is starting rumors, we fear, by appearing in this chummy pose with that screen villain, Monroe Owsley. It's all in the day's work, though, for you will see Joan Crawford and Monroe in her new picture. The public is taking to Owsley

with Tobin for her husband's love, poor Lois is so upstaged that she had to talk with the back of her head to the camera, while Miss Tobin got full-face.

WESLEY RUGGLES tells the one about a famous New York actress who came to Hollywood and was at last given an interview with one of the executives. The executive asked her a hundred questions about her capabilities, which annoyed her no little.

At last he said, "Say, what's your name?"

The girl answered flippantly, "Dumbbell."

The executive shook his head, "No, no, that won't do. If you want to go into pictures you'll have to change your name!"

GLORIA SWANSON was leaving for New York. We visited her home just as the trunks were being loaded. We counted ten.

We made inquiries. Ten trunks for two weeks in New York!

Then we investigated. "It costs Gloria \$2,500 as a minimum for a little trip like that. She can't go in anything but a drawing room. Think what the passengers would say! She can't get one room at a hotel. She must have a suite. Imagine reporters visiting her in one little room. The story would go out immediately that she was broke. She doesn't even dare go without a maid. And her clothes must be not only the latest but since it is Gloria, even a little in advance of the latest." The penalties of fame.

THERE are new experiences under the sun even for newspaper reporters. One of Hollywood's most agile read in his

newspaper's telegraphic reports that Nils Asther had become a daddy. He promptly telephoned Nils (recently returned to the old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer homestead) for confirmation. Nils insisted he knew nothing about it and implied he didn't quite believe it. The reporter gasped. "I have been the first to announce impending divorce to one of the principals and even impending marriages," he said, "but this is the first time I've been called upon to convince a star he was really a father."

CECIL DE MILLE'S contract with M-G-M is ended. He plans to go to Europe with his wife for an "indefinite stay." And this may mark the passing from Hollywood of one of the greatest showmen and masters of hokum *de luxe* the films have ever known. It was on the De Mille lot that the "yes man" bloomed and flourished.

He will discover that in German it's *ja*, in French it's *qui*, in Spain they say it *si*—and so on.

WHEN Doug, Jr., was awakened out of a sound sleep by the telephone and the operator said, "Just a minute, Rome, Italy, calling," he thought it was a gag. But it wasn't. His father had put through a call from Rome to Mary in Hollywood, but when he called for the Fairbanks residence the local operator got it mixed and rang Doug, Jr., instead. When father heard son's voice he was so annoyed at the extra toll charge that he didn't even say "hello" to him.

CERTAIN wise ones within the Paramount sanctuary insist that red-headed Wynne Gibson is headed for stardom.

"When she sobs—she sobs. It isn't technique with her as it is with Chatterton, for instance.

"Of course—she'll have to be tamed a bit"—a reluctant admission.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



A movie child grown up. Midge Evans who was reared in the silent days of the screen, now talks as feminine lead for Ramon Novarro in "Son of India"—a new M-G-M picture

marvellous! new!! effective!!!

INSTANT ODO·RO·NO

*solves every problem
of perspiration control*

1 INSTANT PROTECTION

This amazing new Instant Odorono may be applied to the underarms *any time*—day or night. It stops perspiration *instantly!* Then your gowns are safe from perspiration damage. And no underarm odor—so repellent to others—can sully your charming freshness!

2 APPLY IT WITH THE NEW INSTANT APPLICATOR

Attached to the cap of the Instant Odorono bottle is a convenient sanitary sponge applicator. Just a few swift strokes suffice! No need to use cotton! Nothing messy or greasy. Nothing to leave a tell-tale odor of its own.

3 NEW QUICK-DRYING FORMULA

Because of its quick-drying formula Instant Odorono becomes one of your simplest dressing table rites. Before you have finished with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

4 ALL THE FAMOUS ODORONO DEPENDABILITY

Depend upon Instant Odorono for 1 to 3 days' complete protection. Do not confuse it with ineffective preparations . . . designed merely to offset odor. Instant Odorono, a liquid, is a deodorant and non-perspirant that keeps the underarm absolutely dry and odorless.



the editor of Vogue is on the air

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it.

Tune in on this Instant Odorono broadcast, and, as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting the finest dresses that you own. For where there is perspiration, beware of clothes damage.



FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES #1

THE GENEROUS HOST SPENT . . . \$28

SHE RUINED HER GOWN \$69

He took her to dinner and the theatre . . . she was flattered to death to go. She wore the best stitch she had . . . and looked lovely. But the theatre was stuffy, and she perspired under the arms. So her best gown was ruined . . . stained and faded by the acids of perspiration—to say nothing of the offense this perspiration odor gave to her escort. Oh well, and a-lack-a-day! There are plenty of good men in the world . . . but good dresses are hard to find. A really smart girl would have used Instant Odorono . . . and saved herself such troubles.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



The best film footage of the month! Reading from top to bottom you will find thirty-five, count them, reasons why Lilyan Tashman keeps her standing as one of the best dressed women on the screen. Note the boudoir slippers on the third shelf—same design but different color combinations

Well, when Clara Bow sobs, she sobs, too. The most natural born actress among us. And Paramount's bearded ones have been trying to tame her for—how long?

VARIETY tells the story of a studio head who turned down a writer's story and was asked why by the author.

"I don't like it," replied the executive.

"What was the trouble?" insisted the writer.

"That's an unfair question," replied the executive.

KEEPING up with the color of Hollywood girls' hair is as difficult as keeping up with their amorous adventures. Joan Crawford is

a blonde now. You'll see the crowning glory in "This Modern Age."

The other day Joan sighed, "I wish I'd stay between pictures just long enough to go to bed for three nights without a hair net on." She has her hair finger-waved every evening so that it will be perfect for the next day's work. A hairdresser comes to her house every night and sometimes, if Joan has to catch a preview, the star's head is worked on while she's nibbling a sandwich from a tray.

THE D. A. R. laid itself open to a bit of kidding by protesting against the casting of Alan Mowbray, young English actor, as *George Washington* in the George Arliss picture "Alexander Hamilton." It seems someone objected to an Englishman playing the rôle of the Father of Our Country.

But they forgot that George Washington was an English citizen!

EDDIE QUILLAN is telling the story (and try to stop him) about the comedy writer who was seized by two burglars and tied to the bed post. One of the thieves said, "How about a gag?"

The writer smiled. "Swell," he said, "have you heard the one about . . ."

Then the lead pipe fell.

WE learned something new the other day. A number of stars hire their own stand-ins. Not doubles, mind you, but the boys and girls who are measured for camera distances, etc. And you don't count until you have one, either.

Joan Crawford's present stand-in girl is the ex-wife of her brother, Hal Le Sueur.

THREE Items Entitled "Film Fame":

1—For a joke, Jack Pickford walked onto the stage where "Once in a Lifetime" was being played in San Francisco. He appeared for several minutes as one of the *Schleppkin Brothers* in the farce. **NOBODY IN THE AUDIENCE RECOGNIZED HIM!**

2—Bryant Washburn ran down a child in Los Angeles the other day. She was slightly bruised. He drove her to her home, and turned her over to her parents, and left his name. When the police got an official report of it from the girl's mother, she only remembered that the man's name was "Washboard, or something like that!"

3—Years ago, Gertrude Robinson was a star in Biograph films. Today she works at the studios as "stand-in" for Betty Compson.

AN earnest salesman of Universal stories (publicity department!) was telling a reporter of the burial of Yogi Hamid Bey, 29-year-old Egyptian mystery man, on the Universal lot. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Lend an ear to this! Signet earrings are the newest Hollywood fad. Wynne Gibson shows you how it's done here. The first initial goes on the right ear, the second on the left one

Your Simplest Snapshot may win a \$10,000 Prize



Any snapshot made in May, June, July or August, 1931, stands a chance in Kodak's \$100,000 Competition for Amateur Picture-Takers

HERE'S your chance to win world renown, and a \$10,000 international grand award—with a simple snapshot! Kodak is offering \$100,000 in an international competition for interesting pictures.

1,000 prizes totaling \$25,000 are for pictures from the United States alone. There are 141 prizes in each of six picture classes that cover every conceivable picture subject.

The first-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where \$16,000 more will be awarded.

This contest is for amateurs only. Experience is not needed. Picture interest is what counts. Anyone with a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye

or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes, gives pictures of the prize-winning kind.

Ask your dealer for rules leaflet or write to Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Make lots of snapshots. Clip the entry blank. Enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday at 10 p. m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p. m. Pacific time.

\$25,000 in U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and \$2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class \$500
For the next picture in each class 250
For the next picture in each class 100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class 25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class 10
(847 prizes, totaling \$16,330)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:
First Prize, each state \$100
Second Prize, each state 50
Third Prize, each state 20
(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling \$8,670)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country will automatically enter the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and \$10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and \$1,000

* * *
Total U. S. Prize Money \$25,000
International Awards 16,000
Prize Money for rest of world 59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$500 class prize, the \$2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$14,000 for a single snapshot.

Entry Blank — Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street Address _____

Town and State _____

Make of Camera _____

Make of Film _____ Number of pictures accompanying this blank

P. 7

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers

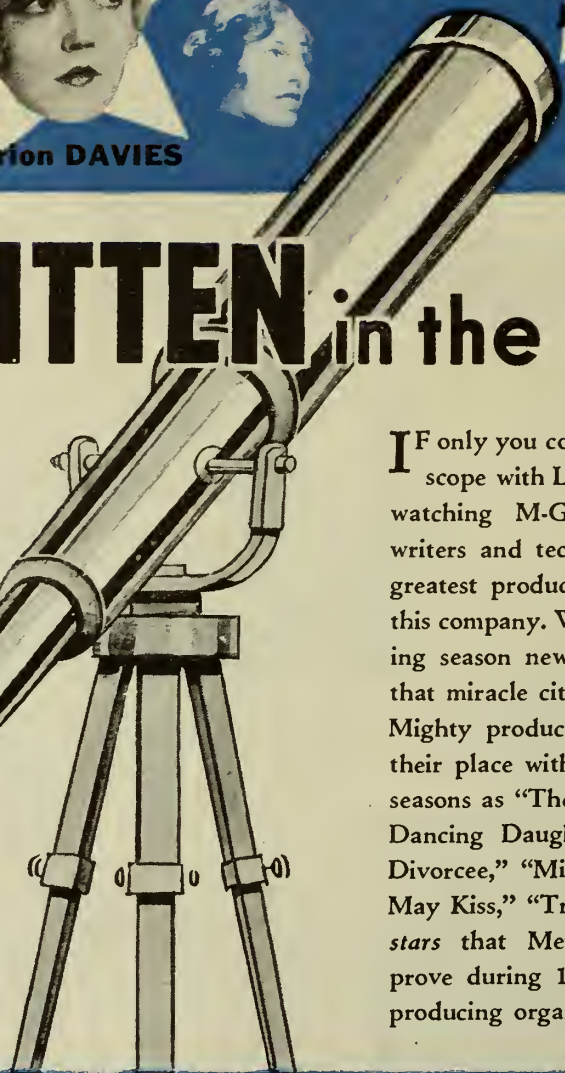


IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS

Leo's crown fits him better than ever!



"More Stars Than There are in Heaven"



IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." *It's written in the stars* that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.

METRO-



1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES **Wallace BEERY** **Joan CRAWFORD**
Marie DRESSLER **Greta GARBO** **John GILBERT**
William HAINES **Buster KEATON** **Robert MONTGOMERY**
Ramon NOVARRO **Norma SHEARER** **Lawrence TIBBETT**
Alfred LUNT **Lynn FONTAINE**

Dorothy Appleby	Reginald Denny	Neil Hamilton	John Miljan	Irene Purcell
Lionel Barrymore	Kent Douglass	Helen Hayes	Ray Milland	Marjorie Rambeau
Edwin Bartlett	James Durante	Leila Hyams	C. Montenegro	C. Aubrey Smith
William Bakewell	Cliff Edwards	Jean Hersholt	Polly Moran	Ruth Selwyn
Charles Bickford	Phyllis Elgar	Hedda Hopper	Karen Morely	Gus Shy
Lilian Bond	Madge Evans	Leslie Howard	Conrad Nagel	Lewis Stone
Edwina Booth	Clark Gable	Dorothy Jordan	Ivor Novello	Ernest Torrence
John Mack Brown	Ralph Graves	Joan Marsh	Monroe Owsley	Lester Vail
Janet Currie	Charlotte Greenwood	Adolphe Menjou	Anita Page	Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES
in "Five and Ten"

Norma SHEARER
in "A Free Soul"

Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN
in "Politics"

Robert MONTGOMERY
in "The Man in Possession"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

and many others

GOLDWYN-MAYER

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Ruth Etting puts across one of those low, so blue, croons for the benefit of the mike. You will hear this expression in Vitaphone's "Freshman Love"

"They actually buried him alive for two hours—"

"Hey, what's so unusual about that," a man standing nearby interrupted. "Some executives have been buried alive for years out here. Put that in the paper."

As he rushed from the room, he turned his head.

"But for heaven's sake don't print who said it. I work here. I know. But I want to work here in the future."

HOLLYWOOD—and eighteen women—can keep a secret.

Recently the fifteen members of the Hollywood Women's Press Club and three star hostesses—Evelyn Brent, June Collyer and Lucille Gleason—gave a benefit bridge party for a certain actress in desperate financial straits.

Her name was withheld. And not one of those eighteen girls cheeped.

Old Cal knows, and even he can keep a secret when the publication of her name would cause embarrassment to the lady who needed the money.

THERE'S been a rumor floating around loose, as rumors are wont to float, that Doug, Jr., has discarded his well-known battered green hat for the high hat, now that he's become a star.

But I'm making a little side bet that that

rumor is all wrong. Doug's a smart kid—what's more, he uses his head. He knows, for instance, that, although he has star billing, he needs good stories to make the grade. He's working toward that.

He's not taking just anything that comes his way and if that's being high hat make the most of it.

I think it's being just plenty smart.

WE were talking with a Los Angeles lady about "Seed."

"I've seen it four times," she said, "and cried harder each one. Oh, I had such a lovely time."

We wondered if that shouldn't tell the producers something. Women do have a lovely time whenever they cry!

SEYMOUR, PHOTOPLAY's fashion guide, went to see Tallulah Bankhead in "Tarnished Lady" for entertainment and came back mumbling about the waste of real beauty it was to let her look as she did.

Here are a few of the things wrong with this glamorous lady, according to Seymour's critical sixth fashion sense.

You may not agree, but—

He says the length of her hair is not smart and certainly not becoming.

Her face is too long to have her hair cling so flatly to its sides.

It emphasizes all the bad contours. Under the small hats which Miss Bankhead wears, the dangling locks look simply uncombed. Bad, growls Seymour. Very bad.

THEN, it seems that Tallulah's clothes are not all that they should be. The lines are frequently bad, stressing the figure where they shouldn't. And the hats, which in practically every case are close fitting, only tend to make her face look long and square across the cheek bones.

Her make-up doesn't measure up to Seymour's standards, either. Miss Bankhead's mouth appears overly large and rather shapeless when she laughs. And her naturally beautiful eyes are spoiled by eye shadow and a bad line to the eyebrows.

Tallulah is a personality and a beauty—but she needs a skilled hand in make-up and costuming as a guide for her next screen appearance.

ONE constantly hears the ever recurring question:

What's become of so-and-so?

Well, we found out the other day what has become of Ella Hall, curly headed little star of yesterday.

She's working as a saleslady at \$25 a week to support her three children because her husband failed on his alimony.

CARMAN BARNES wrote "School Girl." She is under age. She was considered a genius.

Someone in the East saw her and decided she was Movie material.

They signed her at \$1,000 a week now; \$1,250 a week in a few months, and \$5,000 a week at the end of three years—provided the options are taken up.

First, she was to star in her own writings. "With and By Carman Barnes." A good thought, but when they came to adapt her story, this was discarded.

Then she was to play the part of a Southern debutante.

Well, she's finally playing the rôle of a tattered gal of the South—sort of a white trash interpretation in "Strangers and Lovers."

AND here's the funny side. Eight weeks are allowed on the production schedule for a not-too-big picture. When three weeks is a long shooting schedule for pictures in this day of hurry-up talkies.

And the eight weeks are to furnish ample time for proper photography. The girl's lines need much camera attention.

She has one lucky break.

Tom Douglas of stage fame has been cast opposite her.

He can teach her much—and we understand he is willing and so is she!

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, in Hollywood, called Alice Terry, in Nice, France, over long distance telephone—just, if you please, to chat a bit, and the two friends were so thrilled at hearing each other's voices that all they did—for fifty dollars' worth of miracle—was to squeal at each other in glee.

NILS ASTHER has returned to M-G-M under a long-term contract. What will happen now?

It was at that studio, before the talkies came, that Nils' first astonishing popularity began to grow. No other male player—with the exception of Jack Gilbert—was more in demand than he.

Then came the microphone. Nils had a strong Swedish accent, Jack a constrained voice.

Both were hurt by that little device.

But other foreign actors have succeeded—notably Paul Lukas. They say Nils has a good chance of coming back strong. He had expected to join his wife, Vivian Duncan, and the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Where's the grass skirt, Mr. Ziegfeld? Here's how Reri, the South Sea island beauty of "Tabu," actually looked upon arrival in San Francisco. Later, she arrived in New York garbed in a grass skirt to join the Ziegfeld chorus—misplaced enthusiasm of the press agent

CATALINA SWIM SUITS

*Worn by the
Stars
of Hollywood*



When "movies" get away from megaphones and "mikes", Catalina Swim Suits come in for their inning! Here is JOAN CRAWFORD M-G-M Star, fresh from her triumphs in "Torch Song"; DOROTHY JORDAN who does some nice, nauti-cal work in "Ship-mates"; LEILA HYAMS who smiles her way through M-G-M's "Cheri Bibi"; MARY DORAN—a big feature all by herself; JOHN MACK BROWN, a big shot in M-G-M's latest thriller, "Secret Six."

*You, too, can wear the swim suits
that screen stars say are smart!*

How often have you admired one of your screen favorites in an alluring, form-fitting swim suit as she appeared in some bathing scene . . . or at her California beach club . . . or at some gay swimming pool party!

Perhaps you have wished that you, too, might wear such a suit . . . the last word in water-wear . . . fresh from the style-studios of Hollywood. Well, your wish can now come true! For, thanks to Catalina, you can now wear the suits that screen stars choose for their very own.

Here are suits into which has been crafted the style-sense, the romance, the imagery of Hollywood—suits with the spirit of youth and the spirit of play! In one piece models! Two piece suits! Ensembles!

Colors? Here are colors that have captured the gold of sun and sand . . . the blues and greens of the sea . . . colors cool and clean as the breath of the trade winds!

If you want to look your swim-suit-best this year, be sure to see the new Catalinas at your dealer's. Learn how you, too, can enjoy the "freedom of the seas" in the most style-full, color-full suit you've ever had on. No bag or sag—no mar or wrinkle—in the water or out. For each Catalina is cut *by hand* and rightly, tightly knit-to-fit by our original Ribstitch process.

If your dealer does not have them in stock, write us direct and we'll see that you are promptly supplied. Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Marlene Dietrich seated at the piano in her Berlin home. This was taken shortly before she came to America to win success in the talkies

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MUSIC! Music! Music! Imagine my surprise this month when hundreds of letters came in from all parts of the world, asking the name of the music that Marlene Dietrich played in "Dishonored." It certainly caused a flutter in the hearts of music lovers. I won't keep you in suspense any longer. It is an old Viennese composition called "Danube Waves Waltz." And Marlene, being an accomplished musician, needed no double to do the playing for her. In April she returned from a vacation in Europe, bringing her little daughter, Maria, back with her.

RUTH LEE COOK, NARBETH, PENNA.: Ruth, your big handsome hero, Lawrence Tibbett, made his debut into this world of ours via Bakersfield, Calif. The gala day was November 16. Larry is married to Grace Mackey Smith and they have twin sons about ten years old. When not making pictures Larry spends his time singing in opera and in the bath-tub.

VIRGINIA STEVENS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.: If you will look back through your previous issues of PHOTOPLAY, you will find that we printed a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris in July, 1929, and one of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery in June, 1931. The Montgomerys have one daughter and the Morrisses have a son and daughter.

MARCIA LENTZ, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Now, Marcia, don't be trying to form another triangle. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez still love each other, according to latest reports. Gary is 6 feet, 2, and has black hair and blue eyes.

IRVIN MELBECK, WELLSTON, MO.: You're wrong, Irv, Edna Wallace Hopper and Hedda Hopper are not the same person. Edna was the third wife of De Wolf Hopper, and Hedda was his fifth wife. Yes, and there was a sixth wife, too.

KATHERINE HILE, OCEAN PARK, CALIF.: I see you're going in for altitude records now. Well, here they are: Richard Dix and William Haines are each 6 feet tall; Ramon Novarro is 5 feet, 10, and Charles Chaplin stops at 5 feet, 4. Sylvia Beecher was the cute girl who played opposite the smiling Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." She just seemed to drop out of sight after that.

B. RAVENAL, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA: Thanx for all the good wishes. It was Nils Asther who played the rôle of *Raoul Duval* in "The Loves of an Actress," starring Pola Negri. Pola, by the way, is back in Hollywood ready to start on a talkie.

GAY, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.: Gay, here's the first-aid treatment for that high blood pressure of yours. James Rennie played in both "Illicit" and "Girl of the Golden West." In the first mentioned, he was known as *Dick Ives* and in the other he was the Mexican bandit. Harry Bannister, who played the rôle of the sheriff in "Girl of the Golden West," is the husband of Ann Harding.

FLORENCE OSTERMEIER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.: Sorry, Flo, but I don't know of any stars who are selling their old clothes. If I did, I'd buy a couple of suits. The costumes worn by Joan Crawford in "Dance Fools, Dance," were designed by Adrian.

LOIS LYTLE, ENID, OKLA.: I can assure you that Clark Gable has caused a riot in more states than Oklahoma. How the ladies have fallen for that boy! Here's the low-down on him. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901, stands 6 feet, 1; weighs 190 and has brown hair and grey eyes. Has several years of stage experience back of him. Believe it or not, he broke into the talkies as a bad, bold bandit in "The Painted Desert." Other pictures since then are "Dance Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Secret Six," and "A Free Soul." And now for the grand surprise. He will be seen opposite the gorgeous Garbo in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox."

KITTY OF OSHKOSH: Rin-Tin-Tin most certainly is going to continue with his movie career. He is starting a serial picture titled "The Lightning Warrior." When Rinty was in New York in the early Spring, he made his radio début. Just another aspirant to Rudy Vallée's title "Sweetheart of the Air."

MRS. E. LAWALL, ALLENTOWN, PENNA.: Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers is really too busy making pictures and personal appearances to devote much time to any one young lady. His latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret."

HELEN DRAGUSH, TRENTON, N. J.: Donald Dillaway is a newcomer to the screen. He entered pictures in 1930 and has appeared in "Min and Bill," "Cimarron," and "Body and Soul." Don was born in New York City in 1908, on St. Patrick's Day, to be exact. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 150, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Attended the University of Buffalo. Had eight years of stage work before going cinematic.

THERESA WELLNER, PATERSON, N. J.: That tough little gangster, pardon me, I mean Edward G. Robinson, appeared in five pictures before "Little Caesar"—all since 1928.

JOYCE AUSTIN, FREDONIA, N. Y.: Helen Kane's last picture was "Heads Up" with Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers. She is boop-pa-dooping again on the stage.

BETTY AND GLADYS, PHOENIX, ARIZ.: Betty wins the wooden kimono. Una Merkel was the cute girl who played in "Eyes of the World." She's a native of Covington, Kentucky, stands 5 feet, 5, weighs 110, and is just 23 years old. Una appeared on the silent screen about seven years ago, deserted it for the stage, but returned again in 1930, making her talkie debut in "Abraham Lincoln." Since then she has appeared in "The Bat Whispers," "The Command Performance," "Don't Bet on Women" and "Fame."

A. N. BOGART, OTTAWA, CANADA: Now that summer is here, why worry whether the outdoor swimming pools in Hollywood are heated during the winter? At this writing there is no talk of re-issuing the late Jeanne Eagel's talking films.

M. C. A., WETHERSFIELD, CONN.: John Darrow is not a newcomer to the screen. He entered pictures in 1926, but didn't get much of a break until the talkies. John was born in New York City, July 17, 1907. He is 5 feet, 11½; weighs 165, and has brown hair and brown eyes. His latest pictures are "Fame," and "Everything's Rosie."

THOS. PAONE, ARCHBALD, PENNA.: Those funny Marx Brothers, known professionally as Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo, were really tagged Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively. Their next talkie will be "Monkey Business." Can you imagine what that will be like?

MARY LOU, HONOLULU: Your suggestion came too late, Mary Lou. Helen Twelvetrees recently changed her name to Mrs. Frank Woody. Your idea of calling her Helen FOREST wasn't bad. However, 12 TREES won't make a FOREST but it makes it WOODY.

KAREN HANSEN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.: That very capable actress, Marjorie Rameau, first saw light in San Francisco, Calif., in 1889. She made her first stage appearance as a child in 1901. Entered pictures in 1917, devoting part of her time to the screen and the rest of it to the stage. Made her talkie début in 1930 in "Her Man." After that came "Min and Bill," "Inspiration," "The Easiest Way," and several others. Marjorie has a five-year contract with M-G-M, so we will see many more pictures of her in the future.

Six stars. . . and loveliness in a garden

by Frances Ingram

THERE I found her—in Atlanta, in the *loveliest* of gardens . . . head bare, hands busy among her flowers. And we talked on and on of another day, in another garden—in Spain.

"Do you know, after I met you that April, I carried Milkweed Cream all over the world with me? It kept my skin so perfectly cleansed—even in the dirtiest cities and the dustiest trains of those hot countries father has such a passion for. And when I came home, and my husband was afraid I'd spoil my complexion working in my own garden—I just smiled, and kept right on using Milkweed Cream every single night . . ."

Her skin was *lovely*. As soft and fresh and delicately tinted as her own Georgia peaches and cream, with not a single line to say "She's past thirty!"

It isn't only my friends who have followed my starred way to new skin loveliness. Thousands of women write me about what it has done for *them*.

Won't *you* try it? You have only to keep your skin *immaculately clean*, deep into the pores, by spreading Milkweed Cream generously over it, each night. Then—follow the instructions below. Even within a few days there'll be a dramatic difference in your skin!

And won't you listen in on my radio program, "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E.D.S.T., over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?



IS YOUR SKIN AS LOVELY AS MY MANNEQUIN'S?

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★ THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.

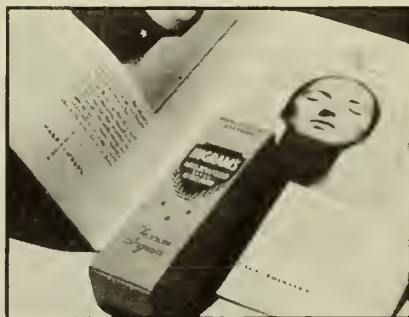
★ THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed Cream, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ THE EYES—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.

★ THE NECK AND CHIN—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.

★ THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.

★ THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-71
108 Washington Street, New York
(Check in square below)

Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____
Address _____

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

HOLD FAST the charm of 21



THE precious creams and unguents of the cosmetician's art—priceless aids though they are—cannot hide a sallow skin, dull eyes, lack of verve and sparkle in your manner. Charm, attraction for others, good looks themselves are impossible without *internal cleanliness*.

You can't be at your best while poisons in the system cloud your skin, weary your body, depress your spirits. Don't just miss being alert, clear-eyed, good-looking.

Keep clean internally. The saline way Sal Hepatica offers, is a simple, effective one.

Europeans of fashion travel hundreds of miles to take the "saline cure" at Continental spas. But you can have its benefits here at home—through Sal Hepatica, the practical American equivalent of these health springs. It frees the body of poisons, restoring the brightness to your eyes, clearing your skin, warding off colds.

Begin this saline method with Sal Hepatica today. In a month you'll feel better, look younger, regain your natural charm.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-71, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Even your favorite moving picture star chooses her play clothes with an eye to comfort rather than dramatic effect. I remember Vilma Banky once telling me that she looked forward all year to an annual fishing trip with her husband, because she could wear trousers all day!

As I was saying, packing suitable clothes depends so much upon where you are going and what you will be doing. If you vacation in the mountains, you will want to take along sweaters and woolen things that you would not need for the seashore or some nearby lake. And if you should go out West to a ranch, you won't need any of the frilly afternoon and evening things that you would take to a resort. At a ranch everyone lives in riding habits or blue jeans from breakfast to bedtime. Don't burden yourself with clothes, but take along enough to feel at ease.

Did you ever stop to think that half the joy of a holiday is getting into the spirit of it? You can carry along the smartest wardrobe in the world, look your prettiest every moment, but unless you have that gay enthusiasm, you are certain to lose out on the fun of it.

I saw that happen to a very attractive young girl last summer. She went to a beautiful place in the mountains, stayed at an expensive inn—and then proceeded to fret the days away because there did not happen to be as many young people there as she had expected. Glorious scenery and the delightful surroundings about her were simply wasted. Of course, she returned from the trip feeling that she had been cheated. Don't let that happen to you—have a really "beautiful" time!

TOOTSIE:

Your question about personality interested me very much. Every day I receive letters from girls who seem to think that personal beauty is more important than any other attribute. Did you know that the great authorities on beauty list personality first, and perfection of figure and face, second? Many of the world's most famous women have not been beautiful, even though they have had a reputation for great personal attractiveness. It was the charm, the individuality that came from within them that made them seem so.

To acquire personality you must be natural, first of all. A pose of any sort is too difficult to keep, and does not ring true. Be interesting, but never force yourself on anyone—a certain amount of reserve is always desirable.

Enthusiasm is essential to personality, I think. I am appalled by young girls who think it is amusing to appear bored and sophisticated. The fresh charm of their youth is so wasted. Poise, good manners, a smart appearance and health are all parts of personality.

Exposure to the sun often streaks hair. If it is not very apparent, I would leave it alone. Try massaging the scalp. Some of the roots may not be getting the proper amount of stimulation. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for my complexion leaflet.

CAROL B.:

I don't think you have a real problem at all in your coloring. It would seem that you are far more fortunate than most girls who have a decided coloring because you can wear a variety of color combinations which will cleverly bring out either the green or the grey tones in your eyes. Your long, dark lashes help in this respect; they give a definite emphasis to the eyes.

Use a warm shade of rouge, one that has a rose tint. Stress the lips carefully with a lipstick in a medium shade. Then choose such shades as: green in both medium and bright tones, warm browns accented with yellow, green or white, a tomato red, rose and black

with a color or white. In the evening you could wear green, clear red and turquoise blue. Black is always correct. However, when you wear it, I would suggest either a brighter make-up or a color accent in your accessories.

I like your complete black and white color scheme for the suit; it is very smart this year. Why don't you vary the material of your blouse rather than the color?

You should weigh about 134 pounds for your height and age.

LVS:

Hair that is very straight and unruly is rather a problem, I know. Have you tried having a permanent? It is a great convenience for summer and does wonders with difficult hair. A good hairdresser will quickly tell you how your hair will respond to a wave.

You do not state what color your eyes are so it is difficult to advise you exactly as to your colors. However, if you are a true brunette, I would suggest the following: green, yellow, clear shades of red a soft rose, brown, blue, white alone or with an accent of color, and black with touches of white.

You are slightly overweight; you should weigh about 125 pounds.

CELESTE:

Jeanne Morgan is 22 years old, but I am sorry that I can not give you her height. Her sister, Marian Marsh, is 17 years old and is 5 feet, 2 inches tall.

Since the longer bob with softly curled ends is so popular now, I would suggest it for you. Parting your hair in the middle will make your face appear slimmer, I think I would prefer it to the type of bob which you mentioned. You have to be a decided type to wear that style.

Light tan powder, a bright red rouge and an orange-red lipstick would be becoming make-up. Of course, in making up for the stage, your colors will be emphasized more strongly than for ordinary occasions.

The colors that should be most becoming to you are shades of green, most shades of blue, deep orchid, warm browns, burnt-orange, tomato red, pink and rose, black with a color or white, and all white.

Your little sisters are all too young to bother about either height or weight. In the next few years they will develop so rapidly that any lack of size or weight will be naturally adjusted.

BRENDA:

I think a great many girls today are troubled by the fact that their legs are slightly larger than they wish. If you are slender, however, I do not think that it is any handicap at all. Especially when longer skirts make it so easy to conceal much of the extra weight of the legs. You can improve the line of the legs by exercise. I would suggest the following!

First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far as possible, holding the left leg so lightly that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with the other foot, weight on the left leg, swinging the right.

AMY:

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for my complexion leaflet, you will find the treatment which will help you.

I cannot advise you in regard to the little red veins beneath your skin, as that is a matter about which you will have to consult your physician. I do not believe that arching the eyebrows has any effect upon the eyesight. The natural line of the brows is much more desirable, however.



"Now . . . I can stand the Public Gaze" . . . Can You?

At a swimming party, you slip your beach-coat from your shoulders—and suddenly your bathing-suit seems all too brief. . . At a dance, you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock, forgetting that your dress is sleeveless. These moments, in fact any moment, in public, need not be embarrassing if your skin is free of disfiguring hair.

And it's really easy to keep your underarms,* forearms and legs smooth and hair-free if you use Del-a-tone Cream.

Like most fastidious moderns, you are probably particular about what you put on your skin. Consequently, Del-a-tone will appeal to you because:

. . . it is not only a *white* cream, but it is made according to our exclusive formula—the result of over 23 years experience

in the manufacture of depilatories . . . it is made of the finest ingredients money can buy . . . faintly fragrant, it is as easy to use as cold cream . . . it removes hair in 3 minutes or less . . . it leaves your skin velvety-smooth.

Thousands upon thousands of dainty women have turned to Del-a-tone to solve their superfluous hair problem. As one young woman writes me: "Del-a-tone leaves my skin so much smoother and cleaner than after removing hair any other way."

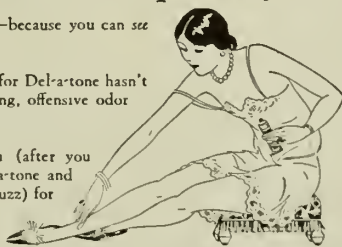
Let this creamy-white depilatory keep you daintily feminine . . . Let Del-a-tone give your skin that alluring smoothness that adds so much to a woman's charm.

Mildred Hadley

Alluringly lovely . . . charming . . . totally at ease because Del-a-tone has left her skin satiny smooth and free of all traces of disfiguring hair.

Here's the triple-proof of DEL-A-TONE's superiority:

- 1 Your eyes will tell you—because you can see how creamy-white it is.
- 2 Your nose will tell you, for Del-a-tone hasn't any of that over-powering, offensive odor of ordinary depilatories.
- 3 Your skin will tell you (after you have rinsed off the Del-a-tone and along with it, the ugly fuzz) for it will have an alluring, velvety-smoothness.



P. S.—I almost forgot to tell you that Del-a-tone is sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. We have seen Del-a-tone win wide popularity on real merit alone, that's why we offer to refund your money cheerfully if you are not satisfied with this dainty depilatory. By the way, I hope you've noticed that no extravagant claims have ever been made regarding Del-a-tone.

*Removal of underarm hair lessens perspiration odor, you know.



NOW COMES
IN TWO SIZES

50¢ \$1.00

NEW LARGER

Del-a-tone Cream, 50c and \$1 (also Del-a-tone Powder, \$1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon at right.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 87, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.



DEL-A-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 87, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Street

City

MORE SPRING

for quick,
easy cleaning!



Better Bristles—trimmed and tufted into the most efficient form for cleansing your teeth and massaging your gums. Tek's bristles keep their resiliency even after months of brushing and daily drenching in water. Tek is a pleasant, effective change from old style brushes.

Tek's double value is its *Better Shape and Better Bristles*, at no extra cost. Sterilized and Cellophane-sealed, at your dealer's, Tek 50c; Tek Jr., 35c. A guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Short Subjects of the Month



Bobby Jones takes as naturally to the camera as he does to a National Open Tournament. And he's one Hollywoodite who doesn't have to be told how to do his stuff by a director

HOW I PLAY GOLF: THE PUTTER

Warners-Vitaphone

Bobby Jones' first short. A million dollars' worth of instruction for golf nuts. And almost as much fun and entertainment for those who aren't. Joe E. Brown and Frank Craven are hilarious. There's also a flash of Dick Barthelme. The best sport short yet.

THE COUNTY SEAT

Radio Pictures

Here's your old pal, Chic Sale, in a top-notch short. And don't be alarmed, for it won't shock anybody. Chic is the small town loafer who wins against all odds. Beautifully directed. Fine entertainment.

A CLEAN-UP ON THE CURB

Radio Pictures

W-w-well Roscoe Ates fixes everything up just d-d-d-dandy and it's all pretty f-f-funny. Your favorite stuttering comedian plays the part of a janitor who tries to commit suicide but saves a lady in a pent house instead. Vivian Oakland is the lady. Right smart fun.

DOWN TO DAMASCUS

Fox Movietone

A celluloid journey to this ancient city, which shows the natives in their colorful daily surroundings, bargaining in the bazaars and working at their ancient trades. Also a camel journey out into the desert to visit a real sheik, who looks nothing like Valentino or Novarro. Fine travelogue.

BEAUTY SECRETS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Paramount

Here you are, girls, a detailed account of the proper way to make up for the street. You'll find this very instructive and the boy friend won't mind looking at the gals who illustrate. The Technicolor is lovely. Geraldine DeVorak, Garbo's ex-double, is in the cast of four.

THE STRIFE OF THE PARTY

Radio Pictures

Mark up another clever picture directed by Mark Sandrich. This one is a domestic comedy, featuring that splendid actor, Ned Sparks, a husband who is kept on the jump to meet the expenses of his wife and her sister. Addie McPhail and Roberta Gale are the women. Plenty of laughs.

HOW I PLAY GOLF: CHIP SHOTS

Warners-Vitaphone

Bobby Jones' second, and a worthy successor to the first. Not as many laughs, but Jones' wizardry with his irons is even more amazing and instructive. Charles Winninger, John Halliday, Bill Davidson and Robert Elliott help out.

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

Columbia

A Walt Disney Silly Symphony that is the perfect short for the kiddies and grown-ups, too. With King Cole as the central character, most of the other Mother Goose characters come to life to a fetching variety of tunes. Expertly and cleverly done.

BETTY CO-ED

Paramount

A good melodious short, with plenty of college atmosphere. Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees furnish the musical accompaniment. Rudy also delivers a solo with the dancing ball keeping time for the audience to join in. The young folks will like this one.

HERE'S LUCK

Universal

Slim Summerville again, in a rollicking soldier comedy with gruff Tom Kennedy as the top sergeant. Laid in Germany, you will have a long laugh when Slim tinkers with a huge shell, which goes off and blows up the brewery, flooding the A. E. F. with beer.

Indiscreet

Through one indiscretion—a woman with a future became a woman with a past

A new **year** A new **life**

So Jerry Trent (Gloria Swanson) made her New Year's **resolution**.... Her past was a closed book.... Her **romance** with Jim Woodward was forgotten.... On fresh, clean pages she'd write the story of a new and greater **love**... But the winds of **fate** blew...

Love demanded a **sacrifice**...

Joseph M. Schenck presents

A DeSYLVA, BROWN and HENDERSON
Production

GLORIA SWANSON

in

"INDISCREET"

with

Ben Lyon Arthur Lake

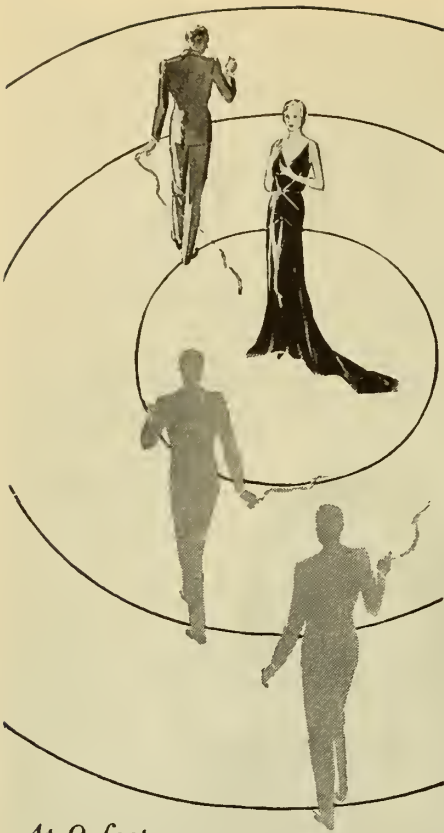
Directed by Leo McCarey

A U N I T E D A R T I S T S P I C T U R E

"UNITED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT"



Addresses of the Stars



At 9 feet—
HOW CHARMING!

At 6 feet—
IRRESISTIBLE!

At 3 feet—
HOW DISAPPOINTING!

Outside the three-foot circle, one is reasonably safe from giving offense. Inside it, even a trace of armpit odor spoils one's charm. To make sure you pass the 3-Foot Circle Test—use Nonspi.

This deodorant is entirely harmless. Yet it is so thorough in preventing underarm perspiration that you need to apply it only twice a week. An ingredient used *only* in Nonspi makes this possible.

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Send 10¢ with coupon below for generous sample.



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THE SAFE
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prevents perspiration

TRIAL OFFER—Send 10¢ for Physician's Sample—enough for 3 weeks—Nonspi Company, 113 West 18th St., Department 7-E, New York, N. Y.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields

Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Charles Rogers
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymer
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Eliisa Landi

Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Myrna Loy
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Gaylord Pendleton
Nat Pendleton
Rosalie Rae
Will Rogers
David Rollins
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compton
Ricardo Cortez
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr.
Noel Francis
Ralf Harold
Hugh Herbert

Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Sharon Lynn
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay

John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Allan Lane
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
William Powell
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottie Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff
Andre Luguet

Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

**THE RADIO TITAN, INDOMITABLE SYMBOL OF
SCREEN LEADERSHIP, UNFURLS THE GOLDEN
BANNER OF A GLORIOUS NEW SHOW SEASON!**



Look To RKO-RADIO For Your Pictures Next Year!... Each A Star-Strewn Path to Greater Entertainment!



RICHARD DIX



IRENE DUNNE



DOLORES DEL RIO



LILY DAMITA

When Colossal "CIMARRON" swept triumphantly to the screen, RADIO PICTURES set a new standard for itself and the amusement world!... A standard of artistry and entertainment that inspires RADIO'S 1931-32 program.

Thirty-six superlative productions . . . among them "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," Richard Walton Tully's immortal play with Dolores Del Rio.

"MARCHETA," Glamorous romance of old Spain and "FRONTIER," companion spectacle to "Cimarron" with its stars, RICHARD DIX and IRENE DUNNE.

Fanny Hurst gives you "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION," intriguing story of Hollywood; and Wesley Ruggles, great director, brings a penetrating drama of today, "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Other attractions of road-show calibre are "MIRACLE CITY" by Howard Estabrook and Willard Mack's "THE DOVE" with Dolores Del Rio.

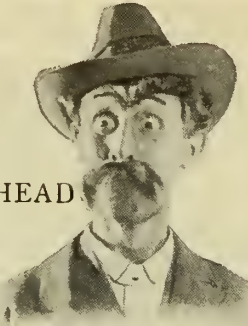
Great Pictures... Great Stars... Great Entertainment, the reward for those who follow the RADIO TITAN on his Triumphant March to New Conquests.



R A D I O P I C T U R E S

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells how
Ed now
GITS the
TRAIN AHEAD
of the one
he's after



THERE'S a great moral lurkin' in the life of Ed Tyler who lives in the suburbs of a big city. Fer thirteen years Ed rode the train to work every mornin' an' didn't even know the station agent's name.

The other passengers would sit around the station laughin' an' jokin', but Ed wouldn't. He would stand there with his nose so high in the air that a sudden rain would have drowned him.

Well sir, Ed got to missin' trains. He would come dashin' up jest as the train pulled out. Maybe he had looked at a Sunday or a Holiday schedule on a week day or maybe he'd waited too long.

Havin' the good of the railroad at heart, the station agent took Ed aside an' talked to him an' gave him some little chocolate tablets from a blue tin box. Now Ed is the most regular passenger on that line. He's friendly, he calls the station agent George, he ain't missed a train fer weeks an' sometimes he even gits the train ahead of the one he's after.

"Chic" Sale

WOULDN'T you rather take "those little chocolate tablets" than a laxative that causes you to "make faces"?

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is equally effective for young or old. It's safe, gentle, non-habit forming. It checks on everything your doctor looks for in a laxative. Your druggist has it in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

Complete set of
FREE "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS
and sample of Ex-Lax

Name.....

Street and Number.....

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

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH-71
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Mabel Normand

STILL flushed by the triumphs of "The Birth of a Nation," David Wark Griffith was the directorial giant of pictures. The second chapter of his life story was printed, telling of his early struggles and disappointments.

Another chapter could be written today, with the same ironic tang to it.

Didn't the movies feel grown up, though? Already they were looking back and we published a "still" of the first picture starring Alice Joyce—an old Kalem Western—under the caption:—"A Relic of the Screen's Medieval Age."

Fannie Ward was interviewed and was coy—ever then.

As it was the good old summer time, several pages of bathing suit pictures were run, showing Louise Fazenda, Anita Stewart, Juanita Hansen, Ruth Roland and Norma Talmadge.

Three pages of pictures showed Mabel

Normand at home in Los Angeles. Poor Mabel! Her beautiful, sweet youthfulness shone from every pose.

"Old Doc Cheerful" headed an interview with Douglas Fairbanks. The interviewer knew not how well he wrote when he said: "No recruit from the speaking stage has made good in like proportion to Mr. Fairbanks."

There were no stars' pictures in the gallery. Instead there were eleven beautiful winners of the PHOTOPLAY "Beauty and Brains" Contest to discover new screen talent. The first of all beauty contests, and PHOTOPLAY's last.

Pictures reviewed included: "Susan Rocks the Boat," with Owen Moore and Dorothy Gish; "The Moment Before," with Pauline Frederick; "Maria Rose," with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid, and "The Floorwalker," with Charlie Chaplin.

News items: Mary Miles Minter, wonder child of Metro, has signed a five-year contract with the American Film Co. . . . Francis X. Bushman has installed his family in his new \$65,000 Maryland estate. . . . Theda Bara announces her memoirs will soon be published.

10 Years Ago



Emil Jannings

"DR. CALIGARI'S CABINET" burst like a fantastic kaleidoscope before the eyes of a movie public raised on the plain but substantial fare of Bill Hart, Wally Reid, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith.

It was a crazy bit of unconventionality, which excited Mr. Burns Mantle, writing in the July, 1921, Shadow Stage, to remark: "We left the theater believing strongly that the author of the picture was a little mad, the director a little madder, the actors engaged, quite mad indeed."

Another German picture, "Deception," also made a profound impression. It evoked enthusiastic praise of the German actor who played Henry VIII. His name was—and is—Emil Jannings. The German director likewise came in for wide notice. Ernst Lubitsch was his name.

An article headed, "The Messrs. Chaney,"

told of the many characters Lon had created.

Marie Prevost was a comedy queen, turning, so PHOTOPLAY said, "to greater things," and following in the footsteps of Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson and Mary Thurman.

Bebe Daniels, caught doing 56½ miles per hour, was given ten days in jail by a Santa Ana judge. She wrote her jail-house experiences for PHOTOPLAY.

The gallery this month included pictures of Claire Windsor, May Collins, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor, Lionel Barrymore.

Pictures reviewed included: "Bob Hampton of Placer," with James Kirkwood, Wesley Barry and Marjorie Daw; "Dream Street," D. W. Griffith's latest; "Peck's Bad Boy," with Jackie Coogan; "The Whistle," starring William S. Hart.

Cal York items: Tom Moore and his new bride, Renee Adoree, were seen dining at the Maison Marcelle in Los Angeles, holding hands under the table. . . . Because of threatened censorship, D. W. Griffith has given up his intended production of "Faust," with John Barrymore in the principal rôle.

5 Years Ago



John Gilbert

"HERE he is," read the caption beneath a glamorous figure in swash-buckler's clothes, "the answer to the maiden's prayer—the reason girls leave home for Hollywood."

And who was it? John Gilbert, of course—dashing Jack—just then revealing in the romantic rôle of "Bardelys the Magnificent." The movies were still dumb—or rather, still silent—and a falsetto hero or a foreign accent had not yet become a studio bugaboo.

Indeed, "The Foreign Legion in Hollywood," was an article that said "foreigners are going through the studios with the speed of mumps through a day nursery."

One of the foreigners was a Swedish actress named Greta Garbo, and PHOTOPLAY said: "She seems destined for the lights."

Jackie Coogan was eleven years old and had to get a haircut. They made a picture of it,

"Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," and our caption read: "Good-bye, little boy, good-bye."

Ronald Colman was an up and coming young man, biting the desert dust in "Beau Geste."

New babies of the month were Monte Blue's daughter, Charlie and Lita Grey Chaplin's son, and Agnes Ayres' daughter.

In the gallery were pictures of Dolores Costello, Irene Rich, Jack Mulhall, Dorothy Hughes and Greta Garbo.

Pictures reviewed included "A Social Celebrity," with Adolphe Menjou and Louise Brooks; "Brown of Harvard," with Bill Haines and Jack Pickford; "Aloma of the South Seas," with Gilda Gray; "Wet Paint," with Raymond Griffith; "Beverly of Graustark," with Antonio Moreno and Marion Davies; and "Mlle. Modiste," with Corinne Griffith.

Cal York items: Lila Lee has come back to Hollywood after a couple of years in New York, with her baby, James Kirkwood, Jr. . . . Lon Chaney became a father-in-law when his son, Creighton Hull Chaney, married Dorothy Musa Hinckley.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

baby—whom he's never seen—in Paris, but now that he has the contract his family are to return to him, even if there are some rumors of a separation.

AND then there's the very smart actor (who says those guys aren't wise?) who wrote additional lines for himself in a film, sold them to the studio and got two weeks' additional work thereby.

AFTER escaping all the perils of travel and the Orient on his recent trip, George O'Brien returned home, went for a swim off Malibu Beach, and got bitten on the knee by a seal!

THE other day Evelyn Brent was in a shop trying on one of the smart tri-corne hats when one of those vera-vera California British actresses breezed in and said, "Ah, how charming, a Louis Quinze, isn't it?"

"No," said Evelyn gently but firmly, "just a grand hat!"

AMAZING how the code of screen morals can be successfully circumvented. Consider, for instance, "The Front Page."

There's a certain phrase which was very popular in the army. It's very popular even now among dub golf players. It's a four-syllabled compound.

It formed an important if shocking line at the finish of the stage version of "The Front Page."

The Hays office would never allow it to be spoken from the screen, although it *was* spoken in the stage version.

So what did Director Milestone and Actor Adolphe Menjou do?

They did it like this: Menjou speaks—
"The — — —"

Then he lets his elbow hit a telephone on the desk. It goes *crash*. And he finishes speaking: "— stole my watch!"

Darned clever, these directors!

NEW item quotes Rudy Vallee as saying he's anxious for a chance to do a screen come-back, but wants only a "two-fisted, he-man rôle."

McLaglen, Bancroft, Beery *et al* don't know whether to laugh or get mad.

IN the Hollywood newspaper advertisements of the run of "Seed," there appeared this line: "JOHN BOLES DOES NOT SING IN THIS PICTURE."

And that, opines John Boles, shows what Hollywood thinks about musicals.

STEPIN FETCHIT'S new baby has been named Jemajo, after Jesus, Mary and Joseph. But Hollywood doesn't know yet whether it's a boy or a girl.

ONE of the reasons Mae Marsh stayed away from the screen so long was because she didn't want to be away from her children.

She's making a picture come-back now. And throughout the very first week of her work at the Fox studio, she didn't see her two children once! She left her home in Flintridge, some fifteen miles from Hollywood, at five each morning before the youngsters were up. And she never got home, due to high-pressure shoot-



GLAZO . .

does your fingers a stunning favor

IT began with the very smart world—this new and charming emphasis on fingertips! Yesterday, it was quite enough that a woman's hands be neatly groomed. Today, nature must be aided and abetted.

The very smart and the very young were first to discover Glazo—but soon even the most conservative among American women turned to these unusual preparations for the brilliant perfection of fingertips fashion demands!

The lovely Glazo polishes captured the spotlight because they brush on easily,

dry quickly, and never pile up, peel or turn white at the edges.

The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème is far in advance of all others! Do try this soft, gentle crème—to find out how even and smooth it leaves the cuticle edges. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream, Glazo Nicotine Remover—each plays its part in the perfection of the Glazo manicure.

Just a few minutes a week with Glazo preparations—and your fingers are ten well-mannered little soldiers of charm.

And always ready to go on dress-parade!



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Polish comes in Natural, Flame, Germanium or Crimson—large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 50c.

(Above)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 50c. Choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.



THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-71
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

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

GLAZO



IT CAN'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE

In justice to your eyes—take care of your lashes. Color is more brilliant against black. Just so do eyes assume new brilliance and new beauty when your lashes have a touch of darkness . . .

But, of course, your lashes must look *natural*. Of course, they must stay soft and silky . . .

The new Winx gives you just that: lashes which look long, soft and appealing. Its Double Treatment not only darkens lashes; it also softens them. Coarse and brittle lashes—lashes stiff with make-up—are now impossible.

The new Winx (with the Double Treatment) comes in two forms. Liquid—easy to use—waterproof—75c. Cake—packed in a smart, slim, silvery compact—\$1.00. Winx doesn't run or smudge.

For
Lovely
Lashes



ing schedules, until after they were back in bed again!

VICTOR McLAGLEN proved that there's still a dash of Merrie England left in him when he met President Hoover recently. Vic, portrayer of he-man 100-per-cent-American rôles on the screen, kept calling the President "Your Worship," all through their 45-minute interview. A ripping bit o' news, eh, what?

MITZI GREEN is the latest Hollywood scene stealer. Even the kids in the youngster films are saying to each other, "Watch Mitzi. Don't let her have it all." Clever little trouser, Mitzi. She has learned young to protect her own interests in a business where there is no one else to protect them.

SPEAKING of scene stealing, they tell this one on Edmund Lowe—who is considered, according to rumor, one of the best in the business.

In "Scotland Yard" he played a dual rôle. Even played opposite himself in some scenes. They marked off the exact spots where he was to stand and walk so when they dubbed in the other half (himself in the other rôle) the scenes would match exactly.

When contract time arrived Joan thought she should have more money and she knew that she was not wise enough to battle with the smart executives at the studio, so she took unto herself a manager.

She's never had one before.

Phil Berg is the manager's name, and he's Leila Hyams' husband. It was a wise move, and the new contract has been signed at a great big increase in salary.

WELL, anyway—there's a plumber in Hollywood named Hokom. And where'd be a better place for him?

WHEN Marlene Dietrich first came to Hollywood she was assigned one of the simplest dressing rooms on the Paramount lot. Furthermore, she was too timid and felt herself too unimportant to ask for a telephone. But everything changes when money clinks at the box-office. Now Marlene has a new dressing room. It is all done in style *moderne* and has a kitchenette, electric refrigeration, etc., etc., etc.

THEY burned up the telegraph wires and the telephone asking Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett if it were true that the famous Lawrence was in Reno to get a divorce.

Seems that Lawrence was on his way to San

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which contains more than 250 of the latest and very best portraits and short biographical sketches of favorite screen players will help you in solving the puzzles.

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But Eddie is so used to stepping back in a scene so the person playing with him will have to turn his or her back to the camera (a very old trick) that he kept stepping back in "Scotland Yard." He forgot that he was stepping back on *himself*—whom he was playing opposite. In fact, they had to show him the film to prove to him that he was cheating himself out of some very good acting.

RAMON NOVARRO plays some scenes in "Son of India" where he must look peaked; have lines.

He lived on nothing but orange juice for a week so his face would have natural lines.

"Why don't you paint them in?" someone inquired.

"That's not art," Ramon answered.

However, we happen to know Ramon goes without anything to eat but orange juice for at least a week, twice a year.

He thinks it is good training in abstinence and he also believes it is a good rest for the digestive system.

So he combined art with his regular custom in this instance.

NOW that it's all settled the story can be told. For the first time in her life Joan Crawford's been having contract trouble. Although she's been getting good bonuses on her pictures, Joan's salary has not been in any way commensurate with her draw at the box-office.

Francisco to fill a concert engagement. Thinking to get there sooner, he got off the train at Reno to see if arrangements could be made whereby he could finish his journey by airplane.

He found that he could not and climbed back on his train again.

Somebody saw him on the Reno platform and immediately decided that he must, like all the rest of the Nevada town's visitors, be there for a divorce.

Another disappointment for the scandal hounds.

LITTLE Robert Coogan and his mother went to a downtown theater to see the kid's first picture, "Skippy." On their way out Robert was recognized by an autograph hunter who asked for his signature.

Mrs. Coogan was in a hurry and, remembering her experiences with Jackie, knew that if she stopped, a crowd would gather and they'd be a long time getting away. So she said, "I'm sorry, but Robert's such a little boy he can't write."

To which Bobby indignantly piped up, "Why, I can, too. Sure I'll sign. I can print my name."

KEEPING up with Lola Lane and Lew Ayres is a job for one reporter. No one Hollywood couple have broken it off and made it up so often. But it's all right—this month, at least.

He took her to an opening. They must have had an awful quarrel for him to make a gesture like that. He doesn't go to openings—even openings of pictures made by the company he works for.

Incidentally, Lew's love of astronomy is keeping him truly poor. His scientific library is developing into one of the finest amateur ones in the country.

And here we have the real secret of Lew's constant demands for more salary. He must make enough from pictures to maintain a very expensive, although noble, hobby.

RAMON NOVARRO does little entertaining. People sometimes wonder why. Here is the reason:

He had recently completed his own private Little Theater. He decided to give himself a birthday party. "I knew absolutely nothing about American entertaining so I turned it all over to a caterer."

He paid no personal attention whatsoever. "And when we went into the Little Theater," he said, "there were funny little tables with patched table cloths; no flowers anywhere; and the *fillet mignon* was not only overdone but cold. I decided I would not become a social light in Hollywood."



That must be a good luck coin that Janet Gaynor is so carefully putting in her bag. Anyway, she is back on the Fox lot and we shall all wait eagerly for her next appearance in "Daddy Long Legs"



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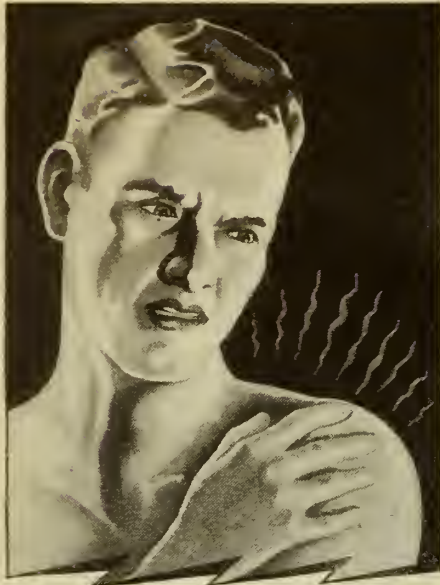
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Now, when he does invite a few friends to dine with him, he reserves a private dining room at Victor Hugo's.

THE suave Conrad Nagel, who holds Hollywood's record for mastering of ceremonies, wasn't so suave the other evening.

He was saying his usual few words before he introduced the cast at the opening of "Seed."

"This industry pays tribute to a great picture like this no matter what studio produces it—"

And the studio was Universal; and the opening was staged as still another tribute to Carl Laemmle, Sr.

In all fairness to Conrad, no one was more surprised at the words than he was—or more embarrassed.

SOMEONE around our office told me that Mary Philbin was ill and might have to follow Renee Adoree and Lila Lee to Arizona for a long rest.

As a matter of fact, I have never seen Mary looking better in her life.

Why that girl hasn't been more active in pictures is something I can't understand.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, who did such fine work as Douglas Fairbanks' valet in "Reaching for the Moon," and as the fussy reporter in "The Front Page," is evidently embarrassed these days, for every time his name

leave it to Connie Bennett to think up one better.

By the by, naughty old Paramount drew the line at providing real marble tops for Lil's tables.

(Oh, yes, Paramount paid the bills; that is, the principal ones.)

So the only thing we can think of for some rival to do, is to copy Lil's general scheme and then go her one better with real marble instead of really excellent imitation.

EVERYONE'S heard of Hollywood's press-agents.

They're the boys and girls hired by studios and stars to put things into the papers—and keep them out of them.

Press agents work awfully hard in this town to keep the name of our little city and industry holy.

Them press agents have an organization called "The Wampas."

You remember the "Wampas Ball," when thirteen baby stars were chosen for political or other reasons?

Well, those are the boys who did it, and they did it so badly the Wampas baby star idea blew up.

This year they gave a roast instead—a great big dinner (ten dollars a plate and no complimentary tickets) which was supposed to be a take-off on the industry.

But it proved to be a boomerang—the most

Voting Time Is Here

Have a part in selecting the outstanding motion picture that will win the eleventh annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

Your ballot awaits you on page 76.

is mentioned in Hollywood someone is bound to bob up and say, "Fine chap, Eddie. He'd make an ideal husband."

Trying to get him married seems to be an obsession.

Eddie has been in Hollywood ten years now and still remains a bachelor. That, in itself, is a Hollywood novelty.

But lest some gay young thing set out to correct this condition let her be warned beforehand.

Eddie is a bachelor, yes, BUT, he's got seven children living with him. They belong to his brothers and sisters.

Also, nine dogs, five cats, 400 chickens, two canaries, 30 turkeys, three cars and a rambling, New England type of house out in Encino that requires ten servants to look after.

THIS is just a suggestion—and meant only in praise of Una Merkel's ability. Una is a great little actress. She's talented enough to stand entirely on her own merits, and her own style.

So it's just a bit galling to see her in "Fame"—doing as obvious an imitation of ZaSu Pitts' stuff as it's possible to do.

Una's too good as Una to have to be someone else!

WELL, we have seen Lil Tashman's new dressing room at last. Now we understand the envy it has caused Paramount's other feminine contenders. Its green and white coolness (who but Tashman would think of using green and white table damask for drapes and couch covers?) makes one think of ice tinkling in tall glasses. And if that isn't the height of sophistication—we'll have to

risqué and unkind entertainment ever dished out in the film industry.

And it was written, directed and presented by the boys who are paid to keep the city clean and decent—at least in the newspapers.

THEY'RE telling the story that during a recent radio talk author Lawrence Stallings declared he had helped King Vidor direct "The Big Parade."

King was listening in and this was big news, but he ran to the nearest telegraph office and filed the following wire, "Be sure to mention that I did NOT help you write 'Old Ironsides.'"

JOHN MILJAN was describing how a camel took to bucking on the set of "Son of India," where Miljan is working.

"The camel is a terrible animal," John added. "He is an excellent example of prohibition—as distorted as the law itself."

"Do you wish to be quoted on that?" a reporter inquired.

"Certainly. I hate prohibition."

BEBE DANIELS' hurried trip to New York was for broadcasting purposes. She admitted that this first separation from her husband would probably be the last. She's decided to stay a blonde as she thinks it photographs better.

A HAIRDRESSER tells us she used to do the hair for the young ladies of the Marlborough school.

You know, the young ladies.

And she also tells us that Carole Lombard was among them.

She gives her a social rating that would make New York's *Town Topics* sit up and take notice.

There's just one town in the world where it's wisest to keep a pedigree buried, because it's as out of place as Death Valley Scotty's palace in the barren desert. And Hollywood's that one town.

OUR pictures are progressing, my deahs—really progressing. Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, wife of Chicago's one and only Armour, played as an extra in Radio Pictures' "White Shoulders."

SINCE becoming a Paramount star Miriam Hopkins has acquired a Pierce Arrow. Used to have a Ford when she was on the stage. . . . Frederick Lonsdale, the Englishman who wrote "The Devil to Pay," says he won't do a scenario for Garbo because "she cannot speak good English." . . . Mae Murray's friends tell us she is making \$3,000 a day out of oil on her California property.

BESIDES creating a lot of interest, and annoying some super-fans who think he should never have done it, Charlie Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli did one other thing.

It added poundage to Charlie Farrell. He was considerably heavier when he returned from his honeymoon than when he left Hollywood a couple of months before! And it is very becoming.

HOLLYWOOD lads are offering marriages of convenience to the poor little foreign actresses that are about to be shipped home by the termination of their six months' admission ticket from the immigration authorities.

There are plenty of marriageable young Americans and Latins floating around who are willing to trade an "I do" for a wife who will do the supporting.

Once married, the girls are not assured citizenship, but they do receive more leniency from the government.

The hope of a Garbo-like success outweighs the lack of romance. And isn't Reno verree convenient?

WELL, Jack Oakie feels he is a big shot now and he and his producers are at it again.

About six months ago Jack drew up his spinal column into indignant ridges and said he wouldn't work unless he got more money.

Wesley Ruggles, director of "Cimarron," had a contract as manager for Jack on which he claimed he was entitled to as much as Jack made.

Jack conferred with another manager who, in turn, battled with Paramount for Oakie.

It was finally settled thusly: Mr. Oakie was to get \$20,000 bonus per picture for two pictures.

When these two were completed he was to receive a bonus commensurate with the profit made by his pictures.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox

AN ordinary picture, relieved by the presence of Tommy Meighan, whose Irish brogue seems a little old-fashioned now. It is the old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting, who act more like inmates of an insane asylum. Meighan, as a physical trainer, takes one of these modern youths in hand and knocks all the foolishness out of him. Dorothy Jordan is featured in a couch wrestling match with the boy, Hardie Albright.

THE SKY RAIDERS—Columbia

NOW they're taking gangsters in the air. This one concerns a group of crooks who plan to rob the air express plane. But it's

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ATHOL, MASS.

thrilling stuff. Naturally, it's not as spectacular as "Hell's Angels" and "Dirigible," but it's first-class A-1 entertainment. Lloyd Hughes and Marceline Day play the nice people. Wheeler Oakman is the villain.

UPPER UNDERWORLD—
First National

WHILE this story is of graft and grafters in high places it is quite at variance with the usual racketeering picture, and is guaranteed to make you think. You will like it tremendously or not at all. Walter Huston, Doris Kenyon, Loretta Young and David Manners have the principal rôles and play them superbly. Our prediction is that you will be highly entertained.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE—
RKO-Pathé

AVERAGE entertainment is the best we can give it despite the splendid cast which does collectively fine acting. The preview audience saw the first shots and groaned, "another war picture." They came out of their resigned slump for the end, which is different and exciting. Helen Twelvetrees warranted the applause the flash of her name received, as did ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and William Bakewell. Spy stories should be thrilling throughout. This isn't.

THE GOOD BAD GIRL—Columbia

NOTHING new or different here. The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. But it's tough going. Front page stories reveal her identity and the future looks black. Mae Clarke is sincere as the girl. James Hall plays the man she marries and Robert Ellis is fine as a smooth crook. Marie Prevost is good as the comedy girl friend.

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE—Fox

A LAUGHWORTHY farce that sparkles with bright lines—well spoken by a cast of expert talkie makers. Jeanette MacDonald proves herself a clever farceuse and Victor McLaglen, as the husband she fails to recognize, wins a lot of laughs by his own work. Then there are Roland Young, Sam Hardy and the Senior Collier, and others equally capable. Well directed — well played — well photographed.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—
Radio Pictures

THE principal difference between this and an hour-long phonograph record is that this is played on a movie projection machine. It's one of the talkiest talkies yet released. And they use the same gags grandfather laughed at. If you want action in movies, don't bother with this. If you like much talk, go ahead and risk it. You'll see Anita Louise, Robert Woolsey and John Darrow.

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners

THIS is not one of those ambitious domestic cleaning twins, nor is it a typical gold-digging specimen. It's the exuberant Winnie Lightner, with a marrying complex, hopelessly lost in a bad story. Olsen and Johnson, playing straight, make a sad sight and even with Arthur Caesar's dialogue and Lloyd Bacon's direction, the result is mediocre entertainment.

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia

ONE of the mysteries in connection with "Subway Express" Jack Holt might try to solve is what happened to the entertainment value of this stage mystery thriller in adapting it to the screen. In its present version, it is pretty slow stuff. Jack Holt as the mystery-solving Inspector Killian, and the novelty of having all the action take place in a New York subway car, offer the only interest.

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6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox

THIS is an amusing enough little farce, pretty obvious, but the sort of thing that every husband will enjoy, since it recounts the adventures of a pair of newlyweds who live beyond their means, due to the wife's love of a fine car. Spencer Tracy is a scream in a part all too short. The cast includes El Brendel, William Collier, Sr., Sidney Fox, Edward Everett Horton.

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures

A PROGRAM picture with an amusing story—the chorus girl who frames the millionaire and later confesses all. The dialogue is pretty bad and the comedy not so funny. The bright spot or rather the lovely pastel harmony of the film is the Technicolor. Mary Brian does good dramatic work and Geoffrey Kerr, from the stage, is fine. Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines cop the laughs.

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M

SOMEBODY said, "Joan Crawford has been doing too much dramatic stuff. She should be gay." So they dashed off the most impossible and ridiculous story you have ever heard. Joan—with blonde hair—has never looked more beautiful, nor dressed more lavishly. Good actors, such as Marjorie Rambeau, Neil Hamilton, Monroe Owsley, and gorgeous atmosphere *moderne* are wasted on this bad material.

THE TEXAS RANGER—Columbia

SO this time it's the gal who's accused of the murder and the honest ranger is sent out to find her. But she says it ain't true, which it isn't. She was only trying to avenge the death of her father. The ranger falls in love with the gal and finds the real murderer. Buck Jones is the hero; Carmelita Geraghty, the heroine.

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners

THE *Captain* is another of those Robin-Hoodish caballeros whose lawless deeds are always for some good end. Victor Varconi



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L-80



Here's Cinderella, 1931 version. Ruth Hall was only a college freshman from Florida a little over a year ago—now she is putting the romance into the mad Marx' "Monkey Business" out at Paramount

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does well, assisted by Fay Wray and Don Alvarado. But "Captain Thunder" is really a dull story, without even the lightning of good dialogue to strike an audience spark.

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures

TWENTY millions is a heap of money. Mary Astor, starving chorus girl, knew it. So when an offer of marriage came with it, she took it. "If you double cross, you'll suffer," was the only stipulation. She broke it. Thus we have the Rex Beach story "White Shoulders" turned into a good program picture. Jack Holt carries twenty million admirably; Ricardo Cortez makes a villainous co-sufferer.

THE FLOOD—Columbia

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, Monte Blue and David Newell, the principals, fight as valiantly to save a weak story, poorly directed, as the young engineer does to stop that Ole Man River from breaking through the levees. It's no use, though. The flood comes—and it's a complete washout. Miss Boardman's beauty and intelligence add what little color there is to this drab would-be melodrama.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP— Nat. Spitzer Prod.

THE people who were behind notorious old "Ingagi" were interested in this, too—but there's no faking in this fish film. It's an always entertaining and interesting, and sometimes thrilling picture—story of fishing adventure in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. Whales, tuna, sharks, sting-rays and even a sinister, giant devil-fish contribute their activities to a beguiling evening's screening.

Bellamy, Bronson, Borden

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

with the statement that Madge had been gently eased out of Fox, that she had taken on weight, that she had failed as a talkie actress, Madge wanted to make one more good picture, just to show 'em. A test at M-G-M brought an offer of \$3,000 for one picture, which she indignantly refused. An offer from Universal recently brought the answer that she would not make a test.

She's through with pictures, she says. The furniture of her enormous home has been sold at auction. No doubt, by the time you read this, she will be on her way to Europe, where she and her mother will make their home in a town in Switzerland and will live there for two years, three—perhaps all their lives.

AND now, for Olive Borden. Again, temperament rears its ugly head. She was not popular around the studio. Once, Winfield Sheehan, just returned from Europe, sent for her. She declared, through her secretary, that she was busy. Sheehan had only wanted to give her a very beautiful and expensive doll that he had brought from Paris for her.

Her salary at Fox was \$1,750 a week. Her next increase was to \$2,000. Because business was bad, the studio wanted to renew at the old salary. Olive, with her mother behind her, refused. She said her lawyer could secure \$3,500 a week at United Artists for her services. It was okay with Fox.

Olive then went to RKO. Having discovered that being a grand lady only brought disaster, she decided to be "just plain folks."

Olive declares that she was told to create the background of a great lady.

* * *

SO, now, you see that in every case the producer claims the star is temperamental, and the star counters with a good alibi for that

temperament. What's the answer? Pull up a chair and listen.

Garbo is temperamental. But her options are renewed. The reason is that she draws at the good old box-office. The producers will put up with anything as long as the musical tinkle of nickels and dimes strikes their ears.

When someone is let out at a studio, you hear hundreds of wild rumors. The reason is, simply, that those who are let out do not drag the customers in and make money for the producers that is commensurate with their salaries.

Recently, Paramount has dropped from its contract list, Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. This came as a shock. Mary had been with the company for six years, Fay for five, Jean for three and a half. Mary received something like \$1,700 a week, Fay about \$1,000.

Both are charming, sweet young women who have never caused a single grey hair in a single producer's head. But they simply didn't draw. Neither is starring material and, although both have a certain fan following and both are capable leading women, their salaries, which increase with every option, overbalance their money-making powers.

IF Madge Bellamy had been a tremendous money-maker, they would have given her another director. If Betty Bronson had been dragging in the shekels, they would have listened to her mother's arguments. And if you can explain why one star's name in front of a theater means money and another doesn't, then come to Hollywood and make yourself a couple of million dollars.

Mary Philbin is another of those nice little girls who simply did not click at the box-office. In "Merry-Go-Round," she gave, for Director Von Stroheim, one of the loveliest performances ever seen in films. But after that, she somehow became just the sweet, harassed heroine. Even her engagement to Paul Kohner, then an official at Universal, did not help her to better rôles. She has not worked for a number of months. There was no temperament. No trouble. Just no box-office.

One theory, and I believe it's the right one, is that nowadays a star must have glamor. Mary Brian, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur are just like the girl next door—nice and sweet and pretty, but having no breathless excitement, no maddening ecstasy. The great outstanding



Do you remember this old favorite, in spite of the petulant look, which is part of her rôle? You're right, it is Kathryn Williams, who makes a welcome return in the Gaynor picture, "Daddy Long Legs"



To avoid "midsummer wilt" ... depend on these three baths



No. 1

The Freshener. *Too tired to enjoy your evenings?—try this freshening bath.*



No. 2

The After-exercise Bath. *Relaxes muscles, prevents soreness, relieves fatigue.*



No. 3

The Energizer. *A wake-up bath for those dull, tired mornings that follow hot sultry nights.*

WILTING heat of mid-summer! When your clothes cling and pull and won't fit right. When every muscle in your body feels tired and your brain refuses to work!

Don't let this summer "wilt" you. *The Book About Baths* tells how to make summers more comfortable—play-days more pleasant, work-days more successful.

The *after-work* or *freshening bath*, for instance, can make your evenings much more enjoyable.

Fill the tub with moderately warm water (yes, even though it is summer). Soak for five or ten minutes until completely relaxed. Then finish off with a quick cold splash (shower or tub). Put on clean clothes. *See page 16 of our booklet.*

If you are already familiar with this use of the bath you know how much good such a simple thing can do!

The morning *wake-up bath* or *energizer*



A most unusual booklet!
The Book About Baths. How to make baths help you... what kind to take... and when and how to take them. Free, see the coupon below.

gives new energy even after the hottest night. No more tired, sluggish, "fit-for-nothing" mornings. Unless you honestly enjoy a cold bath, the *wake-up bath* should begin as a mildly warm one—using cold water only for the final splash. And, of course, you agree that real cleanliness is doubly important in summertime—not only from the standpoint of good breeding but because soap-cleanliness in itself is refreshing.

The *after-exercise bath* should be *hot*—because hot water relaxes muscles and prevents soreness. Be sure the muscles that might become stiff are fully submerged.

These "summer specials" are just three of many suggestions contained in *The Book About Baths*. Anyone who has not read this interesting booklet will be surprised to learn how much the right baths can help.

A copy is yours for the asking. Free.

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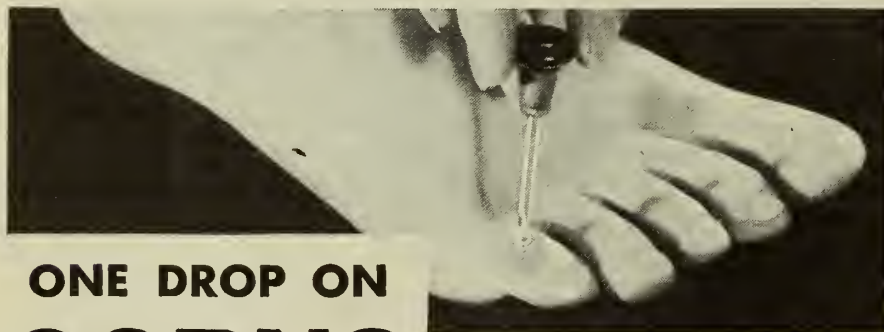
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"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

box-office successes have that glamor—Garbo Dietrich, Crawford, Bow. They're different from the home town girls.

They rise and fall. They wax and wane. Seena Owen is a beauty and a good actress. Her last chance was in the ill-fated "Queen Kelly." She put six months into it, and the picture was never released. They say it was the best work of her career.

On the other hand, there's Elcanor Boardman, who came back strong. Her name on the theater means something now. Lois Wilson, too, thought to be a back number, has made a hit in "Seed." A star can be made in one picture, but a succession of bad ones kills her, and the answer to it all is this:

They'll put up with anything, if the personality has a box-office draw. The stars shine and grow dim. Alibis, reasons, quarreling back and forth between producer and player—this all means nothing. Box-office is the guiding power.

"Give Arbuckle a Chance!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

question to answer. Have we a democratic form of government, or haven't we?

Are the affairs of this country to be run by the people or by organized reform?

The courts acquitted Arbuckle—the public wants to give him a chance.

PHOTOPLAY would like to see an issue made on the subject. It is up to some producer to put Roscoe Arbuckle's name on the screen as a writer or director.

Then let us see if the relentless moralists and professional reformers would have the audacity to attempt to overrule American Fair Play!

Here is a cross-section of letters from the motion picture public:

"A great number of my friends join me in the belief that a speedy return of 'Fatty' to the screen will be welcomed by the millions of people who have laughed with him in days gone by. I think your attitude towards Arbuckle in this matter is most commendable."

GEORGE F. ZIMMER,
Secretary Aeronautical Section,
New York Board of Trade, Inc.,
New York City.

"What you said about Roscoe Arbuckle brought back the days when Roscoe, along with Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett, gave me many a good laugh. I have always been for him and still am."

MILTON BRENNAN,
Casper, Wyo.

"With the greatest pleasure I write you with reference to Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle. The comedy portrayed by him was the cleanest of any screen star. On a public vote head the list with the Heath family of three."

HARRY B. HEATH,
Bradley Beach, N. J.

"Did 'Fatty' ever give me a laugh? Well, I will say not only one but a million, and there are other millions of laughs in 'Fatty's' make-up if the producers will only give him the opportunity."

L. CARPENTER,
Solomon, Md.

"By all means Arbuckle ought to be given another chance. Since I have had a

radio—six years—this is the first time I have ever responded to the many requests to write, so you know I feel very strongly about this matter.”

I. SEMSKER,
Washington, D. C.

“If ever a person was punished—persecuted—it is Roscoe Arbuckle. And it is high time to forget and give him a chance.”

MRS. GRACE G. CRUSE,
Spokane, Wash.

“Here is one who wants to see ‘Fatty’ Arbuckle’s name in electric lights again.”

MRS. VELMA SMITH,
Modesto, Calif.

“Why don’t they give ‘Fatty’ Arbuckle a break? I don’t believe there ever was or ever will be a better comic.”

JOHN H. FIELDER,
New Haven, Conn.

See Garbo First

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

considered disguising myself as a horse at Garbo’s favorite livery stable, but was turned down because of an old spavin I had received during the war.

Night after night Mother and I sat before the campfire back of Gary Cooper’s house—tanning, planning, planning. Mother’s sciatica was coming back on her—the native gin of Hollywood was beginning to cause serious slides in my alimentary canal.

We had chased Garbo from Agua Caliente to Okanogan and all we had caught were head-colds. We inquired at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. The man at the gate—a cunning little—played dumb.

“Garbo? We’re just out of Garbos,” he sneered with his black face. “Will Eddie be your agent?”

Then—I’ll never forget that night!—I had a vision. I divided it up with Mother. Leaping on our motorcycles, we roared into the darkness—our destination the Garbo castle on a hill above the sea.

We shot several guards named Nils, Sven and Moscha. We poisoned a dog or two with canned shrimp. More dead than alive, we lined the front stoop. Gripping my derringer firmly, while Mother drew her dirk, I pressed the door-button. The portal opened slowly. A tall, rather awkward figure stood there. It had darkish blonde hair, a very white face and was daintily gnawing a piece of herring.

“Are you Greta Garbo?” I asked.
“Yop!” said the woman, for woman it was. The door closed.

THREE months later, emaciated and pale, we were back in New York. Our lecture tour was a flop. Nobody believed we had seen Greta Garbo. Maybe you don’t. What do I care? The fact remains that these rheumy old eyes have seen Greta Garbo, man’s supreme experience. Since then I have climbed the Matterhorn, but it doesn’t matter. I have lived.

So, readers, I urge you to abandon the idea that Visit to Aunt Floss’, this summer. If there’s a half-pint of red blood in your veins like ‘The Adventure Trail. If mere chicken soup flows sluggishly through your arteries, go on to Niagara Falls and like it. Go for them in a barrel or a cracker-box. I don’t care.

But if you are of the stern, keen-eyed, joyous stuff of which heroes, martyrs, explorers and professional football players are made, take the tangled, steep and dangerous trail that leads to a glimpse of Greta.

See Garbo and Die! Oh, go on—you will, anyway!

HER TOES GOT WET ONLY IN A SHOWER BATH . . . YET SHE CAUGHT ‘ATHLETE’S FOOT’

SHE is one of the most particular people in the world—so fastidious, in fact, that on her outing to the beach she wouldn’t go in the water. Because too much debris bubbled in the surf, she wet her feet only on the tile floor of a shower bath.

Strange to say, she would have been safer in the ocean than prancing on the spotless floor of that shower. Like almost every moist surface, it was infested with germs of “Athlete’s Foot”—invisible to her eyes, but highly contagious to her dainty toes.

At first she noticed a moist, unwholesome white patch of skin between her toes. Neglected, this common symptom* of “Athlete’s Foot” began to itch and spread. The skin blistered—turned red, cracked, and then painfully peeled—just because she didn’t know this annoying infection might cause real trouble.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection now attacking millions?

“Athlete’s Foot” may attack any of us*, no matter where we are, regardless of what we do. You can catch it in the very places people go for cleanliness—on the spotless tile floors of shower baths, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors—any place where bare feet touch the floor. It is an infection caused by a tiny vegetable parasite called *tinea trichophyton*, which is so hardy that stockings must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it. Nothing but constant care can keep it from coming back—even when you have rid yourself of an attack.

*Watch for these distress signals that warn of “Athlete’s Foot”

Though “Athlete’s Foot” is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



Quick Relief for SUNBURN too!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

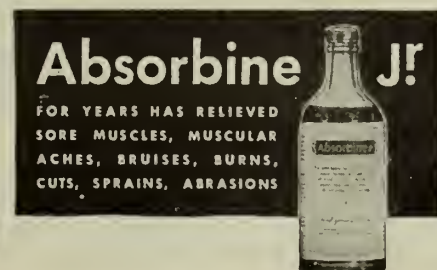
It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

“Athlete’s Foot” may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of “Athlete’s Foot.” At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield see your doctor.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don’t expect relief from a “just as good.” There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada, Lyman Bldg., Montreal.



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FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS



3 Easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness

Shade your upper eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow—see how much more “*expression*” comes into your eyes that very instant!

Then . . . darken your lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. *Instantly* they will appear longer and beautifully luxuriant . . . and your eyes will appear larger and more brilliant. Select Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Eyelash Darkener; either form in Black or Brown—75c.

Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.



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EYE SHADOW
Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

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MONEY FOR YOU!

\$5,000 CASH PRIZES

A simple puzzle contest—open to everyone.

Turn to page 62 of this issue for conditions of contest.

Jimmy From the “Jungle”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Jimmy and his brothers went to school, and after grade school they went to high school—and then to college. They worked, too, to help support the family, while they were learning. And today, two of Jimmy's brothers are doctors, and one is an advertising expert.

Jimmy's own idea was to become an artist—but not the sort of artist he turned out to be. He wanted to be an artist of the brush and palette, not of the stage or screen. He went through this sort of sequence of jobs—office boy on the *New York Sun*, bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's, public library branch custodian. That paid him seventeen dollars a month, but gave him time for school. He entered Columbia University. But family finances became bothersome, and Jimmy had to earn more money. He was the second eldest.

On the biographical questionnaire he filled out for the Warner publicity staff in Hollywood, there's a question: How did you come to take up stage or screen work?

Jimmy's pencil-scribbled answer reads: “Needed job.”

ONE of his friends was a chorus boy. Jimmy had his own ideas on the subject—but he also realized that the chorus boy was getting better than the seventeen dollars a month Jimmy was being paid. So when the pinch came in Jimmy's sophomore year at college, and the chorus boy told Jimmy that they needed some dancers in a show called “Pitter Patter,” Jimmy took a chance. He applied for a job. His friend had taught him a few tap steps.

He got in a line of about forty other ap-

plicants and watched what they did. Then he imitated them. Believe it or not, he got away with it—and got a job in the chorus. He's liable to double up his fist if you remind him of it.

Jimmy was nineteen then. Years of being just another hooper—in musical shows and in vaudeville followed. Sometimes he got as high as thirty-five dollars a week. Most of it went to help support the folks at home, including a idolized baby sister. He had enough left over to get married. His marital partner was a girl he met in an act. They're living in a Hollywood bungalow now. They have no children.

AFTER five years of small-time acting, his break came. He got a tryout in a tough guy rôle. He wanted the job badly. When he got the chance to read the lines to the director he put everything he had in it—and on top of that, he put the accumulated knowledge of his Tenth Avenue upbringing. He got the job. He honestly thinks it was all luck. “Aw, I got it because I had red hair,” he says.

His work in that rôle—and in other hard-eg rôles that followed—won him critics' recognition. The step from that to the screen is nothing unusual—it's the same story that's been told so often of the stage actor going to the talkies.

Warners sent him to the Coast to play in “Sinners' Holiday,” on three weeks' guarantee only. After he had played the opening sequences, they gave him a year's contract. “The Doorway to Hell” was the second picture he made, bringing him a five-year contract with option.



Many a hope has been pinned on this tree. It is a tall palm tree on the Universal lot, known as the “Wishing Tree.” The story has it that Valentino stuck a pin in it and wished for success—the superstition has held and the tree trunk is studded with pins of all sorts and sizes placed there by aspiring young souls. Lucile Browne, appearing in the Universal serial, “Danger Island,” makes her wish

And so there's Jimmy Cagney today in Hollywood—five feet, eight and a half, red-haired, Irish as a shamrock, talking Yiddish, sort of cynical about the whole business.

He gives you the impression that whatever he does in and out of Hollywood, he's doing it with his tongue in his cheek. He's not thrilled by film fame coming suddenly as it has. "All a lotta luck," he says, half grinning, half sneering.

He doesn't pal with the movie crowd. He has his own circle of friends—most of them connected with pictures, but not of that silk-and-ermine clan that call themselves "the" people of the movies. He likes to go down to the beach on his days off—the beach where the common people go—not Malibu where the stars fence themselves in.

JIMMY doesn't know how long he's going to ride the crest of popular fancy on the screen. He doesn't seem to care a great deal. "It's all a lotta so-and-so," he says, only he sometimes uses other words. His big ambition, he says, is to make enough money so he can get out of the limelight and take life easy, being just Jimmy Cagney—and drawing pictures. He has stuck to that. It's his hobby—making sketches of people and things.

His other hobby is hoofing. He breaks into a tap dance at the slightest provocation. He is one of Hollywood's happy husbands; says he thinks domesticity is "swell." He likes to go to prize-fights, and he likes to read good books.

He isn't getting one-tenth the salary most of the recognized stars are getting.

But out of what salary he does get, Jimmy Cagney is still contributing his share to the support of the folks back home.



A Remarkable and Inexpensive Way to
ELIMINATE
"SHINE"
 FROM
NECK AND ARMS

How to Adapt Screen Modes to Fit Your Personality

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Yet Gloria has twelve street costumes which are exactly alike! They are tailored suits made by a London shop for her. During her first trip abroad, she helped to design this outfit. They are created to the Swanson size and Swanson figure. Since that first day, she has been ordering them in every color, but from the one, original design.

"One always looks right in tailored things. If I am shopping and must stop for a luncheon, I am properly dressed. If there is a tea in the afternoon, I am still properly dressed. If there is a business appointment—don't you see how I save money? I have worn the same suit for years and yet no one knows the difference. Since it fits *me*, it is always in style. And I don't have to pay so much to have copies made as I would for new creations.

"IT is the personal attention to a style which makes private-life dressing effective. As for the screen—it is a double, no a triple anxiety and a far more difficult art.

"The creator for the drawing-room has material, color and lines at his disposal.

"The creator for the screen has only lines.

"When you see a dress on the screen, you see it for two minutes *at most*. Two long-shots, perhaps, and the rest in close-ups where only part of it shows. You may have the most exquisite and most expensive material, yet the effect is lost. Remember, there is action to counteract the dress. Only the lines of a gown catch the eye and those lines must be exaggerated if they are going to catch the eye.

"Suppose you wear a new dinner gown in private life. You sit at the table for two hours. Every one at the table has a chance to study that part of the gown which shows (like a close-

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin an even, invisible "coating" of Linit which makes the usually heavy whiteners unnecessary. This Linit is absolutely harmless ...and absorbs perspiration **WITHOUT CLOGGING THE PORES!**

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub, bathe in the usual way using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! It will be soft and smooth as velvet, as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the quality and purity of starch from corn are regarded so highly by doctors that they recommend it for the tender and super-sensitive skin of young babies » » » » » »



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The bathway to a soft, smooth skin



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Spread creamy X-Bazin over your legs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely—avoiding the blue, shaved look of the razor. X-Bazin leaves your skin white, smooth and hair-free—and discourages re-growth.

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or Mrs.

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up in pictures) for that length of time. Then, when you rise and move to the drawing-room, they see the dress as a whole (the long-shot). They feel the color, notice the material and know whether the lines are good or bad.

"But in pictures, an entire evening of impressions has to be given in a few shots; often in a few seconds in front of the camera.

"I was criticized for changing a black velvet which I had bought from a famous house for 'What a Widow.'" She smiled. "I had to take that negligée off before the camera. Do you think you would have enjoyed seeing me struggle to pull it over my head? I slit it down the side so I could open it easily—to fit the action of the picture.

"But slip-on gowns are in vogue!" the expert designers cry.

"Now, just what difference does it make whether slip-on dresses are in style or not! You can't wear slip-on dresses for the screen when you have to remove them before the camera. What would happen to your hair, your make-up?

"IN 'Indiscreet' I wore a coat with tight sleeves. I had to remove the coat. We spoiled one scene after another because I couldn't remove that coat gracefully with those tight sleeves. We fixed the sleeves. We couldn't leave out the action. Grace was essential. The loose sleeves may not be so stylish, but we couldn't help that.

"Again and again, we photograph materials before we make a gown from them. Why? Our materials must harmonize with the action. If we wish the *action* to stand out—the dress must not be so striking that it competes with the action; draws away the audience-attention. If we want the *gown* to stand out, we must be certain the material photographs to the best advantage.

"We could not find the proper material for one gown in 'What a Widow.' We wanted a linoleum-block effect. We finally bought a plain material and had an art class stencil the proper design upon it. They used something which came off. My arms were tattooed with the black and blue of the design. That wouldn't have done for a personal gown, but it was all right for the picture."

Even underclothes have to be created with an eye to camera astuteness. The least bulge in the wrong place stands out as though there were a boil on the actress's figure.

Gloria wore a gown in "The Love of Sunya" into which she was sewed each time she wore it. It was literally molded and re-molded upon her. She tried various forms of undies, but found that there were none which did not show ridges under the microscopic eye of the camera. So she wore nothing beneath it.

"I wouldn't have done that for the drawing-room. It wouldn't have been necessary. The naked eye would not have noticed the faint line beneath the garment.

"Hats! Feathers on the side may be fashionable, but supposing there is a profile shot. The

feather would block off your features. Styles for the screen often have to be a bit different from styles for the street.

"But above all—actresses are not manikins displaying gowns. The gowns are to display actresses. A manikin shows off the gown. A gown, on the screen, shows off the actress.

"And a gown must show off the specific actress who is wearing it. Norma Shearer—Greta Garbo. Gowns which fit their personalities, which fit the action of their pictures; which stand out or retreat according to the demands of that action. And gowns which can do all this despite the loss of the value of color and material.

"For example, I must emphasize height; Greta Garbo probably tries to detract from height. I do not like straight lines for the screen or for my personal gowns. All my dresses, on the screen or off, are a bit longer in the back than in the front. The waistlines, the same. Down a bit in the back. On me, this line is more graceful. What if it isn't the mode? If I look better, *taller*, that is the answer."

We asked her about keeping ahead of styles for the screen. A picture is made from three months to a year before it is released. Women's clothes are likely to change.

"Ah, there is the difficulty for all of us. Sometimes I think one person's guess is as good as another. I saw 'The Trespasser' the other night. It is old-fashioned only in the clothes.

"When I was getting ready to make the clothes, I wrote to Rene Hubert, who is now at M-G-M, but who was then in Germany. I asked him what would be correct by the time of my release date.

"He sent me sketches which would be correct *today*. He was one year ahead of the release date. But his sketches were so different from the styles then, that I didn't dare use them. I made the clothes about half-way between the styles of that day and the styles of his sketches. Fortunately, they were all right. But any designer has to take a gamble on that problem."

We also asked Gloria about the advisability of women copying clothes which they see on the screen.

"OUR clothes are exaggerated for camera purposes. But a woman can take a gown from a picture and follow the general idea. Then, in her fittings, she can change it here and there—to fit her personality and the occasion on which she must wear it. She *should* do that whether she takes her general design from the screen or a fashion magazine. If you are clothes-conscious, it is just as easy to copy screen gowns as any other."

"Would you be willing to have Chanel design gowns for the pictures you will make on your contract for United Artist?"

She hesitated. "I would prefer not to have her experiment on me first. After all, I have spent twelve years learning about clothes for the screen. This is no reflection on Chanel. She has simply not had the training."

The Prince of Fans

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

Prince of Wales has a penchant for travel films and rarely misses a good one. The Duke of York is in favor of romance and is credited with a private predilection for Nancy Carroll, which is not altogether surprising, considering how much her screen nature—though not her appearance—resembles that of the Duchess. Prince George inclines towards comedy and Prince Henry to action drama.

All find common ground in their admiration of the popular artists of the screen, of Chaplin, Garbo, Chatterton, Jannings, Chevalier and Mickey Mouse.

The Prince's visits to English film studios are

much rarer than their attendance at London cinemas. This is not because the Royal Family is too high-hat to display polite interest in film personalities but because of the advantage which is taken of their visits to start a ballyhoo.

Put the Princes down in Hollywood, however, and—well!

Hollywood is six thousand miles away from mother, father and the grand-motherly British press.

Nevertheless, the recent advertising of "Extravagance," which asserts of June Collyer that "the girl who turned Royalty's head will turn yours," and is a scarcely veiled reference

to Prince George's visit to Hollywood, is hardly justified.

It is true that the Prince (who, on his arrival at the Film City may be said to have behaved in unroyal ways his mamma wouldn't like) was very much photographed with Miss Collyer. But the real object of his private interest is best suggested by an incident which nearly ruptured diplomatic relations between Pickfair and St. James's Palace.

IT happened at the reception given by Hollywood's royalty, King Doug and Queen Mary. The affair was very "white kid glove" and about this Chaplin is said to have whispered words of sympathy in the Princely ear. Whereupon they both slipped out and spent the rest of the evening *incognito* and *sub rosa*.

Gloria Swanson was one of the ladies in the party.

In England the idea of a member of the Royal Family taking more than an academic and impersonal interest in a film actress is unthinkable.

Nevertheless, there is, even in England, a small skeleton in the royal cupboard—happily several times removed.

Sh! whisper it! A certain duke is the constant and devoted companion of an English star of the stage and screen. Let us call her Genevieve.

The friendship—one must be euphemistic—went to the young lady's head.

Her regal airs became irksome to her former friends.

One evening at a Mayfair party Ivor Novello, English matinee idol, now making a picture in Hollywood, leaned towards the Duke's newest girl friend and audibly intoned:

"Remember, Genevieve, you're only a duchess in your own wrong."



Seymour says we have to give this fashion tip to you vacationing ladies. The black and white tweed suit, worn by Fay Wray, is one of the season's best with its soft tailoring and dashing white accents. The gray and blue striped bags are good travelers. Note the bulky, flared white gloves—very new and decidedly smart

It's *NEW* . . . It's *PATENTED* . . .

It can never lose its *SHAPE*!

Munsingwear Waterwear



Permanent perfect fit at last . . . assured by a patented feature of design that no other suit can give you!

Here is the Swim-Suit that Munsingwear makes. Good looking! And it "fits forever!"

There is a patented elastic skirt-hem . . . absolutely exclusive with

Munsingwear . . . which holds the skirt in place and in shape *always*. An elastic leg-hem makes the trunks fit like a glove, yet without a trace of binding.

And in the Sun-Top Swim-Suit for women, an elastic bodice-hem keeps the suit up when the shoulder straps are down. No bothersome buttons. And no streaks on your coat of tan.

Munsingwear Swim-Suits make you *feel* like a million dollars, and *look it too!* Their colors put rainbows to shame. Their designs are unusual. No other suit can give you their patented feature of fit. A store near you sells Munsingwear Waterwear. **MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS**



MUNSING
Wear
WATERWEAR

CAN NEVER LOSE ITS SHAPE!

TRY TO GUESS THESE EYES!



This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below*.

so soothing to golfers' eyes!

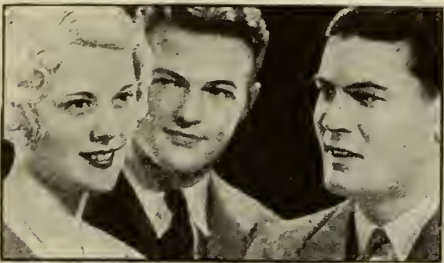
Or, for that matter, to the eyes of any one who spends much time out of doors. Always apply *Murine* immediately after prolonged exposure to sun, wind and dust to end that heavy, burning feeling and to prevent a bloodshot condition. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, this soothing, cooling lotion is used regularly by millions for the quick relief of eye irritation and strain. At all drug and dept. stores.

*Genevieve Tobin

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

60 Applications Cost Only 60c!



Why eyes linger on her Blonde Hair

SUCH irresistible golden radiance! No wonder men look and look! That always happens when girls use Blondex. This special shampoo makes blonde hair sparkle with new beauty, new gleam and lustre! Prevents darkening—safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A Blondex blonde is always in demand. At all drug and department stores.



Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Rules of \$2,000 Story Contest

See Pages 70-71

1. Stories must be submitted in typewriting. They can be from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length, but must not exceed 5,000 words. All stories should be written on one side of the sheets of paper and mailed in a postpaid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Warner Bros.
Story Contest, 221 West 57th Street,
New York City.

2. Stories should not be submitted before May 15th, and the Contest will close at midnight on July 15th.

3. Stories will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. The Judges of the Contest will submit such stories to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as the Judges deem suitable for picture purposes. No stories will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. They may at the option of PHOTOPLAY Magazine be destroyed or kept on file.

4. Every story must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

5. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

6. The Board of Judges shall consist of three persons to be chosen by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

7. The winner of the Contest shall receive \$2,000 in cash. In case of a tie equal prizes of \$2,000 each shall be awarded to each tying contestant.

8. It is the desire of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., to secure as many original stories suited for dramatic purposes as is possible. It is understood that the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or the Judges of this Contest will submit to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., such stories in addition to the one selected as winner of the prize as they or any of them deem suited for dramatic purposes. It is understood that Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall pay an equal prize of \$2,000 for each such story, if any, as is so submitted to and approved by it and used by it for the production of a motion picture based wholly upon such story.

9. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will donate the prize or prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine

will pay for the winning story and for such additional stories, if any, as may be selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as hereinabove mentioned. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will be entitled to full and complete rights of every nature for any and all purposes throughout the world in and to all winning stories as well as to use the name of any successful contestant in connection therewith. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., may use any winning story in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, and require the execution of any papers by any successful contestant which it deems necessary or expedient.

10. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own stories or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their story or stories and ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prize or prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

11. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Judges to make this Contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., will simply donate the prize or prizes and will be under no obligation either legal or moral to do anything except to donate the same.

12. Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., shall not be bound to use any of the stories even if they win prizes and shall not be bound to produce a motion picture from the prize winning story or any story that may be selected and paid for by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., as aforesaid. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

13. Stories expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted although any one person may submit stories based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

14. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

15. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prize, the clearness and specific quality of the story or idea will be considered.

16. Any single individual may submit any number of stories.

IMPORTANT This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each story

In submitting the accompanying story as a contestant for the cash prize offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my story being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that this story is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this story and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co. and Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for a prize of \$2,000 if such prize is awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

..... Address

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Who's Right?

Elissa Landi is much better with Charles Farrell than Janet Gaynor. She's not nearly so childish. Let's see more of them together.

MARY HALEY,
Natchez, Miss.

Charlie Farrell can't even act without Janet Gaynor playing opposite him. Perhaps some day they'll both realize what made them lose their popularity.

KATHERINE SMITH,
Summerville, S. C.

Figuratively Speaking

Jean Harlow has spoiled two perfectly good pictures for me by her nakedness. How does she pass the censors? No decent woman, if she portrays a wanton, needs such an exposure of skin as Jean Harlow presents.

MRS. C. FITTER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

No More Screen Lovers

Why are our greatest screen lovers allowed to play comedy or character rôles? Colman and Barrymore are fast becoming degraded as evidenced by their recent pictures. In fact, all movie actors are alike to me. Wouldn't it burn you up if our lovely Garbo broke out in slapstick comedy? Yet there is just as much sense in that as there is in Colman and Barrymore

playing light comedy or the late Lon Chaney rôles.

MRS. C. S. ANDERSON,
Kelso, Wash.

More Restraint

True, pictures must deal with reality, with the seamy side of life, but can't they be made with some restraint? I'm sick of scenes of unbelievable brutality; of drunken, dishevelled men and women; of law and right scoffed at; of faithless wives and more faithless husbands pictured as most attractive persons possessing all things to be desired, including happiness; of suave and charming crooks and gangsters and the glorifying of bootleggers.

C. L. WEAVER,
Van Buren, Ark.

Sex or Sleuthing?

Why don't the film magnates give us more detective stories? I doubt if there is anyone who doesn't enjoy them—kids, young people and grown-ups alike. Let's decrease the "sex" and increase the "sleuthing."

GEORGE P. THOMPSON, Jr.,
New Orleans, La.

Dumb or Dialogue?

The talkies are wonderful, but oh, for a few good silent pictures. What a soul-satisfying feeling to enter a theater and be able to relax

and not strain forward to catch every word.

MRS. HARRIETT MILLS,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

To my way of thinking the non-dialogue picture stands just about the same chance against the up-and-coming Talkies as a horse and buggy has of passing the modern motor car.

HERMAN J. MERRY,
Vancouver, Wash.

I am a movie fan, and yet, it is more than five years since I saw a movie. I am an invalid.

Those who have never been "shut-ins" can hardly realize what PHOTOPLAY means to us. We meet the new stars and see photographs of our old favorites. We keep up with the latest fashions. The reviews of pictures are a score or more novels in miniature. I would have missed the movies terribly had it not been for PHOTOPLAY.

LILLIAN C. TELANDER,
Mora, Minn.

Public speakers whose favorite subject is "Motion Picture Gang Stories and Their Harmful Influence" usually know less of what they speak than the average movie-goer. Because of their dislike for such types of pictures they stay away from them and miss the fine value of the lesson taught—the penalty of crime!

NINABEL RANKIN,
Tarkio, Mo.

after this

or this

or this

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Greater smoke pleasure . . . everyone wants it. And here's the way to have it—with your favorite smoke. *Keep your mouth moist and cool with Beech-Nut Gum.* There's no gum quite so good in flavor and smoothness.

Made by the makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.

Clara's Microphone Fright

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

had learned that this terrific fear was the root of the pre-picture nervous trouble and persuaded Rex Bell to bring her. She arrived Friday night—slept late Saturday morning. The wardrobe department went to Clara at her home Saturday afternoon for fittings.

Sunday morning she felt fine. She was much excited and said, "At last everything is all right; I am going to make a good picture." She sent for a manicurist and hairdresser to get her ready for the first rehearsal, scheduled for Sunday afternoon.

THE newspapers have printed that this rehearsal was at the studio. It wasn't. It was at her home. Stuart Walker came there to make it easier for Clara. It was merely a rehearsal between director and star. No cast present.

Rex Bell and an unprofessional boy friend sat in the living-room while Clara said her lines to Mr. Walker in the dining-room. They laughed frequently at the emotion Clara put into her reading. When Mr. Walker left, all of them went to the door with him.

Clara retired. "I am tired. I must be at the studio at nine in the morning."

Some thirty minutes later she came out, in dressing-robe, sobbing. "I can't go on with that picture. Oh, poor Stuart Walker. I can't go on—" Her sobs increased by the moments. The housekeeper was awakened. She said, "I surely thought someone must be beating her." When neither the housekeeper nor Rex could quiet her, they sent for the doctor.

The doctor was alone with Clara for a long time. He advised a sanitarium and complete

rest—immediately. Rex Bell drove Clara to Glendale. All the way over, she kept crying, "Oh, poor Stuart Walker. He wanted me in his picture and now I can't do it."

Rex suggested that Clara go to the studio daytimes and return to the sanitarium for the nights, so complete rest and proper care would be guaranteed her. But whenever the studio was suggested, Clara went into further hysterics. And the moment Peggy Shannon was announced as the new star of the production—Clara began to recover. I went over with Rex to see her five days after she had entered the sanitarium. She had color in her cheeks; fire in her eyes; she smiled brightly. She talked of being able to be moved back to the ranch shortly.

She is selling her home and all the furnishings. She has dismissed the maid who was at the studio with her for five years. That nearly broke her heart. "But if I am not going to make pictures, I must retrench," she said.

Her servants, with the exception of the housekeeper, have already been dismissed.

SHE is planning to build a home for herself on Mr. Bell's Nevada ranch—she has begged permission to do this because she wants a residence for herself and housekeeper separate from the place which domiciles the foreman and his wife. And she loves the quiet—the broad open spaces of Nevada. She also appreciates the friendship of the curly-haired, straight-eyed young man who has stood by her side like the knight errants of old, the one person who has never tried to capitalize upon her.

There was a delay in recording her income



The Glow of Youth

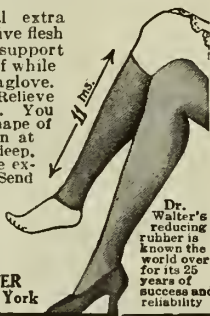
... Yours if you gently cleanse the pores morning and night with Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream ... liquefies instantly ... penetrates deeply ... dissolves impurities ... cleanses thoroughly. Unexcelled at any price. 4 oz. jar, one dollar ... Follow with Krank Astringent Lotion, so delightful for firming the skin ... Mentho-Lemon Foundation Cream, the perfect powder base ... and the softer, smoother, clinging Poudre Krank ... 5 shades.

Send 50c in stamps for lovely 3-piece Acquaintance Set and new Beauty Book, "Captivating Loveliness." Write Dept. 90, Krank Toiletries, 1885 University Avenue, Saint Paul, Minn.

kränk (cleansing) LEMON CREAM

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live flesh colored Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under hose. Relieve swelling and varicose veins. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving the extra benefit of the support. Send Ankle and Calf Measure.



Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability.

Write for booklet
DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York

\$5,000 Contest Now On! SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates will be found on page 125. Use the convenient coupon.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 125-B 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.



No wonder Clara Bow likes to go to Rex Bell's ranch rather than work in the studio, where she is in living fear of the microphone

tax report, due to the De Voe trial. An exemption claim for \$100,000 is made, of which nearly \$50,000 is for embezzlement, with Miss De Voe named as embezzler. Mr. Bell says he feels certain they can prove that amount. "I only wish we could prove all the rest!"

Clara is now being sued for sixty dollars by a small Beverly Hills service station for four tires which were put on Miss De Voe's mother's car. Clara claims she knew nothing of it—through Rex, who is representing her in court. The service man says he was accustomed to honoring Miss De Voe's purchases as an agent for Clara! There are other such suits pending.

I HAVE told this story in a simple manner because it is a simple story. I have known Clara Bow well for four years. She is the victim of the most highly emotional nature it has been my fortune to contact—and in Hollywood, the home of emotional natures, we contact many. I believe she made as much money at the box-office as any star in Hollywood and probably *the most* over her entire period as a star.

I have said this is not a plea for sympathy. I stick to my premise. There is no use in reminding you that she has no mother; I agree with you that the studio might have provided her with a mother, as Universal has provided one for Sidney Fox—a cultured, human English sponsor. If Paramount had studied that nature of Clara's, tuned to the point of breaking at even the most inconsequential moments, they would undoubtedly have done it.

But it is not the duty of studios to raise their children; merely to exploit them. And that was long ago—a chaperon would have been considered a gross extravagance. If they could have seen down the years ahead—but who of us can look into the future?

As to the attacks upon her morals. I repeat I have known her well. I have even known her girl friends, her boy friends. Much which has been written simply couldn't have happened. It wasn't possible by the laws of nature for it to happen.

And the retirement—for upon that Clara Bow is insisting—one of the most interesting stars of all times, has another little story with it. Sylvia Sydney was made a star through Clara's microphone fright; Ben Schulberg expects "The Secret Call" to do the same thing for Peggy Shannon.

BOTH girls were chosen from the New York stage by Mr. Schulberg; Clara Bow was his protégé, also. Paramount has paid Clara her \$5,000 a week without interruption throughout this trouble. I believe that this executive who brought her to fame and is now doing everything in his power to keep her in that fame, is largely responsible. If Sylvia and Peggy make as much money for Paramount as did his first findling, I am certain he will do the same for them if adversity overtakes them later.

Don't Worry!

If you missed the first set of Puzzle Pictures in last month's PHOTOPLAY, you can still start now and win some of the \$5,000 prize money!

You can have June's Puzzle Pictures free, together with the rules, by sending a postcard request to

The Picture Puzzle Contest,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Now Simple To Really Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth



By a total lack of stubble, you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmetics about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You sim-

ply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called **NEET**—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. 283A

Neet *Cream*
Hair Remover

FOR YOUR SKIN
TRY
LABLACHE
Face Powder

You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume.
FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS
Readers of Photo play have recognized its accepted standard of quality
Send for **FREE** sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass

The **Madison**
Overlooking Ocean at Illinois Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Spring is in the air—Summer is in the offing! For the better enjoyment of these seasons come to The MADISON . . . where modern service and comforts give a new, true luxury to rest and play.
Attractive Rates on American and European Plans. Eugene C. Fetter, Mng. Dir.
FETTER & HOLLINGER, INC.



FAIR-EST

"The Natural Cosmetics"

Millions pay homage to Sue Carol, screen star . . . one of the Fairest of the Fair.

CREATED in HOLLYWOOD
For the FAIREST of the FAIR

Just as the fair women of Hollywood win the applause of the nation, you too can attract admiration with the subtle, fragrant allure of Fair-est. Face-Powder, Perfume, Lip-stick, Rouge, Bath Salts, Dusting Powder—all dealers.

THE FAIR-EST COMPANY
HOLLYWOOD

New York

501 Fifth Avenue

An Easy Way to **SHAPE** your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, G 28, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

FOOT TROUBLES

ended quickly with safe, soothing, cooling Cal-o-Cide. Relieves sore, tender, swollen, burning aching feet in one minute. Draws pain and inflammation right out. Walk, run, dance in comfort. Wear shoes you like. Guaranteed. 35c at all druggists. Send postcard for free book "Care of Feet." Medco Co., Dept. L-7, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

DEVELOP FORM

in your own home. Simple easy method successful 23 years. No medicine, no grease, nothing to wipe off. Results where needed—Arms, Legs, Neck, Bosom, ANY part. Send 10c for Full Information and a Big Four Dram Box (note the size) of my PEERLESS WONDER CREAM, the original All in-one Cream, Remember 10c, NOT 50c. Wraps coin or send stamps, but do it now. MADAME WILLIAMS, CLK-4, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching, Directing—Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 10 apply P. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.

Possibly, Clara will decide to make "Man-handled." Possibly, she will be forced by fright to retire again. If so, there is a chance for a third star to be made by Clara on the Paramount roster. And if she makes a series

of stars who become big box-office, she will have repaid in full monetary value her \$5,000 a week given her now while she is not working.

A simple story and a true one. The latter is what makes it important.

Charlie Has to Fight!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

Farrell, wrenched from the side of little Janet, and strictly on his own, is in such a position. By all the laws of geometry, astrology and torts, Charlie is just the fair-haired laddie-boy to be used as a ballyhoo while feminine star-material drinks most of the spotlight in the Main Tent.

And I submit that, for a young gent with his way to make, this is neither hotsy nor totsy. Ever hear of the case of one Gary Cooper, one Marlene Dietrich and one picture called "Morocco"? As we Swedes say, it's the *meme* chose.

These things, friends, are what Charlie

Farrell faces as he plunges into work in New Hollywood, P. M. (Post-Microphone).

Charlie with his good looks, his youth, his pretty and ever-loving wife and his stellar rating on the old Fox ranch.

Never did a kid take his picture work more seriously—never was one more willing to slave like a dock-walloper to sock it over. And there isn't a pleasanter lad in the world than this same.

And Farrell is in a tough spot, make no mistake about this. Three ringing hopes (and a roaring Bengal tigah!) that he rolls up the spot and uses it for target practice in his back yard!

The Other Side of the Sunrise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

in the sink, she unwrapped the beefsteak. The gentleman stood with his hands in white flannel pockets, watching her steadily.

"The laugh," he remarked, "is probably that I thought you might fall in love with me."

Beside the sink, hung a blue gingham apron, which Miss Marquette brought down and tied over her sequins and satin.

"No, I wouldn't care to fall in love with you, thanks just the same," she told him, and buttoned the blue gingham straps over bare shoulders.

IN her incongruous glitter and gingham, she surveyed him retrospectively.

"Haven't I seen you before?" she asked, her hands in the gingham pockets. "Didn't you want to marry me once before at somebody's beach party or something?"

"You have a memory for detail," he said, a ripple of amusement playing across his eyes. "I told you for an hour once, at the Cassa del Mar, that I'd been insane about you for three years, ever since I saw you play the Marchioness in 'Lord of London,' and the little Virginian in 'Swanee' and the dancer in 'Heaven and Hell.' But you *didn't* marry me, if you recall, so I'm forced to bring the subject up again."

Miss Marquette rested her elbows on the ledge of a green stepladder.

"Fate's damn funny," she said, and laughed a little tiredly. "Three years ago I was the great American exhibit, a girl in Hollywood with a steady job. The public believed I was Lady Whiffenpoof, if the picture said so, or Little Eva or Joan of Arc or anybody else. But how the talkies can slay you is nobody's business! I've sung the bye-bye blues to every dollar I had, trying to educate my bronchial tubes, but all they sound like on the screen is a ballyhoo for peanuts! And after the racket I had this morning with the redhead that stole my only solo gesture in 'Rose of Grand Street,' I guess I'm entirely *de trop*. They wouldn't pay me, so I kept the wardrobe. I've got to have *something* to trade for soup and fish."

The gentleman arranged his boutonniere. "As a matter of convenience," he remarked, "why not accept my proposal?"

She turned abruptly to the sink; made herself suddenly very busy extracting unwashed dishes from under the roses.

"Mr. So-and-So," she told him shortly, "you don't want to marry me any more than Man o' War wants roller-skates! What you sound like to me is a ballad singer that's got the habit!"

"Parden me," he said, "but your train is caught in the ice-box."

He released it and piled it into her arms.

"I have a few million dollars if that would make any difference," he suggested.

She looked up at him, close to him, her arms full of the shimmering satin. In spite of ammonia blondness and flaming lips, she was really delicately beautiful; an intriguing slenderness, hauntingly lovely eyes of a dusky lavender (judging from the undecorated one) in which lay that rare, translucent quality of distance.

Over their heads a china clock whammed against the wall. Outside the window, the shrill, dusty drone of locusts came out of the grass.

"Now I'll give you a song and dance," she said. "A few million wouldn't make any difference, nor a few *billion* wouldn't! Because I'm in love with somebody else. In this dizzy business it's a safe bet that every blonde you see is brunette and curly hair is a permanent, and the New York sky-line is cardboard and the Alps are made of salt, and if they spotlight you today they will forget you tomorrow. But one thing that's not going to be phony for me, not even in Hollywood, is love! So get that straight!"

HE looked squarely down at her. His eyes were not careless now.

"Oddly enough," he said, "love means just that much to me. A year ago, I told you I loved you, and I meant it. I stepped aside, because you said there was some one else. But no one else has come to take you, and I still want you. I've loved you enough to wait and to hope for you, and I went to the studio this morning to tell you so. I didn't find you *there* but by luck—or by Fate—I found you anyway. And I'll tell you again that I want to give you my love and my name and my money. I want to take you with me to Cairo—and to Paris and to Vienna and to Italy—and anywhere you want to go. I want to give you everything you want. I want to give you everything you've ever dreamed of. I want to give you—"

Rouged, pink-tipped fingers reached up and caught his coat lapels.

"Listen," she said, "let's cut the comedy. Let's make a cup of coffee and a steak sandwich and go into conference!"

* * *

AS long ago as the triangle of Adam and Eve and the serpent, thwarted Paradise seems to have fallen into a figure of three points, though after all, the dénouement over the luncheon of Mr. So-and-So and Carlie Marquette, could scarcely have been called a triangle, since no two of its corners came together.

Mr. So-and-So loved Carlie. Carlie loved Jarod Sarvis, and Jarod Sarvis, as the whole world knew, loved no one at all!

Carlie looked away out of the window at the lavender hills, with their scarlet and jade-green roofs, like rosettes pinned on velvet.

"If he was broke I'd slave for him," she sighed. "If he was blue I'd cry with him! Ever since that first day I saw him, he could have worn me for ear-laps! He's all in the world I want! He's all I think about! I dream myself to sleep every night pretending he cares for me! I never thought any one could be such a fool about love. I always thought anybody could just laugh at it and forget it. But the Chicago fire was Eskimo pie compared to what Love's done to me.

"I guess I'm funny. Nowadays, Love doesn't mean much to anybody, so why should it to me! But it does. And when I love him like I do, I can't pretend I don't. And I can't pretend I could love anybody else—because I couldn't. I don't mean one-two-three to him now, but there might come a time when things would be different and so I'm going to wait. That's all.

"I guess the ideas I've got about love sound like I think I'm Einstein, but love seems to me like sunrise; a great, big, gold horizon that starts everything over! I'm willing to admit I kid myself along about every other kind of dream I have, but I don't think I'm wrong about love. If life's got any sunrise at all, that's it!"

Abruptly she brought a vanity case out of her apron pocket, and in its tiny mirror-shaped her lips.

"And I should call *you* a ballad singer!" she said.

The gentleman across the table had watched her as though she might have been a page of psychology; that careless, amused something in his eyes, and yet something much deeper, for which, after all, the amusement was only a disguise.

"So *you're* going to wait for Jarod Sarvis," he said—"and *I'm* going to wait for *you*!"

Carlie Marquette, who had been that serenely lovely marchioness in "Lord of London," that proud little *Virginian* in "Swanee," that exotically vivid dancer in "Heaven and Hell," Carlie Marquette put her hands down in her gingham pockets and smiled a wise little hard-boiled smile.

"There's a cheap and popular commodity known as bologna," she said, "and I have an idea you're treating me to quite a lot of it! Even if I wasn't in love with somebody else, I've lived long enough to know that a man who does what he pleases like *you* do, and goes where he pleases and tosses up a couple of million for anything he wants, isn't coming out in his Isotta Fraschini to see a girl on a corner and lasso her with orange blossoms!"

SHE rested her elbow on the window ledge, stuck her chin in her hand, and surveyed him coolly; as serenely as the Marchioness of London had surveyed the King.

"Yes, I go where I please," he said, "and I buy what I want—and you happen to be what I want most of all."

He reached across the table and picked up her fingers—slim fingers that fell softly curving across his own.

"Perhaps we can make a bargain," he said. "If you will marry me today, which is what I

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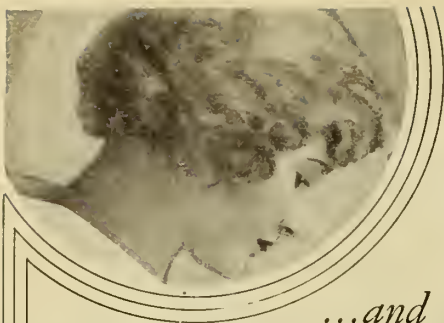
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want most, I will promise to give you, in exchange, what *you* want most. In a year I will make you the kind of woman Jarod Sarvis will love, and when the year is over I will give you up to him."

He brushed his fingers across his lips. "By that bargain," he said, "you and I shall *both* see the sunrise!"

She looked at him quizzically, her hand still in his. The china clock beat its metallic rhythm on the wall, the locusts shrilled in the grass—and then against the open front door, the lid of the mail-box rattled and there sounded the little rustle of letters going in.

"Wait a minute, Johnny," Carlie called. She went to the door, blue apron, and trailing satin and sequins.

"After tomorrow, Johnny," she said, "you can forward my mail to the Hotel Continental-Savoy in Cairo, to Mrs. _____ wait a minute, Johnny—"

She went back to the gentleman who had offered the bargain.

"By the way," she said, and laughed squarely down at him, "just what is our name?"

* * *

NIGHTINGALE Gardens in Paris!

Transparent dance floor with water rippling underneath; darting fish and floating lilies; dancers moving on the surface of a blue lake! Tables always crowded! The smartest amusement, the most spectacular clientele Paris had to offer, was Nightingale Gardens from midnight till dawn! Gold candlesticks. Scented candlelight. Champagne glasses lifting!

And one midnight in that Nightingale Gardens, there was much flutter and comment regarding the little gold easel on the most expensive table in the room, which bore the engraved sign "Reserve."

For Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Tremaine, of Cairo, were entertaining at supper Mr. Jarod Sarvis, of Hollywood! Every one watching! Whispering! Waiting for the three most sensational guests Paris had had for many a day! Mr. Randolph Tremaine, who had been the freest, most happy-go-lucky, most careless bachelor in Europe! Mrs. Tremaine, his bride of a year! And Jarod Sarvis, the idol of American pictures, the young god of the screen, the lover every woman secretly imagined was her own!

The Tremaines coming from Cairo to meet Mr. Sarvis on his playday in Paris!

"Oh, yes, they're old friends," traveled the gossip from table to table. "They say she's an exquisite creature! Absolutely the sensation, this season, at Biarritz and St. Moritz on the Riviera!"

No hoyden with a storm of topaz ringlets, Mrs. Tremaine, but a liquidly lovely woman in superbly simple pastels, molded according to her husband's scheme and to her own amazement! Boyish head with close, sleek, satin mouse-colored hair, making conspicuous a forehead and profile of rare beauty; ivory, untinted skin and the deep lavender eyes that he had taught to regard everything with poise and self possession!

"Just keep your voice down and your head up, sweetheart," her husband would say to her, laughing down at her, always near her, always reassuring her. "Don't let anybody worry you! You're marvelous!"

HER throat was slim and white. She wore a thread of platinum necklace, set with a single diamond, her only jewel except her jeweled wedding ring. An exquisite creature!

And the year had caught up with them! In Cairo they had heard of Jarod Sarvis' trip to Paris.

Jarod Sarvis had become steadily more famous. More the idol with every part he had played. Feverishly, Carlie Tremaine had read news of him; impatiently had waited for pictures in which to see and hear him! With little tremors of ecstasy had read the continued gossip that he was so absorbed in his work he had not yet found time to fall in love!

"All right, sweetheart," Rand Tremaine had said, when the news had come of his being in Paris. "We'll meet him there. We'll invite him to supper at the Nightingale Gardens—or whatever you wish. Order any gown you want!"

"You're rather wonderful about it, Rand," she had said to him.

He had brought her into his arms for just a minute.

"I'm just a gambler, dearest," he had answered her. "It's been a wonderful year. And a bargain's a bargain. I owe you everything you want."

Paris!

The Nightingale Gardens!

The table marked "Reserve."

MR. and Mrs. Tremaine arrived first, Mr. Tremaine in faultless dinner dress, careless, happy-go-lucky eyes, wicked little mustache; Mrs. Tremaine wearing mauve chiffon, simple, long, clinging folds of it, just the color of her eyes. Instantly every man in the room coveted her. Every woman despised her!

And Mr. Sarvis arrived! Stood looking for them expectantly—slightly conscious of his handsome perfection—slightly conscious that every woman coveted him; and every man despised him! Eyes followed him to that most expensive table!

"Carlie!" His eyes devoured her! She presented her husband. With a great deal of laughter, the conversation went on, and Jarod Sarvis watched her as though he couldn't look away from her!

"You may not have heard," Rand Tremaine said, "that Carlie and I are in Paris to arrange a divorce."

Jarod Sarvis was surprised.

"I thought you were supremely happy!"

"Yes," said Rand Tremaine. "After all, isn't that a very good time to decide on a divorce?" He looked at Carlie with that careless amusement in his eyes—"Even Heaven doesn't go on forever, I suppose," he laughed. "Why don't you have this dance—you two?"

Jarod was eager to dance with her!

"I'm just understanding how much I've missed you," he whispered, as they moved away together. "It's been a year! Almost two! I've scarcely seen you since that day you read my fortune in the sand!" He held her closer—closer—"You've changed a lot," he said—"you've grown amazing! You're wonderful!"

He was oblivious to eyes that followed him everywhere. He was aware only of the girl in his arms!

"I'm mad about you," he said. "You've got to come back to Hollywood! You've got to come back—to me!"

Rand Tremaine watched them; knew what Jarod was saying; saw his arms drawing her closer, and closer. Rand Tremaine had kept his bargain. He had made her the kind of woman Jarod Sarvis would love!

They came back to the table. Rand had never seen her so beautiful! Never so much the serene *Marchioness*, the proud little *Virginian*—the flaming dancer!

"Can you spare me the next dance, sweetheart?" Rand asked her, "just for old times sake?" he laughed.

HE carried her across the floor, over rippling water, little streaks of goldfish playing in the light, the music sighing, syncopating—

"Well," he said, "and so he's in love with you already!"

"Yes," she told him. "Funny, isn't it! I was so sure he would say it to me some day!"

"Are you happy?" Rand wanted to know.

She laughed like a little girl and tucked her face against his shoulder.

"I'm so happy I'm afraid to think about it," she said—"I'm afraid I'm still dreaming!"

The young idol, Jarod Sarvis, rich now, and famous, waited impatiently for her to come back; dark, intense eyes watching her, as though already they possessed her!

"So now that you've seen him again," Rand said, his voice trying hard to keep that little note of amusement, a brave disguise for the something else; "now that you've seen him again—you're still in love? Really in love? Clear road to sunrise?"

"Yes," she told him. "Now that I've seen him again—I'm still in love! Terribly in love!"

Forgetful of everyone, her lips were suddenly close to his.

"Clear road to sunrise," she said—"but with you!"

Hollywood's Age of Fear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

years in this country, had \$50,000 in government bonds. She must have three times that amount today.

Her money is still in government bonds and savings accounts. Her career has lasted long enough to protect her.

ON the other hand, Blanche Sweet's didn't. She married—reputedly married money. Many Hollywood girls are forced into similar marriages.

And when you talk with them today—the stars of yesterday—of what do they talk? Of yesterday! Although they may only be in their low thirties.

WHAT SHALL I INSTRUCT MY PRESS-AGENT? SHALL I TRY TO BECOME A FRONT PAGE PERSONALITY?

Gloria Swanson says, "Front page personalities are born, not made. When certain personalities walk across the street they are news; others can commit murder without making the headlines. Barbara La Marr was front page. So was Pola Negri. I guess I am, too."

A front page personality is fine while one is climbing, but when one reaches the top it becomes dangerous. Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle, Barbara La Marr, Norma Talmadge, John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Estelle Taylor, Joan Crawford and Clara Bow are examples.

Clara has never hired a press-agent. She would need one only to keep her name out of print, not in it. Clara's greatest fear has been her first page personality.

Sue Carol is a created personality. A press-agent's campaign did it. Alice White and Olive Borden are others, and, more recently, Marlene Dietrich. Marlene is already at the stage of exasperation where she bursts into tears if an interviewer even questions her about Greta Garbo. But Marlene's place in pictures has been made, and comparisons with any other actress are unnecessary.

SHALL I PLAY POLITICS WITH THE PRODUCERS FOR THE SAKE OF GETTING BETTER PICTURES, OF HAVING A CHANCE TO HELP CHOOSE MY STORY, MY CAST, MY DIRECTOR?

"Before you are a star it is somebody else's worry if the picture doesn't make money," Joan Crawford tells us. "Afterwards it is your fault. The story may be bad to begin with, but it is Joan Crawford's picture which is bad. The director may be terrible, but it is Joan Crawford's picture which is terrible. The leading man's performance may spoil the show, but it is still Joan Crawford's picture which he ruins."

"Before I became a star it wasn't my responsibility. If my part was well done that was all. When you become a star you reach the age of fear."

Norma Shearer is a fine actress, but she is also a shrewd politician. She has the best

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(See page 62 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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casts, photography and directors for her pictures. There is no denying that being the wife of Irving Thalberg has a lot to do with that. If she were his wife without her ability she couldn't make good pictures, but being his wife with her ability helps her to make better pictures.

Ruth Chatterton is another politician. Although it is not written in her contract, she has been in every story conference on her productions, had a few words to say about her directors, many about her cast. When she could not afford it financially she bought a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and set out to entertain her producers. Not because they would reward her for entertaining, but so they would know her personality, realize her ability and benefit by it. The result: success, a new contract for a million and three quarters and certain control of her pictures.

SHALL I ACCEPT INVITATIONS AND BECOME SOCIALLY PROMINENT, OR SHALL I REFUSE AND REMAIN A RECLUSE, LIVING LIFE IN A SIMPLE MANNER?

Ivan Lebedeff has kept his place in the Hollywood limelight and probably his contract at Radio Pictures through the dress suit manner. He is far from the top yet, but if he reaches it he will have to give his dinner clothes much credit. There is no chance of his being forgotten by producers or those who may help him.

Lew Cody had a host of friends. When he was hunting for jobs many forgot, but one

whom he knew socially, Gloria Swanson, remembered and helped him back to health.

The social fear works both ways. To become a recluse may hurt; to become too popular may hurt. But it's a definite fear that comes with success.

IF I BEGIN TO SLIP AS A STAR SHALL I MAKE AN EFFORT TO GET INTO CHARACTER RÔLES?

An important question as well as a well-defined fear. If Mary Pickford finds herself no longer the "sweetheart," shall she play mothers? Will the public laugh, sympathize or admire?

Seven years ago Irene Rich was starred in "Lucretia Lombard" at Warners. Norma Shearer had a small part in the picture. Today "Strangers May Kiss" stars Norma Shearer. Irene Rich has one good scene in the picture. Seven years ago Irene was receiving \$3,600 weekly. Today she gets \$1,750. Irene says:

"WHEN I was playing in 'The Mad Parade,' James Flood was on the set. He was speaking of Evelyn Brent's part. He said, 'Irene, what a part that would have been for you ten years ago.' He couldn't know how that hurt.

"Being a star in a picture is like being a patient in the operating room. You are the focus of attention. The doctors, the nurses, everyone thinks only of you. On the set the electricians, the cameramen, the director are



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No Mickey Mouse!

the doctors and nurses. They think only of you.

"When you have been a star and then come on the set not a star you have the strangest feeling. No one dashing over to you to place a chair or get you a drink of water.

"If you are wise you will conquer the horrible fears which harass you. I turned to vaudeville to conquer them and now I am glad I had that stardom once, the memories that go with it."

IF I DECIDE TO BECOME A CHARACTER ACTOR WHAT FEAR WILL BE THE GREATEST THEN—OR WILL THE FEARS BE OVER?

Edmund Breeze, a leading man on the stage for many years before becoming a character actor in pictures, says: "You will have one fear; the cutter. No matter what a fight you make to give a good performance it all rests with the cutter. The younger element will be played up in most successful stories. Take 'Kismet.' I read the reviews. I was all excited about what they said of me. I went to see it. What I considered my best part wasn't there, but for the good of the picture it was probably better on the cutting-room floor. But it is a fear that never leaves the character actor."

There are other fears. Many of them. Fears of parenthood. Norma Shearer never stopped studying languages or voice before Irving, Jr., was born.

She had to keep in form so if the baby hurt her at the box office she'd be an even better actress. It hasn't hurt Norma. It did hurt Leatrice Joy.

FEAR of lines, beauty, fat, heart trouble from over strenuous work, illness from wrong foods haunt the stars. And always the fear of unlooked for circumstances. Estelle Taylor was splendid in "Don Juan." She collected \$1,500 a week for one year; \$2,000 a week for six months more from United Artists, and never made another picture under their banner. The United Artists stars at that time thought the wife of Jack Dempsey meant bad publicity for United Artists. Her fear of being known professionally as Mrs. Jack Dempsey rather than Estelle Taylor still lingers.

We do not need to point out the pathos of the Age of Fear which comes to Hollywood's successful.

July Birthdays

July 8—Eugene Pallette
 July 10—Lily Damita
 July 10—John Gilbert
 July 10—Joan Marsh
 July 11—Sally Blane
 July 12—Jean Hersholt
 July 13—Sidney Blackmer
 July 14—Olive Borden
 July 15—Raymond Hackett
 July 16—Barbara Stanwyck
 July 18—Richard Dix
 July 18—Lupe Velez
 July 21—Hoot Gibson
 July 21—Ken Maynard
 July 21—Lenore Ulric
 July 22—Phillips Holmes
 July 23—Aileen Pringle
 July 25—Philippe De Lacy
 July 25—Lila Lee
 July 25—Alice White
 July 26—Charles Butterworth
 July 26—Emil Jannings
 July 27—Lawrence Gray
 July 27—Natalie Moorhead
 July 28—Joe E. Brown
 July 28—Skeets Gallagher
 July 29—Clara Bow
 July 29—William Powell
 July 29—Thelma Todd

Would you be content with a homely husband—if homeliness made his love more intense? Rupert Hughes upsets all your ideas of romance in *July Cosmopolitan*, now on sale.



Are some women born to betray men who love them? Fannie Hurst seems to think so—in *July Cosmopolitan*.



Do you know what exercise will do to give you health and an enviable physique? Johnny Weissmuller—an ill, emaciated youngster—became the world's fastest swimmer—and a perfect specimen of health. Some member of your family may benefit by Steve Hannagan's story in *July Cosmopolitan* of how Johnny swam to health.

July *Hearst's International*
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

RENEGADES—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (Jan.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

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

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

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (Jan.)

SEA LEGS—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (Jan.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

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

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (Jan.)

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

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

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

SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (Jan.)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (Jan.)

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

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skilful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **SOUTHERNER, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lillian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (Jan.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tenses drama and perfection in photography. (March)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

• **TWO WORLDS**—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (Jan.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAR NURSE—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (Jan.)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

WHITE THUNDER—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March)

WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (Jan.)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

WILD WEST WHOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (Jan.)

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SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

SUSPENSE—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (Jan.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

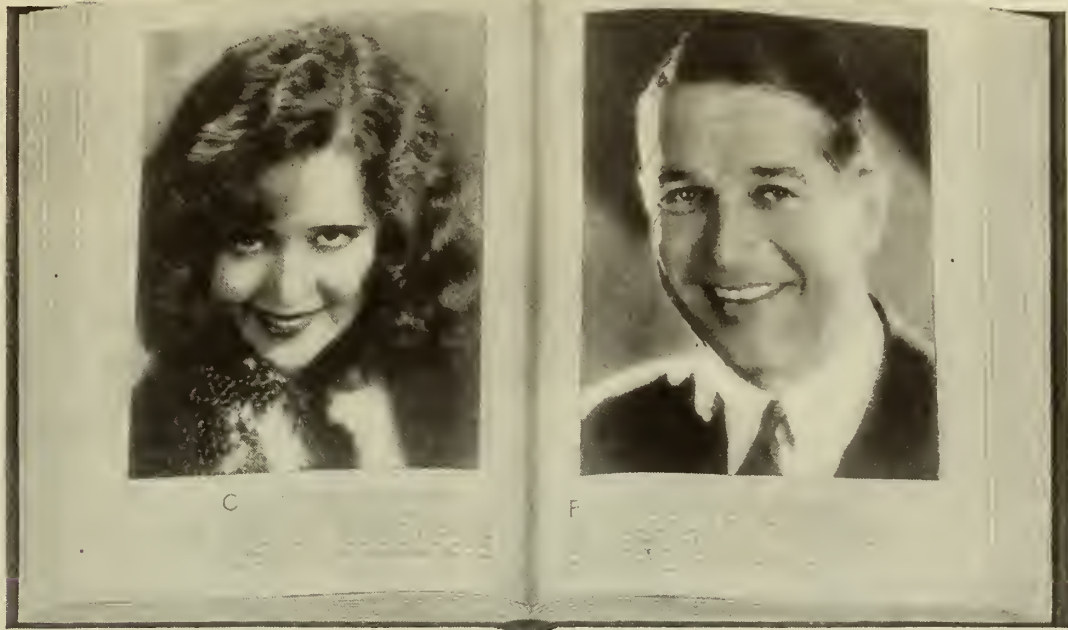
★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (Jan.)

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Those Amazing Bennett Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

one of the screen miracles of all time. There are, to be frank, thousands of movie fans who don't think she's worth \$30 a week, much less the \$30,000—but Warners are satisfied that they've made a good bargain. So, by the way, is Bennett Senior.

"I'm ready to bet you, big as the pay is, that it's one of the best bargains the Warners ever made," boasts Papa Bennett, "because in all her financial dealings—and they've been smarter than I could ever have done myself—Constance has never cheated. She's always given back 110 cents on every dollar she's been paid."

THERE have been suspicions, openly voiced, that Richard Bennett was the brains behind the foxy financing of Constance Bennett. It has been guessed that out of his thirty years of dealings with stage and screen producers, he gave Constance the keen advice that has brought her to the top as one of the highest-paid stars of today. It has been assumed that in every negotiation she undertakes, Richard Bennett lurks in the background, whispering in her pretty ears when to say yes and when to say no.

But Papa Bennett says that's all hokey! "She's smarter than I am right now," he says, "and I'd be a fool father to try to advise her. Instead, I'd rather take her advice.

"Why," he goes on, "I learned my lesson with the very first screen job she took. She *did* ask my advice then—and I gave her a figure to ask for. She went to Hollywood and by the time she was done dealing, she'd gotten just *twice* what I told her to get. So I've kept my mouth shut since then."

And how, you ask him, does he account for the amazing financial sagacity of this yellow-haired child of his?

"Her mind just clicks that way," he says. "There's no giving a specific reason for it. All I can tell you is this—that her mother and I brought her and the other girls up to take on the world and demand from it what they wanted.

"Aim them? We aimed them at nothing. But we prepared them, as best we could, for anything—to be the wives of kings or of hod-carriers.

"We gave them everything we could. We taught them the world as far as we could—and then told them:

"Go out and demand your due."

THE story of the rearing of the Bennett girls has been told and retold so often that there's no need of going into detail again. They were educated to the limit—here and abroad, in the finest of schools.

They learned sophistication that was real, not synthetic.

They traveled the world over as children. They met people of every station in life—the humblest and the blue-bloodedest.

"I'm their father—I've been an actor, I've been a bartender, a prize-fighter, tailor, gambler, medicine-show spieler—soldier of fortune, bad as often as good. I've seen a lot of life and of the world—and that's gone into my daughters, too. As for their talent—well, behind me are seven generations of ministers of the gospel.

"On their mother's side, they go back to the Wodins in Wales—gypsy roamer actors, who played every sort of part in every sort of thing. From their mother and father, my daughters have inherited their talent—and the charm of their mother. Their father is a great actor—their mother was a greater actress! Heredity—it all went to build up a great psychology of talent, stored up in their subconscious entities a fund of ability and knowledge to use when the occasion demanded,

and you can't put your finger on whence it came.

"It's like breeding race-horses—thoroughbreds. The mare may have one bad colt, but the strain is there."

He told how Constance and Barbara at twelve knew a half dozen of Shakespeare's heroes as intimate playmates. He told of their childhood days, the stories that have been told often before of how the youngsters stood in the wings and watched their father act in his greatest successes. No need to repeat it all again.

CONDENSE it into this—the Bennett sisters' talent is part heredity, part the absorption of the theater in their childhood. They came by it, at any rate, naturally.

But they weren't aimed for theatrical careers.

"I don't think their mother ever wanted them to be of the stage," says their father. "But you couldn't stop them. It was in them."

They tried matrimony—Constance and Joan.

Both failed at it. They tried acting, Constance and Joan.

Both have succeeded at it.

"Of course, they'll never be wives," says Richard, their father, the one who knows them.

"They may marry again—probably will, but they'll never be successes at it. Their careers are their great loves."

Constance, you know, has been married and divorced twice already. The first time was a before-twenty affair.

She married a lad named Chester Moorehead, at the University of Virginia. The Bennett parents had it annulled.

Next, she married Phil Plant, millionaire. That failed.

By the divorce, Constance got a million dollars. She hasn't touched it. She is making her million herself.

Joan's marital career was equally a flop. When she was seventeen, in London, she married Johnny Fox, son of a millionaire Seattle lumberman. Two years later they were divorced. Their daughter—a lovely child—is with Joan.

"Say—you ought to see that kid!" says Grandpa Richard Bennett. "She's being brought up in the same manner as the Bennett girls were. Perhaps, in her time, she'll be another of the amazing Bennetts—star, perhaps, of television or whatever by that era has replaced pictures. Maybe she'll be getting a half million a week to star over the ether, while her mother, Joan, plays a supporting rôle at one-twentieth that figure! Imagine it out for yourself, if you like to play with thoughts like that."

But to get back to the Bennett girls and their hearts. Divorcees now, they shy from the altar. Not from love—they are intense women.

There's no secret about Constance and the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, divorced hubby of Gloria Swanson.

CONNIE and the Marquis are "like that"—hold up those two fingers again—as this is written. True, Joel McCrea, that ruggedly handsome young leading man, has been squiring Constance about Hollywood now and then.

"But what of that?" asks Henri de la Falaise. "Joel and I are the best of friends. It is just that I am working hard, and have not so much time. If he can take Constance out, why should she not go? There is no quarrel between Constance and me."

Nor is there talk of marriage.

Joan?—Joan and John Considine—hold up the two fingers once more!—have been “that way” for many, many months. True, John, who is one of the executives at Fox where Joan has that long-term contract, goes about places with vivid Carmen Pantages, too. And there have even been tales of bitter developments over the triangular situation.

But marriage? Why—only a short while ago, Considine himself poo-pooed the idea of marriage.

“THEY’LL never be wives—their career is their love,” is the way their father puts it, about Joan and Constance, you see.

And so there we are—the Bennetts.

Richard—thirty years a star in his own name, now content, even proud, to be playing

a minor rôle in support of one of his daughters, Constance.

Constance has been a star, yet even now a star known to innumerable more people than her dad, and drawing down twenty times what he’s getting. Adroit actress, intensely smart business woman, doubly ex-wife, sophisticate, envied by millions of other women.

Joan—looking like a high school girl, and yet a mother; star in her own right at a salary that bank presidents never get; brilliant actress destined for even greater heights.

And Barbara—the “odd” one of the Bennett sisters—happy at being just Mrs. Morton Downey, and utterly unenvious of her sisters.

All four of them—living in separate houses, yet close as that—(up with the four fingers)! Amazing family, what . . . ?



Not a wave in sight—but Frances Dee and Wynne Gibson are being very nautical! Both wear the white gob trousers that are so popular this Summer. Each with a different idea about the top part of her costume, however. Frances chooses a short-sleeved, striped sweater like that of a Basque fisherman. Wynne gets striking color contrast by bright colored lacings on her white shirt

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

"Producers are busy men," Sol Sluffin insisted. "You can't expect them to read over ten or eleven pages."

"I hardly see how I could do the story justice in ten pages," Hector explained. "It would be formless and characterless; there would be no atmosphere, no verisimilitude."

Sol Sluffin's eyebrows jerked upward again and his chins vibrated. A faint pink suffused his eye-sockets. "Say," he said promptly, "have you talked to many producers?"

"No, I haven't, Mr. Sluffin."
"If you can talk like that," Sluffin said, "none of these guys would understand you. Maybe you could get by as a genius, I don't know."

Hector wet his lips again.
"Anyway," Sluffin snapped. "I'll take you on, Hector. I'll see what I can do with this story. It's goin' to be a hard one to sell, but if anybody in the world can sell it, I can."

"I hope so," Hector nodded.
"How much do you want for it?"
"I was asking five thousand . . ."

"What!" Sluffin exploded. "Five thousand! You were askin' five thousand?" His voice trailed off in laughter; scornful laughter. "No wonder they wouldn't buy it! If the guy that wrote it says it's only worth five thousand, it certainly ain't good enough to make no picture out of!"

"I'm not very well known," Hector began to explain, "I want to be fair with these people."

"FAIR with 'em! Listen, they don't respect anybody that's fair with 'em. You got to get all the dough in sight. They don't know nothin' about stories. A thing is just as good as the price they pay for it. It took me quite a while to learn that, but it's what made me the success I am. I'll have to change this story around a little bit," he added importantly. "But you go on and you'll hear from me perhaps in a week or so. In the meantime, what's your address and telephone number? Sometimes these things break quick. I might get you set on a job at one of the studios at a salary."

"I'd like that very well," Hector agreed.
"I suppose you'd work for just about nothing, wouldn't you?"
"Well, I'd like . . ."

"Suppose I pick up two hundred and fifty a week for you to start. How's that?"

Hector wet his lips again and looked doubtful.

Sluffin laughed.
"All right," he said. "I won't start with any chicken-feed money like that. I'll ask five hundred an' see where we get."

Hector nodded mutely, looked longingly at the unrolled manuscript into which he had poured his very soul, and left Mr. Sluffin to his own devices.

Hector, having manufactured "The Old Mill," had limitless faith in it. He had dealt purposely with the fundamentals of life. It was a homely yarn and a gentle one. It did not drip sentiment nor was it soggy with spurious emotional reaction. But it was warm, and sure-moving and in its finish, intensely dramatic. It would not, he assured himself, be an expensive picture to produce because the story was laid in rural scenery.

But his one hope now was that Sol Sluffin, who struck him as a man utterly devoid of literary sense, might possess sufficient business acumen to overpower the habitual resistance of producers and so bring into being a chance for "The Old Mill."

* * * *

FOUR days after his first conference with Sol Sluffin, Hector, to his infinite delight, received a telephone summons from the man's

secretary. He went post-haste to the Sluffin offices.

"Well, Hector," Sluffin grinned over vibrating chins, "you come to the right guy, I guess."

"That so?" Hector queried, breathlessly. "You haven't sold 'The Old Mill,' have you, Mr. Sluffin?"

"'The Old Mill?'" Sol asked in puzzled tones. "Let me see now. 'The Old Mill' . . ."

"Why, yes, the story I left with you. 'The Old Mill' . . . That's the name of it."

"Did you leave me a story, Hector?"

HECTOR moistened his lips and looked at the man in stupefaction. "Why of course I did, Mr. Sluffin . . . Maybe there's some mistake . . . Maybe you really don't want to see me after all . . ." Once again that abysmal disappointment rose and contaminated the lad's voice.

Sol Sluffin began to laugh. "Don't get scared, kid. I want to see you all right. I just forgot the story for a minute. But I remember it now," he hastened to add. "Yeah, I remember 'The Old Mill' . . . My God, kid, that's a lousy story!"

Hector wet his lips again and his eyes widened.

"Honest," Sol went on. "That's putrid, that yarn."

"I cannot agree with you," Hector insisted. "I'm an author, Mr. Sluffin, and at least you're not that."

"No," Sluffin nodded, "thank God, I ain't, kid. But you needn't get hoppy because I pan your opus."

"I'm not hoppy at anything you do," Hector said spiritedly. "But I know that 'The Old Mill' is not a lousy story."

"The picture racket is a thing unto itself, Hector. Out here in Hollywood, we're different. We know what we want and we know how to get it."

"Then," Hector shrugged hopelessly, "I'm afraid Hollywood is no place for me."

"On the contrary," Sol cut in. "It's exactly the place for you. You're goin' to be here for the next six months. Looka here."

He reached into a pile of papers and expertly drew forth a contract. This he spread out grandiloquently for Hector to read. The young author took the instrument and walked over to the window. There he stood and read his immediate future. He had been signed by the very studio which had rejected his story, "The Old Mill," at a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars per week to run currently for six months.

When he read this startling good news, he looked up at Sol Sluffin appreciatively.

SOL grinned at him.
"I guess I ain't so bad at that, am I, Hector? It never hurt nobody to come and see Sol Sluffin, did it?"

"This certainly is welcome news, Mr. Sluffin," Hector said. His resentment towards studios and agents generally, melted quickly under the influence of this sudden good fortune.

"You take your cues from me, kid," Sluffin grunted. "You're just gettin' started. I'm the little angle expert of Hollywood, Hector. You hitch your wagon to my star, baby, and you'll ride high, wide an' handsome."

"Of course I will," Hector nodded eagerly.

Sol laughed again and scrawled his signature across the bottom of the contract he had prepared for Hector to sign with him. Hector read this and in turn put his signature thereupon.

"You'll report next Monday at the studio," Sol nodded. "Keep your mouth shut. Don't do much talkin' without you consult me.

Another thing," he added as an afterthought, "if you happen to write any originals, be sure to turn 'em over to me first."

HECTOR was given a comfortable office in the Scenario Department of the big studio. There was none to watch over him and check his time. In fact, throughout the first week of his employment, he was dubious as to its authenticity or actuality. When he presented himself at the cashier's window of the Sluffin agency, however, he was promptly paid his four hundred and fifty dollars. For this sum of money he had done absolutely nothing except stroll around the lot and sit in his office smoking cigarettes.

The second week, however, brought him some action. He was summoned to the office of the Associate Producer and told to work on a story to fit a certain actress. In a series of sentences which left Hector in complete confusion as to what was desired, the Associate Producer explained the sort of story which they thought they wanted.

Hector returned to his office, sharpened innumerable pencils, scrawled across innumerable pages of blank note paper and in the course of an hour and a half filled his wastebasket. Disconsolate and heavy of heart, he left the office to roam about the lot. No one objected when he passed through a stage door onto a set. The confusion about the place and the trapping of wire and lights attracted him.

He paused to regard the scene with perhaps an undue interest. Shortly he discovered another man at his side. The fellow had a dark, flowing tie; the hair over his ears was too long and his shirt was dirty. To this man Hector confided his problem.

"Don't I know it?" the experienced writer laughed. "You're not givin' me any news, kid. That Associate Producer is a yes man for the boss. He wouldn't tell you anything definite if he could. If I were you, I'd dig out

all the old films this dame has been in. I'd get a projection room and have them run. I'd look at them all and kinda meld them together like they were a pinochle hand. That gives you the advantage of writing something they liked once, anyway."

Hector, who was creative by instinct, shuddered at the very thought of such procedure.

"But I've waited so long," he protested, "to contact with these studios that I want to do something really worthwhile."

"The only worthwhile thing you can do on this lot," the experienced writer snapped, "is shut up. Keep out of sight except on pay day. Sometimes, of course, you're bound to get called into a conference. But when that happens just say yes to everything the boss says. That's Hollywood success, kid."

Hector prepared two or three outlines of a scenario, but each time he recalled the fate of "The Old Mill" and tried to avoid anything that was original or constructive.

During the fourth week, with great temerity, he perfected a scenario which he thought might do.

This he had typed out carefully and armed with a manuscript ten pages long, he went to the Associate Producer's secretary and asked for an appointment.

"I'LL be glad to arrange it for you, Mr. Hector, just as soon as I can," the young lady promised. "Of course, the boss is terribly piled up now with that new story for the little redhead."

Hector instantly recognized in the little redhead the actress for whom he had been striving to perfect a story.

"A new story for her?" he gasped. "You mean they've decided on a story to make into her next picture?"

"Oh, yes. They've got a wonderful story," the young lady nodded vehemently. "The big boss himself dug it up somewhere. The whole

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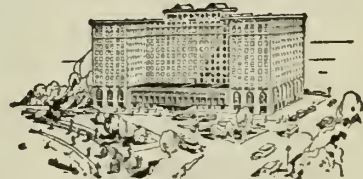
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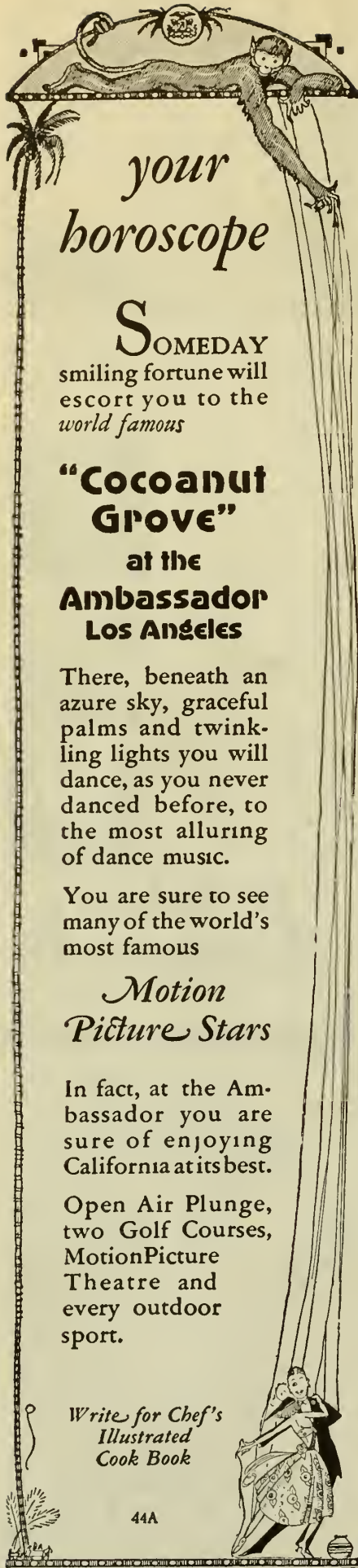
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44A

lot is excited about it. I'm surprised that you haven't heard of it."

"Why, they asked me just a short time ago to write a story for her next picture," Hector said.

"Yes, they asked three or four of the boys to write one. But they didn't seem to be getting the results they wanted. Then, out of a clear sky, the big chief uncovered this masterpiece. He does that right along . . . discovers masterpieces!"

HECTOR returned to his office and to avoid insanity, laughed.

Long and loud, he laughed. Late that afternoon, Sol Sluffin called him on the telephone and summoned him immediately to the Sluffin suite of offices. There, in Sol's private office, Hector was greeted gustily by the agent himself.

"Comb this out of your beard, Hector!" Sol exploded. As he spoke, he held forth a check payable to Hector's demand. It was for ten thousand dollars.

"See?" The fat agent grunted. "You thought I'd forgot 'The Old Mill,' eh? Well, that's how much I forgot it, kid! I sold it. Ten grand net to you. Contact. That's the thing. Of course, pictures is a racket. Everything is havin' the right angle. Here, shove this ten grand in your kick an' go home happy. In the meantime, sign these papers. That's all we ask of you."

In something of a daze, Hector signed the papers and took the check.

"Now, don't forget," Sol insisted during these formalities, "now and then when you feel like writin' somethin', write it out just like you did 'The Old Mill.' Don't say nothin' to nobody. Just bring the manuscript to me, Hector. Savvy?"

"Yes," Hector nodded. "All right, Mr. Sluffin. I'll certainly do that. By the way, I got a pretty good idea for a picture right now . . ."

"Well, what the hell do you put it on ice for?" Sol snapped. "Why don't you write it up and bring it in here? Just keep a zipper on your kisser, that's all, Hector. Say nothin' to nobody. Write the stuff an' bring it to me. Boy, I'm the little angler in this town. You hitch your wagon to my star, an' you'll ride high, wide and handsome!"

WHEN Hector got back to his office, the Hollywood sun was sinking toward the hills of Beverly. There was a note on his desk, however, which indicated that the producer himself had called Hector's office and wanted Hector to communicate at once with his secretary.

Hector, with a ten thousand dollar check in his pocket and a contract for four hundred and fifty a week, suddenly had come to know a surprising independence. With a certain

firmness of tone, he called the secretary and was requested to come at once to the producer's office.

Once there, he waited nearly an hour before the magic gate opened unto him. The producer smiled upon him benevolently; warmly shook him by the hand.

"Hector," he said, "I got a job for you. It's a big job but I think you can do it fine for me."

"I'll be very glad to try, sir," Hector nodded.

"Well, I want some dialogue for a new story. I just bought this story for the little redhead. Take it from me, Hector, it's a classic. It's dynamite. If you give me a good set of dialogue for this picture, who can tell? You may soon be famous yourself!"

"I'll certainly do my best, sir," Hector promised.

"IT'S a big starring vehicle, this one is," the producer said. "It's exactly the kind of thing we need to put that little redhead back where she belongs. This is a fundamental thing. It's got all the qualities of greatness, like Shakespeare had it. It's epic." He turned to his beautiful desk and lifted from it a manuscript.

"I want you," he said, "to take this home tonight, Hector, and read it over very carefully. Get all the power there is in it. Insert yourself, like, into the atmosphere of it. Get saturated, boy; get saturated with the story. Look the thing over for three or four days. Then start on the dialogue."

"Very well, sir," Hector nodded. He accepted the rolled manuscript.

"This is a big job I'm givin' you, Hector," the producer rattled along. "We paid heavy dough for this story. It's real road show stuff. I paid fifty thousand dollars for the story alone! Think of that! Fifty thousand dollars just for the story. And it ain't a very long one either."

"I'll do my very best, sir," Hector promised. Some of the producer's enthusiasm was gripping him.

"See me in two or three days now," the producer repeated. "Get yourself full of this thing. Between us, we'll do this job up fine. Maybe if you should do a very good job, I could give you twenty-five hundred or three thousand bonus on your salary."

"I THANK you very much," Hector said, somewhat overwhelmed by the inexplicable filling of his coffers on this, his lucky day.

"And don't talk about this yarn outside, Hector," the producer admonished. "Other studios'll steal anything they hear that's as good as this is. Use your brains, understand? Keep everything quiet."

"I promise faithfully I'll do that," Hector assured the man.

Hector had a little Ford with which he

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transported himself about Hollywood and he had this parked in a space a block or so from the studio. Toward this space he now turned his way.

The hills of Beverly in the west had assumed their robes of royal purple in the dying day. He looked upon this magic with a new understanding and appreciation. Nature had brewed in the mountain pools lavenders and pinks and reds and purples which caught and enthralled his eye.

THE world about him was suddenly beautiful commensurately with the prosperity it had so unexpectedly given him.

He drove the little Ford home in a happy frame of mind.

It occurred to him that perhaps, now that things had so changed for him, he could buy a car such as stars drove.

His little two-room apartment struck him suddenly as tawdry for one of his new position. It would be inconsistent, he thought, for one as successful as himself to entertain contemporaries there.

He must get larger quarters.

Before he went out to dinner, he unrolled the manuscript which the producer had given him and settled himself in his easy chair for a first cursory reading of the yarn. As it spread open before him he saw, blue-penciled across its first page: "This is a lousy title. It will have to be changed."

Accordingly, he glanced at the title. It was "The Old Mill."

Hector sat erect as though electrified. Fifty thousand dollars, the producer had said. And in his pocket reposed a check for but ten!

Sol Sluffin had come into his life on the recommendation of an associate producer, at the very company which first had rejected his story for five thousand dollars and later bought it for fifty thousand!

For a brief moment, Hector's ire was roused to fever heat. He was on the point of snatching his cap and starting after Sol Sluffin. Then he sobered. Calmer thought came to him, and more understanding.

After all, Sluffin had been his contact, and contact was the thing a Hollywood writer needed.

Why, when he would have been happy to sell "The Old Mill" for five thousand dollars, should he now fly into a rage because it had sold for ten?

Sol's words came to him; Sol, who knew the racket and was the great angler.

"Contact, that's the thing. Everything is angles, an' I'm the best little angler in Hollywood."

DIMLY, Hector realized that between the amount paid by the studio and the amount he received, there was forty thousand dollars with which to play. Men big enough in the motion picture business to bask in such profits were, he thought, big enough to string along with himself. Without contact, he had never made any money. With contact, he was already thousands of dollars to the good. So he dropped back into his comfortable chair again and looked upon the manuscript. He burst into wholesome laughter once more, dropped his head against the wing of the comfortable chair and muttered:

"Boy, it's a racket! It's a racket!"

Outdoor Women

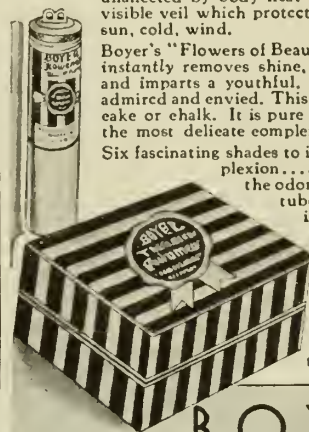


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Last Call for Your Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

his advice. Remember that he asked for modern-day stories laid in American settings, stories that throw with the romance and glamour of today.

Forget heavy costume plays and stories with historical backgrounds. Stories of that kind can be procured all too easily from other sources.

It is stories written around the romance and modern-day problems you, yourself, are familiar with that are wanted.

TAKE the case of several recent pictures. "The Millionaire," George Arliss' latest triumph, is built around a moving, human, modern-day theme, with an American background.

"My Past" was ultra-smart, ultra-modern everyday life, and "The Public Enemy" caught the spirit of one of the most exciting, as well as one of the most serious, phases of current American life.

Life never moved so swiftly, so tensely, so dramatically as it does today. In our own lifetimes we have seen revolutionary movements and inventions that have changed the daily habits and thoughts of the world.

Skyscrapers, airplanes, radio and television have come along to turn things upside down. Trans-Atlantic flights, dazzling speed records on land and water have shot the tempo of modern life up to a feverish, rapid-fire pitch. Present day life is an ever-changing panorama, and the ideas it offers for stories are unlimited.

In telling your story try to capture some of this broad horizon. Keep clear of the narrow confines of personal prejudices, theories or religious beliefs. Make your story of wide appeal and interest, for remember that a good film production must appeal to all classes of people.

The title "Beauty and the Boss" already suggests a definite idea, and Marian Marsh and

David Manners, who have been selected for the leading rôles, give you definite character types. And that \$2,000 check waiting for the successful story gives you a definite incentive.

Before writing or submitting your story, read the rules of the contest carefully. They will be found on another page of this issue, together with the coupon that must be attached to each manuscript submitted. It is important that you read the rules and attach this coupon to your story. A lot of unnecessary correspondence has already come in from readers because they neglected to read the rules.

They are simple and complete and easy to understand. They answer all the questions you might have to ask.

And now get busy. While you still have plenty of time, don't put it off too long. Midnight of July 15 marks the close of the contest, and, in accordance with the rules, no stories received after that time will be eligible for the \$2,000 prizes.

THERE are no exceptions to the rules in any PHOTOPLAY contest. Every contestant receives exactly the same consideration, and PHOTOPLAY's reputation for fairness and honesty assures every contestant of exactly the same treatment.

The manuscripts already received are locked up in special steel files with special locks procured purposely for this contest. Every one of them will be read completely and carefully by the judges, and the judges alone. As soon as possible after the contest ends the decisions of the judges will be announced.

Any other questions you may have about the contest you can answer yourself by carefully reading the rules.

Don't neglect to do this, for a thorough understanding of the rules may save you from disappointment.

Read them and get to work and become one of the lucky winners!

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE"—FOX.—From the play "Good Gracious Annabelle" by Clare Kummer. Screen play by Leon Gordon. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: *John Rawson*, Victor McLaglen; *Annabelle Leigh*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Roland Wimbledon*, Roland Young; *James Ludgate*, Sam Hardy; *Wickham*, William Collier, Sr.; *Lottie*, Ruth Warren; *Mabel*, Joyce Compton; *Dora*, Sally Blane; *Archie*, George Andre Beranger; *Gosling*, Walter Walker; *McFadden*, Ernest Wood; *Bolson*, Jed Prouty; *Summers*, Hank Mann; *Asst. Hotel Manager*, Wilbur Mack; *Ruby*, Louise Beaver.

"ALWAYS GOODBYE"—FOX.—From the story by Kate McLaurin. Continuity by Lynn Starling. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Lila*, Elissa Landi; *Graham*, Lewis Stone; *Reginald*, Paul Cavanagh; *Cyril*, John Garrick; *Landlady*, Beryl Mercer; *Sir George Boomer*, Frederick Kerr; *Merson*, Herbert Bunston; *Blake*, Lumsden Hare.

"CAPTAIN THUNDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Hal Davitt and Pierre Couderc. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *El Capitan Thunder*, Victor Varconi; *Ynez Dominguez*, Fay Wray; *El Comandante Ruiz*, Charles Judels; *Juan Sebastien*, Don Alvarado; *Pete Morgan*, Robert Elliott; *Bonita Salazar*, Natalie Moorhead; *Pablo*, Bert Roach; *Hank Riley*, Frank Campeau; *Don Miguel Salazar*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Pedro Dominguez*, John Sainpolis.

"CHANCES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Alan Dwan. The cast: *Jack Ingleside*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Tom Ingleside*, Anthony Bushell; *Molly Prescott*, Rose Hobart; *Mrs. Marian Marsh*; *Karimsky*, Charles Butterworth; *Bartag*, Andre Luget; *Serge*, Luis Albers; *Fedor*, Donald Cook; *Preskoya*, Carmel Myers; *Fedor*, as a boy, Frankie Darro; *The Father*, Boris Karloff; *Olga*, Mae Madison; *Katasha*, Barbara Leonard.

"DADDY LONG LEGS"—FOX.—From the novel and play by Jean Webster. Adapted by Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Judy Abbott*, Janet Gaynor; *Jervis Pendleton*, Warner Baxter; *Sally*, Una Merkel; *Jimmy*, John Arledge; *Riggs*, Claude Gillingwater; *Wykoff*, Edwin Maxwell; *Mrs. Semple*, Effie Ellsler; *Freddie Perkins*, Kendall MacComas; *Mrs. Pendleton*, Kathlyn Williams; *Mrs. Lippett*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Mrs. Pritchard*, Louise Closser Hale; *Katie*, Martha Lee Sparks; *Gloria*, Sheila Mannors.

"EVERYTHING'S ROSIE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Al Boasberg. Adapted by Tim Whelan. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Dr. J. Dockweiler Droop*, Robert Woolsey; *Rosie*, Anita Louise; *Billy Lowe*, John Darrow; *Mrs. Lowe*, Florence Roberts; *Mr. Lowe*, Frank Beal; *Oberdoff*, Alfred P. James; *Miss Van Dorn*, Lita Chevret; *Sheriff*, Clifford Dempsey.

"FLOOD, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by John Thomas Neville. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Joan Marshall*, Eleanor Boardman; *Danil Bruce*, Monte Blue; *Bruce*, Senior, Frank Sheridan; *Randolph Bannister*, David Newell; *Colonel Marshall*, Wm. V. Mong; *Emily*, Violet Barlowe; *Willy*, Eddie Tamblyn; *Uncle George*, Arthur Hoyt; *Aunt Constance*, Ethel Wales; *Jeff*, Buddy Ray; *Oil Skins*, Ethan Allen.

"FREE SOUL, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Adapted by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Jan Ashe*, Norma Shearer; *Dwight Winthrop*, Leslie Howard; *Stephen Ashe*, Lionel Barrymore; *Ace Wilfong*, Clark Gable; *Eddie*, James Gleason; *Grandma Ashe*, Lucy Beaumont.

"GOLD DUST GERTIE"—WARNERS.—From the play "The Wife of the Party" by Len D. Hollister. Adapted by William K. Wells and Ray Enright. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Nita*, Winnie Lightner; *Harlan*, Chic Johnson; *Guthrie*, Ole Olsen; *Arnold*, Claude Gillingwater; *Dr. Tate*, Arthur Hoyt; *Capt. Osgood*, George Byron; *Lucille*, Vivienne Oakland; *Mabel*, Dorothy Christy; *Office Secretary*, Virginia Sale; *Pestolozzi*, Charles Judels.

"GOOD BAD GIRL, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Winifred Van Duzer. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Marcia*, Mae Clarke; *Bob Henderson*, James Hall; *Trixie*, Marie Prevost; *Tyler*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Henderson*, Nance O'Neil; *Mr. Henderson*, Edmund Breese; *Donovan*, James Donlan; *Pagano*, Paul Porcasi; *Roach*, Paul Fix; *Moreland*, Wheeler Oakman; *Spike*, George Berliner.

"HIGH STAKES"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Willard Mack. Screen play by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Joe Lennon*, Lowell Sherman; *Dolly Lennon*, Mae Murray; *Richard Lennon*, Edward Martindel; *Anne Cornwall*, Karen Morley; *Louis Desalia*, Leyland Hodgson; *Murray*, the Butler, Charles Coleman; *Mrs. Gregory*, Ethel Levey; *Mr. Gregory*, Phillips Smalley; *Mrs. Hennessey*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Judge Hennessey*, Alan Roscoe.

"JUST A GIGOLO"—M-G-M.—From the play by Alexander Engel and Alfred Grunwald. English adaptation by Frederic and Fanny Hutton. Screen adaptation by Hans Kraly. Richard Schayer and Claudine West. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lord Robert Brummell*, William Haines; *Rosana Hartley*, Irene Purcell; *Lord George Hampton*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Lady Jane Hartley*, Charlotte Granville; *Lady Agatha Carrol*, Lilian Bond; *A French Husband*, Albert Conti; *A French Wife*, Maria Alha; *Freddie*, Ray Milland; *Guenny*, Lenore Bushman; *Tony*, Gerald Fielding; *Pauline*, Yola D'Avril.

"KICK IN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Willard Mack. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Molly Hewes*, Clara Bow; *Chick Hewes*, Regis Toomey; *Charley*, Leslie Fenton; *Myrtle Sylvester*, Wynne Gibson; *Benny La Marr*, James Murray; *Garvey*, Police Commissioner, Donald Crisp; *Whip Fogarty*, Paul Hurst; *Diggs*, Wade Boteler; *Piccadilly Bessie*, Juliette Compton.

"LAWYER'S SECRET, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by James Hilary Finn. Adapted by Lloyd Corrigan and Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Drake Norris*, Clive Brook; *Laurie Roberts*, Charles Rogers; *Joe Hart*, Richard Arlen; *Kay Roberts*, Fay Wray; *Beatrice Stevens*, Jean Arthur; *"The Weasel"*, Francis MacDonald; *"Madame X"*, Harold Goodwin; *"Red"*, Syd Taylor.

"MAD GENIUS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Martin Brown. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander and Harvey Thew. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Tsarakon*, John Barrymore; *Nana*, Marian Marsh; *Karimsky*, Charles Butterworth; *Bartag*, Andre Luget; *Serge*, Luis Albers; *Fedor*, Donald Cook; *Preskoya*, Carmel Myers; *Fedor*, as a boy, Frankie Darro; *The Father*, Boris Karloff; *Olga*, Mae Madison; *Katasha*, Barbara Leonard.

"MAD PARADE, THE"—LIBERTY PROD.—From the story by Doris Malloy and Gertrude Orr. Adapted by Doris Malloy, Gertrude Orr and Henry McCarthy. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Monica*, Evelyn Brent; *Janice*, June Clyde; *Dorothy*, Marcelline Day; *Fanny*, Louise Fazenda; *Lil*, Lilyan Tashman; *Mrs. Schuyler*, Irene Rich; *Snoop*, Fritz Ridgeway; *Rosemary*, Elizabeth Keating; *Bluebell*, Helen Keating.

"6 CYLINDER LOVE"—FOX.—From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by William Conselman and Norman Houston. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Dowoy*, Spencer Tracy; *Monty Winston*, Edward Everett Horton; *Marilyn Sterling*, Sidney Fox; *Richard Burton*, William Collier, Sr.; *Margaret Rogers*, Una Merkel; *Gilbert Sterling*, Lorin Raker; *Stapleton*, William Holden; *Mrs. Burton*, Ruth Warren; *Harold Rogers*, Bert Roach.

"SKY RAIDERS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harvey Gates. Continuity by Harvey Gates. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Bob*, Lloyd Hughes; *Grace*, Marcelline Day; *Willard*, Wheeler Oakman; *Kelley*, Walter Miller; *Jimmy*, Emerson Treacy; *Bradford*, Ed Le Saint; *Pete*, Kit Guard; *Lefty*, Ashley Buck; *Hansen*, Jerome J. Jerome; *Louie*, William H. O'Brien; *Blondy*, Jay Eaton; *Sergeant*, Dick Rush.

"SMART MONEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kubeck Glasmon and John Bright. Adapted by Kubeck Glasmon, John Bright, Lucien Hubbard and Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Nick*, Edward G. Robinson; *Irene*, Evelyn Knapp; *Jack*, James Cagney; *Sleepy Sam*, Ralf Harold; *Sport Williams*, Doris Karloff; *District Attorney*, Morgan Wallace; *District Attorney's Girl*, Margaret Livingston; *Marie*, Noel Francis; *Greek Barber*, Maurice Black; *Hickory Short*, Ben Taggart; *Cigarette Girl*, Gladys Lloyd.

"SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Felix Dorman and Hans Muller. Adapted by Ernst Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Niki*, Maurice Chevalier; *Franzi*, Claudette Colbert; *Anne*, Miriam Hopkins; *King*, George Barbier; *Orderly*, Hugh O'Connell; *Max*, Charlie Ruggles; *Adjutant Von Rockoff*, Robert Strange; *Lily*, Janet Reade; *Emperor*, Con MacSunday; *Baroness Von Schwedel*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Count Von Halden*, Master-Ceremonies, Harry Bradley; *Joseph*, Werner Satorp; *Master Ceremonies (Austrian)*, Karl Stall; *Bill Collector*, Granville Bates.

"SUBWAY EXPRESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Killian*, Jack Holt; *Dale Tracy*, Aileen Pringle; *Kearney*, Fred Kelsey; *Tracy*, Alan Roscoe; *Borden*, Jason Robards; *Stevens*, Sidney Bracy; *Mason*, Selmer Jackson; *Mr. Cotton*, William Humphrey; *Mrs. Cotton*, Ethel Wales; *Mr. Zlotnick*, Max Asher; *Mrs. Zlotnick*, Bertha Blackman; *Mrs. Mullins*, Lillian Leighton; *Mulvaney*, James Goss;

Prize Fighter, Maston Williams; **Sheik**, Robert Linden; **Tony**, Harry Semeles; **Zippe**, Robert St. Angelo; **Motorman**, John Kelly; **Miss Smith**, Dorothy Bay; **Guard**, Bob Nortman; **Flapper**, Sally St. Claire; **Mrs. Delaney**, Mary Gordon; **Sydney**, Earl Seid; **Thomas**, Ginger Condey.

"TEXAS RANGER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon. Adapted by Forrest Sheldon. Directed by Ross Lederman. The cast: **Jim Logan**, Buck Jones; **Helen Clayton**, Carmelita Geraghty; **Matt Taylor**, Harry Woods; **Nevada**, Ed Brady; **High Pockets**, Nelson McDowell; **Tubby**, Billy Bletcher; **Lynn**, Harry Todd; **Breed**, Budd Fine; **Mr. Clayton**, Bert Woodruff; **Lanning**, Edward Peil, Sr.

"THIS MODERN AGE"—M-G-M.—From the story "Girls Together" by Mildred Cram. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: **Valentine**, Joan Crawford; **Bob**, Neil Hamilton; **Diane**, Marjorie Rambeau; **Tony**, Monroe Owsley; **Louise**, Sandra Ravel; **Mr. Blake**, Hobart Bosworth; **Mrs. Blake**, Emma Dunn; **Andre De Graignon**, Armand Kaliz; **Berthe**, Andrienne D'Ambricourt; **Alyce**, Marcelle Corday.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Humphrey Pearson. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: **Ruby**, Evelyn Brent; **Barry**, Frank Albertson; **Ellen**, Constance Cummings; **Ben**, Carl Miller; **Joe**, Spencer Charters; **Hymie**, Hugh Herbert; **Pinkie**, Frank McHugh; **J. C. Wilson**, Purnell Pratt; **Martha**, Dorothy Peterson; **Daisy**, Rita La Roy; **Mabel**, Gwen Lee; **Vera**, Lucille Williams; **Walter**, Tom Francis; **Dan**, Stanley Fields.

"UPPER UNDERWORLD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rowland V. Lee and Donald W. Lee. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: **Jack Bannister**, Walter Huston; **Gloria**, Loretta Young; **Mary Stanton**, Doris Kenyon; **Dick Cheney**, David Manners; **Burroughs**, John Halliday; **Sneed**, Dudley Digges; **Bailey**, Willard Robertson; **Gregory**, Gilbert Emery; **Malcolm Stanton**, Douglas Scott.

"UP POPS THE DEVIL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Adapted by Arthur Kober and Eve Unsell. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: **Biney Hatfield**, Skeets Gallagher; **Stranger**, Stuart Erwin; **Anne Merrick**, Carole Lombard; **Polly Griscom**, Lilyan Tashman; **Steve Merrick**, Norman Foster; **Luella May Carroll**, Joyce Compton; **Gilbert Morrell**, Theodore Von Eltz; **George Kent**, Edward J. Nugent; **Mrs. Kent**, Eulalie Jensen.

"VICESQUAD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: **Major Stephen Lucarno**, Paul Lukas; **Alice Morrison**, Kay Francis; **Magistrate Morrison**, William Davidson; **Madelaine Hunt**, Helen Johnson; **Detective-Sergeant Mather**, Rockcliffe Fallowes; **Josie**, Esther Howard.

"WAITING AT THE CHURCH"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Alfred Jackson and Barney Sarecky. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: **Fred White**, Geoffrey Kerr; **Evelyn**, Mary

Brian; **Howard**, Johnny Hines; **Margy**, Marie Prevost; **Lou**, Joseph Cawthorn.

"WHITE SHOULDERS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: **Norma Selbee**, Mary Astor; **Gordon Kent**, Jack Holt; **Lawrence Marchmont**, Ricardo Cortez; **William Sothorn**, Sidney Toler; **Marie Fontaine**, Kitty Kelly; **Head Waiter**, Nicholas Soussanin.

"WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A"—RKO-PATHÉ.—From the story by John Farrow. Continuity by John Farrow. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: **Elsa**, Helen Twelvetrees; **Karl**, William Bakewell; **Capt. Otto Von Lichstein**, Lew Cody; **Katie**, ZaSu Pitts; **Major Hugh Schmidt**, H. B. Warner; **Captain Muller**, C. Henry Gordon; **Hans**, Franklin Pangborn; **Countess Runyi**, Nance O'Neil; **A General**, George Fawcett; **A Red Cross Nurse**, Bertha Mann; **A Colonel**, William Tooker; **A Colonel**, Alfred Hickman; **Capt. Kurt Von Hausen**, Edward Earle; **Brunck**, Max Waizman.

"WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"—Fox.—From the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: **Sergeant Flagg**, Victor McLaglen; **Sergeant Quiri**, Edmund Lowe; **Elsa**, Greta Nissen; **Olsen**, El Brendel; **Fifi**, Fifi Dorsay; **Pee Wee**, Marjorie White; **Captain of Marines**, T. Roy Barnes; **Prince Hassan**, Bela Lugosi; **Stone**, Humphrey Bogart; **Kiki**, Joyce Compton; **Izzie**, Jesse De Vorksa; **Leon**, Charles Judels.

"YOUNG AS YOU FEEL"—Fox.—From the play "Father and the Boys" by George Ade. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: **Lemuel Morehouse**, Will Rogers; **Fleurette**, Fifi Dorsay; **Mr. Marley**, Lucien Littlefield; **Billy Morehouse**, Donald Dillaway; **Tom Morehouse**, Terrance Ray; **Dorothy Gregson**, Lucile Browne; **Rose Gregson**, Rosalie Roy; **Lamson**, C. Henry Gordon; **Colonel Stanhope**, John T. Murray; **Robbins**, Brandon Hurst; **Mrs. Denton**, Marcia Harris; **Secretary**, Otto Hoffman; **Lemuel's Secretary**, Joan Standing; **Pierre**, Gregory Gaye.

"YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story "Big Brother" by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: **Jim Donovan**, Richard Dix; **Midge Murray**, Jackie Cooper; **Kitty Costello**, Marion Shilling; **Father Dan**, Frank Sheridan; **Cockey Joe**, Boris Karloff; **Burke**, Dick Rush; **Collins**, Fred Kelsey; **Ben Murray**, Richard Alexander; **Spike Doyle**, Harry Tenbrook; **Duryea**, Wilfred Lucas; **Mike Navarro**, Phil Seeman; **Monk Manilla**, Bob Wilber; **Gyp**, Charles Sullivan; **Lefty**, Jack Perry; **McConnell**, Frank Beal.

"YOUNG SINNERS"—Fox.—From the play by Elmer Harris. Continuity by William M. Conselman. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: **Tom McGuire**, Thomas Meighan; **Gene Gibson**, Hardie Albright; **Constance Sinclair**, Dorothy Jordan; **Mrs. Sinclair**, Cecelia Loftus; **John Gibson**, James Kirkwood; **Trent**, Edmund Breese; **Baron Von Konitz**, Lucien Prival; **Buiter**, Arnold Lucy; **Maggie McGuire**, Nora Lane; **Sue**, Joan Castle; **Jimmy**, John Arledge; **Bud**, Eddie Nugent; **Madge**, Yvonne Pelletier; **Tommy**, David Rollins; **Reggie**, Gaylord Pendleton; **Tim**, Billy Butts.



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GIVEN A Beautiful Rubber Tea Apron for the names and addresses of six women friends and 15c to pay for postage and handling. Address Dept. 26.
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Don't Forget!

There's \$2,000 waiting for you in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. Story Contest, which closes July 15. Turn to page 72, read the details and get your story in before the deadline.

You can still enter PHOTOPLAY'S Picture Puzzle Contest. If you missed the June Issue, write Picture Puzzle Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, and reprints will be sent you. Complete details and rules of this contest, carrying with it \$5,000 in cash prizes, will be found on page 62.

Cast your vote for the best picture released during 1930 to be awarded the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Medal of Honor. Use the ballot on page 76.



Jacques Feyder (in back of the still camera) directs Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." Note the rubber sneakers worn by one of the assistant camera men who has to walk around the set while the scene is being filmed. That little microphone hanging over their heads has a special affinity for footsteps that have no place in the sound scheme

Studio Rambles

By Frances Kish

WE go on the set at Paramount's New York Studio just as they are taking a "silent shot." It's a scene in the latest Claudette Colbert picture, tentatively titled "Secrets of a Secretary." But instead of the office background the title suggests, Claudette plays the rôle of social secretary and the scenes are very, very Park Avenue.

They're getting ready for one of those grand weddings pictured in the Sunday rotogravure sections. Caterer's men are running back and forth with chairs and tables. The butler stands at attention, watching them. Then he turns and follows one of the men.

"Cut," calls out Director George Abbott. "Don't move your lips or make gestures as though you are giving directions. This is a silent sequence and you're merely watching the men work, following them about to see that they don't break or steal anything."

If the actor had been allowed to play the scene his way, using his lips and gesturing unconsciously because his mind was concentrated on the action, a modern audience would have thought something had gone wrong with the theater's sound apparatus. When we see lip movements we expect to hear voices, these talkie days.

BETTY LAWFORD, who takes the rôle of *Sylvia Merrill*, for whose wedding all these preparations are going on, is the center of an off-stage group who admire her dark blue coat with scarf collar and chic little shoulder cape.

So Betty detaches the cape to show it is a two-in-one costume that can become a smartly tailored cloth dress for indoor wear.

Both Betty and Georges Metaxa (a Roumanian who looks much like Valentino) are as fascinated by the studio as any wide-eyed tourist from Pikeville Center. Betty has played in a number of talkies, so it's not new to her, but instead of remaining in her dressing-room to rest she is on the set half an hour before call. She's afraid she will miss something interesting.

Mr. Metaxa, who has been playing in "Bitter Sweet" on the

London stage, is having his first picture experience. He arrives at the studio hours ahead of time so he can watch the other actors play their scenes.

Already a script girl and dialogue girl are vying for his attention and when he drops into a chair next to one or the other, there's a hint of thunder in the air.

They say he screens extraordinarily well in the "rushes," so get set, girls, for another great lover.

Mary Boland, stage star making her talkie début as *Mrs. Merrill*, asks why she can't have the canvas-back studio chair, lettered with her name, as a souvenir when the picture is completed. To which Mr. Abbott replies, "It's yours, but we'll keep it here and you'll have to come back and use it."

Miss Boland wears lace afternoon pajamas in two shades of orchid.

OUT to the West Coast we hop, to the M-G-M lot, where "Son of India" is in the making. A colorful scene greets us. Gorgeous costumes, beautiful horses, camels, lavish sets.

Ramon Novarro prepares to wind his white turban around his head. It's too heavy to wear between shots, so he waits until just before going on the set. He tilts up a small mirror and goes to work, winding carefully so the turban will be exactly alike on both sides. Then he has to retouch his make-up.

The scene starts. Ramon mounts a handsome white horse, trots off to a distance, and as the cameras start to grind, dashes madly toward us. Someone yells, "Raise Gertrude. Now, lower her. Now back her."

We look around for Gertrude. Is she a horse? And how do they raise and lower her? Someone takes pity on our ignorance. "Gertrude" is the crew's pet name for the crane-like contraption that holds both microphone and camera for these special shots. It follows horse and rider, and much depends upon the man whose job it is to manipulate it.

"Look out!" comes the sharp warning. We all scamper. The camels are stampeding. But no one is hurt. The special providence that watches over such scenes in pictures has been right on the job.

A girl can't be *too* careful ~

Now that I'm ten months old, I've decided that a girl can't start too young with the *right* beauty treatment.

Why, some gentlemen of my acquaintance have barked like dogs and walked like bears for the privilege of kissing my cheek. And grown-up ladies are really envious of my complexion.

But I'm not conceited. After all, it was the nice doctor at the hospital who suggested the very best beauty treatment for my very sensitive skin. When Mother asked him, he said, "Why not use Ivory? You can't find a purer, milder soap."

In fairness to him, I always mention this fact when I give my exclusive beauty talks in my Ivory bath.

But I haven't told you about Mother yet. *Now she's using my cake of Ivory.* Of course, it's perfectly all right, as she's always been very nice to me. In fact, I'm



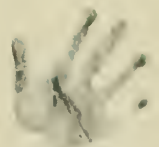
glad. She's so pretty that she deserves to use the finest soap!

But one thing is a mystery to me—what Father said to her. "Where are all those fussy lotions and creams you used to have around?" he asked with a smile.

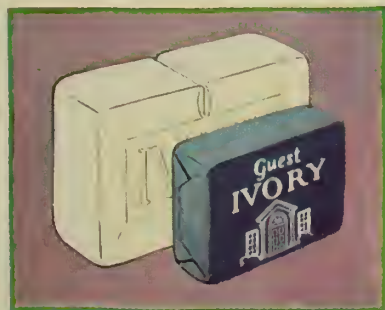
"Don't be silly!" Mother said. I thought she acted a little confused.

Now Mother is going to be prettier still, since she's taking a beauty course with Ivory!

An Ivory Baby · Her Mark



~ however grown-up she may be!



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P. S. Your complexion is a baby's complexion that has grown up. A bit less silky. A trifle less sensitive. But even more than a baby's your complexion needs Ivory's beauty help. For the skin can create its own fresh beauty. But it cannot clean itself. And its clear fresh tone will be dulled if the pores are clogged by dust and make-up.

There are no "if's" and "but's" about cleanliness. Only soap and water will really cleanse. And you'll find that an Ivory cleansing will "make up" your complexion so pleasantly. For Ivory is perfectly pure. Can your complexion afford to use a less gentle and safe soap than Ivory—which cherishes the delicate beauty of millions of babies?

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kind to everything it touches - 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure - it floats

Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" — an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.



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Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

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Orchestra,
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Saturday eve-
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AUGUST

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ANN
ARDING

THE ARCH-ENEMY
OF BEAUTY—
OVER-EXERCISE

WHY THEY SAY
JOAN CRAWFORD
IS "HIGH HAT"

Of course **CAMELS** are milder **THEY'RE FRESH!**

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

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Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



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**HUMIDOR
PACK**

CAMELS

"Listen, Lydia . . . I've heard enough about 'Pink Tooth Brush' from you"

MANY a husband has grown bored, weary, and irascible over remarks to the effect that the lady of his house has found "pink" on her tooth brush—*again*.

He probably has "pink tooth brush" himself—but men are far more likely to ignore symptoms of trouble, and later find themselves embroiled. A woman *will* do something about it—if she knows what she should *do!*

"Pink tooth brush," of course, comes of lazy, unexercised gums . . . and lazy gums are the result of the soft foods we moderns almost unanimously prefer—foods that give our gums almost none of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Circulation slows up day by day, until gums are so "touchy," so tender, that they begin to bleed on practically the slightest provocation.

It's a very real trouble, "pink tooth brush"—often the fore-runner of more serious trouble. Gingivitis, for instance . . . or Vincent's disease . . . or even pyorrhea, rare though that is. Also, it has been known to threaten sound teeth, through infection at the roots.

So it's best not to ignore that first touch of "pink" on your tooth brush. Step into your druggist's and get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly, twice a day. Ipana is a marvelous cleanser. But each time, put a little additional Ipana on your tooth brush and gently massage it into those touchy, tender gums of yours.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the regular massage, stimulates the flagging circula-



tion—tones and firms the gums—strengthens the flabby walls.

Within even the first few days your teeth will begin to sparkle again. Your mouth will feel cleaner, fresher. And before the month is out, your gums will have recovered some of the healthy hardness they used to have. But don't stop using Ipana with massage! Conquer "pink tooth brush" for once and all, by *keeping*

your gums hard and strong with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!

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Maurice Chevalier in **ERNST Lubitsch's**

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT"

a Paramount **20th** Birthday
JUBILEE Triumph

Based upon "The Waltz Dream" by Leopold Jacobson and Felix Dormann, and the novel, "Nux Der Prinzgemahl" by Hans Muller



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CHARLIE RUGGLES **MIRIAM HOPKINS**

Music by **OSCAR STRAUS**

Irresistible! Gay Maurice, debonair as ever, laughing his way in and out of love as beautiful Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins play at hearts with him. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, whose sure deft touch and surprise situations make his pictures such a delight. You'll go out of the theatre feeling happy as a lark, a sparkle in your eyes, a song in your heart. It's *that* kind of picture—don't miss it! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 3

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

August, 1931



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

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



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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

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

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

pictures more lifelike. I am glad to have seen them.

J. L. RAWSON,
San Francisco, Calif.

The \$5 Letter

FROM A FARMER'S WIFE

I NEVER really appreciated movies until I moved to a small Western town, where I forgot there were such things as porcelain

bathbats or frocks that came from any place but the town's "style shop." Twice a week the picture show was opened and we paid twenty-five cents to see a warmed-over film and thirty-five cents to see a comparatively new release.

I didn't know how precious those pictures were until the theater-owner closed the show. But when it was re-opened, with *talkies* at popular prices, I was able to hear good music and given ideas on re-arranging my bungalow and improving my appearance.

Ruth Chatterton's lovely voice reminded me I was permitting my own voice to park in a rut.

I forgot that for months and months I had been milking cows, feeding chickens, and worrying about hard work.

And when, a few months ago, we went back to the city, we didn't appear *very* seedy—thanks to the movies.

MARY FRANCES DONER,
Mt. Vernon, Wash.

CLARA BOW

WHO said we are fed up with Clara Bow? Not on your life! I think she is the greatest little queen of comedy and queen of hearts in the world.

If she is ever dropped from the films without her consent, right then I will quit going to the movies.

M. B. BUTLER,
Taft, Calif.

Even a glorious actress like Clara Bow is dependent upon good pictures. We thought they had ruined her with silly flapper parts, but "Kick In" was wonderful.

LA VERNE WHITENER,
Goldonna, La.

WE'RE FOR IT, HERBERT

WHY not have the list of players on the screen at the beginning of the picture and again at the end, and save time and trouble for lots of us that want to know who played the minor rôles as well as the important ones?

HERBERT DECKER,
Newark, N. J.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

The \$25 Letter

FROM A MOTHER

ELEVEN years ago my son was born—a cripple. He has never walked. I have searched for compensations for the long hours he spends in his wheel chair; however, there is only one real compensation—"kid" pictures.

Three times I have wheeled him four long blocks to see *Skippy* do the things that every normal boy has done or longed to do. Perhaps only mothers of crippled children can realize how joyful it is to hear a small boy laugh. Through the medium of moving pictures he has walked, he has played, and for a few hours has had two strong legs. And how he loved it!

Sincere praises for these splendid pictures. May we not have more of them?

MRS. A. C. MANZER,
Utica, N. Y.

The \$10 Letter

FROM AN ALMS HOUSE

I WONDER if you can realize just what motion pictures mean to one who is fast traveling life's down-grade and is nearing journey's end? Here at the Alms House we have silent pictures about once a month. On motion picture nights we old people, for a blissful two hours, live again in the days of youth.

As we sit in the darkened auditorium, the years slip away; we forget misery, illness, disillusionments, cares; we are of the age of the heroes and heroines of the screen. We live again in them and rejoice at their happiness. They help us forget that we are but useless hulks stranded on the beach.

When good fortune comes occasionally and I can visit a real motion picture theater, then I am indeed happy, for I can also hear the voices of those who help me to forget. Talking pictures have, to me, made motion



BARBARA
STANWYCK

IN

NIGHT NURSE

BEN LYON
JOAN BLONDELL

From the novel *Night Nurse* by
 Dora Macy . . . Screen play
 by Oliver H. P. Garrett . . .
 Additional dialogue by Charles
 Kenyon . . . Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN

Utterly revealing! *Night Nurse*, by the author of *Ex-Mistress*, is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men’s bidding in the long watches of the night . . . After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin . . . She learns how to take them or to laugh them off . . . A nurse’s thousand and one nights! . . . Not to be missed! . . .



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

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

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March)

ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March)

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)

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

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy... Good for one million laughs. (Feb.)

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

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (Feb.)

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

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

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

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

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

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March)

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

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

CHERI BIBI—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

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

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (Feb.)

GLAMOUR

Mr. Webster may have defined it long ago, but Hollywood is giving it new meaning that the erudite Noah never dreamed of.

Gone is the ingénue type, with her sweetness and girlish charm. Here comes

Glamour

personified in such actresses as Garbo, Dietrich, Chatterbox, Landi, Swanson and half a dozen others. The new "It" is here.

Katherine Albert tells you all about it

In the September issue of
PHOTOPLAY

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (Feb.)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heart-breaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March)

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

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

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (Feb.)

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

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (Feb.)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (Feb.)

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

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March)

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

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TRANSATLANTIC

THRRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-grIPPING suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.



FOX

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

A GOOD IDEA

As the suggestion of showing the cast of characters at the end of a motion picture has never been carried out, to my knowledge, except in that grand picture, "Seed," might I suggest that a poster showing the cast of the current picture be displayed prominently in the lobby of every theater. In this way, we could learn who the new players are.

ELIZABETH SWANSON,
Eagleville, Conn.

YOU'RE BREAKING CAROLE'S HEART

It's beyond me why William Powell was chosen to play *Jamie* in "Ladies' Man." I read the book, and *Jamie* was supposed to be handsome, a man that women fall for. William Powell is certainly far from good-looking, and I don't care if Carole Lombard does read this.

FLORENCE WILLIAMSON,
St. Louis, Mo.

HE THINKS MOVIES ARE ALL WET

The law says to pinch a fellow with a pint of liquor. When I pay out good money to see a movie, why must I sit and look at a lot of guys gulping down one glass after the other and getting paid to do it? The last two pictures I saw were so wet the whole theater nearly floated away. If this country is supposed to be dry, why not have dry movies as well?

E. MORTENSEN,
Denver, Colo.

GANGSTER FILMS

In common with many other mothers I often worried and wondered about the advisability of permitting our young children to view so many gangster pictures.

Then my ten-year-old son and I saw the movie, "Dance Fools, Dance." It was during the scene where the young brother becomes so deeply involved in the gang's doings that his only choice was to murder or be murdered.

With profound sincerity and very emphatically, my boy whispered, "Gee, ma, believe me. I never want to be mixed up in any gang stuff."

This little incident proved to me that children learn what not to do from pictures.

HILDA H. BARTLETT,
Oakland, Calif.

What a gloomy atmosphere gangster pictures have cast upon the screen. Surely no good can come from pictures in which the gangster's life is pictured as romantic and appealing. Surely they are not beneficial to any one, especially children. What can be expected when crime is glorified on every corner where there is a motion picture theater? They can not cease too soon for me.

MRS. T. J. HALE,
Batesville, Ark.

An outstanding gangster picture like "The Doorway to Hell" and "Little Caesar" would be fine now and then, but why should we have dozens and dozens of others that are boresome to the nth degree? If we don't care for gang pictures—well, we can stay home. That's just what I'm doing and there are probably many, many others who do the same thing.

"Seed" was like a breath of fresh air after the continued infliction of racketeers.

GAIL H. GASTON,
Des Moines, Iowa

HAPPY ENDINGS?

I wish to protest against these "weepee endings" in pictures. We all like to see a sad picture once in a while, and have a "good old-fashioned cry," but nine out of ten movie fans would rather go home feeling happy.

It's mighty disappointing to attend a picture that you have been waiting months to see, and after sitting spellbound, practically living with the characters, for an hour and a half, see the



If you ask Seymour what one of the most useful mid-summer costumes is, he will say, "A silk suit." So here's a charming one worn by Leila Hyams. Brown and yellow flowers are scattered over a tan background. Note how the jacket ties—and the hand-made silk blouse is smart

heroine die in the hero's arms, leaving you with an empty feeling around your heart and tears in your eyes.

MARY REID,
N. Woodbury, N. J.

Why do people keep asking for "realistic" pictures? Who wants a heroine who is exactly like your next-door neighbor, or a hero who reminds you of your sister's husband? Don't people go to moving picture shows to forget the humdrum of everyday life?

DOROTHY FREEDMAN,
Whiting, Ind.

LOIS WILSON

Seeing Lois Wilson in "Seed" made an evening in the theater that I hope I can repeat. Her director might have made the last scene, however, truer to what one would find in a family of five children who have had a loving mother. Such wholesale desertion struck an unreal note. At least one of those children, in real life, would have preferred to remain with the devoted and heroic mother.

HERMAN B. TEMKO,
Greensboro, N. C.

THOUGHTS

Thoughts while looking over the June PHOTOPLAY: Stunning cover! . . . that little Dorothy Jordan is certainly coming along . . . glad to see a brunette forging ahead . . . getting fed up on blondes . . . The new colored gallery is simply guh-rand . . . wish a Phillips Holmes picture would adorn it . . . here's Fredric March . . . now, why do attractive men wear mustaches? . . . That "Skippy" story is interesting . . . how we did fall for that picture . . . H-h-mm, Cal York gives us some high-powered Hollywood gossip this month . . . how I'd love to get that boy off in a corner alone and make him tell *all* . . . Notice "Seed" is listed with the best pictures of the month . . . I should say so . . . Seymour certainly knows how to pick those styles . . . Well, here's the end of the book, and not an article or picture of Phillips Holmes . . . curses!

MARGUERITE DUCOING,
San Francisco, Calif.

"DADDY LONG LEGS"

After wading and struggling through the smoke and flame of the gangster picture, and the mire of the too-sexy picture, "Daddy Long Legs" arrived, and a new hope is born.

If "Daddy Long Legs" doesn't send you out of the theater full of lofty, noble thoughts, determined to go adopt a few orphans, and fill the blind man's cup to overflowing, nothing will.

I've seen this picture so often, and sent so many people to see it, that I've been accused of having a part interest in it!

CHADY LENNON,
Columbus, Ohio

JOAN CRAWFORD

After "Laughing Sinners" we have decided that Joan Crawford is a beauty and a vibrant personality, but when it comes to acting she's certainly no Garbo.

LEONA ANDREWS AND HER GANG,
LaFayette, Ind.

Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners" was great. But what I can't understand is why her hair was dark at the beginning and blonde at the end. Tell Joan to stick to her own red hair. That's the way we like her.

ANNE OVESKY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

CLARK GABLE

Clark Gable is marvelous. I've just seen him in "Laughing Sinners." When I saw him in "Dance Fools, Dance," I knew he would be wonderful if he had half a chance. I hope he won't be cast again as the tough, heartless gangster for he can be so kind and—yes—loving!

ALBERTA FINCH,
Zionsville, Ind.

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DOROTHY MACKAILL



in

THE RECKLESS HOUR

WITH CONRAD NAGEL - H.B. WARNER

JOAN BLONDELL
WALTER BYRON
JOE DONAHUE
DOROTHY PETERSON

Based on Arthur Richman's play,
Ambush. Adapted by Florence Ryerson
A John Francis Dillon Production



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour with one man—to marriage with another . . .

Too proud to accept a marriage bargain, she pays the check, and sets out to collect from the world of men . . . But her desires are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Clark Gable's rôle in "The Painted Desert," "Dance Fools, Dance," and "The Finger Points" presaged an unusual personality, and in "The Secret Six" he dominated every scene in which he appeared.

JOAN B. OATES,
Charleston, W. Va.

SOCKING THE EDITOR

I'll bet it gave you a pain in your tummy to have to write that editorial in praise of "Skippy," a picture that has gone over big with all classes of people, without a semblance of sex appeal, racketeering or other so-called box-office characteristics.

Of course you had to take a slam at church folks and, as usual, you are wrong again. All the church folks I know helped put the picture over. My own pastor, for example, took all his children to see it.

Stop airing your own personal, narrow-minded views about prohibition. Stop knocking the censors and boost the movies. Heaven knows some of them need it.

MILTON W. STOUT,
West Livery, Ohio

I am taking the liberty of commenting on an article in your "Close-ups and Long Shots" in the June issue, concerning Mr. Drinkwater's book, "Carl Laemmle."

No one criticizes a man who pays an artist for painting his likeness. Why, then, should a man who pays a biographer to write his story, invoke so much criticism? Don't you always find a portrait painter flatters his subject a little?

I have long admired you and your outspoken stating of facts. I presume that you are fair and open-minded and will not, therefore, resent this letter which I felt I just had to write.

EVELYN BERSON,
Hollywood, Calif.

Your "Close-Ups and Long Shots" in the June PHOTOPLAY was very delightful reading. It is so good to realize that you are not subsidized by any producers—and yet you are not a carping critic or gushing enthusiast.

GEORGO W. GAGA,
Boston, Mass.

INDOOR PICNICKERS

Do the talkies have to be ruined by people who think purchasing a seat entitles them to picnic privileges? I waited months to see "Cimarron" at neighborhood prices, but at the most dramatic moment the quiet was savagely broken by a woman next to me who lustily pushed her fist into an enormous paper bag and drew out a wrapped chew, followed by more, until the end of the picture.

MARGARET BRENNAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

GARBO

The biggest thrill of my PHOTOPLAY reading was the June Brickbats and Bouquets department. My warmest regards to all Garbo fans for defending her. There is no one like her in the whole world, and Katherine Albert should have learned that by now. Marlene Dietrich is not another Garbo, but a magnificent actress in her own right, with an unique personality and charm.

MRS. LEO MENLEY,
Houston, Texas

The idea of people saying they have purchased their last copy of PHOTOPLAY just be-

cause Katherine Albert said a few things about Garbo. The anti-Garboites have just as much right to speak their mind about Garbo as the others have. If I ever stop reading PHOTOPLAY (and I never will) it would be because of hearing too much about one person.

MARGARET WAGNER,
Dubuque, Iowa

The laudatory sentiments expressed *re* Greta Garbo in letters published in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY so astounded me that had your reputation for integrity in these matters not been known to me, I could only have regarded them as pure fiction. My reason for feeling this way is because the position is so different here in Australia.

Personally, I think Greta Garbo a remark-



Way for a sailor! And a very smart way to be dressed for yachting. The well-cut, full trousers are white flannel. The tuck-in sweater is striped in gold threads—and the coat in navy blue flannel cut as jauntily as a midshipman's. Mae Clarke wears this in the "Good Bad Girl"

able person, but I can assure you I am greatly in the minority. Dozens of lesser stars are infinitely more popular.

FLORENCE YORK,
Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

Come, come girls, let's get our claws out of Garbo! Because it is a too-obvious fact that every single brickbat directed toward the lady is thrown from the ranks of the female contingent.

PEGGY WILLIAMS,
Crystal Springs, Miss.

Any periodical which will deliberately risk the loss of thousands of its readers by fearlessly publishing the unbiased opinions of its writers surely has the courage of its convictions. PHOTOPLAY has "run the gauntlet" thus at least twice during the recent past, and while, individually, we may or may not agree with the sentiments expressed, it certainly behooves every liberal-minded person to stand solidly back of this magazine in its crusade for the freedom of the press.

MARY DORAN,
Lindsay, Ont., Can.

OH, I SAY!

Why all this idiotic fuss about Greta Garbo? Nancy Carroll could act her off the jolly old screen, and Greta knows it.

RONALD VINE,
Liverpool, England

"SKIPPY"

After a picture portraying real child life and the problems of a child, as "Skippy" did, there is going to be a better understanding between parents and children.

LYDA WINDATE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

RANDOM OPINIONS

That soul-stirring "Cimarron" will teach a child more history in two hours than weeks of studying books would.

LOU MACKENZIE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

We want more plays for children and less childish plays for grown-ups.

JO BEYEN,
Spokane, Wash.

I read that Robert Montgomery claims to be the only "big shot" in Hollywood who hasn't had a sandwich or salad named after him. What of the egg salad and ham sandwich?

LOU STANLEY, JR.,
Waukegan, Ill.

In my opinion, Brickbats and Bouquets is the best feature in PHOTOPLAY. I like to read the characters of the people as revealed by their comments.

And it gives all of us a chance to compare our opinions with so many others every month. Please keep it up.

DOROTHY G. WEINER,
Rochester, N. Y.

Congratulations to John Gilbert for his fine work in "Gentleman's Fate." It was the first time I had ever seen him in a picture, as I would never go to his films because he had a moustache, and I detest them. Mr. Gilbert reformed me though. His performance was so wonderful.

VIRGINIA BRUENING,
Lima, Ohio

Helen Twelvetrees took my breath away in "Millie." I have never been so entirely lost to all my own world while watching a stage or screen performance.

MRS. W. G. TUCKER,
Miami, Okla.

I saw "Daybreak" four times and think it's wonderful. Ramon Novarro is still the man of the movies.

LYDIA LUNA,
Washington, D. C.

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She wondered why he lost interest so quickly

...she never suspected "B. O." until—
(Body Odor)

SHE could scarcely keep back the tears. He had been so devoted when they started. Why was he so different now?

Their romance would have speedily ended but for her new sister-in-law's helpful advice. She warned this girl frankly about "B.O."—*body odor*—the fault that so quickly steals away charm. Told her the easy way to keep fresh and dainty even on the hottest, sultriest day. And once she adopted this simple safeguard against offending, her sweetheart fell in love with her all over again.

Blame yourself—not the weather!

Perspire more in Summer? Then be *extra* particular about bathing often with Lifebuoy

and you'll *never* offend. Not even a hint of "B.O."—which others so quickly notice.

Lifebuoy's abundant, refreshing, purifying lather *deodorizes* pores—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you "Here's safety from 'B.O.!'"

The finest of complexion soaps!

Lifebuoy is the blandest and mildest of soaps for the face, yet marvelously cleansing. Its creamy, searching lather floods tiny pores—gently loosens clogged impurities—brings back healthy, glowing radiance to dull, sallow skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March)

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

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

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

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (Feb.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March)

FIGHTING GARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (Feb.)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March)

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

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

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

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (Feb.)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (Feb.)

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

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

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur in the pretty heroine. (March)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (Feb.)

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

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

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

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheelcr-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (Feb.)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (March)

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

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (Feb.)

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

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

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

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Take them to the Dentist, *Mother,* before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they're in good repair.



IN CHICAGO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Cleveland, New York and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by surveys.

Shocking, that such conditions can exist. But don't lay it to parents' carelessness too quickly. Few people realize how rapidly children's teeth decay. Still fewer know it is important to keep first teeth repaired.

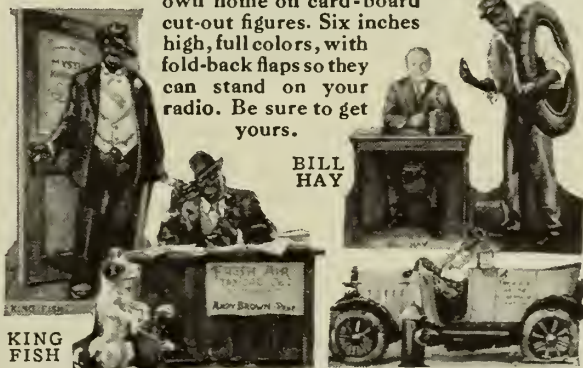
It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those to follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Watch them—guard them under your dentist's supervision.



FREE AMOS 'n' ANDY PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on card-board cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.

AMOS



KING FISH

PAL ANDY

FRESH-AIR TAXICAB

MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

cerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste.

What film does

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles.

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the

stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the softest children's teeth. Use Pepsodent twice each day. See your dentist twice a year. Get it at your drug store today.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth.

Hence our interest becomes partly selfish, for it's those who are most con-

Pepsodent —Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

Let Your Perfume Express You



Shelves of gleaming bottles in every imaginable scent fill this unique perfume nook in Bebe Daniels' Santa Monica beach home

PERFUME through the ages has lent its subtle fragrance as aid to feminine self-expression. Girls who write to me seeking to solve the mystery of that elusive thing called *personality* may be surprised to know that even the delicate touch of perfume can become so much a part of a person that its fragrance is the essence of her personality. Haven't you often picked up a scented handkerchief whose owner you identified immediately because the perfume on it told more than a monogram could?

Perfume can be badly abused—and often is. It loses its charm completely when it is obvious. Perfume shouldn't jump out at one, rather it should steal upon the senses delicately and subtly. Nothing takes the joy out of using a perfume yourself quite so much as to suddenly meet someone who flaunts it as loudly as a bright red scarf. You always feel like going home and pitching your own bottle out, regardless of how much you paid for it.

It is a real art to apply perfume so that its scent will linger. Many of the stars use an atomizer so that the fragrance is vaporized on the skin. The contact of perfume with the skin brings out the true scent—and it is more likely to last.

Creating an ensemble between your perfumes and your cosmetics is a good way to have your own particular fragrance

predominate. It is quite possible to obtain powders for face and bath, sachets for your handkerchiefs and lingerie, and bath salts, all in the same scent as your perfume. The harmony is especially charming.

The French women, who are skilled in the perfume art, have a clever way of keeping their clothes constantly scented. They have several small pads of flannel, which have been dipped in the perfume, sewed to their frocks in various places. Flannel retains perfume for an indefinite length of time. Kid also can be used for the same purpose. An idea for using up your old gloves!

YOU will discover that the perfumers are making a definite effort to promote the individual idea in perfumes. They are showing fragrances that suit every taste and type. One house has a perfume that is supposed to express color; another tries to kid you that it ties up with the stars that govern your destiny. Some are merely numbered with a description of the types they are most suited to. Other perfumes are made to be worn only on furs. And all the houses have wonderfully blended floral odors that just seem to express you as you wish to seem!

Try to decide upon your type before you start out to buy your perfume, otherwise you will be bewildered by the many scents that greet you in the shops. If you are a blonde, don't go in for pungent, exotic odors. The light, spicy or floral scents are for you. If you are the demure type, use a perfume that has delicacy to it. Perhaps something with violet or lavender in it. Brunettes can dare to tempt the oriental, heady perfumes. The animated girl should use one that has a dashing, spicy feeling to it. You will find it great fun to experiment and to find the one scent out of hundreds that seems to say "you." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

WOULD you like to know what perfumes are new and what ones suit your particular type? Send me a description of yourself and I will be glad to tell you. Also if you are overweight, send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives help for blackheads or acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. *There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.*

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Blonde? Brunette? Redhead? Brownette?

What is Your Type in MAKE-UP?

Be Like a Screen Star

...Have Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Create Your True Color Harmony in the Society Make-Up Ensemble, and Discover Hollywood's Magic Way to Beauty.

Accept This Priceless Gift Now . . . Mail Coupon

OUT of the motion picture world which is Hollywood comes the most revolutionary beauty discovery of the age . . . color harmony in make-up individualized for every type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow . . . the complete ensemble called Society Make-Up . . . to blend with every variation in complexion coloring.

Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius . . . Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty, for Max Factor's is used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

Colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., so alive with natural beauty as to give a new radiance to the star herself. Texture so fine as to blend undetectably with the skin. Adherent qualities so wonderful that make-up appears always as a part of nature's artistry. And the make-up ensemble so lovely in color harmony, so exquisitely emphasizing every natural bit of beauty that even the blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun, cannot find a flaw to expose to the searching lens of the camera.

What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. And Max Factor, who for twenty years has been personal make-up advisor to Hollywood's stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up.

A priceless beauty gift for the asking . . . just mail the coupon.

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.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1931 Max Factor



JOAN CRAWFORD

M-G-M Star in

"Laughing Sinners"

"It is a real pleasure to recommend Max Factor's Make-Up, which has been a great aid in both my screen work and social life."

Joan Crawford



JEAN HARLOW
in M-G-M's "The Secret Six"
with Max Factor—Hollywood's
Make-Up Genius — applying
face powder in the correct color
harmony tones.

You'll Discover

Why all Blondes or all Brunettes should not use the same color harmony in make-up.

Why Brownettes and Titians may ruin beauty with "off-color" make-up.

How to acquire a perfect skin for faultless everyday make-up.

How to make-up a dry skin.

How to make-up an oily skin.

The difference between theatrical and street make-up.

Three secrets of successful everyday make-up.

Answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems.

How new beauty effects are created in the laboratory for the screen stars.

Amazing Book Free...
Read what 60 famous stars say about make-up.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

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

1-8-41

Please send me, without obligation, my complexion analysis, my make-up color harmony chart, and your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Name _____	COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Address _____	Light		Moist
City _____	Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
State _____	Medium		SKIN
	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
	Dark		Dry
	Sallow	AGE	
	Olive	Answer with Check Mark	

She had "IT" [The wrong kind]



SHE was such a pretty girl, with so much fascination and charm, that if you didn't know her you would half-way suspect that every eligible man in the club was in love with her.

As a matter of fact, they avoided her. They dodged her on the course and in the club house, feeling that if they met her they would be forced to ask her to their parties. The women felt the same way about her. They admitted her charm, but they didn't want her around.

The truth is, the girl had "it." But the wrong kind of "it." The kind of "it" that people don't desire. The kind of "it" that the victim never realizes. In the medical world they call it halitosis. In plain language, it is unpleasant breath. Under any name, it is the one unforgivable fault. Unforgivable because inexcusable. There is a remedy, and it's simple and pleasant.

LISTERINE promptly overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in 4 days

Medical men pronounce it ideal antiseptic because safe to use

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is now the swiftest of deodorants—the ideal solution for oral hygiene.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety-five per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection.

Immediate deodorant effect

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days," says a noted analytical chemist.

"Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Pleasant to taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a pleasant taste and invigorating effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't harm tissue or teeth

What a comfort to realize that, no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, nor attack tooth structure or metal fillings, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect on both is beneficial. Send for our free Book of Etiquette, Dept. P. 8, Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC . .

KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE



HERE is Lupe Velez' "Garee" looking genial in spite of the fact that the frivolous frijole said, "I nevair marry heem." So Big Boy Cooper packed sombrero and lariat and is off to Italy to convalesce from a recent illness and forget his little tamale. But his latest film is "I Take This Woman"



AFTER her first few films everybody said Joan Bennett was through in pictures. But the younger and paler of the amazing sisters remained to show Connie and the rest of the world she had her share of Bennett talent. She's a fixture now in Hollywood—with a big home and a big contract



JANET GAYNOR crosses her heart and hopes to die that it's Goodness and Light from now on. Her fans simply doted on her in sugar-coated "Daddy Long Legs," so her next will be "Merely Mary Ann" with her old friend and screen lover, Charlie Farrell. And her marriage? Everything seems fine so far



THEY'RE making a big fuss over Ruth Chatterton's contract. Will she go to Warners or remain with Paramount? Who cares who's her boss as long as she continues to make good pictures? Ruth has held her place as one of the First Ladies of the Cinema despite some unfortunate breaks in screen vehicles

FACE POWDER

It delights new users daily—the way Coty matches every complexion tone and the varying needs of the changing seasons! The powder you use in Winter is usually too pale for a natural match in Summer. Choose from Coty's twelve exquisite tones—make people admire your face; not notice your powder! In the gay golden box with white powder-puffs . . . one dollar.



MAKE-UP THAT MEETS THE TEST OF OUTDOOR DAYS

Coty



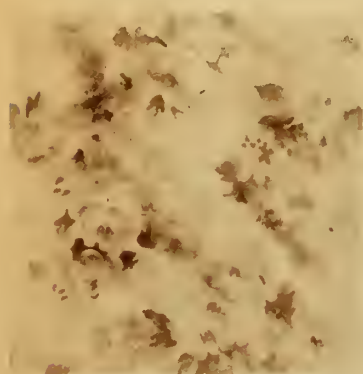
LIPSTICK—brilliant, vivid, natural, and indelible with complete safety! This Coty Lipstick—Permanent—is the most exciting lipstick news of the season! You'll adore its rich, creamy consistency, a caress to the lips. Three shades—round, etched case . . . one dollar.



ELINOR GLYN *says*

"Color is your magic key to Romance"

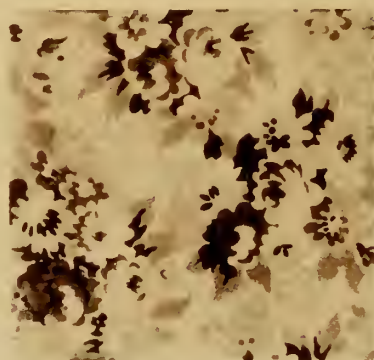
Before you wash another dress or bit of lingerie study these photographs



With ordinary soap

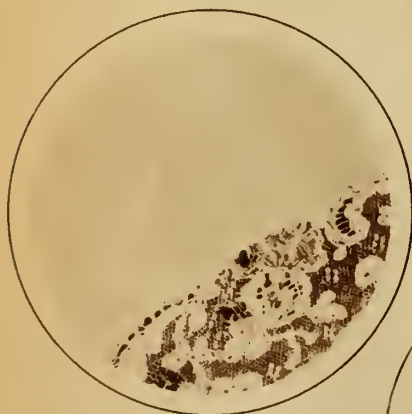
Six washings in ordinary soap have left this charming printed silk (above) faded and streaked.

These photographs based on laboratory washing tests show the tremendous difference between Lux and ordinary soaps in their effect on color. Look at these 2 pieces of the same flowered silk.

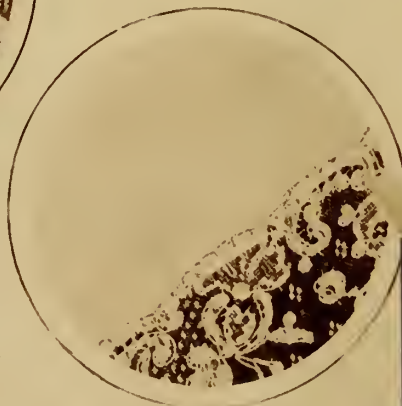


With gentle Lux

Another piece of the same silk, Luxed 6 times, is color-perfect; not a bit of fading or streaking!



The lingerie above, washed 12 times in ordinary soap, is faded, streaked and worn. Duplicate lingerie, at the right, Luxed the same number of times, is still unfaded, lustrous, like new!



"COLOR is magic! It can transform even a plain little Jenny-Wren sort of girl into a starry-eyed beauty . . . be her key to romance.

"Be careful to wear the colors that suit *you* best. And after you've chosen your colors, do take care *never to let them fade*, because—

1. Even a little fading robs a color of its 'live,' thrilling quality and —
2. may change it into a shade that is actually *wrong* for you.

"One tone of green, for example, will make you sparkling-eyed, clear-skinned. A slightly different tone makes you sallow. So never, never risk color fading!

"But, after all, it's very easy to prevent fading! Lux is especially made to *preserve color*. One is never sure of the ordinary 'good' soap. It so often takes out at least a little color as it cleanses, but Lux is *always safe*.

"And remember, too, that not only in your clothes but in your *surroundings*, color casts a magic spell!

"So cherish the beauty of color in your surroundings . . . in draperies, slip covers, even the linens on your dinner table . . . keep it utterly perfect with Lux."

Elinor Glyn



No matter what the color . . . if it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

August, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

WATCH young Doug Fairbanks. I firmly believe that lad is going places and doing things in motion pictures. A short time ago I sat all one Saturday afternoon with him, listening to his aspirations, his theories of motion pictures, and incidentally to his praise of his wife, Joan Crawford, and his expressions of admiration for his dad. I was fascinated with the agility of his mind, his humility, and his sound and clear thinking.

I hope Hollywood doesn't get him, and I do not think it will.

AND while we are engaged in the precarious task of picking comers, there is Carole Lombard who, by this time, according to the announcements, is Mrs. William Powell.

The girl has a definite personality, and a year should see her away up with Garbo, Bennett and Dietrich.

Maybe numerology, changing the spelling of her name from Carol to Carole, had something to do with it. But we are more inclined to think it is because the girl is attractive—Powell certainly thought so—is a natural born actress, and has an all-abiding faith in Carole Lombard.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the average gangster pictures depict the criminal living a life of indolence, silk bath robes and Jean Harlow embraces. In the other one-fifth, the tough one must, automatically, go to jail or be painlessly rubbed out by a bullet. To say that most of these pictures preach a moral lesson is pure bunk.

I was coming out of a theater after "The Secret Six" was shown and happened to overhear two lads discussing it.



"What saps those guys were," said one of them. "If they'd used a little sense they'd have gotten away with it. Dumb—all of them."

JACK GILBERT'S million dollar document with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer runs out this year.

Wonder what will happen to the boy?

He has had a pretty miserable two years of it, with an unsuccessful marriage and a collection of weak pictures to struggle through. His company has tried all types of stories for him, but nothing has quite clicked.

I am afraid bidding will not be too hectic for Jack's time and manly beauty when the Metro contract expires. He's in a tough spot, and we must all pull hard for him, for he's a fine actor and a swell guy, too.

Yes, it's been a trying couple of seasons for Mr. Gilbert. At that, you can wipe away a lot of tears with a ten-thousand-dollar pay check every week!

THEY are sneaking up on us with a picture to be called "The Mystery of Life," which will tell and show us what Clarence Darrow and a college zoologist think is the right dope on evolution.

They promise to give us more pictures of this sort if we demonstrate box-office interest in this one. If they'll put Mickey Mouse and a Sennett comedy on the same bill, I'll see it.

ONE of the things Hollywood has indubitably to learn is that expenditure is no substitute for brains. More courage, more brains—and less money: There is the prescription."

We are quoting Professor William Orton in *The*

Atlantic Monthly. The professor is now occupying the chair of economics at Smith College, telling the young ladies how the affairs of the world should be adjusted.

WELL, Professor, how about you going out there and applying your academic brains to the proper adjustment of picture problems? Those poor glove salesmen and trouser pressers, as you call the producers, would be delighted to pay you twenty times your present salary. But you would have to click at the box-office or your options would not be renewed. Academic theory is one thing that the public will not pay money to see and hear.

AND along comes a Frenchman who commits a half-baked book called "America the Menace," in which he drools this:

"The cinema is a pastime for slaves, an amusement for the illiterate, for miserable creatures . . . stupefying and destroying the mind. . . any people subjected to the actual influence of the American 'movie' are on the way to the worst decadence. . . everything is arranged so that in no event shall the spectator be bored."

Well, M. Georges Duhamel, that last is more than we can say for your book.

AND while we are quoting, Henri Bernstein, one of the greatest of all living playwrights, recently said: "In a few years it will be an anachronism to see a flesh and blood actor performing."

That sounded fine until he pulled this one:

"The Greek tragedies would make the greatest talkies."

Shades of Euripides!

IT is all right and quite proper for Ronald Colman to carry that bored expression on the screen where it may or may not give the girls that feeling that he is utterly unattainable and all that sort of thing, but there is a limit to it.

Mr. Colman, according to George Shaffer of *The Chicago Tribune*, who is quite an accurate reporter, insists when he is invited out to dinner that he be furnished with a list of the guests before he accepts. He fears that some of those unmannerly persons, who earn a lowly living by writing for the press, might be present and spill ketchup on his waistcoat.

The worst of trying to pull this sort of thing is that it gets into one's screen personality. And dash it all, Ronald old top, these beastly persons who are paying your salary by pushing half dollars through little holes in the glass at the ticket boxes have sent more than one screen star to limbo because they got tired of players who seemed unutterably bored with it all.

"WE shall always be good friends just the same." Don't you get sick and tired of that stock phrase? Good friends, my eye!

Why don't they tell the truth and be interesting? What a relief if the Hollywood lady would say:

"He's a dirty so and so, a drunken bum and a loafer. He won't work and he gives me a black eye every time he comes home plastered."

And if he would say: "My God, what a relief to be rid of that dame. She spends every cent I can get. She flirts with every man she sees. She's a nagger and it's worth every dollar I have to be rid of her."

"SEED" is a splendid picture. It's as clean and fine as any picture in years. But why advertise it like this: "Girls, 'Seed' is your story! It is made up of the thoughts you think in secret—good and bad."

SPIES from overseas tell me that the French censors nearly succeeded in snipping Jean Harlow entirely out of "Hell's Angels" in Paris.

Evidently they considered her a little too hotsy and totsy for those broad-minded and moral Parisians.

About all that was left of the picture was a lot of airplanes, Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall.

Incidentally, Howard Hughes' office announces that he has already gotten back the huge cost of the big picture and expects to turn a neat little profit on the runs all over the world.

You have to give Hughes credit. He gambled with four million dollars and won. That makes the little Saturday night stud game look pretty small!

WHEN will United Artists—shades of Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks and Talmadge—change its name to what it has turned out to be, The Divided Artists?

HERE'S one told by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the author. . . He's in Hollywood now.

Several weeks ago, a studio executive approached him with a year-old magazine which contained one of Rhodes' early stories.

"I think this'd make a good picture," began the executive. "I'd like to buy the rights."

"Sorry, but they've been sold," said Rhodes, after glancing at the story. The producer looked hurt.

"Too bad," he lamented. "Has it ever been filmed?"

"No," said Rhodes.

"Good! Then I'll buy it from the outfit that originally bought it," chortled the producer.

"Can't do that, I'm afraid," interjected Rhodes.

"Why not?"

"Because," ha-ha-ed Rhodes, "you are the fellow that bought it four years ago!"

THERE are about 17,500 extras listed at Hollywood's Central Casting Bureau. Only 833 of them averaged one day's work per week during a year. Better stay home.



WILL this English beauty, recruited from the musical comedy stage, click or flop? Lilian Bond has looks and one of those figures. See her opposite Menjou in "The Great Lover" and decide for yourself. We've given up trying to pick 'em

Mitzi On The Job

By Frances Denton

IF there's anything you don't know about the lives of the stars, it isn't our fault. But there's one star in Hollywood you can't give an account of, I'll bet. And it isn't Garbo, either. I'm going to give you a peek into the very personal and very private life of Mitzi Green. Here's how a real baby star (and not one of those who have ten seventeenth birthdays) lives.

Mitzi resides in Beverly Hills with her mother, her father and (during his summer vacation) her seventeen-year-old brother.

On working days she arises at eight A. M. and dresses herself without any help from anybody. She puts on the costume she wears in the current picture and, of course, doesn't have to bother about make-up or marcells. She has breakfast immediately. Orange juice, cooked cereal, milk and a poached egg.

At nine o'clock she is on the set ready to work. Her father and mother take turns driving her to the studio and remaining with her during the day. They have but one servant, a cook.

IF the picture is one in which there are a lot of other kids, Mitzi plays every minute she's not actually before the camera. "Jinx" is her favorite game. It is done like this. At any time during the day one of the kids may rush up to any other and call "Jinx." If you don't have your fingers crossed you can be made to do anything the catcher commands, such as climbing up the electricians' parallels, sitting in the director's chair or something equally hazardous. "Hide and Go Seek" and "Follow the Leader" are also favorites. Think of all the amazing places to hide in a studio!

If Mitzi is the only child on the picture, she amuses herself with the grownups working puzzles or playing "Cities." They

are usually worn out long before she is. When she is called for a scene she is always ready, letter-perfect in her

lines, and she has the rare gift of being able to walk immediately before the camera without a second "to get into the mood."

Occasionally she has luncheon with her mother in the commissary, but usually she is dated up days in advance by some youth, Leon Janney seeming to be head man at the moment. He buys her luncheon with his own money. Then again, she eats with the director of the picture or with the adult players. She has soup, a peanut butter (which is her favorite) or chicken sandwich, two vegetables including spinach (which she detests) and fruit jello or ice cream.

AFTER luncheon she goes with the rest of the cast to see the rushes. As she watches her work, she often calls out, "Oh, I'm bad in that scene. I'm sure that if you'll let me do it over again my father will stand the expense on it."

Back on the set, she repeats the activities of the morning. She has never been known to be tired. She is invariably in the midst of a strenuous game when she is not actually working.

The law requires that she work but five hours a day and go to school for three. When she can be spared from the set for any length of time, Mitzi is sent to the schoolroom on the lot. Otherwise the teacher, Rachel Smith, is on the set and instructs her between scenes. Mitzi is ten. She has sixth grade arithmetic, ninth grade spelling, seventh grade history and English.

Spelling is her favorite study and in that she excels. English is second and history third. She doesn't give arithmetic a thing. In fact she often argues with the teacher about it. "Why should I learn it?" she asks. "I'm going to be an



Those good old school days—in the Hollywood manner. California school regulations require child actors to have at least three hours of school work daily, so Mitzi and Jackie Searl get a dash of their readin', writin' and 'rithmetic from teacher right in the shadow of a Paramount set

Though this little girl is a movie star, she has to eat her spinach just the same

actress all my life. Why do I need it?" When she is told that it teaches her to concentrate, she says, "But I concentrate on my lines. Isn't that enough?"

At five-thirty, never later—sometimes earlier, she leaves the lot. At home again she must rest until dinner (she has her own room) at seven o'clock. If she has night work to do she must go home and sleep all afternoon. For dinner she usually has a lamb chop, baked potato, salad and some green vegetables. Then a pudding, tapioca or junket. She likes raw vegetables and, when the adults of her company have afternoon tea, she, like Lillian Gish, nibbles a raw carrot.

After dinner she works with her father learning her next day's lines. She is what is known in the theater as a very quick study. After this she does her "home work" so she may be prepared for next day's



It's quite all right for an actress to sit on the arm of her director's chair and lean against his shoulder—quite all right, that is, when the actress is just ten years old. Mitzi is watching Norman Taurog direct a scene in "Forbidden Adventure"



"Home work" of another kind. Here's Mitzi going over a script with her father, Joe Green, in their home. In addition to knowing how to bound Europe and what the capital of Greece is, Mitzi has to know her lines in order to get that \$800 a week

lessons. She is in bed by eight-thirty, never later than nine. When she is not working, her days are very much the same. She arises at the same hour because she has to go to the studio school from nine until twelve. She has her luncheon on the lot if there is a publicity picture to be taken, otherwise she goes home and plays outdoors all afternoon. There is a large yard at her home, made gay with gnome statuettes. Sometimes she is taken to the beach with Mike Levee's children (Mitzi swims very well) or with Leon Janney, Junior Coghlan, Billy Butts, Jackie Searl, Anita Louise or Nancy Crawley.

SOMETIMES she plays outdoor ping-pong or tennis. She learned to ride horseback in "The Santa Fe Trail" and occasionally she rides in the afternoon.

Two days a week she takes tap dancing lessons and one day a week she has French.

As there is no school Saturday and Sunday her parents usually take her away for the week end—to Arrowhead or La Jolla. She sees at least one picture a week, as part of her work, and occasionally on a Friday or Saturday night she attends an opening. When she does this, she must have a nap in the afternoon.

As a matter of fact, Mitzi has a pretty swell time. Everything is done to make her happy and comfortable.

And for having so much fun she receives \$800 a week!

The Enemy of Beauty—

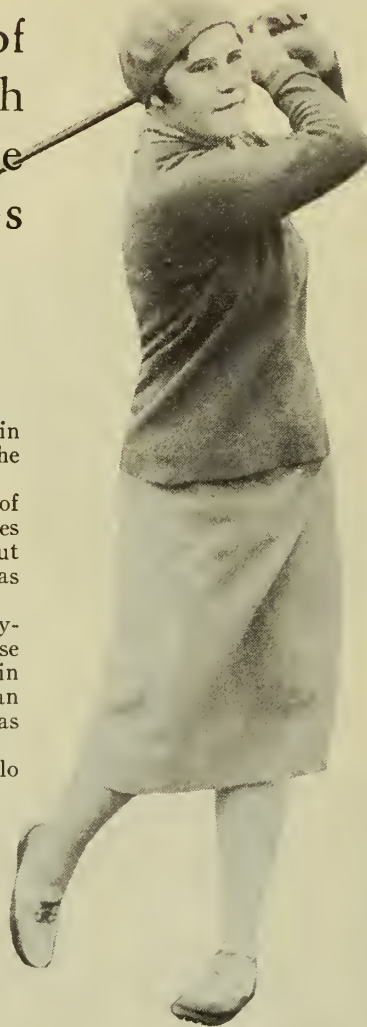
No athletic type of girl has ever so much as reached first base in motion pictures

THERE is more sheer physical beauty in Hollywood than in any community in the world.

It is vitally necessary for the women of the films to remain beautiful. Their food, clothes and shelter are dependent upon it. Without symmetry of form their screen lives are dead as the gangster who squealed.

As a result there is a beauty cult in Hollywood. The quest is all consuming. These modern goddesses have set the pace of beauty in America. Hollywood has glorified the American girl more surely than Ziegfeld. The standard has absolutely and definitely changed.

Compare the measurements of the Venus de Milo with those of the average film star. Venus was a pretty big gal, wasn't she? Recall the description of Helen of Troy—tall, statuesque, queenly. She couldn't get a job in the movies today. Diedre, the Celtic goddess, had a powerful frame. The Amazons were great, muscular women. So were the Valkyrie of German legend. Ziegfeld's famous beauties are long limbed, broad shouldered.



For the first time in the history of the world the small woman occupies the pedestal. Screen stars must be small because the one eyed camera enlarges. And screen stars are taken as the mark of perfection.

Gloria Swanson is only five feet, one half inch tall.

Joan Crawford is extremely tall at five feet, four.

Mary Pickford is not five feet.

Ann Harding is five feet, two.

Ruth Chatterton is five feet, four.

Garbo is considered a giantess at five feet, six.

No more amazing Amazons, no more glorified Ziegfeld girls.

But how to get that way? How to remain petite, slight and yet well

rounded? Listen to your old friend Sylvia

Ulbeck, masseuse extraordinaire

of Hollywood, the flesh sculptor who

pounds, beats and curses the stars into

shape.

Says Sylvia: "If

This is good form for golf but not for beauty. Helen Hicks, links champion, is an example of what Sylvia means when she says over-exercise is ruinous to beauty



Compare the shoulders of these two women—Gertrude Ederle and Bebe Daniels. Gertrude is a champion swimmer—Bebe, a Hollywood beauty. The muscles of the athlete made it possible for Gertrude to swim the channel, but they'd never win her a beauty prize. Swimming is fine but shouldn't be overdone



Here's a girl who indulges in no athletics. Take a look at those hips and shoulders to be convinced that golf club and racket are beauty foes. Constance Bennett is the example

Over-Exercise

By Lois Shirley

you want to be beautiful—don't over-exercise. No woman athlete is beautiful! Swimming, riding, golf and tennis are fine but shouldn't be overdone. Muscles are horrid things that must be pounded off. I allow the stars under my care to take no violent exercise in any form!"

And the stars under Sylvia's care are legion. But they must obey Sylvia. Marie Prevost came to Sylvia. Marie was overweight and besides she loved to swim. "Those awful muscles," said Sylvia, "those broad shoulders—nothing can be done about them. The muscles are too near the chest to be pounded away."

Sylvia asked Marie to give up strenuous swimming. But Marie didn't. "And now look at her," says Sylvia.

Dorothy Mackaill loves to swim miles a day but when Sylvia said "Stop," Dorothy did. She now swims much less than before. Her figure is much improved.



"If you want to be beautiful—don't over-exercise. No woman athlete is beautiful," says Sylvia, Hollywood's flesh sculptor

Tennis makes one arm larger than the other. Golf brings on an ungainly stride and without a lovely carriage no woman may claim beauty. Sylvia says she can spot a golfer like a beacon light. Her long steps, her mannish stance, her shoulder slouch give her away.

Too much serious swimming develops chest, shoulders and thighs to an alarming degree. Horse back riding works as a hip spreader. And professional dancing ruins the legs.

When Constance Cummings came to Sylvia she had just finished a season's dancing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



When Sylvia told Alice White that tap dancing was ruining the shape of her legs, Alice gave up tap dancing, for the little White figure is one of the best in Hollywood and Alice's job depends upon it

Here is Helen Wills, the fiend of the tennis courts, in action. Note the muscles in her arms, legs and neck. Tennis did that and Helen doesn't care. But her figure does not measure up to Hollywood standards

A Wet

If you want anything investigated, put Inspector Leonard Hall on the job in Europe. He may not get the exact facts, but he brings home the brandy



"Charlie," I said, pulling my trusty notebook on him, "give me the dirt on the Russian movie situation"

Cafe Coupole, Montparnasse, Paris

DEAR MR. QUIRK:

YOU may remember the writer—the name is Hall—H-A-L-L. Len Hall. I have been working for you several years now, you may recall. You may also remember that several weeks ago, wearied of seeing my ugly mug around the office, you told me to get the heck to Paris, raise a beard in the Latin Quarter, and give you a change of scenery—even if it only consisted of a scrubby red hedge.

It seems to me you also hinted that it might be a good idea to

write you the star-spangled, gilt-edged low-down on the motion picture situation in Europe, inasmuch as I was planning a grand tour of the Continent on a high bicycle. You also said you'd like to know the European attitude toward Greta and Marlene (the Battle of the Giants), Sir Charles Chaplin, the engagement of Bill (Wild Willy) Powell and Carole (Numerology) Lombard, and Joan (Hotsy-Totsy) Crawford's luscious leggerly.

Well, sir, here is the low-down on the motion picture in Europe—its care, feeding, people and general state of debility. This, sir, is my report. (Well, if you insist, Emile, I will try just another half-gallon of that export Pilsener.)

I began my researches in the motion picture field in Berlin—

Report

CAFE



He's right here looking over my shoulder, the rascal.
And can that be "beer" he's carrying?

to be exact, at the bar of the excellent Adlon Hotel. There I found Gus, a most excellent fellow. After ordering a large schooner (almost a battleship, really, for I was choked with soot after the long ride from Bremerhaven) I went to work at once. You know me, Mr. Quirk—business is always first.

"Gus," I said, after burying my seven-inch nose in the creamy foam, "give me the absolute inside on the movie situation *auf Deutschland*." (I speak the language like a native—of Indianapolis.)

"*Wunderbar!*" Gus replied. Inasmuch as this means "terrible" in English, I had the whole thing cleaned up right there. No use in my charging way out to the UFA studio just to get kicked around by gate-keepers, eh, Mr. Quirk? Gus also told me that Fraulein Greta Garbo was *die heis* shot of the moment in "Anna Christie," and that the Berliners couldn't get lathered over *Unser Marlene*, as she was a home-grown product and they had seen plenty of her legs already.

As you can see, I cleaned up that situation (and a few kegs of something they call "beer" over here) in about three days, so I allowed myself to be siphoned aboard a train for Paris. Naturally enough, I awoke the next morning in Warsaw, Poland. Well, my job was easy there. The Poles suffer enough without making movies. As a matter of fact, a lot of their suffering is caused by looking at old prints from America. Believe me or believe me not, Mr. Quirk (yes, Emile, you can *encore* with a little of the *meme chose*), in Vilna, Poland (I don't quite remem-



So with Emile working for me, I dug up all the
dope on French movies in about a week

ber how I got way up there), the suffering Poles were being shown Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" and Pola Negri's prehistoric Paramount, "A Woman on Trial." The judge—er, I mean, the mayor—told me that those citizens who didn't blow their brains out from chronic melancholia, invariably went blind from looking at the original print of Charlie Chaplin's "Easy Street." It's a jolly country.

As you can see, Mr. Quirk, I mopped up Poland in no time at all. Then, making my will and putting the last fifty dollar bill in my left shoe, I was hurled aboard a train for Moscow.

ONCE in the Red capital, I went right to bat for good old PHOTOPLAY—you know my zeal! Without even leaving a card at Mr. Stalin's office, I dashed right to the United Press office, presided over, at the moment, by Mr. Charles Malamuth. Robert W. Service immortalized him, you recall, in the poem beginning "A bunch of the boys were hitting it up in the Malamuth Saloon."

"Charlie," I said, pulling my trusty notebook on him, "give me all the dirt on the Russian movie situation. How do you feel about Eisenstein, Pudovkin and the use of the ruble as shaving paper?"

"Wait, Hall," said Charlie. "Before I can answer that, try this."

He then practically forced into my hand something in a glass. I tasted it. The top of my head flew off and hit Mr. Malamuth over the right eye, raising a nasty bump.

Several hours later I found that what I had so innocently sipped was a vodka cocktail, an invention of Charles (Edison) Malamuth. Ingredients—vodka, a little lemon juice when you can get it, and a spot of sugar. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Cal York

Announcing-



Off for a European holiday after finishing "Alexander Hamilton," beautiful Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, and her son, Kenyon Sills, wave to the cameraman upon arriving at Penn Station, New York



This is mothers' and daughters' month! You will have no trouble recognizing Alice Joyce above, but would you believe her daughters are such young ladies already? Alice (Mrs. James Regan, Jr.), Peggy, left, and Alice Moore, center, posed this way before sailing for California recently

BARBED wire is becoming popular among the exclusives of Hollywood. When Mary and Doug left for foreign parts, they closed their house and had barbed wire strung around the swimming pool.

And they say that Greta Garbo is surrounding the grounds of her home with barbed wire, and even go so far to say that it's charged with electricity.

THOSE amazing Bennetts—Dad (Curtain Speaker) Richard, Joan and Constance—are always sure to do the spectacular. Constance has been causing a little trouble on the First National lot, in spite of her enormous salary (or maybe because of it).

The publicity department wanted to take a still of her father and herself holding a make-up box together. But Connie thought it was silly. The portrait artist on the lot tried to secure photographs of her and she promised to sit, but she always forgot her appointments.

She would not allow interviewers to come on the set, so the executives finally barred the sacred precincts to all visitors. This may have been in deference to Connie and again it may have been for the visitors' sakes, for the fair lady's language when she's hot and bothered is something to make a sailor's parrot blush with envy.

But the publicity department pulled a swift one. Connie's picture was finished on Thursday. Her contract called for salary and work for Friday and Saturday. She was notified that if she wanted that pay she'd have to sit for photographs.

THE baby at Connie's house is another source of gossip for Hollywood. The child is about three years old now.

In New York Connie told reporters it was an adopted child, but Hollywood believes that Phil Plant, Connie's ex-husband, is its father.

However, when a Hollywood reporter asked the lustrous lady about it, Connie's set was barred to interviewers.

NOBODY, with the possible exception of Greta Garbo, is given such a free hand as Constance Bennett.

Connie, who is still not as big a box-office attraction as many another star, *says* and the studio *does*.

During a recent film she did not like the clothes the wardrobe had designed, so she was allowed to buy her costumes elsewhere.

One producer admitted that the reason she does exactly as she pleases is because she is said to have a million dollars as a result of a settlement with her husband.

Even in Hollywood a million dollars has authority.

SUPPOSE you'd been away from your wife for months. Suppose you were in England, and your wife was arriving at such-and-such a time on the steamship so-and-so.

Where'd you be?

Well, anyway, when Mary Pickford debarked from the steamer in England after her trans-Atlantic trip to join Doug, he wasn't at the pier to meet her.

So she put in a telephone call to where he was stopping in London. But they told her they were sorry, Mr. Fairbanks was out playing golf. He was right in the middle of a match, it appears, and she just couldn't reach him.

So—

P. S.—As usual, the Fairbankses are denying all separation and divorce reports.

"DOUG is the kindest, best man in the world and the perfect husband for me," at least that's what Mary Pickford told somebody in England. The somebody was a newspaper reporter.

Mary further goes on to remark that after

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings - On!



The proudest moment of Irene Rich's life was when she watched her daughter Frances graduate from Smith College. She came all the way from Hollywood to be present, giving up several parts to do it. Jane, Irene's other daughter, is also shown in this happy family group



Here's Gloria Swanson on the deck of the Leviathan wishing Corinne Griffith *bon voyage*. Note the difference in photography between Corinne, who has a heavy coat of tan, and Gloria, who has not

day party. The women were asked to dress formal, but the men were to come in white flannels.

When the guests were all assembled, Robert, to you, now, appeared dramatically on the stairs, clad in an all-white suit with huge buttons—you know, *a la* Buddy Rogers, band master.

ONE of the guests exclaimed, "Oh, boy, wait until Buddy Rogers sees you"—and Mr. Montgomery didn't like it!

The dinner was so formal that butter was omitted from the menu—the latest wrinkle in smartness, you know.

But Chester Morris, guest, insisted upon butter. The butler brought a pound wrapped in a napkin.

Chester took a hunk, put it on his service plate, and then refused to allow the butler to remove the balance.

You see, it was all in a spirit of fun, but the fun was poked at the Montgomerys' new swankiness celebrating the new weekly income.

PARAMOUNT and director Joe Von Sternberg outdid themselves to show Marlene Dietrich how big a star they considered her by presenting her with one of the most elaborate dressing-rooms on the lot, stunningly decorated in pale blue and gray. It was all to be a great big surprise.

When Marlene saw it, however, she merely raised her eyebrows another notch and said: "The color is bad. Give me a deep blue and a rich henna instead of these pale shades!"

Doug has been having story ideas and leaves his room in the morning you'd think a first class cyclone had struck it. But she hastily amends that he's a tidy person by nature and would not go away with his room in that condition unless he had an excellent man-servant.

Getting very chummy with the interviewer she broke down and confessed that in China Doug ate hundred-year-old eggs and birds' nest soup, great delicacies there, and that he seemed to enjoy snails when he was in France.

BREAK-DOWN-AN'-CRY note: Joe E. Brown is really sensitive about his mouth. He gets mad when he's kidded about it.

A SURPRISE, which need not be prefixed by "pleasant," awaited Doug and Mary when they arrived home, via airplane, from their European holiday. White ants had eaten into Pickfair to such an extent that it will cost \$10,000 to repair the damage they did to the stars' mansion. Since her return, incidentally, Mary has been on a wild sport spree. She's

been playing golf, tennis, and swimming at every opportunity.

MAYBE you've been wondering—or maybe not—about how the Charlie Farrells and Lydell Pecks would get along when the Farrells returned from honeymooning in Europe.

Everything is hunky-dory! There has been no hard feeling between Mrs. Farrell (Virginia Velli) and Mrs. Peck (Janet Gaynor) in spite of the rumors that both ladies were interested in Mr. Farrell. In fact, they're so friendly that the Farrells loaned the Pecks their yacht for a week-end trip recently, and the Pecks paddled over to Catalina in it. Janet is settling into matrimony happily now, and hubby Lydell asks her to buy his ties for him!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S the boy who's been satisfied with small cars, you know, and given out publicity about staying in the little car class, remember? But the first thing he did to celebrate his new contract was to buy a swanky sixteen-cylinder car.

Then friend wife gave him a surprise birth-

Tune in, Folks, on Cal York's



Now you can watch where your money goes. Karen Morley shows her new illuminated purse with a small light that flashes on when the pocketbook is opened. The battery is kept inside

JOAN BENNETT and John Considine are now at that stage of post-romantic activities where they do everything they can to annoy one another.

You remember the Palm Spring episode, when Joan raised her cultured voice to the high heavens because John went there to see Carmen Pantages.

Now Joan's home at Malibu is separated from John Considine's only by the house of Jack Gilbert, who plays the rôle of oil on troubled waters. All summer he's been trying to bring about peace, and the only thanks he's gotten is a lot of publicity about himself and Joan.

IN one of the scenes in Warner Bros. "Alexander Hamilton," starring George Arliss, *Hamilton* and *Count Tallyrand* are toasting a picture of George Washington.

"A great big heart—a great big soul," toasts *Hamilton*.

"—and a great big nose," finishes *Tallyrand*.

This bit of dialogue caused a deafening explosion in the ranks of the elegant ladies who make up the *Daughters of the American Revolution*. Their blue blood reached the boiling point and they told Warners plenty. But—and we can hardly wait ourselves—wait until they see the headline *Variety*, the theatrical weekly, put on the story. It reads:

RIB AT GEO. WASHINGTON'S
SCHNOZZLE BURNS D. A. R.

LOVE, divorce, and things like that: Ina Claire, who is still Mrs. Jack Gilbert, is being beau-ed around by Robert Ames, and

Ina wants him for the lead in her next picture. . . . Lupe Velez said she and Gary were all washed up before Gary went to Europe, but a friend of ours who witnessed the parting reports: "To watch those two say good-bye was enough to bring tears to the eyes of a rocking horse." . . . Joel McCrea laughs and Connie Bennett looks haughty when asked about the rumors of their wedding, but their best friends tell us it's all on the up and up and you can hear the wedding bells any day now. . . . Larry Gray is eating out his little heart over Lady Mountbatten. He's just one of the many who fell in love with the beautiful titled English woman. . . . They're trying, and succeeding, in rumoring the separation of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. But 'tain't so, 'tain't so. And somebody who should know told us. . . . Fifi Dorsay, herself, announced the fact that she'd broken her engagement to Terrance Ray. But everything's all rosy again.

JUST to squash the rumors that he and Lola Lane were at outs, Lew Ayres gave her a wrist watch set with thirty-two diamonds. We know lots of girls who'd quarrel with the boy friend for that. . . . Wes Ruggles, who directed "Cimarron," had a nervous breakdown after that picture. He's feeling fine now and the reason is he's all that way about Arline Judge, a Broadway comedienne now working for Radio Pictures. . . . Mervyn LeRoy, who directed "Little Caesar," and wife Edna Murphy told it to the judge. . . . Walter Huston and Una Merkel are spooning. The little gal from Kentucky just "adohahs" him. . . . Dorothy Jordan has a boy friend. Name's Donald Dillaway, and he plays juvenile rôles in pictures. . . . Rex Lease, who beat up Vivian Duncan, and Eleanor Hunt had a quarrel. They're living apart, but won't call it a separation.

FRIENDLY-LIKE, Nancy Carroll and Newspaperman Jack Kirkland start divorce proceedings in Sonora, Mexico. . . . A final

decreed is granted to the wife of Roy D'Arcy, who was once very much in the limelight as the possible fiancé of Lita Grey Chaplin. . . . Josephine Dunn's hubby, oil-millionaire's son Clyde Greathouse, sues for divorce and says wife scratched his face and called him awful names. . . . Pauline Starke, suing husband Jack White for divorce, must get along on \$400 a month, pending settlement of the suit, court decrees.

SALLY PHIPPS, Wampas Baby Star in 1929, in Philadelphia marries Benedict Gimbel, Jr., son of the department-store Gimbels. . . . "Peaches" Jackson, child star of years ago, turns out to be eighteen now, and the wife of Joe Grasse, and they're living in a cottage in Long Beach, California. . . . At last, at last, at last, William Powell and Carole Lombard announce publicly that they're going to be Mr. and Mrs. William Powell as soon as they get time off to be married. . . . PHOTOPLAY told you about it long ago. . . . In Nice, France, reporters ask Charles Chaplin whether it's true that he's going to marry Mary Reeves, a girl he's been out with on his foreign tour. And Charlie retorts: "Me? Marry again? Again? Not Me!" . . . Ralf Harolde, film villain, admits he and his piquant wife Ann have come to the parting of the ways because of temperamental clashes. . . . And the Robert Armstrongs are to have a marital vacation, after rumors that all was not going well within the marital circle. Mrs. Armstrong is to go to China to fulfil a professional dancing engagement at the American Club in Shanghai. And Bob stays in Hollywood making movies. . . . Ian Keith and Ethel Clayton have separated. "I drink too much and Ethel gets fed up," explains Ian.

CHARLES MURRAY and the Missus celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge celebrate their tenth. . . . Keep your eye on handsome young David Manners and newly-



If you could read what Sylvia Sidney is writing in her diary it would go like this: "Here we are, dear diary, just you and I alone." And when you see it on the screen in "Confessions of a Co-Ed" Sylvia will be alone. This is just an informal "still" of a scene actually being shot. Notice the expressions on the faces

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

back-in-Hollywood Pola Negri. Dave's a cousin of Lady Diana Manners, you know, and Pola likes 'em attached to the peerage somehow. . . . Lloyd Hamilton owes his wife \$12,500 alimony, but goes into bankruptcy court and says he's broke and can't pay that, and a lot of other things. . . . Bull Montana has a tiff with his wife, makes up with her, and feels so happy about it that he drives his auto through a stop signal and gets fined \$2 and doesn't know whether it was worth it. . . . Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch going places together and wedding bells being readied for when divorces are final. . . . The Reginald Denny's expect Ol' Doc Stork this fall, and the former Mrs. Denny sues him for the balance of a property settlement she says he hasn't paid.

TRY these two little items on your Depressionola: Ann Harding's new RKO-Pathé contract will bring her \$960,000 in the next three years. . . . And John Barrymore's price to any producer who wants to sign him is \$17,500 a week.

IF this sort of thing keeps up Dorothy Mackaill will be known as the Cleopatra of Hollywood.

Engaged three times in eight weeks, Dot, after a brief stay in Hollywood, sailed for Honolulu and told reporters, "Here is the man I'm going to marry."

With a gesture she indicated Horace Hough, an assistant director at Fox. The reporters swooned. Four engagements and four different men!

But the laugh was on them. Hough already has a fond wife and Dorothy was just ribbing the press.

Horace has come in for his share of plain and fancy kidding.

Dot denied that she and Walter Byron were that way about each other. "Just good friends," she said, "but I feel that I ought to make my next picture in Reno, so I'll have a

chance to divorce all the men I'm supposed to have married in Honolulu."

POLA NEGRI had no contract when she came to Hollywood. Nothing was signed with Radio. She took a gamble and won. Radio had told her if the tests were okay, they'd give her three pictures. When they saw them, they signed her for three years. One up for Pola!

YOU'D think she would be somewhat chastened by her long absence from the screen, wouldn't you? Not a bit! She still wears the queenly crown.

A writer went to interview her. Pola kept her waiting, and when she entered she held out her hand—palm downward. But it didn't get kissed. This is an old trick of *la* Negri. Once before she kept two famous interviewers waiting while she took an hour's nap.

But, even so, it's good to have her back. She puts the ooh! la! la! into the old town.

NOW, here's the way our old pal Pola Negri feels about her work. "I will not," she says, "play the type of siren that Garbo is on the screen. I admire Garbo and think she is a great actress, but I want to be different. I will not play the woman who coaxes men with her voice and the beauty of her body. I have a different idea."

Well, Pola, we're waiting with bated breath to see your different ideas.

AT a very large and formal masquerade party given recently, Billie Dove and millionaire-producer Howard Hughes were not speaking.

Mr. Hughes flew—after this party—to a house party in the Northern part of the state without Billie. He returned to Los Angeles on business and flew to the party again—still without her.

We understand Mr. Hughes was a bit burned up when Billie went walking in the garden with



Stage royalty Hollywood bound. Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynne Fontanne, New York Theater Guild stars, snapped en route. Their reputations, which preceded them, have awed the film capital

another gentleman. He's kinda funny that way.

We also know Billie was going to announce her plans for the wedding about this time. But she hasn't.

However, it will, no doubt, be love and kisses again by the time you read this.

GRANT WITHERS, Loretta Young's cast-off hubby, is Hollywood's outstanding broken heart. Though he's been out places much with Betty Compson—so much so that Hollywoodheads not in the know have thought he's not much bothered by Loretta's attitude—Grant is really taking the separation "big."

Withers is still deeply in love with Loretta. Yes, he *has* been out with Betty Compson. They think a lot of each other—Betty and Grant. But Betty's big crush is really Hugh Trevor, even though she does fight with him occasionally.

And Grant's is still Loretta, even though she'll have none of him.

AND so, when people twit Grant about Loretta and Betty and himself, you can understand why he gets mad. That's what happened in a Hollywood—well, call it a night club—the other evening. A certain ex-screen-juvenile brother-in-law of one of the better known directors was in a loud state of being. He concentrated on making audible remarks about Grant, who was in the room, and Grant's affairs.

Grant got tired of it. He walked over to the loud one and told him to put 'em up. There was a flurry, a couple of smacks and the talker was on the floor dreaming of birds.

So people aren't talking about Grant to Grant any more.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Remember when *Skippy* had to put on a show and rob his bank to get *Sooky's* dog out of the pound? Well, those days are over. Here's Jackie Cooper being shown his contract with M-G-M by Louis B. Mayer, production head of that company. He gets \$75,000 a year, and it's a five year plan, too



Lonesome

THE portly gateman at the studio kept a bright and watchful eye directed toward the corner of the street. He had been doing this for more than an hour and a half, and at least half a dozen times anxious directors and assistants had rung the gate telephone to inquire if the magic car which was expected had yet arrived. An air of expectancy lay heavy about the studio entrance through which Clarinda Covelle soon would pass. Clarinda was the pride of the lot; the bright star of the movie firmament. So the gateman watched.

Two full hours after the time specified, a Rolls-Royce turned slowly into the street and headed toward the iron gate. Instantly the attendant there threw wide the portals and waved a signal to someone inside the lot. The Rolls was a gorgeous affair of lavender and purple with the headlights, radiators and door handles of gold. It was common knowledge that this was genuine gold plate.

Seated on the front of the town car was a chauffeur in plum-colored livery. Beside him was a footman similarly garbed. They sat stiffly erect as the great car swept into Movie Land.

Clarinda left the car at the door of one of the stages where she was greeted by two maids and an obsequious assistant director. She went hurriedly and somewhat breathlessly to the set where her picture was being made.

"SO sorry to have been held up," she gushed to the director. "Is everything ready to shoot?"

"Ready!" he exploded, "is everything ready, you ask? Good Lord, Clarinda, we've been waiting here more than two hours for you!"

"So sorry," she smiled again. "I was delayed, you see. Unavoidably delayed."

She turned then to one of the maids who waited at her side and took from her fingers an enormous square-cut emerald and diamond ring. From her ears she removed emerald earrings, then carelessly unclasped from her throat a necklace of genuine pearls. These fabulously valuable trinkets she handled as might a child who casts aside a toy in the nursery. Money had ceased to mean much in the life of Clarinda Covelle. It was commonly known that her salary was \$15,000 a week.

Her home in Beverly Hills was one of the show-places of the movie colony. She was a girl who had attained fame and riches. Yet deep in her eyes there lurked, for the knowing, a flicker of desolation. Her life, it commonly was admitted, was incomplete.

She had, of course, had a love affair. Several of them, as a matter of fact. Twice she had been married. Each time a divorce had followed. There never had been direct scandal attached to Clarinda and it commonly was agreed that her failure in the marital state was attributable entirely to her temperament.

Clarinda was regarded by most motion picture producers as a genius. Her appeal on the silver screen was undeniable. Her public was without number. But the wise were wont to remark that Clarinda had everything under the sun but what she wanted most.

"A man likes to come in and find his wife there making a home for him," Tommy had told her. "Maybe we'd be happier if you didn't become a big star. So many of those marriages break up, and it isn't the fault of either one"

Clarinda was regarded by most motion picture producers as a genius. Her appeal on the silver screen was undeniable. Her public was without number. But the wise were wont to remark that Clarinda had everything under the sun but what she wanted most.

"It'll take me only a

Glory

By

Charles Francis Coe

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

moment to make up," she said, breathlessly. "I'll be right back." She slipped into a temporary dressing-room which had been erected on the set for her convenience. As she did so, she turned and smiled happily upon Tommy Marvell. Tommy was what is known as a promising juvenile and he was playing opposite Clarinda in this current production.

There was that in the smile of the star which caused the assistant director to glance inquiringly at his senior. The director in turn nodded and winked. Then he shrugged his shoulders. There was a suspicion that Clarinda Covelle might perhaps find the love for which she sought in the person of Tommy Marvell.

"IT would be a great break for Tommy if she fell for him," the assistant whispered.

"Well, it might make him in pictures," the director agreed. "I don't think he'd find much happiness, though. Clarinda is no bargain to get along with."

The assistant director laughed. Tommy Marvell started toward them and so terminated their bit of gossip.

"What'll we shoot first, Mr. Parks?" he asked of the director.

He was an earnest lad, this Marvell, and handsome. He considered this part opposite Clarinda Covelle as the greatest opportunity that had come during his career in pictures. As a result, he was striving with every bit of his talent to make good in it.

Apparently, he was unsuspecting of the situation between himself and Clarinda. What fervor she was able to put into the love scenes, he attributed to her tremendous histrionic ability. She was a goddess to Tommy; an unapproachable deity firmly entrenched in the glittering success of Hollywood. The lad would have considered any personal feeling toward the girl presumptuous.

Shortly, Clarinda left her dressing-room and came onto the set. There ensued the business of setting lights and rehearsing. The scene to be played was a love-scene in a garden, and Clarinda came at once to Tommy and caught him by the hand. She led him across the stage to a marble bench near a beautiful fountain, and seated him there. If her fingers clutched his own somewhat ardently, Tommy again attributed it to the fact that the genius was composing herself and preparing for the simulation which lay ahead.

They went through the scene three times

"We will make more pictures together, Tommy," Clarinda said, a dreamy light in her eyes. "We do inspire each other." And Tommy had gone home to tell the great news to the little extra girl who put his happiness before her own



and Tommy, inexperienced by comparison with this famous star, drew from her ardent inspiration of his own. The result was a most convincing shot. When they had done and found a moment to rest while the set was being rearranged, the feeling the star had engendered during the performance lingered within her.

"You have a marvelous future in pictures, Tommy," she said earnestly.

Tommy flushed with delight. "It's not so difficult to play a part well when you are the inspiration," he returned gallantly.

"Do you really feel inspired," Clarinda asked breathlessly, "when you are with me?"

"Of course I do," Tommy answered. "Who wouldn't, Miss Covelle? You are one of the greatest actresses the screen has ever known. Of course I'm inspired by you."



Clarinda was a few years older than Tommy and she looked at him now through the eyes of a wisdom he did not possess.

"How wonderful," she said softly.

"I draw inspiration from you, too, Tommy. Does that surprise you?"

Once again the lad flushed happily.

"Of course it surprises me," he admitted.

"I had no idea that I could inspire such a famous person as you."

"But you do," she said, her fingers still clinging to his. "We will make more pictures together, Tommy. As a result, you will climb to the stardom you deserve."

Tommy laughed. "We all dream of our home in Beverly Hills . . . That is, all of us but those who have them."

"A home should be so much more than just a building," Clarinda answered slowly.

"Of course," Tommy said doubtfully. "Yes, of course it should. I think yours is the most beautiful home in Beverly Hills, Miss Covelle."

"It is nice," she admitted. "Yes, it's nice. And of course I have many friends who come there."

"All the world would come if you'd let them."

There was a dreamy light in Clarinda's eyes and she seemed heedless of the confusion about the set. "Yes," she repeated, thoughtfully, "we will make other pictures together. I'll see to that, Tommy," she promised. "We do inspire each other. I'm sure that will be evident on the screen."

"YOU make me very happy," Tommy answered.

"And you make me happy, too, Tommy. . . . That is, you could."

"Well," Tommy promised, "I certainly will, Miss Covelle. I never worked with anyone just like you. But then," he hastened to add, "there isn't anyone just like you!"

"I hope you'll always think so," she said.

Tommy wet his lips and pulled thoughtfully at his collar. "Of course I will," he responded. "How could I think anything else?"

Clarinda Covelle was in love, and all Hollywood whispered about it. Tommy was doing his best to act the rôle of lover sincerely

"You must come up to my house for dinner soon, Tommy. I'll name a day."

"Wonderful," he promised. "Indeed I should love to come." Sensing perhaps that they were attracting attention, Clarinda Covelle patted the lad's hand and smiled. "Very well," she said, "I'll name a day soon, Tommy. Now we must get about our work."

After three hours of work, Clarinda Covelle had reached that point where she advised the director she could not think of continuing that day.

The result was that the troupe was dismissed and Clarinda caught Tommy Marvell by the arm and offered to drop him at his apartment.

Tommy went directly to his dressing-room and removed his make-up. He was a little breathless at the thought of riding in that lavender Rolls-Royce and letting all

Hollywood know that Clarinda Covelle had placed upon him the stamp of approval.

Nothing, it seemed to him, could mean more to his career in pictures.

An immeasurable happiness and satisfaction filled him. In spite of the fact that he hurried, he found Clarinda already in the car and awaiting him. It seemed somewhat strange that she held his hand as they rode to his apartment. This he thought was due to the animation of her conversation and the outlook she had towards the future.

She told him of various stories that she always had been anxious to make into pictures but never had made because she had been unable to find the right person to play opposite her. She intimated that Tommy was the right person, and these great vehicles soon would find expression on the silver screen.

So all-important had this conversation seemed to the young man that he was somewhat ashamed of the very modest quarters he occupied, before which the mighty Clarinda soon would stop. The famed star, however, seemed not to take notice of anything but the fact that their ride was over. This she seemed to resent. As Tommy prepared to leave the car, she laid both hands over one of his and looked earnestly upward into his eyes.

"ALL these things, Tommy," she said, "we must talk over at great length. A good picture is always the result of very careful preparation and thought. I suggest that you come up to my home tomorrow night for dinner."

"I'd be delighted," Tommy said uncertainly, "delighted, Miss Covelle. What time shall I come?"

"Oh, we won't be formal about it," the star answered. "When we finish on the lot, we'll just get in the car and ride up there. We'll have dinner and spend a quiet evening. There's so very, very much to talk about between you and me, Tommy."

"Yes," he nodded, "yes, there would be. I can't tell you how I appreciate the opportunity you're giving me."

She laughed gently and squeezed his hand. Then the footman opened the door and Tommy stepped out, doffed his hat and stood somewhat overwhelmed as the great Rolls-Royce pulled away and the great star smiled at him and waved her tiny hand.

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Reviewing Screen Fashions with *Seymour*



EVEN though she makes infrequent appearances on the screen these days, Alice Joyce will always be remembered for her outstandingly good taste in clothes. I asked her to let me show this latest photograph here because her hat illustrates the newest millinery trend—the dip over the eye. For Fall the tilt will be more exaggerated and the back of the hat will not rest so low on the head.

MORE and more we are depending on our weekly screen's-eye views of fashion to guide our smart destinies. Over the tea cups you hear, "Did you see that stunning thing Gloria Swanson wears in her new picture?" or "Really, you know I think you could wear a dress just like one Connie Bennett wears in her last picture."

I find that certain stars are followed as much for their striking tastes in clothes as for their acting ability! In reviewing the current picture fashions here every month, I pick not only good fashions but ones that you can see on the screen.

HAVE you seen this in "Seed"? If so, you probably have one like it by now—and smartly so. The white Chantilly lace is cleverly moulded to Bette Davis' slim figure but flares out below the hips in rows of tucked tulle. Nice earrings, inherited from an old French ancestor of Bette's. Grand hairdress, too!

Seymour Shows How—

The Stars Adapt Clothes From

EVERY star has her little pet theories on chic. Each likes to give her costumes a striking or individual twist that stamps them as hers. Recently, comparing the studio designer's sketches with the costumes as they appeared in the picture, I decided that you would be interested in seeing how it is done. The costumes shown here appeared in "The Common Law"—the sketches are those by the studio designer; the photographs show what Constance Bennett and Hedda Hopper did to them before they wore them on the screen. Both Constance and Hedda are famous for their good fashion sense. Which costumes do you think are smarter, sketches or photographs?



HERE'S a nautical outfit that has all the zip of a salt breeze. Constance did not change this greatly from the original design. Just a little detail here and there was altered. Look close! She had the jacket revers made narrower and took off the contrasting facings. A good idea. She changed the seaming in the white flannel skirt so that it hangs straighter—another good thought. And she wears a medium-brimmed felt hat trimmed in the blue of the jacket, instead of a turban. Altogether a jaunty outfit.

I THINK Connie wins on this one! The changes aren't radical but they certainly improve the costume. There's the business of all the intricate seaming—she does away with a lot of it. Again she makes her skirt straighter. The fabrics are different. And I must say I think her arrangement of the turban is smarter than that of the sketch.

The Studio Designer's Models



HEDDA must have taken a firm stand on this costume. Can't you hear her say, "No, no, I don't want that all bunched up around my neck!" Anyway, whatever she said, the results are better. Much smarter without that extra fur on the sleeve and with the neckline of the cape tied at one side and held by a clip at the other. Sheer crepe with fox is the combination—a very popular one for more formal afternoon wear this season. As you can see the hat was not changed very much except that the feather arrangement is more flattering to Hedda the way it is worn in the picture.



CONNIE had a fitter's holiday on this dress! It has only a few recognizable points in common with the original. This time I will have to give the medal to the designer, however. I like the longer line of the blouse, the softer arrangement of the scarf and the tweed patterned fabric rather than the smooth woolen. Also, the contrasting belt instead of the self-fabric one. Sorry, Connie, to be so critical. I think you usually know what's what.

Three Smart Fashion "Shots" From New Pictures



I VOTE this a perfect mid-Summer frock. The touches of white organdy give the softly colored print a crisp, cool look. The shallow crowned white panama with its contrasting band is one of the most popular hats of the moment. Virginia Cherrill wears this in her new picture, "The Brat."



— Seymour —

THE ways of contrast are infinite! Lita Chevret uses French blue and flesh colored silk to advantage in this Summer dinner ensemble. I like the brief jacket with its full sleeves. Notice how the bodice is light and shirrs up in front—clever touch. The length is right, too. Worn in "Everything's Rosie."

You girls who are looking for the perfect tennis or golf dress, choose this. It is white cotton mesh done in trim, tailored style. The pocket effect is jaunty. The beret is yellow. All to be seen on Carole Lombard in "I Take This Woman."



Ursula Parrott had never worked until a divorce made it necessary for the support of herself and her child. Then her novels brought her fame and money beyond her highest hopes. But with them came added responsibilities

The effort and hard work that are required to build a successful career should be balanced by certain compensations. But these compensations are for the man who succeeds, not for the woman, says Miss Parrott. And she tells you why

Should Women Work?

"NO woman really wants to work."
"Marriage is shot to the devil."

"The women who, in the last generation, painted china, might have painted great canvases, had there been the necessity. But what difference would it have made in the long run?"

"My career stood in the way of happiness for me. Is my career worth that?"

"Is the knowledge that she must spend a lonely middle-age a drawback to the professional woman?"

"The manners have changed, man's instinct has not. A man is still annoyed by the fact his wife earns more than he does."

This, gentle seeker after truth, is the litany and the creed of Ursula Parrott, authoress of "Ex-wife," "Strangers May Kiss," and the unpublished novel, "Love Goes Past," which Samuel Goldwyn has bought as a probable vehicle for Gloria Swanson.

Miss Parrott is young, little, dark, with a small, intense mouth that cuts a crooked caper upon her face, and straight, dark hair with a scattered bang over her forehead.

Her words are important to the modern woman. She faces squarely the vital problems of this new existence.

"I am not a feminist," she said. "In

The clever girl who wrote "Ex-wife" and "Strangers May Kiss" speaks her mind

fact, I resent the feminists—they are the ones who started all this. I wonder if they realized what they were letting us all in for. We don't want this freedom. We only work when we are forced, by pressure, to do so.

"Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris—and many more who come to mind, worked because

they *had* to work and for no other reason.

"When a woman cannot look to marriage as the end and aim of her existence, she turns to her career. She takes on the support, as a rule, of her family. I didn't go to work until I was divorced and it was necessary for me to support my child. Now I have many responsibilities—but without the compensations. I do a man's job and earn much more than the average man, but when I've finished my working in the evening I come home to what?

"A man completes his day at the office and finds, waiting for him at the door of his home, a little clinging vine to comfort him and tell him he's a fine person. I find, after dinner, a handsome and expensive coffee service that I bought for myself. I'd prefer a cheaper and less beautiful one had it been given me by someone who loved me.

"The zero hour for the professional
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Cal York



IF she gets the right breaks in stories and direction Tallulah Bankhead will become one of the really outstanding personalities of motion pictures. On the opposite page John S. Cohen, Jr., one of New York's leading picture critics, paints a vivid picture of a vividly interesting woman

Alabama & London

IT is the opening night of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," the Gilbert Miller production of Philip Barry's new play, which is still running.

Tallulah Bankhead, granddaughter of the late Senator John Hollis Bankhead, daughter of Congressman William B. Bankhead and niece of Senator John H. Bankhead, all of Alabama, where for more than one hundred years and not less than five generations the family has been socially, politically, and, as Southern wealth goes, financially important, is to attend the play with George Cukor, the director of her first, and at the time, unreleased American talking picture, "Tarnished Lady."

She has just returned to America following her ten years in London, where she established herself as the most popular stage star England has had for many years. All sorts of stories have preceded her return to America, stories of her imperiousness, stories of her temper, stories of her irresponsibilities, stories, in fact, establishing her as a modern of moderns in the matter of individuality, in the matter of living her own life.

"I'M going to be a paragon of dignity at this opening," she told one of her secretaries as she was being dressed. "It is my first public appearance since my return. Dress me in white, you fool (this is delivered with an infectious playful spirit) and fish out that diamond necklace given me by some member of the aristocracy, whose name I cannot recall!"

The theater is well filled, as they walk in. The lights are about to be dimmed for the rising of the curtain.

At least three-fourths of the lower floor audience is looking at Tallulah, in white, relieved solely by diamonds, her mocking eyes gazing over the house, her hair, her ash blonde hair—which Ethel Barrymore has described as the most beautiful she has ever seen and a color that the French cannot dye—lovelier than when she left America ten years before. She is a glamorous figure, a well-poised goddess.

When suddenly and accidentally George Cukor steps on her train, Tallulah tore lose on him in her own language, and a blue haze went up. At least three-fourths of the downstairs audience heard all.

"Oh well, what's the use, my dear," she said after the show, and with an air of relief at having promptly destroyed the new dignified Tallulah and having thereby uncovered the ebullient, domineering, irresponsible, fun-loving person that she is underneath.

That is Tallulah Bankhead today—mercurial, independent, funny, tempestuous, and caring little for public opinion provided she is giving a discussable show at all times.

Today, she is a positive, definite

Conventional Southern aristocracy and the ultra-sophistication of Mayfair evolve a remarkable personality



The only time Tallulah was in danger of having a scene "stolen" from her in "Tarnished Lady" was when this baby platinum blonde appeared

personality, ruthless when she wants something or someone in the lines of her career and her emotional life, but generous to the point of complete carelessness towards those whom she likes or for whom she feels some degree of sympathy.

In other words, she is the modern American woman who has caught up the new freedom of her generation and made it a part of herself; and in still other words, she has the mind of a man, the mind, in fact, of an adventurous, reckless, pleasure-loving man with a ruddy Elizabethan vocabulary.

"She knows all the answers!" So stated the placards advertising her first talkie, "Tarnished Lady," wherein she made a personal triumph despite a wavering film.

She does, indeed, know all the answers; and the wordings of those answers are expletives and dynamite.

That is Tallulah Bankhead today—

IT is late afternoon at the Fairmount finishing school for girls in Washington, D. C., which Tallulah and her sister, Jean, one year older, are attending preparatory to their debut parties to be made in Washington society. Tallulah, who is today twenty-nine years old, is then sixteen. Jean is the flapper of the two; Jean is the pursued and pursuing one; Tallulah is rather plump, a bit of a tomboy and trickster, but very conventional morally and a bit man-shy. In other words, Jean has all the beaux and Tallulah has only a slight scattering. She has, in fact, only one young man whom she really likes and who really likes her. Jean has set eyes on him and

wants him for herself.

"Jean, now you can't, you mustn't take him away from me! So many boys are crazy about you! He's the only real beau I've got! Please, Jean—!" This last was uttered plaintively, pleadingly, but Jean paid not the slightest attention.

And that plaintive, second sister was the Tallulah Bankhead of today as a growing girl, there being practically no connection between the two Tallulahs, save a gnawing theatrical ambition.

THAT was the Tallulah Bankhead of sixteen, who was, at the age of seventeen, to make her debut in Washington society, where political, social, and diplomatic worlds meet, and who was five months later to throw away the conventional life, to throw away the conventions of a Southern girl of good birth and family and embark for New York on a stage career. The South is family and tradition ridden and young girls of Tallulah's station are groomed to grow, behave, marry, and settle down to a life of Southern society, in other words, to dance as grandma used to dance. In Tallulah's generation, there have been various rebels, but very few of these younger rebels have carried the rebellion [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By John S. Cohen, Jr.

Inside Politics of *the Studios*

By Ruth Biery

Famous feuds of players — Intrigues of the lots—How stars are made and ruined by their use of political sense

IT wasn't that Gloria Swanson liked cats; it was that Pola Negri hated them.

It was back in 1922. The construction superintendent at Famous Players-Lasky, now Paramount, was a cat enthusiast. No stray but could find a home on the lot. At high noon he fed them. The number of free boarders reached 103. They kept the premises free from rats but as the number mounted and multiplied, no one could deny that the pets became pests. Undoubtedly, the officials would soon have had them exterminated when Pola Negri entered and decided to handle the extermination.

"They must go!" she ordered. "I hate cats."

And the next noon Gloria Swanson began feeding them. Now, I can find no one who remembers Gloria's "lily white hands" actually doing the feeding but there are many who recall dozens of cats congregating before her bungalow to receive delicate morsels of raw hamburger.

"They must remain!" Gloria ordered. "I love cats."

And with these cats began one of the greatest political battles in the history of a city and an industry where politics rule—

where politics make or unmake fortunes more rapidly than do either the national Republican or Democratic parties.

Success in politics gives President Hoover a salary of \$75,000 a year.

Success in politics gives Gloria Swanson, today, approximately, \$500,000 a year for two pictures. But if Gloria had not played her cat-cards correctly she might be making one zero rather than five. For it was with Gloria as it is with all of Hollywood's people: politics build or destroy their fame and their fortunes.

Negri was a new personality. She had been brought to this country on a callope of international publicity. Until her arrival, Gloria had been Queen. Negri threatened her reign.

Pola was dynamic; Gloria was dynamic. Pola was sensa-



Gloria Swanson, astute veteran of the early days, knows her politics as well as her camera angles. Her historic battle with Pola Negri proved to the film world her studio shrewdness



Pola, dramatic, exotic, dynamic, and a good actress, lacked the political sixth sense which is essential to survive in Hollywood. The result: she didn't survive. Is she smarter now?



That little Mexican spitfire, Lupe Velez, may lack the political finesse of some of her contemporaries, but she has her own system with directors



As smooth as the satin she wears so well! That's La Tashman who successfully campaigned in her own behalf. A woman with sense—political sense!



The ethereal, virginal qualities of Lillian Gish seem to belie the presence of any guile in her girlish make-up, but that's the trick. Look out!

tional; Gloria was sensational. Pola was dramatic; Gloria was dramatic. They played the same type of rôles. Gloria must fight not only for her place in the arc-light of world fame but she must fight for it in studio prestige.

If Negri became the more powerful on the lot, she would get first choice of stories, directors, casts, cameramen, electricians—get the first notice from producers. Acting made comparatively little difference. With the best stories, directors, cameramen, one would seem to act as well as the other. Two people could not have *the best*, however. Gloria knew this. So did Pola.

GLORIA could not let this new rival clear the lot of cats. It would immediately establish her power—prove to all of the workers (from producers to stage sweepers) that when Pola spoke, her words were orders.

So Gloria decided to love cats.

The battle raged until Pola departed. Pola hated loud music; Gloria had a brass band play on her set—next door to Pola's. Both were invited to the famous salesmen's banquet of 1922; both waited for hours to outwit the other and gain the last and most brilliant entrance.

Gloria had the most gorgeous dressing-room on the lot; Pola maneuvered until she had Frank Woods, head scenarist, turned from his bungalow that she might move in and outlavish the Swanson headquarters. Gloria climaxed the battle by announcing she would never step foot on the lot again while Pola was there—and had herself propelled in a wheel chair to keep her promise.

And today, Lilyan Tashman is having the most elaborate dressing-room furniture possible designed for her new headquarters on the same lot! Less than a week after Tashman signed her new contract with Paramount, everyone on the lot was talking of La Tashman's "new fixings." "You must see them," half a dozen people told me.

"Not yet!" Lilyan smiled mysteriously. "I am going to have a tea. Sort of a housewarming—"

A tea for the press, of course. A tea which will impress not only the writing congregation but Paramount that Tashman is a Queen and to be given a Queen's consideration.

Lilyan would be the first to admit it, incidentally. She once told me: "Clothes are my stock in trade. Being known as the best-dressed woman has been politically important!"

Being the best-dressed woman and an adroit social entertainer!

Lilyan has, to an acute degree, that sixth sense so essential to Hollywood climbers. The *political sense!* I can call Lilyan a climber because they are all climbers. Every person in the picture profession. There are only two differentiations between them: Those who continue to mount and those who commence to slip. The one is really politically minded; the other isn't. It is exactly the same in professional politics, in the medical profession, in law, in banking or any other business.

Lilyan was a Follies girl. Her background is foggy but no foggier than that of many others. She had intelligence; she developed poise. But these attributes would not have placed her at Paramount at approximately \$1,750 a week. Meeting the right people—the people who would think *Lilyan Tashman* the moment a rôle of the Tashman type was conceived—would.

She met the right people. It took years to do it. Lilyan Tashman was not accepted when she first came to this city. She has made herself accepted. Fortunately she was a capable actress and could credit the opportunities she made for herself, but being an actress could not and did not secure the opportunities for her.

And what Lilyan has done for herself, she has also done for Edmund Lowe. It is Lilyan who plans the campaigns in that family. She reads every script suggested for him; she handles his money as well as her own. Undoubtedly it was Lilyan who suggested that Edmund Lowe tell his press-agent that his salary at Fox ranged between \$3,500 and \$4,000.

TO be considered in the "big pay" is good box-office politics. It has been proved that fans like to believe that their heroes make fabulous sums of money. I believe an intimate check of the Fox payroll would show that Edmund Lowe gets a little less than \$2,500.

Social amenities are commonly political sallies in Hollywood. But they must be used craftily. I know a press-agent who begs to entertain writers. She urges them to go to the homes of clients. But immediately after such a visit, or sometimes even during it, she suggests a story centering around the person visited. That is not crafty; it is not truly politically minded. On the other hand, another representative sees that writers meet her clients—that they are amused [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

One of the most interesting inside stories of Hollywood ever printed—Read it through to the end



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, one of the old stage evergreens, told Robert Montgomery he should be tending a gas station, anything but acting. Now more people flock to the cinema to see Bob than ever heard of Mr. Faversham or read his old pal, Mr. Shakespeare

He Kept On Working

Told he wasn't an actor, Bob Montgomery set out to prove he's a good one

By James M. Kahn

SEVEN years on the stage and never in a hit was the rather forlorn record Bob Montgomery took to Hollywood with him. Not the best recommendation with which to begin a career in the talkies, but Bob stood by it with the alibi that it wasn't his fault the plays had flopped. They were bad plays.

Still there were those who didn't blame it all on the plays. William Faversham was one. He thought Montgomery was a bad actor as well, and told him so, none too kindly, in his first stage appearance.

It was in a play called "Mask in the Face," in which Faversham was interested. After witnessing the first night performance in which Montgomery played six small bits—at five dollars a bit—he wrote Bob a note, insisting he try bond selling, auto selling, even apple selling—anything but acting.

Likewise, when Montgomery, signed by Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Vilma Banky in "This Is Heaven," reported to Al Santell, the director, Santell fired him after a couple of days, saying he didn't know how to act.

To anyone less cheerful and less confident of his own ability than Bob Montgomery, this might very well have been the final blow. But not Bob. Disregarding Santell's opinion quite as blithely as he ignored Faversham's many years before, he kept right on plugging, and today, two years after he made his first appearance in Hollywood, he is one of the M-G-M headliners, right up on the same level in fan mail, popularity

least, was something a little more romantic. Dipping up and down in the briny was adventurous and exciting, but deck handing as a career still didn't seem the right thing.

It was upon his return to New York that he was definitely set on the upward climb. He roomed with another boy his own age, Sam Janney, who has since died. Sam was an ambitious would-be playwright, who put both the acting and writing bee into Bob's

bonnet. These twin ambitions still buzz as enthusiastically in the Montgomery *chapeau* as they did when Janney first planted them there.

It was Janney who got Bob the chance to play those six bits in "Mask in the Face." Our hero played a butler, a valet, a mourner at a funeral, a guest at a party, an old man and a voice off-stage. You already know what William Faversham thought of his acting.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Remember this scene from "Untamed"? It was what started the fans clamoring for "that new leading man of Joan Crawford's." And it was Bob Montgomery's big break in the films. Now he's a star in the best Horatio Alger fashion!



and box-office appeal with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and other Metro stars.

His rise has been meteoric, so meteoric, in fact, that one is inclined to forget he ever knew failure. In twenty-four months in Hollywood he played in seventeen pictures and was idle only eleven working days. He is a tireless, intelligent and ambitious hard worker, which explains his present stardom. He didn't high jump to prominence with one explosive, dazzling display of genius. He isn't that kind of actor. He got there because he didn't let seven years of failure and discouragement slacken his steady, even pace. He just kept on working, and today, at twenty-seven, he has arrived.

GOING back ten years, to the foot of the hill he has successfully climbed, one sees with what stumbling steps Bob Montgomery began the slow, steady progress to his present heights.

Bob, a student at Pawling School in Pawling, New York, had just learned that his father, vice-president of a rubber company, had died and that the family fortunes were insufficient for him to continue at this fashionable school. He had to get out and work.

Like other normal boys of the prep school age—he was just seventeen—Bob's ideas of what constituted the first step towards a successful career were none too sound. He didn't know just where to turn, so he turned to the first thing at hand, which was being a mechanic's helper in a railroad yard. This job consisted in going around hitting Pullman car wheels with a hammer. He doesn't know yet what the idea was.

Then he went to work in an iron foundry. That didn't seem to be getting him anywhere, either, so he shipped as a deck hand on the Standard Oil tanker "Caddo." Here, at

V A N I T Y

"Why do actors make themselves miserable by pretending to be important?" Paul mused aloud to Camille. "No more bluff for us after this!"

By

Matt
Taylor

Illustrated

by

Everett Shinn



PAUL GRANTON twisted his way with haughty dignity through the crowded tables of Mori's, scowling as he saw his favorite corner occupied. He returned half a dozen bows with gracious smiles, condescended to chat a moment with a friend or two, and ignored with some disdain the tourists, who were there to stare at the great and near-great and to exchange shrill, giggling whispers.

Nellie, the waitress, took his cane and swank gray hat as he found a place. "Crowded again," he complained to her. "Nothing but tourists—gaping if they see an extra girl in make-up, or a character man with a beard!"

"You oughtn't to let them bother you, Mr. Granton," Nellie said, with a smile as dazzling as her golden hair. "None of 'em seem to recognize you." He looked at her sharply. He felt she had been about to say "remember you."



*Love gets involved
with camera angles
and close-ups in this
real life story of
Hollywood*

"The ox joints," he ordered gruffly, throwing aside the card. Then, with a sigh, "I don't know why I come here."

Which wasn't true, for deep down in his heart Granton knew why he was a regular at Mori's. For one thing, he came with the secret hope that the tourists would be rude enough to point and stare at him. Fifteen years ago, when he was broader of chest and narrower of waist, and when the aggressiveness of his chin and the brilliance of his smile were attained without effort, they would have crowded around his table begging autographs.

For the tired, middle-aged man with the worried circles under his eyes, and the artificially darkened hair, was *the* Paul Granton of a past movie generation. There had been a dozen "great lovers of the screen" since his day. Granton could match press clippings with most of them.

But, more practically and definitely, he came to Mori's with the hope that some of the directors and executives who lunched there would see him and give him a job. His first hope was granted occasionally; the second but rarely.

His eyes wandered coldly over the room. Camille was sitting against the wall, lunching with May Spring. Their eyes met and she smiled broadly, to show the dimples which had once made her famous. He attempted his gayest salute, and bowed to May.

He hadn't seen Camille for months, and had been wondering if she was trying vaudeville again. But after all, he mused, there was no more vaudeville—and there was no more Camille.

Not the old Camille, at any rate, who had been his leading lady and whose name had shone with his in electric lights. Her face was flabby, she had done pretty well with her figure, but the effort had brought a strained, nervous look about the eyes.

He had loved Camille when they were married seventeen years ago. He even loved her, he thought, when they were divorced fifteen years ago. But of course no man could live with a woman who had said the things Camille had said, that fatal evening after the preview. She had said, with deliberation and unmistakable sincerity: "Of all the lens hogs I ever worked with, you are the darndest!"

And approximately two minutes later she had added: "I've stood all I can! Who do you think's been putting this team over? Not you—you fifth-rate stock leading man!"

"Camille!" he had cried, dramatically. "After all I've done for you!"

"All you've done for me," she snapped back, "is grab three close-ups to my one, and back up on me in all our love scenes. The back of my neck has been photographed from every angle. And you do everything but shadow-boxing in my biggest scenes, trying to steal 'em!"

THE divorce proceedings that followed had made the front page everywhere, and he had received thousands of letters offering sympathy and advice. He and Camille had not worked together since. But they were friends again, and she had been kind when he was so sick and almost died.

He had been able, fortunately, to keep his head up and successfully bluff her. No one, much less Camille, knew how tough the sledding had been for him in recent years. She, poor thing, was trying to bluff, too—but of course he saw through it. She was clinging with a feeble hold to the outermost fringe of the movie world, and grabbing at infrequent vaudeville tours. He was sorry for her. There was, he admitted, a bit of his old Camille left as she chatted and laughed with May Spring there against the wall.

Lou Leddy, his manager, slapped him suddenly on the back and grinned down on him. "Come over to the office when you're through," he said.

Paul did not conceal his eagerness. "Ah! Something coming up?"

"Maybe," said Lou, laconically. "See you later."

Paul finished the ox joints, and wandered out on the Boulevard toward Lou's office. He hoped it was something definite this time. He wished he could make another test—in the last he had been photographed miserably, and been made to work with an inexperienced girl.

Lou was still lunching, and Paul stretched out in the red leather easy chair and waited. The office walls were a mass of framed photographs, all autographed. Everyone who had ever been in pictures, it seemed, had wished Lou luck at one time or another, and had sworn undying friendship. Paul found his own portrait—the pose where he held the pipe, lowered just

out of the mouth, and wore the open sport shirt. It had been made fifteen years ago, when Lou was just starting in the business.

Paul turned as the door opened. It was Lou, and on his arm—Camille. She stopped short as Paul rose stiffly to his feet. "Why! How—how goes it, Paul?" she asked, surprised. "I'll wait outside, Lou, as long as you're busy."

Lou shook his curly head vigorously. "Wait a minute!" he commanded. "I want to see you kiddies together."

Camille laughed lightly and seated herself, while Lou lit his cigar. Paul studied the head of his cane casually.

Lou turned to Paul and leaned on his desk. "You know R-G-U is going to make 'Ex-Convict,' the Broadway play?" he asked. Paul nodded.

"Think you could handle the father part in it?" he asked sharply.

Paul could not conceal a sudden start. He realized it would be one of the big pictures of the year. "I—I don't see why not," he answered, successfully casual. Then, quickly: "Of course, I might have to gray up a bit for it."

"I'll wait outside," said Camille again, rising quickly.

"CAMILLE!" Lou called, sharply. "This is about you, too. Would you like that mother part?"

"Why—why—naturally," she said, unevenly, sinking back in her chair. "Can—can I get it?"

"It's a little early yet," Lou was terse, "but I've been sounding them out."

Paul studied the cane head. "Ah! And—er—their reactions?" he asked lightly.

"Unfavorable!" answered Lou sharply.

Paul arose with dignity. "I don't get the gag, Lou," he said stiffly. "Your idea of comedy is—"

"Sit down! I'm trying to help you." He paused, scowling at Paul like a lawyer who has his witness cornered. "I want to ask you something. How many pictures have you worked in, during the past four years?"

"Really, Lou!" began Paul, clearing his throat. "I don't see—"

"Maybe four," continued Lou [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Ronald Colman's personal choice in *femmes* remains a mystery but his screen heart must be blonde, so when Fay Wray was chosen for him in "The Unholy Garden," she got out the peroxide bottle and this is the result. Like it? Judging by that almost-smile upon the cynical Colman lips, Ronnie does. Three guesses what's in the note he's handing her. Only the scenario writer knows



Freed from that "ole devil" microphone, which helped to shatter her nerves, Clara Bow and Rex Bell, the broad-shouldered cowboy actor who is her present steady, are photographed as they arrived at his broad-acred ranch at Nipton, Calif.

And Clara, going platinum blonde while recuperating, seems to like the idea of having someone to cling to while the question of her future settles itself. Those slave bracelets on Rex's right and Clara's left arm look rather significant

Where Now, Clara?

TELL me, wise ones—do they ever come back?

Ask old Jim Jeffries—ask Pola Negri—ask Trotsky—ask me, and I'll shrug my shoulders. But we've got to know.

For Clara Bow, since 1925 the idol of America's jazz babies, has toppled off her pedestal.

In the fall, her slippers came off, and there were the feet of clay!

Paramount, after stupendous efforts to keep her on the wall of public favor, decided that Clara had done a complete humpty-dumpty—settled what was left of her contract—allowed Clara to go into the desert and try to patch and caulk her nervous system.

The Bow belle has had a bad fall. Can all Hollywood's horses and all Hollywood's men put poor little Clara together again? It's the one question that now agitates the ranks of the nation's cinemaniacs.

As this powerful piece is tapped off on my palatial estate at Beverly-on-Harlem, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is said to be about to take on the job of gluing up the pieces of Clara Bow.

The boys are said to figure that with

Paramount sadly writes "finis" to the little Bow girl's golden days. Can she come back—or is it curtains?

By Leonard Hall

proper handling, smart casting and a lot of road work, the Brooklyn Smudge can be made to blaze all over again.

It's a great idea and a laudable effort. So good luck all round! It may be that Metro knows the lucky numbers, and that the little fire-brand who made old fans young in '26 will set eyes a-popping in '32.

And yet—there's a horrible and understandable suspicion that Clara's present debacle isn't a mere skid from the highway of public favor, but a headlong brodie into the deep ditch whence no stars return in full glory.

This horrid doubt wouldn't oppress us if it weren't for the fact that Paramount did everything to keep her going, save buy our way into the theaters to see her pictures.

They gave Bow every break and every chance.

B. P. Schulberg, Clara's Paramount sponsor, fought for her, tooth and nail. Through bad publicity culminating in the sad De Voe mess, through a sad succession of boy-friends, through a welter of the talkie revolution, Schulberg stayed in there punching on Clara's side. Schulberg—and the company—kept faith right up to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

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



★ ALEXANDER HAMILTON—Warners

AMAZING man, this Arliss!—the variety of his characterizations is something to marvel at.

Here he steps back into the sort of thing that made "Disraeli" a masterpiece—humanized portrayal of an historic figure. And here, again, Arliss breathes the warmth of life into a cold history-book character; makes him understandable, likable, sympathetic.

It is the tale of how his political enemies intrigued Hamilton into a scandal. And of how Hamilton sacrificed his personal happiness rather than his patriotic principles. Splendidly cast, it features Doris Kenyon as a charming *Betsy Hamilton* and lovely June Collyer as a woman any man—even Statesman Hamilton—would fall for. Here, too, are Washington and Jefferson, interestingly portrayed.



★ THE MIRACLE WOMAN—Columbia

YOU will recognize this as a slightly camouflaged take-off on a well-known female evangelist who has had her name in the papers a lot. It's boldly, daringly done. With its foundation of fact, and its development with plenty of melodramatic license, "The Miracle Woman" is a thrill picture that will give you a warm evening's entertainment.

Barbara Stanwyck, as *Sister Fallon*, scores another fine screen characterization. Opposite her, as the blinded war aviator who comes to scoff and falls in love with her instead, David Manners does the best work of his career, in an unusually difficult rôle. Sam Hardy and Beryl Mercer are splendid. The picture is well staged, directed, and photographed. The final thrill—the burning of the crowded tabernacle—is a fine piece of film realism.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE—Paramount

HERE'S one for the kids and the grownups, too. It has that same spontaneity and youthful *élan* that touched "Skippy" with magic fingers, as well as an underlying ironic theme you won't forget.

Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green, already well known to you, are the leads, but Bruce Line, a new kid, completes a perfect juvenile trio. Edna May Oliver (whose haughty sniff is as good in this as in "Cimarron") and Louise Fazenda furnish the adult laughs.

The story—it is Sinclair Lewis' "Let's Play King" considerably changed for picture purposes—deals with two child movie stars who, tired of never being allowed to play like other youngsters, run away with a boy king in London.

Norman Taurog, who directed "Skippy" held the megaphone on this. And how he makes those kids act! Their technique is perfect and while adult actors *talk* about correct tempo, the juveniles pitch in and actually achieve it.

The Hollywood stuff is a howl and take it from one who knows movie mamas, it is not entirely burlesque. You're admitted right into the inner workings of a movie lot and get the inside on how movies are made. Don't miss this entertaining picture. It's an evening well spent.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE NIGHT NURSE
ALEXANDER HAMILTON THE MIRACLE WOMAN
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY THE GIRL HABIT
LE MILLION THE SQUAW MAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Barbara Stanwyck in "Night Nurse"
Joan Blondell in "Night Nurse"
George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton"
Doris Kenyon in "Alexander Hamilton"
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Miracle Woman"
David Manners in "The Miracle Woman"
Sam Hardy in "The Miracle Woman"
Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy"
Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy"
Irving Pichel in "An American Tragedy"
Charles Ruggles in "The Girl Habit"
Bruce Line in "Forbidden Adventure"
Jackie Scarl in "Forbidden Adventure"
Mitzi Green in "Forbidden Adventure"
Edna May Oliver in "Forbidden Adventure"
Louise Fazenda in "Forbidden Adventure"
Warner Baxter in "The Squaw Man"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Paramount

IT doesn't matter how strictly this follows the book, the meat of it is there. Every bit of the cruel tragedy that Dreiser wrote into his story, Von Sternberg has poured into the picture. You'll probably say of it: "A great film—but I don't know whether I like it or not . . ."

There is photographic beauty that has seldom been equalled. There is a glorious cast: Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Dee, Irving Pichel, Charles Middleton—each one of whom does praiseworthy work. Directorially, Von Sternberg's wizardry is manifest always. In the suspense of the courtroom sequence, he sets new standards. "An American Tragedy" is one of the month's best pictures—artistically and technically. But it might have been better without Mr. Dreiser's interference.



★ NIGHT NURSE—Warners

A REPRESENTATIVE from another studio announced after the preview of this: "Several states will bar it. They won't have any more gangsters." All we've got to say is: we feel sorry for them. The states will be the losers. You don't get entertainment like this very often.

And it isn't Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon or Clark Gable. It's the combination of them all, plus a fine story, splendid direction, humor, novelty—oh, what's the use! Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em.

Yes, Ben Lyon's a bootlegger who knows a couple of fellows who get rid of other bootleggers. Which means "gangster," we suppose, even though he only has them bump off real villains. Barbara's a nurse who's out to clean up unethical practices of unethical physicians. You can't help but feel bootleggers are preferable to doctors who help kill tiny children for money.

There's the hospital ward, the true leveler of humanity, which evokes many a chuckle. There's the ambulance room which gives a glimpse into the pathos and the humor of emergency treatments—and a too-short glimpse of a clever young interne played by that funny boy, Eddie Nugent. And there's a whole lot more worth seeing!



★ THE GIRL HABIT—Paramount

AN uproarious farce that not only boosts Charlie Ruggles to stardom, but lets him squeeze every bit out of a hilarious part cut to his measure. As a wealthy young bachelor who has a great facility for getting himself involved with the ladies, Charlie successively gets in trouble with his fiancée, his intended mother-in-law, a lady blackmailer, her gunman husband, the police and the jail warden's wife. Everything in the way of hokum is in it, except the U. S. Marines, but adroit adapting, skillful directing and the fine acting of the entire cast lift it above the ordinary.

Donald Meek, Sue Conroy, Margaret Dumont, Allen Jenkins, Tamara Geva, Douglas Gilmore, Jerome Daley and Betty Garde splendidly support Ruggles.

It's all laughs. See it!

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



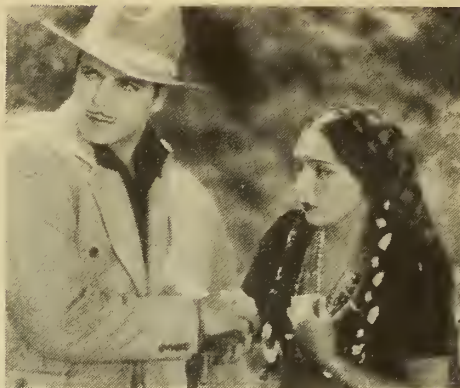
LE MILLION
—Tobis
Soundfilm



YOU don't have to understand French to get all the fun and flavor out of this French musical farce, a gorgeous burlesque on all other musical farces, but adept and hilarious in its own right. Two English-speaking players are ingeniously woven into the story to explain the action. Please bring Rene Clair, the director, to America to teach some of our directors. This should open their eyes.



**THE SQUAW
MAN**—
M-G-M



THERE'S everything in this version that has been in former ones, only it is more plausibly done. Warner Baxter does a magnificent job. Lupe Velez, with scarcely a dozen words of dialogue, holds sympathy every second. Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford and Raymond Hatton offer excellent support. See it, no matter if you have already seen it on the stage or silent screen.

REBOUND—
RKO-Pathe



INA CLAIRE and Robert Ames do some splendid acting; the production is well directed and at times the story is funny, but somehow it just misses the big amusement class. The plot is a bit jumpy; the dialogue hard to understand in spots and the change of situations from the stage play bewildering and not an improvement. Nevertheless, the film overrides these faults and is worth seeing.

THE VIKING
—Varick
Frissell
Production



RE-TAKES on this picture cost Varick Frissell and twenty-five others their lives when an explosion destroyed their ship, "The Viking," off the coast of Labrador. There are some amazing shots of Arctic sealing, fascinating adventures on that writhing sea of ice, some grand baby seals and lots of other things for your money. But the attempt at story hampers the film considerably.

**I TAKE THIS
WOMAN**—
Paramount



THAT wheezy old plot about the pampered society darling who falls for and marries the rugged cowhand on pappy's ranch comes alive again. But not very. Gary Cooper, looking none too well, and Carole Lombard, miscast, do their best. But when it's all over, it's just another movie. You'll get a surprise, though, seeing lovely Carole's beauty sunk as the ranch drudge-of-all-work.

**THE MAN IN
POSSESSION**
—M-G-M



HERE'S another fast one of that new crop of naughty comedies, that depends for its lines and situations upon what happens when a strange young man and a strange young woman occupy the same apartment overnight. Some people will laugh, some will blush, and most will enjoy it. Robert Montgomery does delightfully clever work in his second starring picture. Irene Purcell is a fascinating trick.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE NIGHT ANGEL—
Paramount



IF this sort of thing keeps up Nancy Carroll's name at the box-office won't be worth an apple. All about a Czecho-Slovakian lass (are they lassies over there?) who is bad, just bad, until the noble district attorney comes along and helps her find herself. Fredric March is the hero and struggles pitifully with the stupid story. But it's a hard day's work and no glory. Allison Skipworth is splendid.

SON OF INDIA—
M-G-M



IF you like Romance spelled with a capital R—the kind which overcomes family, race and religious prejudices, you will enjoy this. The story is a nice little fairy tale. Ramon Novarro has never been more handsome or love-inspiring. He's an Indian who drops from riches to rags and rises to riches again. Madge Evans is delightful as the girl who believes love transcends all.

FIVE AND TEN—
M-G-M



THE natural, unaffected acting makes this interesting. Marion Davies goes dramatic in splendid fashion; Leslie Howard is delightful and Irene Rich, Kent Douglass and Richard Bennett score also. The story adheres a little too strictly to the Fannie Hurst novel for movie purposes. It takes in so much that the first half is jerky. The heavy drama of the last half is better.

THE COMMON LAW—
RKO-Pathe



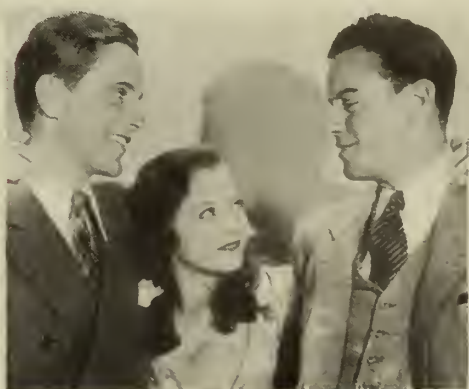
KEEP the kiddies away from this sophisticated yarn where the man actually decides to take a lady of easy virtue as his wife. Constance Bennett is the lady and she's easy to look at, too. Such clothes, ladies! Don't miss them. Gentlemen won't want to miss the little beneath them. A poor adaptation of Robert Chambers' best seller. Excellent acting by Bennett, Joel McCrea, Hedda Hopper and Lew Cody.

EX-BAD BOY—
Universal



IF you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Adapted from John Emerson and Anita Loos' "The Whole Town's Talking." It deals with the frantic efforts of a wealthy father to keep his daughter from marrying the gigolo type. Robert Armstrong, boob clerk, is substituted for the gigolo when daughter (Jean Arthur) discovers he's had a supposed affair with a movie actress (Lola Lane). Fine comedy acting.

CONFES- SIONS OF A CO-ED—
Paramount



SYLVIA SIDNEY as the co-ed who marries the other man in desperation because her true lover has gone away at a most awkward time. For three years, Hubby Norman Foster doesn't know the baby's not his—then Real Lover Phillips Holmes comes back. Neither very convincing, nor very good, although there are excellent moments. College atmosphere.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 103]

\$5,000⁰⁰ in Prizes

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

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

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

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

Read the Rules Carefully Before Starting Work

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

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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

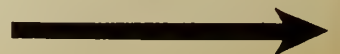
Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

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

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

70 Readers Must Win

Follow the Arrows





HERE is Warners contribution to the Dietrich-Garbo glamor school. The name is Lil Dagover. Do the legs remind you of Frau Dietrich's? Lil is a dramatic star from Germany. She was in Hollywood four years ago, but didn't make a picture. She's been studying English and has now joined the studio foreign legion

This Way to Puzzles



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000.00 Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair was with Wayburn, a dancer was she;
The eyes—despite protest—eloped.
The mouth is a blonde, but of Spanish descent,
By Cupid she's never been roped.

Lower

The hair had a part in a Bessie Love hit,
The eyes had a short stage career,
The mouth knew applause when she was but a tot,
And she went to a convent, we hear!

Upper

The hair in the stronghold of Mormons was born,
The eyes may be married by now,
The mouth's a New Yorker, she went there to school—
And in "Cheri Bibi" she's a wow!

Lower

The hair had for parents a vaudeville team,
The eyes—wide and blue—came from Flushing;
The mouth played in "Irene," and "Yes, Yes, Yvette"—
We can say she is good, without blushing!

RESUME

Three girls are quite blonde, and all four have light eyes,
In the talkies they seem to be set.
Three came from the stage, and one right from school,
And each might be called a safe bet!
Two use their right names, and two of them do not—
And, oh, what we'd give for the future they've got!



Upper

The hair came from England, he looks the part, too—
The eyes have two boys and a girl
The mouth played in stock for no less than twelve years,
Then he gave New York theaters a whirl!

Lower

The hair went to night school, he learned a lot there—
The eyes got his learning in college;
The mouth broke our hearts in a play of the war,
He'd the greatest war rôle, to our knowledge.

Upper

The hair was a part of an orchestra, once;
The eyes have a girl and a boy.
The mouth is in pictures just over three years—
And his work has brought fame, and much joy.

Lower

The hair plays the banjo, also the guitar;
The eyes are quite new to film fame—
The mouth wrote short stories ere he was a star,
And the London stage thrilled to his name

RESUME

Three of them are married, and one's un-engaged,
Just one of the four has dark eyes
And two are old timers, as screen matters go—
And two've had a quite recent rise
Two of them have children—and (this is a riddle!)
Two come from a state that is high in the middle



DOES this smart young woman look high hat to you? Mrs. Joan Crawford Fairbanks is not the same girl she was when she came to Hollywood. The colony accuses her of being ritzy. On the opposite page you'll find a story that tells you how this idea grew. But nothing stops Joan's remarkable journey to success

Why They Said Joan Was “High Hat”

IF she had been a great dramatic star on Broadway and had come to Hollywood with a blare of publicity ballyhoo it never would have happened. Joan Crawford could have been herself—the self she is now—without any of those comments one hears, “Yes, Joan has gone ‘high hat.’” First it was her marriage to young Doug that went to her head and now it’s her success as a dramatic actress. Who does she think she is—Garbo or somebody?”

But Joan came to Hollywood as obscure as a producer’s story idea. She was plump, gauche, shy and ill at ease. Her chorus experience—the only theatrical training she had had—served only to give her a hard boiled veneer and an easy manner that was not her own. Joan is a Hollywood product. If ever a girl has been through all the phases of a career this amazing girl has.

I have now, somewhere in my desk, funny little notes from the old Joan that would give you an insight into the Crawford who was. There is one very pitiful one, written to me on Christmas Eve, on the back of an envelope and sent over by a prop boy from her set. “Everybody is so happy,” Joan scribbled, “I feel as if I’m no part of it. What makes me unhappy? Why can’t I enter into the fun they’re all having?”

That was many, many years ago.

Strangely enough, Joan *told* me the superficial things. She *wrote* the things that were near her heart. She seemed to feel some need of expressing herself on paper. She could talk by the hour of her newest boy friend, of her financial troubles, of her chance—maybe—at a good part, but her struggles to adjust herself to life, of the keen misery that was always within her, even when she was most gay—these things she wrote. Just a few lines, between scenes or in her dressing-room or the studio commissary.

SHE met life, you see, unsequipped. Do you remember her when she was Lucille Le Sueur? You do remember, of course, all the un-wanted but not un-warranted publicity she received then. Joan—the dancing girl, the hey-hey Charleston kid who haunted the night clubs and bore from them a silver dancing cup or a sleek-haired sheik with equal ease and with just pride in the winning thereof.

Joan was all gayety and life and movement—to the outside. She had no smallest notion of self containment. If you asked her for an autographed picture and had known her for only half an hour she would write in her strong girlish hand, “To the sweetest, dearest boy in the world—With all my love.” Now

Here’s an object lesson from real life that should help any girl struggling against odds

By Katherine Albert

she wishes that she might recall all this as a publisher may recall an inaccurate book.

Joan was always in a mess. Mike Cudahy — a handsome young cad who danced with Joan and called her endearing words and dragged her name, along with his own, over the scandal sections of the newspapers. Jimmy Hall—another youngster who called her constantly and ‘squired her around to all the smart places. The boys on the set, the boys she met at parties. She was named as co-respondent in a couple of divorces. And upon both occasions Joan was the innocent victim of those endearing and meaningless scrawls across her photographs. One of the men was an unprepossessing set musician to whom she had given a handsome sweater for Christmas. She had made a gift to everybody on her set.

She was always lavish with money. In those days she was always drawing ahead of her salary, seldom able to pay her bills and yet, when she was in the most desperate financial circumstances, she gave an elaborate luncheon party at the then smart Montmartre for twenty girl friends—to celebrate her birthday.

EVERYTHING she did was printed in the papers. Her quarrel with her mother, her escapades with her then intimate friend Shirley Dorman, her romances. Joan was not “taken up socially” in the colony. She was considered a little ex-chorus girl with a pair of swell legs.

And yet—if you were at all discerning you could look into those great eyes and know that Joan wanted something more of life than she was getting in a Charleston contest. But who’d believe her—who’d believe she was anything but a dumb, crazy kid who got herself into a lot of jams?

But there was one person who did believe her. There was one eye who saw the deep, latent powers of the girl, the fine, uncultivated brain she had. He is a little man, known in Hollywood for his eccentricities and his unfeeling habit of finding miserable glamorous women to help. His name is Paul Bern and he was, at the time, an associate producer at M-G-M. He knew that Joan was miserable and he began the awakening of her mind—a task that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., carried on and that Joan, herself, is completing. Without Paul—who played seemingly so slight a part and yet such a truly important one in her life—Joan would not have been ready for the love she eventually lavished upon young Doug.

Paul taught her things [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



“The Charleston Champ” of Hollywood. Joan and some of the cups she won at dancing contests when she first struck Hollywood

Two Ladies Who



Una began her film career as one of those starry-eyed heroines, but somebody remembered that she was really a comedienne, so instead of crying with her you can laugh at her now. Praise be!

THREE rousing cheers and a couple of first class huzzahs! D. W. Griffith, the old maestro, has been cheated. Oh, he cast a wistful eye upon the gal but she escaped his saccharine clutch. The world has lost a Gish. But boy, oh boy, it's got a comedienne. Which is what this country needs.

In case you hadn't heard, I'm talking about Una Merkel. And to show you just what Fate can hold for a girl with blonde hair and blue eyes—she was almost a dreamy heroine, pursued and suffering. (And how a gal who looks like that could have suffered!)

If Una had happened in silent film days nothing would have stopped Griffith. But honestly, a woman who talks like the

Una Merkel was snatched from "Ole Massa" Griffith who thought she was a second Gish

By Jeanne North

Merkel just couldn't be a Gish. She comes from Covington, Kentucky, and she sounds it. Fancy her saying to the hero, "Now jus' you listen heah, I cahn't go on." That's how Una talks and so instead of a wan, pale lily of a woman, we have a swell laugh-getter and may all the gods of the drama be praised.

Here's how it almost happened. Eight years ago Una was in a dramatic school. She was tall, fair, slim as a willow, with hair like spun gold and eyes blue as a Mediterranean sky. One day a producer came to the school. He looked at Una. He suddenly remembered that he was going to make a picture starring Lillian Gish and he cast her immediately in the prologue, but when it came time for shooting she was given another part to run through the entire picture and she was also assigned to be Gish's understudy. That in itself is enough to ruin any girl who looked like Una did then. The Gish influence got her—and got her right, but Fate stepped in and the picture was never released.

DURING the days while they were working it was the habit of D. W. Griffith to come on the set and watch the shooting. He watched Una and I know he could visualize her in a big scene with a sleek, moustached villain. But something kept him from his deadly purpose.

In the due course of time and tide Una grew up and went on the stage. There, of course, she was allowed to work out her own salvation and to be the comedienne she should have been, but again she was threatened. She happened to go to a studio where tests of some of the Broadway lights were being done. And who should be making those tests but D. W. Griffith? Griffith stopped right in the middle of work to look at Una. His eyes lit up.

"Ah-ha," said he to himself. And again, "Ah-ha. Why, she'll be lovely in gauze and a black eye." So he asked her to have a test. There wasn't much time so Una went before the camera

without make-up. But she took the test.

After that she went back to the stage and kept on being a comedienne until there came a telegram from United Artists Studio asking her to come West at once and play *Ann Rulledge* in Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln."

She left the stage and arrived in Hollywood. She was given a contract. She worked for Griffith and the studio began making still pictures of her with maline around her head and a soulful look in her eyes. She was all dewy and forgiving. You know the type—the Griffith type. When they talked about her, little tears trickled down cheeks. She was going Gish and going fast.

It didn't help any when she was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Make You Laugh

The face that launched a thousand laughs even if Edna May Oliver did come from Boston to show it

By Harry Lang

IT took Lon Chaney a Thousand Faces to become immortal. It takes Edna May Oliver only one—and that's her own.

Of course, you know Miss Oliver. The moment you looked at the picture that accompanies this story, you recognized her. That face . . .! You saw it in "Cimarron," of course, and now you're going to see it starred in a series of other Radio Pictures, the first of which will be "Fannie Foley Herself"—all in Technicolor.

But there may be a lot of things about Edna Oliver—off-screen—that you don't know and would like to.

You probably don't know, for instance, that off-screen she's almost exactly like what she is on-screen! That inescapable face is there—and Miss Oliver knows it. She's gotten used to it.

Besides, even in off-screen conversation, that nose-twisting sniff is there, too. When you or I might emphasize a conversational point with a wave of the hand, or a lift of the eyebrow, Edna May Oliver does it by squeegeeing her nose leftwards, lifting the left side of her lips and sniffing mightily. You know the gesture—you've seen and heard it on the screen. It's her own mannerism. And she's getting afraid of it!

"YES, I know I do it a great deal," she says. "I know that people are beginning to expect it when they see me walk into a scene. But I don't want them to. I'm trying to get away from that sniff. It'll be fatal if I don't. When people know what to expect from you, it's fatal."

So, fans, you may expect to bid the Oliver sniff good-bye. If you want it to stay on the screen, better write her!

Edna May Oliver, herself, is a rather tallish woman, with a decidedly comfortable manner. She lives alone—save for a devoted maid that's been with her for years—in a house off the beaten track in Hollywood.

It's the first home she's ever had since she took to acting—and she's more than revelling in it.

She was born in Boston, and because she had a remarkable voice as a child, had dreams of the operatic stage as a career. Even Edna May Oliver's face wouldn't have halted that, because opera is opera. But it was halted, nevertheless, by economic circumstances. After getting a fair start in open air opera in New England, financial reverses scrapped her plans for voice study in Europe and forced her to join up with a dramatic stock company in Boston. Good-bye opera!

Because, good singer though she was, she proved a better actress. And so it came about that there ensued a series of stage successes that lifted her from the obscurity of Boston stock to the eminence of New York's comedy favorite. "Cradle Snatchers" and "Show Boat," perhaps, were her two out-



One guess. Who is this here lady above? She earns a pretty penny for sniffing at folks and there's no better sniffer in Hollywood, where in private life there are some champion sniffers

standing hits on the stage. For three solid years she bossed the "Show Boat" as *Parthy Ann Hawks*. Ever see her?

And that brings us to pictures. Naturally, with talkies raiding the audible stage, Edna May Oliver got her share of attention. In Chicago, one day, she got a wire from William LeBaron, Radio Pictures' head.

"How much will you take to sign with Radio?" it asked, in effect.

"So I wired back what I wanted, and LeBaron wired back 'nothing doing!' " she narrated. So she stayed on the stage some more.

A long time later, he wired again. This time her figure was different. And LeBaron wired [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



YOU'VE never seen Dolores look better, have you? She is completely recovered from her recent illness, very much in love with her husband, signed on a long term contract and there's no place for a jinx in the gorgeous modernistic home that Cedric Gibbons designed for his bride

Dolores vs. the Jinx

INTO the years of the brief life of Dolores Del Rio there have been crowded the glamour and drama, the madness and tragedy, the emotion and fire of a hundred glittering women.

The sensational high points of her life have leaped out at you from a thousand newspapers. She has been accused of:

Breaking her husband's heart, thereby causing his death.

Being responsible for the divorce of Edwin Carewe and his wife, Mary Akin.

Providing the incentive for a duel between Carewe and her husband, Jaime Del Rio, which was never fought.

Sending Lila Lee to a sanatorium because she won the heart of her sweetheart.

Poisoning a wife's mind against her husband and thereby causing a separation. (Attorney Gunther R. Lessing and wife.)

Being unkind and ungracious to her fellow countrywoman, Lupe Velez.

So devastatingly fascinating Cedric Gibbons that he neglected his most loyal and dependable friend, Aileen Pringle.

And every charge one hundred per cent wrong!

These are but some of the charges made against Dolores Del Rio, whose fantastic career has been woven into the pattern of Hollywood.

Several months ago she was through in Hollywood. And this occurred at a dramatic moment, as everything has occurred to her, just after her gay wedding to Cedric Gibbons. There were three staccato events. She married Cedric Gibbons.

Tragedy played the leading rôle in Del Rio's life, but Dolores does the starring now

By Katherine Albert

A few weeks later she became seriously ill. One month and three days after that she was without the famous United Artists contract that had brought her \$9,000 a week while she was working. Her picture, "The Dove," was scheduled to start before she became ill. And it was on the eve of the shooting that doctors told her to remain in bed.

There was a clause in her contract which provided that if she should be away from the studio for one month for whatever cause at all, the contract was automatically null. They gave her three extra days. One month and three days—and she had no more contract than a bearded lady has sex appeal.

The time dragged on. Dolores was through—washed up—finished. She was also ill, disheartened, discouraged. Gay parties were given—but she was not among the group. Occasionally someone asked, "What's happened to Dolores Del Rio." And someone suddenly remembered, "Oh, she's ill." And the usual line followed, "I think she's pretty well washed up in pictures."

A few weeks ago came the announcement that Dolores Del Rio had signed a long-term contract with Radio Pictures and that her first film will be the ill-fated picture, "The Dove."

Now the inside newshounds were ready to peddle their vicarious information. Rubbing their hands in glee, they announced that United Artists and Sam Goldwyn were delighted with the deal. In one lucky stroke they had rid themselves of a star whose last picture, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



A detailed view of the second floor living room in the Del Rio-Gibbons modernistic mansion. That bookcase upon which Dolores is reclining is a davenport in disguise and what looks like a counter in the foreground is the rail of a secret stairway leading to the boudoir. Tricky?



Story Contest Judging Begins

THE appearance of this issue of PHOTOPLAY marks the close of the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest for picture story ideas to fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss," as well as the deadline for all manuscripts competing for the \$2,000 prizes offered.

As specified in the rules, midnight of July 15 was the closing hour of the contest. All manuscripts received at the office of PHOTOPLAY after that time will not be considered. The competition is over.

What remains now is the vastly important task of judging the thousands of stories that have been received since the contest opened on May 15, and finding the winner, or winners, of the \$2,000 checks offered.

This is a gigantic task, for the response to this opportunity by amateur picture story writers assumed unexpected proportions. Stories came in from all over the country, and from European countries as well. We received manuscripts written in French, German and Spanish, and while most of the writers fashioned their stories around the suggested title of "Beauty and the Boss," there were hundreds with other titles that covered a wide variety of situations and settings.

Despite the great number of stories that were submitted, the greatest care will be exercised in reading and judging them. Every manuscript entered in the contest will be given a careful and thorough reading. Contestants are assured that their stories will be read from beginning to end—every one of them.

Because of the time and consideration that will be given to the reading and judging of the stories, the announcement of the winners may be delayed for a month or more. Accordingly, we ask all those who have sent stories to be patient. Every effort will be made to announce the winners as soon as possible, but the judging will not be completed until every story has been carefully read.

Thousands of stories, submitted for \$2,000 prize, being read by judges, who will name winners soon

While awaiting the decision of the judges, we ask those who have submitted stories not to write in to ask what decision has been made about their individual manuscripts. Future announcements will tell you all this. Every possible amount of speed will be utilized in completing this huge task and to tell you what you are

anxious to know as soon as possible, but the judges cannot undertake to engage in correspondence with those who have sent in stories.

If your story fails to win one of the prizes, PHOTOPLAY cannot return it. You probably know this because it was plainly set forth in the rules of the contest every month. There are far too many stories to make such an undertaking practicable, much as we would like to do it.

THE rights to these unsuccessful stories, however, still belong to their authors. A great many writers, confused on this point, have written in to ask if Warner Bros. still have the rights to their stories even though they don't win a prize.

All stories accepted by Warner Bros. will be paid for at the rate of \$2,000 each.

The rights to the unsuccessful manuscripts will automatically revert back to their authors as soon as the announcement of the winners is made.

In the judging of the manuscripts no one but the judges and those assisting them will read the stories. Every story will be read and judged on its merits, and the decision of the judges will be final.

And now, we ask you again to be patient until the announcement of the winners is made.

PHOTOPLAY appreciates that you are anxious to know if your story was successful, and will make every effort to give you the answer quickly.

“Elegance is the new watchword”



BRIDE OF A GRANDSON OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER . . . THE FORMER SEÑORITA EUGENIA MARTINEZ DE HOZ

says *MRS* POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER

A SPANISH BLONDE! Velasquez would have thrilled to paint her . . . imagine the exotic charm of clear pale olive skin with golden hair and amber eyes . . .

She is the captivating young bride of a grandson of the late Potter Palmer, famous in Chicago history . . . and her elegant distinction recalls that of the celebrated Mrs. Potter Palmer, who ruled as arbiter of Chicago society some two generations ago.

Fresh from Paris on her recent first visit to America, with trunks and trunks full of chic frocks and hats, and all the rest of a trousseau in the grand manner, Mrs. Palmer talked of fashions, of beauty care in France.

She summed it up in one vivid phrase. “Elegance,” she said, “is the new watchword. More than ever, women are groomed with fastidious attention to detail.”

“But your wonderful skin?” we asked. “How do you ever keep it so smooth and fine of texture?”



POND'S EASY WAY TO A LOVELY SKIN

“Daily treatment!” replied Mrs. Palmer, with her flashing smile. “Yes, that’s all-important, but it’s really very simple . . . for Pond’s four preparations are all one needs to keep one’s complexion exquisite.”

Follow the four steps of Pond’s Method:
1—AmPLY apply Pond’s Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the dirt to the surface. At bed-

time, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day’s accumulation of grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent. White or peach color.

3—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond’s Skin Freshener to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and reduce enlarged pores.

4—Always before you powder, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and forms a wonderful protection from sunburn. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

Tune in on Pond’s Friday evenings 9.30 P.M. E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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NAZIMOVA

"I am



NAZIMOVA

Who would guess looking at these recent photographs that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House*, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome*, and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard*.

SAYS,

over 40 years old!"

*Famous stage and screen star declares
years need not rob you of Youth*

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

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

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

Well does the beautiful *Nazimova* know how unimportant birthdays can be. She says: "A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."



Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



VOTE!

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal balloting is on! Send yours in—now!

VOTE now for the best picture of 1930.

As a true lover of motion pictures, and as one interested in their continued improvement, it is your duty, as well as pleasant privilege, to help award the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor, which is the highest and most coveted of all motion picture awards.

This is the eleventh time this notable prize will be awarded, and a distinguished tradition has been built up behind it. The ten previous winners were worthy recipients of the Medal, and we want every member of the great motion picture public to take part in selecting a picture that will take its place beside the honored films of the past. A list of previous winners will be found printed on this page.

Like moving pictures themselves, the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor has grown in importance, until today it is the highest award in the industry. It has come to be a milestone along the road of motion picture progress, and from the time of the first award to "Humoresque," in 1920, it has encouraged fine achievements on the screen.

Last year marked the first time that this honor was bestowed on a talking picture. It was awarded to "Disraeli." Since then the motion picture screen has become practically all talkie, and your vote in awarding the medal this year will also be a stamp of approval on the advancement made in this new field of screen endeavor.

IN voting, strive to leave personalities out of your consideration. Consider not only the acting, but the story, the direction, and the spirit behind the making of the film. By considering every phase of a picture, you give the producer your answer to his efforts.

For your convenience, you will find a ballot printed on this page. In addition, you will find a list of fifty pictures released during 1930 to help you in making your selections. You are not, of course, limited to voting for a picture on this list. Vote for any picture of 1930 that you feel is entitled to the award.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. Each medal is made and designed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. You will find a reproduction of it also printed on this page.

Remember that PHOTOPLAY's award is made on *your* choice. It will help to encourage the making of better pictures for *you*. You can do that by filling out the ballot and mailing it to us—*now*.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"Humoresque"
- 1921
"Tol'able David"
- 1922
"Robin Hood"
- 1923
"The Covered Wagon"
- 1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
- 1925
"The Big Parade"
- 1926
"Beau Geste"
- 1927
"7th Heaven"
- 1928
"Four Sons"
- 1929
"Disraeli"

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 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <i>Abraham Lincoln</i> | <i>Free and Easy</i> | <i>Old English</i> |
| <i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i> | <i>General Crack</i> | <i>Outward Bound</i> |
| <i>Animal Crackers</i> | <i>Green Goddess, The</i> | <i>Rogue Song, The</i> |
| <i>Anna Christie</i> | <i>Grumpy</i> | <i>Romance</i> |
| <i>Big House, The</i> | <i>Hell's Angels</i> | <i>Sarah and Son</i> |
| <i>Big Trail, The</i> | <i>Holiday</i> | <i>Seven Days' Leave</i> |
| <i>Case of Sergeant Grischa, The</i> | <i>Journey's End</i> | <i>Song o' My Heart</i> |
| <i>Caught Short</i> | <i>King of Jazz</i> | <i>So This Is London</i> |
| <i>Check and Double Check</i> | <i>Ladies of Leisure</i> | <i>Street of Chance</i> |
| <i>Common Clay</i> | <i>Laughter</i> | <i>Tom Sawyer</i> |
| <i>Dawn Patrol, The</i> | <i>Let Us Be Gay</i> | <i>Unholy Three, The</i> |
| <i>Devil May Care</i> | <i>Lummock</i> | <i>Vagabond King, The</i> |
| <i>Devil's Holiday, The</i> | <i>Manslaughter</i> | <i>White Hell of Pitz Palu</i> |
| <i>Divorce, The</i> | <i>Men Without Women</i> | <i>Whoopce</i> |
| <i>Doorway to Hell, The</i> | <i>Min and Bill</i> | <i>With Byrd at the South Pole</i> |
| <i>Feet First</i> | <i>Moby Dick</i> | <i>Young Man of Manhattan</i> |
| | <i>Monte Carlo</i> | |
| | <i>Office Wife, The</i> | |

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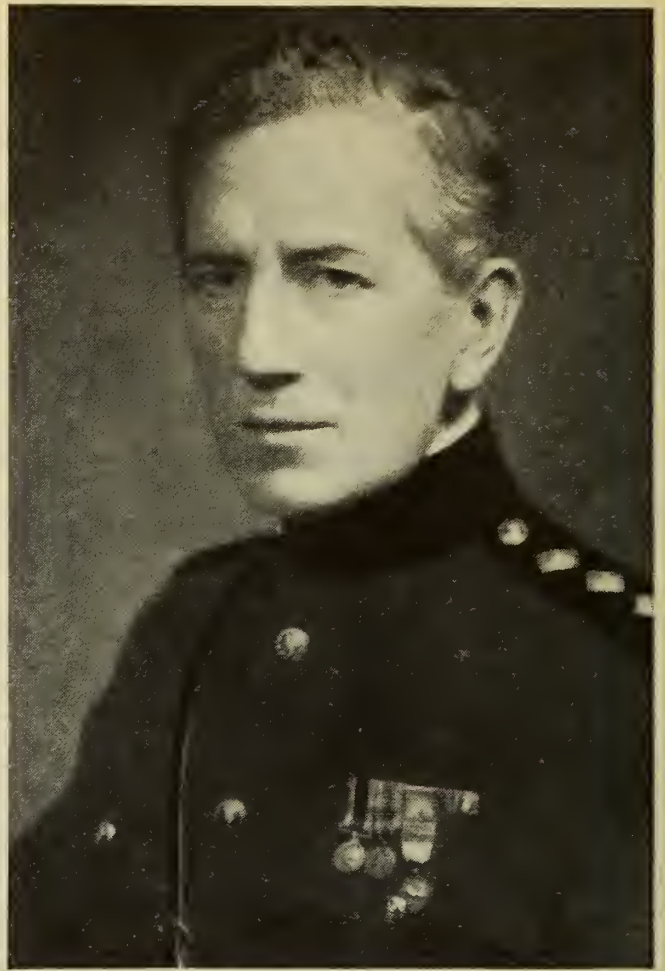


See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy





"From the Manger to the Cross," made by the old Kalem Company in 1912, won world-wide fame for R. Henderson Bland, a young English actor, for his portrayal of Christ. It was made in Palestine and was directed by Sidney Olcott



A recent portrait of Capt. Henderson Bland. The deeds of a warrior he performed in the British army from 1914 to 1918 are a far cry from his sympathetic portrayal of the gentle Man of Galilee just a few years before

Back After 17 Years

BBROADCASTING over the radio now, and soon to be on his way to Hollywood, is a remarkable personality who has played many rôles in life, rôles as far apart and as contrasting in dramatic lights and shadows as are day and night.

Poet, actor, playwright, journalist, art critic, champion swordsman, soldier, radio speaker, director of the Poets' Club of London, representative of the Ypres League in America, he has crowded into his two score years the activities and energies of ten average men.

He has made arrangements to appear in one picture and if he likes the work, and, he adds, if the work likes him, he may continue on as a picture actor.

HE is a picture pioneer. Away back in 1912 he played the rôle of *Christ* in Sidney Olcott's (then epic) production of "From the Manger to the Cross." Of his work in that picture, which was shown all over the civilized world and is still being shown, the famous Dean of St. Paul's Church of London, the Rev. William Inge, said: "Nothing, not even the Passion Play of Oberammergau, brought home to my mind the realities of the life and work of Jesus as did Mr. Henderson Bland's picture." So it must have been good, for Dean Inge is not usually so enthusiastic.

Yet two years later the man who enacted the rôle of the *Christus* with such feeling that it evoked this high praise from a famous churchman, went into the bloody work of the most terrible massacres the world has ever known, with all that was

in him. He wrote a poem on the Sea of Galilee which is a thing of great spiritual and reverential beauty. And a few years later, on the battlefield of Festubert, he wrote one of the finest poems inspired by the war, one that has made that field of carnage and death a hallowed spot.

He was a captain in a famous regiment that has to its credit more battle flags than any regiment which engaged in the World War. It was part of the Fifth British Army that was so thoroughly decimated in the fierce fighting of the first two years when the British were throwing every ounce of their strength into the struggle to keep the Germans from capturing the rail-heads and Channel ports. Of his own original company of two hundred men, twelve men survived.

HE received his early dramatic training as a youthful member of Sir Herbert Tree's company, and it was while he was playing there that Sidney Olcott, the director, chose him as the man he wanted to play the central rôle of his picture of the life of Christ. Strangely enough, it was while he was making this film that he had his first taste of fighting. The distrustful natives waylaid the picture company and they had to fight their way to safety.

Henderson Bland is six feet, one, and has much of the quiet British personality that made Percy Marmont such a favorite until, financially secure in life, Mr. Marmont decided to retire to the life of an English gentleman on his modest estate in Surrey.

It's time you knew the *truth* about soaps you use on your face

Palmolive tells you, willingly . . . it is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatsoever!



Hoare of London
The famous Marguerite Hoare, of London, says: "My solution to the problem of daily cleansing, is Palmolive Soap. Olive and palm oils have actual cosmetic value in themselves."



Desfossé of Paris
Desfossé says: "Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the olive and palm oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

Rohde of Chicago
"It cleanses as only an olive oil soap can—effectively, but with a gentleness that prevents skin irritation. Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest possible help."

YOUR complexion is priceless. Don't expect it to remain lovely if you abuse it with wrong soaps.

What are wrong soaps? Find out for yourself by asking what soaps are made of. Demand to be told.

Some soaps, mild in appearance, may roughen and irritate the skin. They cleanse, perhaps—but at what price?

Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No! Vegetable oils? No! Olive and palm oils? No! Few soaps tell you *what* they are made of. Palmolive does.

Palmolive has no secret

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring. No heavy fragrance to

mask other odors. It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united to recommend it.

Nothing else like olive and palm oils

What these experts prize in Palmolive is the skin effects no ordinary soap can ever bring. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care.

Experts know that! But you need not be expert to practice this simple but vital precaution. When you buy soap—just ask what it's made of. You'll learn why millions turn each year to Palmolive—and Palmolive alone—to Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.

Read what these experts say about this vegetable oil soap. They are world leaders in beauty culture. Their word in beauty matters is law to thousands of the world's loveliest women.



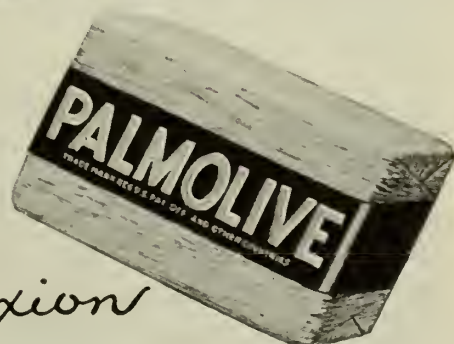
Cain of Minneapolis
Myrdall Cain gives this advice: "The modern woman uses make-up, of course. She must guard her lovely complexion twice as well as before. For this purpose we advise home treatments with a soap made of the vegetable oils of the olive and palm."



Pierre of New York
Pierre dictates the laws of beauty to the most fashionable of New York's social set. "It is the vegetable oils of the olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate," he says.



Mrs. McGavran of Kansas City
Mrs. M. B. McGavran, famous exponent of beauty, says: "Repeated experiments have convinced us that vegetable oils in soap are best for the skin. That is why we say, use Palmolive. This soap has a bland, yet penetrating lather."



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

CURVES MUST BE ENCOURAGED... BUT NOT TOO GENEROUSLY



LEILA HYAMS, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is equally charming in sports and evening wear. For tennis, she wears a three-piece ensemble—with sweater, pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket. For riding, she chooses open-neck, short-sleeved shirts tucked under slenderizing jodhpurs. And for evening, she prefers a sophisticated gown of black lace.



THE boyish figure belongs to yesterday. Curves have come back in fashion. . . . Not too pronounced, not too slight . . . but delicate, subtle, captivating.

Never was a good figure more important than for these modern feminine costumes.

And a good figure is not so difficult . . . if you diet and exercise wisely. But be sure you protect youth and

beauty by avoiding the dangers of most starvation menus . . . dietary anemia . . . and improper elimination.

There is a safe, pleasant way. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This delicious ready-to-eat cereal provides the "bulk" needed for regular habits. How much better this is than taking pills or drugs—so often harmful.

You can enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN day in and day out and not lose your appetite for it. Serve with milk or in fruit juices, clear soups, etc. Use it for making fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Recipes on the package. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. And it supplies iron, which colors cheeks healthfully. Recommended by dietitians.

Remember, there's only one ALL-BRAN, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. A-8, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____



Picnic Basket Tips

The Ken Maynards, expert picnickers,
tell some favorite dishes

PICNICKING with the Ken Maynards is not a haphazard affair. Whether they go off for one day or several, their picnic baskets are packed with the skill of long practice. The Maynard picnic jaunts are taken by roadster, airplane, or speedboat.

Idylwild and the San Jacinto mountains are two favorite spots for longer trips; the Sherwood Forest not far from Hollywood is usually chosen for shorter ones.

If you enjoy the same sort of *al fresco* dining, you will simplify your trips by following some of the Maynard methods of preparing and cooking food.

For two meals, Mrs. Maynard takes along the following: $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter, a loaf of whole wheat bread, a small bag of Irish potatoes, a can of coffee, one pound of bacon, small filet steaks, chops or ham, fresh eggs, pickles, olives, fruit, jelly, potato salad or cole-slaw, cake, canned corn, sugar, salt and pepper.

Utensils for such an expedition include pots, pans, coffee pot, a picnic kit holding silverware and cardboard dishes. Mrs. Maynard takes the grate from the kitchen stove oven, which she uses to simplify outdoor cooking. She props it up over the fire, using piles of stones at each end for support. Try yours this way and you won't have any overturned coffee pots or dishes!

SWEET POTATOES are fried by Ken as he used to do them for his cowboy pals on the range. The "sweets" are sliced very thin, then fried in plenty of butter, the tops sprinkled with sugar; repeating the process until the frying pan is heaped high with the delicacy. Mrs. Maynard often prepares this at home in the skillet. By wrapping the pan in a clean towel while very hot and folding the newspapers around the entire package, the potatoes remain warm for hours.

COLE-SLAW *a la* Maynard, consists of cabbage shredded fine, drained and kept in the ice-box as long as possible. Chop the onion fine and mix with celery, sugar and vinegar with shredded pimentos on top.

For broiling steaks, the Maynards add charcoal to the wood fire. This heats faster and makes more even coals. The steaks are placed on the grate over the coals, rubbed in butter and sprinkled with salt and pepper. They are turned frequently, then served with crisp bacon broiled on sticks held over a hot fire.

Eggs and potatoes are roasted by burying them in wood ashes. The eggs are ready to eat in thirty minutes, while the length of time for the potatoes depends on their size.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



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

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

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

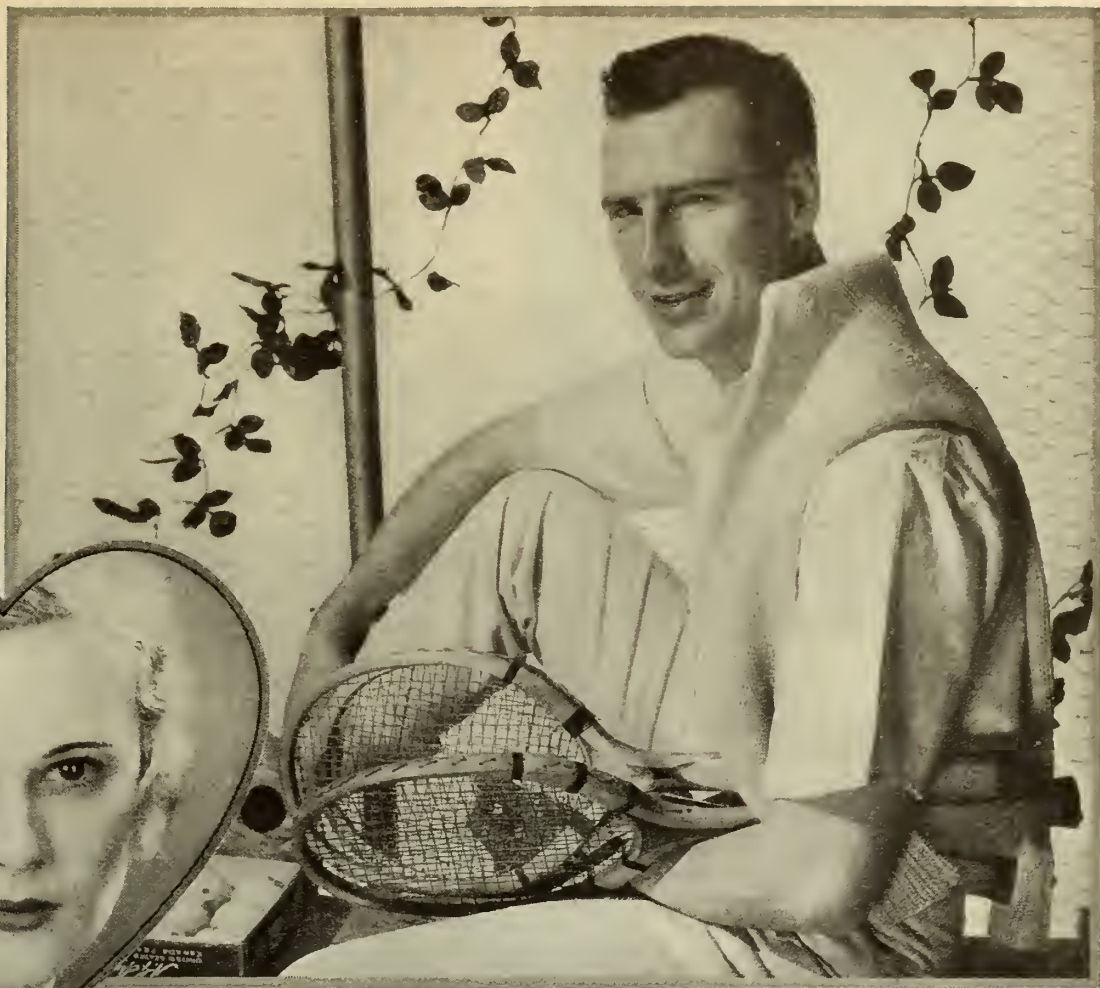
Ken Maynard must be a good cook to receive such alert interest from his own horse! Food is never more savory than when it is cooked over glowing coals in the open



Clara? Guess again.
It's Peggy Shannon

HISTORY keeps on repeating itself. Now it's Peggy Shannon who profits by Clara Bow's breakdown. Remember when Sylvia Sidney stepped into a Bow rôle? Peggy has the "It" girl's part in "The Secret Call" and they're staying awake nights to make her look like Clara. Above, the result. At the right, as she really is





One of the young men I talked with was a tennis champion. He said: "My ideal girl will be a good sport about everything she does. But she'll be feminine, too—a dream in an evening dress. Above all, she'll be *natural*."

Here's **THE MAN!**

Are You . . . **THE GIRL?**

This young athlete is one of the majority of attractive men who want to marry *natural* girls.

And the first thing any of these men notice is—complexion.

Imagine your own complexion under a man's keen gaze. Would he be admiring or critical?

To bring out the *natural* beauty of your skin, try Camay. Dermatologists advise soap-and-water

cleansing; and declare Camay a "find"—a *really* safe and gentle soap. Many of these famous doctors

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



prescribe Camay for the extra-delicate skins of their own patients.

No soap except Camay has ever received such medical approval!

Camay is satin-smooth and nice to hold . . . the loveliest soap you ever used. Its lather is creamy and soft and luxuriously fragrant. Try Camay—today! You owe it to your skin—and to all those attractive young men.

CAMAY
COMPLEXION SOAP

for the fresh **NATURAL**
skin men admire



One of the busiest boys in Hollywood. Clark Gable just sprints from one fine rôle to another and the fans are asking all about him

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

HUNDREDS of letters received this month asked for information about Clark Gable. The present screen idols are going to have to defend their laurels, with Clark gaining a stronger foothold in every picture. Fans seem to have gone hook, line and sinker for him.

History reveals that Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. He reaches 6 feet, 1 inch, weighs 190 and has brown hair and grey eyes. Like many another youth he attended grammar school, high school and then took a business course, only to throw it over for a theatrical career.

It was a lucky break for Clark. After a very successful stage career, he joined the talkie brigade in 1930, making his bow as the bandit in "The Painted Desert." This was followed by such fine pictures as "Dance Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Finger Points," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," and "Laughing Sinners." Then came the lead opposite the glorious Garbo in "Susan Lenox." Clark is married, the present Mrs. Gable being his second wife.

JOSIE, KANSAS CITY, KAN.: Well, I'm glad to meet one girl who loves a fat man. Your boy friend, Joe Cobb, just out-grew "Our Gang" and so he started on a vaudeville career. He was replaced in the "Gang" by another baby blimp called Chubby Chaney. Chub wobbles the scales up to about 108 pounds, and is eleven years old.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS FOREVER FAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Just snap out of that trance you are in because you can see your favorite on the screen right now. She is appearing with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs." Miss Williams is a native of Butte, Mont., and is of Norwegian descent.

BUBBLES, TOLEDO, OHIO: Bob Montgomery was in New York City for a brief vacation in April. He had the missus with him, but that didn't keep the admiring ladies away. Bob did intend to go to Europe, but picture plans didn't fit in with the idea and he had to return to the studio. His latest picture is "The Man in Possession," taken from a popular stage play.

FUMI, TOKIO, JAPAN: Your old friend and favorite, Sessue Hayakawa, has at last decided to make a talkie. It is for Paramount and is titled "Daughter of the Dragon." Anna May Wong is also returning to the screen in this picture. Looks like an Oriental old home week.

PAUL HIPPLE, MARYSVILLE, PA.: June Marlowe was the cute little school m'arm who taught "Our Gang" in "Love Business." Believe me, they never had 'em that cute when I went to the Little Red Schoolhouse.

ALICE BIRRELL, TORONTO, CANADA. The lad who struck your fancy in "Body and Soul" was Douglas Dray, who was really christened John Douglas Duder. Neither of these names was quite suitable for the screen so he had his name changed again and is now known as Douglas Walton. He is a neighbor of yours, having been born in Woodstock, Can., on October 17, 1909. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall, weighs 155 and has blond hair and blue eyes.

LOUISE SAMSON, ALBION, NEB.: You're wrong, Louise, I have got influence around here. See the nice colored picture of Gary Cooper in this issue. Gary was born on May 7, 1901. His latest picture is titled "I Take This Woman." Wonder which woman he means—Lupe?

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: Vivian Oakland was the lady who played the first wife of Frank Fay in "The Matrimonial Bed." Paul Gregory was the handsome chap who played

the rôle of Tom Weston in "Sit Tight." He also played the part of the Indian, *Wanenis*, in "Whoopie."

BOOTS KENT: Hardie Albright is quite a newcomer, having entered pictures last February. However, he has had plenty of stage experience, appearing in "Cradle Song," "Young Sinners," "The Greeks Had a Word for It" and several George Arliss plays. Hardie was born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16, 1905, is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. He is of Scotch descent. His next picture is "Skyline."

ALICE MURDACH, ABERDEEN, WASH.: Little Jackie Cooper, who did such beautiful work in "Skippy," claims Los Angeles as his home town. Jack has nice blue eyes, taffy-colored hair, a cute snub nose and will be seven years old on September 16. Both his mother and his grandmother are devoting their time to bringing him up to be a regular fellow. M-G-M recently bought his contract from Hal Roach.

L. SNODGRASS, ST. PAUL, MINN.: Joel McCrea hails from Los Angeles. He is 25 years old, stands 6 feet, 2, weighs 185 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He appeared in silent pictures but did not make much of a hit until the talkies. It seems he also made a hit with Constance Bennett while appearing in a picture with her. So far Joel has managed to remain single.

BEN MARINO, MORGAN CITY, LA.: Louis Wolheim was about forty-five years old when he passed away, February 18, 1931. Bob Steele has been celebrating birthdays every January 23, since 1907. How's your addition?

GRACE WUNDERLICH, LANDSDOWNE, PA.: Fay Wray's husband, John Monk Saunders, is an author. He wrote "Wings," and "The Last Flight," which Dick Barthelmess has just finished making. Here are the birth dates you requested: John Wayne, born May 26, 1907; Phillips Holmes, July 22, 1909; William Haines, January 1, 1900, and Lew Ayres, December 28, 1909. At this writing these boys are still single. Maybe they're bachelor-minded.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 94, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

"The starry way to new romance.."

by Frances Ingram

SUCH delightful acquaintances as I made on the Coast last spring! And not the least delightful was a lovely woman whom I met on the train en route from Seattle to San Francisco.

We chatted together and exchanged names. "Are you *the* Frances Ingram?" she asked—and then told me what my method with Milkweed Cream had done for her.

After the death of her husband, she had,

as she said, grieved herself *old*. "I finally realized that I *must* get hold of myself. I could at least try to recover my *looks*. Somebody had told me about your Milkweed method. Gradually my skin became soft and fresh again. I actually began to look, to *feel* like myself.

"I wonder if you shouldn't have credit for my having found love again," she finally smiled. "I'm going to San Francisco to be married. I call your splendid method 'the starry way to new romance' . . ."

Thousands of women have found new skin loveliness by following—at home—my Milkweed method. Keep your skin *immaculately clean* with Milkweed Cream, which is first of all a *marvelous* cleansing cream. Then—follow the directions given below on this page.

And won't you listen in on my radio program, "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E.D.S.T., over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?



★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.

★ **THE EYES**—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed Cream, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ **THE NECK AND CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY
"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-81
108 Washington Street, New York

Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



Kay Francis watching new hubby Kenneth MacKenna direct Elissa Landi and Frederick Kerr in a scene from Fox's "Always Goodbye." Ken is showing Kay he knows what every good director should do by acting as though he wants to jump out of his chair

a name for you—recently brought over from England, is likely to get the name rôle and it's rumored that Claudette Colbert will be the kidnapped lady—you remember Agnes Ayres in that part.

WHEN Sylvia Sidney, the little lassie who took Clara Bow's place in "City Streets," visited Minneapolis recently, she told the newspaper boys that Clara was "a pathetic little girl, the victim of her own generosity." She further added that putting Clara in Hollywood was like "sending a baby out into the world and telling it to make its own way." Maybe Clara won't like being patronized by her successor.

THE Hollywood press—a goodly crowd of goodly scribes—is annoyed at the manner in which some of the office studio lots are patrolled. You have to give your middle name, describe the mole on your grandmother's shoulder and say the multiplication table backwards to get in.

Burly policemen, with pistols at hips, stand guard, and you can't even speak to a star without the official okay of the publicity department. The idea is to keep the naughty press boys from printing naughty things about the screen beauties.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

NEW foot-fashion note:

Marlene Dietrich came back from Europe to Hollywood with a pair of—well—ah—can't call 'em shoes—or sandals, either—

They consist, each, of a sole and high heel. The only "upper" there is consists of two narrow straps across the foot—more to hold the sole-and-heel arrangement on than for anything else. Worn with them are very sheer hose—and carmined toe-nails!

ZIT'S tells the one about the two

Atlanta, Ga., kids who, left to their own devices while their mothers were shopping and having been warned not to put beans in their noses, decided to telephone their favorite star, Anita Page. They finally got her at the studio where they had to wait a few minutes until she came to the 'phone. Later, the operator reported a \$15 charge for long distance to Hollywood.

The kids have been eating off the mantel for a couple of weeks, now.

RUTH CHATTERTON has the faculty of grabbing off a quick nap any place and any time—even on the set. Between scenes, she can often be found asleep.

CONRAD NAGEL is an usher in a Hollywood church. The other day, a certain film star's little daughter came home from that church's Sunday school with a question.

"Mother," she asked, "why do they call Mister Nagel just Mister Nagel on week days and call him the Lord on Sundays?"

"Why, darling—do they?" asked film-star-mother, astounded.

"I'll say they do," lisped darling;

"at Sunday school this morning, the superintendent said, 'Now children, it's time to give your nickels to the Lord,' and then Mister Nagel came around and took 'em."

RENEE ADOREE, convalescing in the desert, has gained fifteen pounds. . . . It has not yet been decided who will bring the suit—Estelle or Jack Dempsey. . . . A raise in salary has patched up Jack Oakie's troubles with Paramount. . . . The courts have ruled that Daisy DeVoe, Clara's ex-friend, must serve eighteen months in the jug. . . . Constance Bennett gets \$11 a minute for every minute she works. . . . Television is still just around the corner . . . and the corner is at least five years away. . . . Tom Mix is coming back to make horse dramas next fall. . . . Latest reports of Mary and Doug are that each is to become an independent producer, not appearing in the pictures. . . . Ronald Colman plans to take a half-year vacation in England every year.

VARIETY reports the story of a newspaper lad who's been working on one of the trade sheets. He arrived at First National to have lunch with Ben Lyon.

"Sorry," said the information girl. "You can't go to the lunch-room. No newspapermen are allowed on the lot except in the publicity office."

"But I've just been fired," said the lad. He got his okay to go inside.

IF you want to preserve the memory of Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik," you'd better take pen in hand and write a letter of protest to Paramount, for that studio is considering doing a talkie version of the famous old sex "drama." Georges Metaxa—there's



The depression has reached Hollywood and Carole Lombard's black souffe evening gown with silver sequins hits a new low. Well, glad to see your back, anyway, Carole

"Mine . . .
as though I'd had it made to my order!"

says

JOAN CRAWFORD

"I had always told my friends that some day I would make a perfume . . . not simpering sweetness . . . but dash, and zip . . . oh, gay modern things! And then, one day, I found it . . . I didn't make it . . . but *Seventeen* is all I wanted it to be."



Three quick aids to the complexion of *Seventeen*

The exquisite coloring of youthful skin is in these new make-up accessories! *Seventeen Youth-tone Rouge* brings elusive color tones to your complexion . . . and forms, with the Lipstick, a stunning ensemble in black and silver . . . *Seventeen Lipstick* comes in youth-tone shades, and is permanent or not, as you choose. Moisten the lips before applying and the color becomes indelible . . . *Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder* blends shades to simulate the radiance of youthful skin . . . Also: *Seventeen Perfume*, *Dusting and Face Powder*, *Talcum Powder*, *Compact*, *Brillantine*, *Sachet*, *Toilet Water*.

The *Seventeen Bridge Ensemble* will lend a new, smart note to your entertaining. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter.



Seventeen

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]



Mary and Doug, reunited and on their way home on "The Empress of Britain," the new ship of the Canadian Pacific Railway. But there are three cups on the table. Quick, Watson, the Gypsy Dream Book, so we can learn what this means. Maybe it will tell us if Doug and Mary are going to make any more pictures, or quell that hard-dying divorce rumor

AT least once during every picture Von Sternberg terrorizes every member of his cast. He is no respecter of persons. His alibi is that he does this to bring out the player's best work.

But the electricians and prop boys were more than a little annoyed when he put Bodil Rosing, a woman almost old enough to be his mother, through a strenuous tongue lashing. He was quite insulting, told her he wished he had another person playing her part, etc., etc., etc. Seeing Bodil's face, one of the electricians remarked, "Job or no job, just one more word out of that guy and I'd have knocked him for a row of microphones."

A RECENT RKO-Pathé picture was noted for the number of writers that worked on it.

At the pre-view (and you can believe this or not!) some boulder yelled "Author!" and the first two rows stood up and took a bow.

GOSSIP is crediting PHOTOPLAY's exclusive story on the romance of William Powell and Carole Lombard as the cause for the announcement of their engagement. They say Bill forced the young lady's hand when he read it.

But he gave in on some points, too. For example, he had wanted her to end her career and become just Mrs. Powell. She is continuing in pictures by definite agreement.

Carole's engagement ring is an eight-carat diamond—oblong shape, emerald cut. It has three diamonds on each side. The ring is so heavy it falls to the side of her finger. A friend says if Bill Powell got it for fifteen thousand he got it on depression prices.

THE pass system at the studios even has the bootleggers punching time-clocks. . . .

Marlene Dietrich has taken the Beverly Hills house once rented by Charlie Mack of the Two Black Crows. . . . Alice White has gone orange-haired, worn in a windblown bob. . . . Immediately after Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton adopted a baby Neil was assigned one of the leading rôles in "Lullaby."

A FRIEND of ours, just returned from abroad, brings us these news items: "The Devil to Pay," Ronnie Colman's engaging comedy, is billed as "Lieutenant Sans-Gene" there. . . . The rumor is current that King George was all set to knight Chaplin, but Queen Mary opposed it, frowning on knighting movie stars.

THINGS aren't necessarily what they're called, in studio language.

A blimp is not a balloon. It's a soundproof covering slipped over a camera to muffle the noise of the machinery.

A pan is not something you fry things in. It's short for a "panorama camera shot."

A spider isn't an animal to be scared of. It's an electric switch to plug lights into.

An inkie isn't something you write with. It's short for incandescent light.

A film magazine isn't like what you're reading now. It's where they store negatives.

A dolly isn't something for little girls to play with. It's a rubber-tired cart for traveling camera shots.

A gaffer isn't a term for a bum. It's studio talk for electrician.

A broad isn't necessarily a girl. It's a big electric floodlight.

And Mike isn't a man's name.

THEY say that when Chaplin returns to Hollywood, he'll have a new discovery signed under contract. It's said the lucky girl's real name is Miezzi Mullett, a Czecho-Slovakian. She goes under the name of Maria Martin.

NOW, what do you suppose can be happening to Los Angeles newspaper reporters? For three days "Slim" Summerville—who made nine features and fifteen shorts last year—lay at the point of death and no one recorded it. In fact, the doctors gave up all hope of his living.

Then Slim proved his strength was greater than the doctor's perception and pulled through one of the worst cases of ptomaine poisoning on record. But he got out too soon. The publicity department needed some pictures in a hurry.

Slim wanted to prove he was a trouper so he appeared at the studio, which brought about a relapse.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Just another pitiable victim of the dread ukulele habit, Cliff (ex-Ukulele Ike) Edwards, in a specially posed camera portrait. Let this be a warning to Summer vacationists

Here is the *one* Nail Make-up that lends lasting *Glamour* to your hands

In 8 Fashion Cities of the world smart women prefer this Polish to all others

SLIM fingers of the smart Parisienne, lifted to a kiss . . . graceful fingers applauding the opera in Vienna . . . and sifting the silver sands of the Lido . . . all wear sparkling Cutex Liquid Polish.

In Madrid the lovely Maribel, Beauty Editor of "Cosmopolis," declares that "modern Spanish women are well aware of the magic spell their fingers cast when tipped with this sparkling nail make-up.

"In 30 seconds it has dried," Maribel continues. "It lasts for one whole week . . . wears without cracking, peeling, or turning yellow!" And . . . happily . . . Cutex Liquid Polish is free of any added perfume.

In all world capitals of fashion lovely ladies are glad to find that Cutex Liquid Polish contains no perfume. For they choose their perfumes as they select their gowns . . . to suit their personalities.

But they select their polish for its exquisite lustre. And they know that the high brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures.

The simple manicure method that the Spanish woman uses is the one that well-groomed women all over the world have found so simple, so economical, so alluring:



Long ago the women of Spain learned the beauty secret that lies in brilliant accents . . . lustrous hair . . . flashing teeth . . . sparkling eyes. But the secret that today gives their graceful gestures new allure is borrowed from the women of America. It is CUTEX LIQUID POLISH, the newest aid to romance!

First, scrub the nails and remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Next remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser.

Now brush on your favorite shade of brilliant Cutex Liquid Polish.

End with a touch of Nail White under the nail tips for accent—Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream.

After this quick manicure once a week a few minutes each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

1. Dries smoothly, quickly, in 30 seconds.
2. Never cracks, peels, or discolors.
3. Lasts for one whole week.
4. Sparkles always with smart lustre.
5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.

Cutex Manicure Preparations, 35¢ each.
Cutex Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.
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191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



Paramount would have us believe that when "Confessions of a Co-ed" was filmed they rounded up the most beautiful co-eds they could find. Well, that may be, but the girls never looked like this—no, nor posed like this—when we smoked a bulldog pipe, wore peg-topped trousers, and picked a mandolin for dear old Siwash

THERE'S an apartment house in Los Angeles named the Estelle Arms. And the divorce-concerned Mrs. Dempsey might have been astounded the other day when this classified ad appeared in the L. A. papers—

ESTELLE ARMS
Vacancy To Be Filled
Bachelors and Attractive
Singles.

YOU read about Robert Edeson's passing on—another grand old man of the films. And you probably read, too, of how, upon his deathbed, he requested that services be conducted during a noon hour, because he didn't want any work at studios held up for his funeral.

But you probably didn't read, because it wasn't generally known, of how his other last wish was fulfilled.

The afternoon of the funeral, a motor boat pulled away from the side of John Barrymore's yacht.

In it were Barrymore, Robert Edeson's widow, and two old friends of the deceased actor—Edmund Breese and Bobby North.

Three miles out to sea, the motors were stopped. Barrymore dropped an armful of roses on the sea's waves. Aida Edeson scattered the ashes of her husband from an urn into the ocean. "Good-bye, Bob—a happy voyage," she whispered.

Silently the boat returned to the Barrymore yacht.

Bob Edeson had passed on.

THE *Hollywood Reporter* recounts the story of a dumb little ingénue who was discovered making a big fuss over a famous impresario. When asked her reasons, she said, "Oh, I'm just doing psychology."

"Do you know what psychology is?" she was asked.

"Sure," she said. "It's just being nice to people!"

ADOLPHE MENJOU has a new cigarette case. It is inscribed: "To Adolphe, on his birthday, from his greatest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."

THE rumor was that Cecil De Mille was going to make a picture in Russia. *Variety* asks: What would De Mille do for a bathtub?

FRANK FAY may have been "God's Gift to Women" in the picture of that name, but he's no gift to the producers. Warners have just bought off his contract.

JOEL McCREA is still trying to figure out whether someone made an honest mistake, or is just trying to get fresh. He got a letter in his fan mail which said, among other things, ". . . I think you're the most likeable leading lady on the screen."

And Joel stands six feet, two!

GEORGE O'BRIEN and Margaret Churchill have been on the same lot for two years and have never seen each other except on the screen! When they were cast as hero and heroine of the same picture, "Riders of the Purple Sage" a mutual friend introduced them!

YOU should have seen Ben Hecht and Charlie McArthur, co-authors of "Front Page," at the Marion Davies masquerade. They came as men who had just been hanged. Cut nooses draped from their bloodstained necks. They were as white as chalk with huge scars strung across their gangster make-ups. White sheets as covering. Certainly, the women yelled. And the men grunted.

WHEN "The Dove" was sold by United Artists to Radio and Walter Huston no longer in the cast, an executive called him and said, "We are tied up for your salary, I wonder if we can get together on an agreement."

Huston smiled. "That's all right. I haven't worked. I don't know why I should be paid for work I haven't done. We'll just let it go." It was difficult for the executives to believe their ears.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



This is not the exercise period at Sing Sing, but Lloyd Hughes, Laura La Plante and Marian Marsh, dressed in the latest Turkish toweling beach pajamas. They call them "roughies"

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value \$1.15

ALL THREE FOR **79¢**



OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—\$1.15 worth for 79c.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily **Johnson & Johnson** NEW BRUNSWICK. N. J. U. S. A.



World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

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TANGEE



**Natural-Waterproof
Ideal For Summer**



**THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS LIPSTICK**

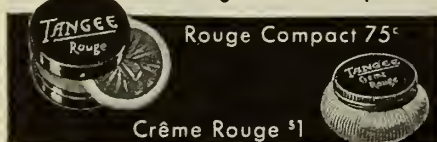
SWIMMING, dancing, outdoor sports... all the pleasures of summer conspire to ruin your make-up. More than any other time, you need TANGEE, the one lipstick that *stays on* despite sun and water! And looks *natural* all the while!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today! For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle... entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it... and blends perfectly with your *natural, individual* coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head.

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its *solidified cream base* soothes, softens and protects! *Permanent*, it stays on all day! No constant making-up! And it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Some Tangee Color Principle in



Rouge Compact 75¢

Crème Rouge \$1

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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Short Subjects of the Month



William J. Burns, the celebrated international detective, around whose mystery-solving experience has been built a thrilling series of famous crimes and their solutions. One of these shorts is reviewed below

THE STRANGLER

Wm. J. Burns-Educational

Here's a peek behind the scenes to show you how a real murder was solved. William J. Burns, whose name is feared by criminals the world over, tells you this was a tough one to figure out. It seems simple enough when you see it done.

THE PANIC IS ON

Hal Roach

Another bright Charlie Chase comedy, in which a little dog gives Charlie a hot run for top comedy honors. It's about a youth who practices what he's learned in a correspondence course on building will power. They all end up selling unemployment apples.

MONKEY BUSINESS IN AFRICA

Sennett-Educational

A roaring burlesque of all the "darkest Africa" pictures of recent date. Mack Sennett, the old maestro, gives you a laugh a minute as he takes Andy Clyde, Frank Eastman and Marjorie Beebe on location into the "I'm Gagging Country!" One of the best comedies of the month. Don't miss it.

SPLASH

M-G-M

A lively sport short, made by a group of aquatic stars who hold important amateur titles. Slow motion sequences of the high dives are instructive, and trick photography, aided by clever synchronized talk, adds humor. The real "splash" is the finale.

FOOLISH FORTIES

Gayety-Educational

That grand laugh-provoker, Ford Sterling, proves how very foolish your forties can be if you are led on by a scheming blonde. June MacCloy is the beautiful blonde interest. She decoys Ford into a decidedly compromising situation which he finds harder to laugh off than the audience does.

HOW I PLAY GOLF

Warners-Vitaphone

The third and fourth in the Bobby Jones series of twelve shorts, continue the same high standard of comedy and instruction established in the first two. The latest deal with the niblick and the mashie-niblick. In the latter, Leon Errol and his rubber legs inspire some hilarious moments. Don't miss these, golfer or not.

A COLLEGE RACKET

Vanity-Educational

This rollicking bit has Glenn Tryon getting himself badly embroiled with thugs—all because of a gray derby he happens to wear. College capers with a glowering dean, banned night club dive—and, of course, a heroine for whose love Glenn dares all. Several good laughs.

TOMBSTONES

Shattuck

This demonstrates that Europe has no monopoly on that brand of "arty" pictures which confine themselves to horror. Two men die, the heroine suffers the fate "worse than death," and the other fellow feels terribly bad about it. Artistic, perhaps, but . . .!

THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD

Ideal-Educational

This picture is a comedy but it gives you a real tip that getting a job in the movies isn't all roses and fan mail. Three pretty girls have their troubles. Bryant Washburn, an old friend, makes a brief bow as the dashing matinée idol. A throwback to the old pie-slinging days is a bit regrettable. Some good laughs in spite of that, however.

THE POOR FISH

Sennett-Educational

Another of the one-reel "Sennettcolor" features. There's not much of a plot—something about a man who tells his wife he's going fishing, but doesn't, and then tries to make the story good. But there are some grand photographic shots.

IT ISN'T **news** NOW

.....it's becoming a habit!

Packer's Scalptone . . the new "individual" treatment for your kind of hair . . .

It *was* news, too—a hair tonic which could actually be modified to suit just your kind of hair! And its instant popularity isn't really surprising; for Packer's Scalptone is such a practical, sensible way to give hair the individual treatment which means hair-beauty.

Of course it's just as impossible for hair to be lovely with a treatment which doesn't suit its particular needs as it is for you to look your best in a dress which doesn't fit. It may be a good treatment—or a good dress; but it just doesn't fit! Now, with Packer's Scalptone, this wonderful new preparation made from a dermatologist's formula, it's possible for you to give yourself correct scientific treatments at home—treatments which are *correct* for just your kind of hair!

In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone is a little tube of pure vegetable oil, recommended for dry scalps. If your hair is dry, you simply add as much oil to the Scalptone as your particular scalp needs—there are simple, clear directions to guide you. If your scalp is oily, you massage with Scalptone just as it comes in the



Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair



bottle; for Scalptone *without* the oil is an astringent tonic.

Massage Scalptone daily into your scalp. It brings rich blood up to nourish the hair roots; it tones up the thousands of tiny scalp muscles; it stimulates hair growth. Used regularly, its antiseptic properties will *prevent dandruff*—which so often means loss of hair. Scalptone is the modern, sound, scientific way to scalp-health and hair-beauty.

And here's the purely feminine last word—I've discovered that hair which is regularly treated with Scalptone is easier to wave—and the wave stays in longer! Your druggist doubtless has Scalptone by now. If not, send me his name and address and I'll try to see that he carries it for you.

JEAN CARROLL

PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the Makers of Packer's Tar Soap

For men, too: an aid to scalp-health

Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Then massage daily with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks *regularly* with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing, softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate

pine tar. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.



LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

For 10¢ in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25¢ I will send you samples of all three. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-H, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1.00 with your note.

FEEL BETTER *look younger*

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Bessie Love



YOUR looks, your skin, your mental brightness, your charm depend very much upon your internal cleanliness!

Many a woman, potentially beautiful, does herself the injustice of being downright plain. Many a skin looks sallow because it is surfeited with poisons that the body has failed to remove. Thousands lack the life and vigor that intestinal cleanliness brings naturally to some lucky souls.

Be clean internally—unless you do so, all beauty treatments fail. And there is no method so effective, so pleasant as the saline one, which Sal Hepatica offers.

In Europe men and women travel thousands of miles to benefit by the "saline cure." And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas. By eliminating constipation, it helps complexions, combats colds, and frees the body of poisons that cloud your skin, hurt your charm, and kill your alertness.

Taken before breakfast, it is prompt, thorough but gentle in its action. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-81, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

SCREEN press-agents had just discovered a couple of new words, "colossal" and "spectacular." Both were applied to "The Daughter of the Gods," a super-sea-super-special, starring Miss Annette Kellerman. She dipped and plunged her way through the picture,

adorned with what our reviewer called "an overplus of artificial hair." Could it be that he was starting a movement for bob-haired mermaids?

Jane and Katherine Lee were also in it, as water-sprites. Altogether, it was considered very g-r-r-r-and, back in those dear, dim, dead days of the screen's romper age.

Bessie Love was hailed as the biggest screen find of the year. She was just seventeen—and had been discovered by D. W. Griffith.

Three pages of pictures showed Ethel Clayton in her Riverside Drive apartment, and another page was taken up with those happy

romancers, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen (Geraldine Farrar) on their way back to California.

"Please Let Me Be Bad," lamented House Peters, who protested that he always had to be the hero, when, really, he sometimes wanted to be a villain.

In the gallery were pictures of Muriel Ostriche, Wallace Reid, Edna Purviance, Francis X. Bushman, Florence La Badie, Anita Stewart, Lottie Pickford and Viola Dana.

Pictures reviewed included "Civilization," with Howard Hickman; "The Fall of a Nation," "Ramona," and "Macbeth," with Sir Herbert Tree and Constance Collier.

Cal York items: Lewis J. Cody has left Selig to join Mabel Normand's company.

Charlie Chaplin and brother Syd, who has handled all of Charlie's business affairs since he left the \$75-a-week class, have parted. Syd will head his own company. . . . Kathryn Williams became Mrs. Charles F. Eyton recently.

. . . Marc McDermott is making his first picture for Vitagraph. . . . Wallace Beery is now directing for Universal.

10 Years Ago



Alla Nazimova

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA had just severed her connection with Metro and we published an open letter to her, beseeching, begging and imploring her to stop making the awful pictures she had been turning out and give us "such flashes of dynamic, emotional triumph as the death scene in 'Camille,'" or a dash of "the incomparable *artiste*" who displayed such "splendid genius" in "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler."

Heigh, ho! It must have been the weather.

Two of Ralph Barton's inimitable caricatures revealed the brothers De Mille—William C. and Cecil B.—who, Mr. Barton said, had done more for motion pictures and riding breeches than any other family in the business.

We announced the engagement of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy.

Adele Rowland, who was Mrs. Conway Tearle, told how it felt "Being a Screen Idol's

Wife." As she told it, it didn't sound any worse than being anybody else's wife—no worse, and no better!

And "Hello, Mabel!" titled an article welcoming Mabel Normand back to the studios after a year spent in the East regaining her health. She had started work on "Molly O."

In the gallery were pictures of Kathryn Perry, Olive Tell, Billie Dove, Julianne Johnston and Gladys Leslie.

Pictures reviewed included "Through the Back Door," with Mary Pickford; "Two Weeks With Pay," with Bebe Daniels; "Boys Will Be Boys," with Will Rogers; "The Lost Romance," with Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson, and "The Home Stretch," with Douglas MacLean.

Cal York items: Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford deny they expect an heir. . . . Marguerite de la Motte and Mitchell Lyson, art director for William De Mille, are engaged. . . . Harry Carey, Jr., arrived last month.

. . . Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson are going to make "Peter Ibbetson." . . . Florence Vidor is now a star.

5 Years Ago



Rudolph Valentino

HOLLYWOOD was all ha-gaga over the romancing of Rudy Valentino and Pola Negri. Cal York gave our readers the flaming details, reporting that "they insist on being put next to each other at dinner parties and then ignore everybody else."

"And if my eyes don't deceive me," added Cal, "they hold hands under the tablecloth."

"They sure have it bad," he concluded.

In sad contrast to this was a scene taking place in a courtroom. We reported it verbatim.

"Is there any hope of a reconciliation?" asked the judge. "None," said the girl. "I don't love him any more."

And with those words the romance of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy ended in divorce.

James Cruze was preparing to recreate the early glory of the United States on the seas with "Old Ironsides." Two pages of pictures showed the reproduction of the frigate U. S. S.

Constitution, the Tripolitan fort, and special camera barges.

Canon Chase, warmed up in a long interview, told just how immoral the movies were, and Harold (Red) Grange, the Galloping Ghost of the Gridiron, was making "The Half-Back."

Pictures in the gallery showed Lefty Flynn and Viola Dana, smiling after a year of happy married life; Buster Collier, Warner Baxter, Laura La Plante, Pauline Frederick and Tommy Meighan.

Pictures reviewed were: "Say It Again," with Richard Dix and Alyce Mills; "The Devil Horse," with Rex, King of Horses; "Silence," with H. B. Warner; "Sparrows," with Mary Pickford; "Ella Cinders," with Colleen Moore, and "Paris," with Joan Crawford and Charles Ray.

Cal York items: All Hollywood is speculating about the romance of Joan Crawford and Michael Cudahy, millionaire meat packer's son. . . . Jack Pickford has confirmed the report of a separation from his wife, Marilyn Miller. . . . Norma Shearer is taking a rest at a milk sanitarium.

QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN TOO!

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan



THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER

● Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

It's a real infection; don't
YOU take chances

Nine times out of ten this infection, popularly called "Athlete's Foot," comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*,

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you may be the next victim because you are bound to encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the
germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say, the *tinea trichophyton* germ thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, when once it becomes embedded in the toes. This parasite is so hardy, in fact, that socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

You can, however, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet, rubbing it well between the toes, morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills

tinea trichophyton quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

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. Then keep on using it, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore
muscles, muscular aches, bruises,
burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

A REPULSIVE JOB

washing dirty handkerchiefs



Use KLEENEX instead

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

Many household uses

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue that has a score of daily uses.

Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex to take away every trace of cream and dirt. Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile.

Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.



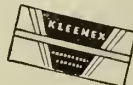
Hay Fever Victims

You'll appreciate the dry softness and absorbency of Kleenex. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort Kleenex affords. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day.

KLEENEX TISSUES

Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.



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Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
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Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields

Skeets Gallagher
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
Lenore Bushman
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottie Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymers
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Una Merkel
Tom Mix
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Gaylord Pendleton
Nat Pendleton
Rosalie Rae
Will Rogers
David Rollins
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
John Halliday

Hugh Herbert
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Kay Francis

Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Allan Lane
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
William Powell
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
Lenore Bushman
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottie Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff

Andre Luguet
Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

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The Glamour ... Ecstasy ... Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA"
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A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives . . . Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

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Here is a bath to relieve after-work weariness. Especially helpful in summer. Starts warm, ends cold (see booklet). Makes you look better, feel better.



An early morning eye-opener

The "wake-up bath" is particularly refreshing after sultry summer nights. Similar to the after-work bath above, see page 6 of booklet below.



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P8-31

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Name.....

Street.....

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

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

While perfume may seem a luxury, it is really an essential. You will be surprised what a stimulant to poise and smartness, the dabbing on of a bit of perfume can give you. It can give you a certain assurance that is invaluable. It is the distilled essence of the beauty that every girl desires.

Not only are perfumes delightful to the nose—but to the eye as well these days! Never have bottles been so fascinating. Your dressing table can have everything from amusing glass birds to beautifully designed glass bottles as perfume holders. Don't pick a perfume for its container, however! There are purse perfume flacons that help you to keep the fragrance fresh through a whole day or evening. There are perfume traveling kits. And clever boxes designed to hold several of your favorite scents.

It is considered quite the smart thing to suit your perfume to your moods, and costumes. For instance, have one for sports, another for afternoon costumes, and still another for evening. Thus you can be many persons in one!

Some of the stars keep their perfumes in their boudoir on a little table or in a chest. Bebe Daniels has the clever arrangement shown on page 16. It gives her bottles a wonderful setting. You can make a perfume corner in your own room, it adds zest to buying perfumes if you think how charmingly the bottles may be displayed.

I failed to mention in discussing the types of perfumes you should choose, that you can blend your own if you don't find one that seems to suit you. This takes rather a skilled hand, however. You should be sure that you know just how to put several scents together so that they harmonize. It is easy to make a muddle of the thing so that the result has practically little or no significance. There are shops that will do it for you. It is a grand idea when done well—it makes you feel that there isn't another person who has just the exact fragrance that you have!

GAY:

Although you did not give me your age, I presume that you are between seventeen and twenty. In such case, you are slightly underweight. You should weigh about 134 pounds.

Of course, many girls are delighted to be thin, but I think it would be a good idea for you to try to make up the needed weight this Summer. Especially so, if you are planning to go away to school in the fall.

I would suggest that you eat plenty of fattening foods. Cream soups, gravies, potatoes, vegetables served with cream sauce, cereals, puddings, custards, ice cream, cocoa and chocolate are all valuable foods for putting on weight. Don't neglect to eat the leafy vegetables and fruits that everyone needs to maintain good health whether stout or thin.

Drink plenty of water, at least six glasses daily. Milk is a food and a good habit for

those who want to gain. It is valuable for its calcium and vitamins. A pint of milk a day is good to begin with; later when drinking it has become a habit, a quart is better.

Be sure to get plenty of rest and sleep. Outdoor exercise is essential, but the less strenuous forms are better for the too-thin person.

RITA:

The foods that you mentioned contain about seven hundred calories in all. However, I don't believe very much in reducing by calories. I think it takes too much joy out of life. The best guide to proper foods is your own common sense. No one needs ever to tell you that you are over-indulging in sweets, pastries, starches and fats.

EVELYN W.:

It would seem that your proportions are quite good for your height although I do think that you could afford to gain a little. The bony framework of the body varies so that it is difficult to determine your exact measurements by your description.

If you wish to gain, I would advise that you follow the regime which I have outlined to Gay, above.

It will put on the few needed pounds with the greatest ease.

As you gain weight, you will find that the rest of your body gains proportionately. The following exercise will help to develop your legs:

Stand in front of a small chair, the back of which does not reach higher than your hip joint. Standing erect, raise your right leg and swing it outward away from the body, then slowly around over the top of the chair, then back and into position.

Repeat with left leg.

At the beginning, don't do this exercise more than five times, gradually increasing it to ten times.

FILomenA:

I think you are exaggerating the importance of having a good figure at your age. You are still very young and in the next few years you will probably grow so rapidly that your figure will naturally attain the right proportions. You may even want to be gaining weight in a year or so! I have seen that happen many times.

Don't let your overweight ruin your happiness. Go out with your friends. I am sure your friends are not saying unkind things about you. You are just over-sensitive. So many young girls lose out on the best time of their lives just on that account. So don't you make that foolish mistake.

Just enjoy yourself as much as you can, you will discover others are enjoying you just as much.

You did not give any address on your letter so you will have to write me again and give it, if you want me to send you my booklet on reducing and menus.

August Birthdays

August 2—Myrna Loy
August 2—Glenn Tryon
August 3—Dolores Del Rio
August 4—Anita Page
August 9—Charles Farrell
August 9—Dorothy Jordan
August 10—Norma Shearer
August 11—Hobart Bosworth
August 12—Cecil B. De Mille
August 13—Mary Duncan

August 13—Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers
August 13—Regis Toomey
August 17—Winnie Lightner
August 19—Eleanor Boardman
August 19—June Collyer
August 19—Kenneth MacKenna
August 19—Colleen Moore
August 25—George Fawcett
August 30—Joan Blondell
August 31—Fredric March

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WITH A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY BELOW THE PORTRAIT OF EACH STAR

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size of each individual portrait is 5½ x 7½ inches, the balance of the page being devoted to the biographical sketch of the particular star featured on that page.

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Write for your copy of the "Stars of the Photoplay" now. Use the coupon provided below for your convenience.

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Please send me my copy of "Stars of the Photoplay," for which I enclose Check Money order for \$1.25. Send to the following address:

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

HOWARD HUGHES and Billie Dove were seeing a picture in the projection room at United Artists. Hughes is hard of hearing, so the sounds are amplified many times when pictures are shown him.

Billie had her dog with her. The dog started yelping lustily in the middle of the picture. Billie tried to quiet him, but couldn't. He only barked louder.

Finally she turned to Hughes. "Does the dog bother you?" she called into his ear.

"What dog?" asked Mr. Hughes, looking at the screen and not seeing any canines.

A CERTAIN player who hasn't worked for yeas and yeas has at last got a part in a picture, but it is a well-known fact that her husband is in difficult financial circumstances so is it any wonder that she said to the studio cashier, "Is my check ready? I'll just take it now."

"No," said the cashier, "it isn't through yet, but I'll be glad to send it special to your home."

"No, no," pleaded the player, "don't do that—I want to be sure you don't send it to my home. Just send it to my agent, if you please."

THERE seems to be some sort of jinx on Mae Marsh. Snatched from obscurity to play in "Over the Hill," she believed that once more her career was well under way. And then there was trouble. Director Henry King was not in complete sympathy with the script and he gave up the job. The entire cast was dismissed.

"Over the Hill" may never reach the talking screen.

HARRISON CARROLL tells the yarn about a supervisor who, attempting to put his associates at ease during a story conference, said, "It's going to be very informal. We'll just think out loud."

And then someone in the rear remarked, "Don't be a sucker."



Don't salute, Wilbur! The gentleman in the natty shorts holding a shiny stick isn't a Boy Scout. It's just ole Massa Fairbanks putting it there, as it were, on the Manila golf links. George O'Brien, recent Philippines visitor, also, is autographing a photo for Miss Pacita Roxas, one of his admirers

ABOUT seven years ago, Ernst Lubitsch made a picture called "The Marriage Circle." The five leading players were Monte Blue, Creighton Hale, Harry Meyers, Marie Prevost and Florence Vidor.

All five have appeared in the divorce courts since then.

Now the Hollywood rumor won't be downed that Herr Lubitsch himself, as soon as he gets his final decree, will marry Ona Munson—as soon as Ona Munson gets her final decree from Eddie Buzzell.

Yep, "The Marriage Circle" is right.

THIS is one of the things that could happen only in Hollywood.

During the height of the traffic rush two cars locked wheels at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street.

A man leaned out of one and said to the woman driver of the other:

"Sorry. I'm hurrying to one of the studios. My name is King Vidor and I'm rushing to a luncheon date with my wife, Eleanor Boardman."

"You'd better hurry, then," returned the woman. "My husband's been making love to her all morning. I'm Mrs. Paul Lukas, and I'm in a hurry, too."

P. G. WODEHOUSE, the English humorist, who received \$104,000 for a year's work for M-G-M—\$2,000 a week—says: "I feel as if I have cheated them. The way Hollywood spends money dazes me!" . . . Me too, Percy. . . Reri, South Sea Island star of "Tabu," now playing in the "Follies," signs her contracts Anna Chevalier. It's her real name.

A STUDIO queried William S. Hart and J. Warren Kerrigan, both in retirement, about returning to the screen.

Kerrigan replied: "Not interested, but if part is good, will consider."

Hart's answer was: "Not interested in pictures."



IRENE DUNNE of "Cimarron" fame is back in Hollywood, bubbling over with gratitude because PHOTOPLAY told the secret of her marriage.

She found it much more convenient to be openly married while traveling to Florida with her husband!

Incidentally, good luck followed her. She won four hundred and fifty dollars at roulette by playing her "system" in the Southern state.

"**BEAUTY**," said Mary Pickford in a recent magazine article, "comes from within. It isn't a matter of lifting the face, but lifting the thoughts." Tweet, tweet.

EVERYONE in Hollywood has been delighted to see Lois Wilson sign a five-year contract with Universal as a result of her work in "Seed." There's one girl who's generally liked. Incidentally, after all these up and down years in the industry, she is at last to be starred. Her first will be "Marriage Interlude," the famous book by Pirandello.

THE George Fitzmaurices were so excited about the birth of their twins that Fitz, naturally an undemonstrative man, got Carey Wilson out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to report the news.

"I didn't want to upset Diane by telling her so, but I did want that boy. But to think I got both—"

And it was Mother Diane who named them. The moment the doctor told her about them, she whispered, "Patricia and Michael."

Two weeks later little Michael died. So Patricia will have to be both son and daughter.

AL JOLSON wants to play the part of *De Lawd* in the talkie version of "Green Pastures," which recalls the story they told about him just after he moved into one of the loftiest of New York's skyscraper apartments.

While sitting in his living room, some twenty-five or thirty stories above the street, a thunderstorm suddenly came up. The lightning cracked and the thunder roared all around him. He seemed to be right up in the clouds, and was scared stiff.

As the storm continued, he got down on his knees.

"Please, Lord," he said, "make the thunder and lightning go away. This is Al Jolson speaking!"

JUST to show where title writers' minds run, they changed the stage name of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," so that, when it hits the screen, it'll be "The Greeks Had a Name for Them."

Ho, hum. . . .

EVEN the kids in Hollywood make jokes about 'em—! Somebody asked Jackie Searl, the other day, what his big ambition was.

"Oh, I dunno," smartchattered the lad, "I guess I'm not terribly ambitious. I'd like to be a supervisor."

ZIT'S tells the story of Harpo Marx going to a Detroit theater to see his picture "Cocoanuts." When the scene of him eating the telephone was flashed upon the screen, a man sitting next to the comedian said, "Why, that guy's nuts." Harpo made a hasty exit.

ALONG Broadway he was known as the kind of "ham" that even makes a noise when buttoning his coat. He could strut sitting down. He went to Hollywood to try his luck in the studios.

"Fine!" shouted the first director he approached, "you're just the type!"

"What's the rôle?" he asked.

"An obnoxious New Yorker!" was the devastating retort.

The season's best catch!



Silks and woolens love this new IVORY SNOW

Suds instantly in lukewarm water

Ivory Snow is the new star among fine fabric soaps! It's so quick. So attractive. And . . . very, very kind!

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in a new instant form. No "beating" to give suds. Just add lukewarm water—and swish, these white snow pearls go *completely* into velvety suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make a *thick* suds. Ivory Snow can't possibly hurt colors that are safe in clear water. And the 15¢ box is so very big that even when you use its contents generously, it lasts through many silk-and-wool washdays.

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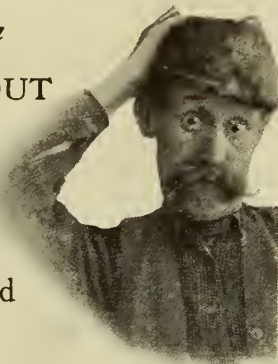
*Silk and woolen
manufacturers agree*

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells of a
BOY SCOUT

who did
A
Good Deed
Daily



OLD MAN TAPLEY runs the drug store. After school his little boy Ed delivers packages and works behind the counter. Ed is nine, and so not long ago he joined the Boy Scouts.

Well sir, things went along till one day old man Tapley saw Ed cram a little tin box of chocolate tablets in his pocket. The upshot of it was he investigated and found that Ed, actin' as a Boy Scout, was doin' a good turn a day by givin' away a box of these tablets.

He was mad at first and started to whip Ed. Then he got to figgerin'. He checked up. Ed had give these tablets to nearly everybody in town. And the books showed the medicine sales at The Tapley Drug Store had dropped forty per cent while the lunch counter sales had increased ninety per cent. There you are.

"Chic" Sale

THERE'S no secret about Ex-Lax, those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box. It checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with a scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein — of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

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The Chocolated Laxative

Complete set of
FREE "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS
and sample of Ex-Lax

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Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. PH 81
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg have always lived in rented houses, because Norma was superstitious and felt it brought her good luck to live in one place in the winter and another in the summer.

But she isn't that way any more, for a forty thousand dollar home is being built in Santa Monica and will be ready by the time the Thalbergs return from Europe.

There's a projection room with a screen which rises from the floor, and a fine sound apparatus. And there's a nursery—which is the real secret of mama's change of heart. Baby Thalberg must have a permanent address.

MARY PICKFORD, enroute to Hubby-Doug in England, detoured. She motored from New York City to the town of Purchase. There, in a private mansion called Ophir Hall, lay King Prajadhipok of Siam, recovering from an eye operation. Mary was going to visit the King, since the King, it seems, had no intention of going Californiaward to visit Pickfair.

At the gates of Ophir Hall, where clustered reporters and others, Mary was duly halted. A functionary inquired of her:

"Who are you? And where is your identification card?"

Mary drew herself up to her full height, such as it is, turned the radiance of her eyes upon the person, and spake:

"My face is my only identification card!"

Whereupon the gatekeeper collapsed, Queen Mary of Hollywood was admitted to see King Prajadhipok of Siam, and the Pickfair royalty batting average remained high.

LILYAN TASHMAN has gone beach-crazy and spends spare moments bossing the work on her Malibu house, which is almost completed.

Her tan is the favorite Embassy Club topic of conversation.

Some curse it, some envy.

And now she has Charley horse from walking on the sands in bare feet and flat heels.

But she's the most-ultra and most talked-about-beach devotee in the city.

GRETA GARBO will return to Europe at the end of her contract next April, and she may not return.

WHEN Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell walked into the lobby of the Carthay Circle Theater together, it gave the première of "Daddy Long Legs" an unexpected romantic kick.

The sidewalk throngs were breathless with excitement and literally mobbed the two after the show.

Janet, surrounded by women, gazed appealingly in Charlie's direction, while Farrell, overjoyed, was asking everyone how they liked "our" picture.

"Of course, I wasn't in it," amended Charlie, "but I always feel that Janet's pictures are mine, anyway."

This tickled everyone and Winnie Sheehan, Fox production chief, just stood in the background thinking delicious thoughts about the next Gaynor-Farrell co-starring vehicle, "Delicious."

Virginia Valli, Charlie's bride, and Lydell Peck, Janet's husband, were also there.

JOHN BARRYMORE, unable to get together with the Warner family at the conclusion of his \$175,000-per-picture contract, went yachting in Northern Pacific waters and announced laconically in Seattle that he's going back to the stage, come Fall.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Perpetuating the memory of Valentino in a worthy manner, the Valentino Association has endowed and fitted up a ward for children in the Italian Hospital in London. Here is one of the little patients, receiving the healthful rays of an ultra-violet-ray lamp, which bears engraved on it the last words of the star: "I want the sunlight to greet me." This is only one of the many charities carried on in memory of Valentino, who died five years ago this month

Should Women Work?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

woman is early in the morning. She awakes to face the day. She is completely alone then—no one to talk to, no one of whom to ask advice, no one with whom she may indulge in the small pleasantries that make life worth while.

"I live from day to day. I do amusing and interesting things. I have a number of interests—the theater, nice restaurants, the glowing talk of good friends, my work. I lead a busy and an active life, as does every professional woman. But what will happen to me—to us—when we have grown middle-aged? Have we missed the greatest thing in the world—the companionship of a loving husband?"

"Perhaps middle-aged wives are as unhappy as middle-aged professional women. I don't know. At least this I do know. We will have more to think about than they—more vital scenes will pass through our minds, brisk panoramas, vivid encounters. And perhaps that is all middle-age is—simply remembering.

"While we are young—we moderns—we live in this mad whirl and face our responsibilities. When I was working in an advertising office I saved enough money to make a trip to Paris. And then I decided I would take the time off and write a book instead. That was 'Ex-wife,' and from then on my responsibilities increased. I probably won't get to Paris before 1932, when my option with the Paramount company comes up.

"My son, Mark, lives with my sister and me in a home I bought in Connecticut. He loves to ride. I've bought him a saddle horse. Perhaps, had I never written 'Ex-wife,' he would have had only a pair of skates—but the idea is the same. Now they're telling me how cheaply



The only horse Clark Gable ever rode before he went to Hollywood was on a merry-go-round. But movie actors must be versatile, so Clark learned to ride—learned 'til it hurt—and now he and his pal, Bolingbroke, are inseparable. Rising rapidly (in the films we mean, not on Bolingbroke), Gable has scored heavily in those villainous, menacing rôles now current, but we hope they don't make him stick to this type. He's too good an actor

Know the truth before accepting substitutes for Kotex



Doubtful substitutes for Kotex may be health risk—you *know* Kotex is safe.

BE cautious—when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex." How do you know it's just like Kotex? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Surface resemblance does not make a pad "just like Kotex." It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of *purity*, of cleanliness.

Hospitals use Kotex

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals. Their choice should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness as well as hygienic safety.

Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding that absorbs scientifically, away

from the surface. Thus, the original softness *lasts*. It is adjustable. It is treated to deodorize.

Kotex is sold at drug, dry goods and department stores, and singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

- 1 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 2 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 3 *The Kotex Filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 4 *Kotex is soft . . .* laminated layers absorb scientifically, away from the surface.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt.

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



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**NO
WONDER
LOVELY WOMEN
PREFER THIS
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"And yet, I'm delighted to do all these things. I'm trying desperately to make up to Mark for not having a father. He misses that. The other boys at school talk of their fathers, and I can see it hurts him. What's the answer to that? Marriage may be finished in this age—but what of children? I know a woman writer who is unmarried and has a child whenever she wants one. But isn't that a little unfair to the child?"

"I WANT to adopt a girl. It's for selfish reasons, I know. I want to have her as a companion, and because I adore children. She might grow up and run away with the plumber. But she'll have to do what she wants to do. I believe in letting every person lead her own life.

"With the change that has come over this generation men no longer need to marry, and the women in whom they are interested are the clever professional women. But something happens to a man when he does not support his wife. He may be as modern as his wife, conversationally; he may promise all sorts of things, but the fact that she earns more than he

does, or becomes famous, begins to eat into his mind, and the marriage ends.

"I sometimes think that the best solution is for people to marry young and grow up together—never having known the outside world. I seldom talk of my own marriage, because my ex-husband has a wife now and it isn't fair for me to talk. But the reason we went on the rocks was simply because we both came from families that were quite comfortably well off, and we could not cope with the poverty in which we discovered ourselves after our marriage. It was not because we were young that it ended.

"When I was writing 'Ex-wife' I was in love. That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. The man was a distinguished, important figure, but his line of work brought him no fame. It was the notoriety that I received from my books, my career, that separated us.

"Man's instincts remain the same.

"And I'm sure I do not know the answer to any of this. I'm sure I cannot tell whether the professional woman is happier than the wife or less so. But of one thing I'm sure—if we are able to make anything out of our mad era we must face the facts as we see them and piece out the salvation of our individual existence."

Dolores vs. the Jinx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

"The Bad One," was an indifferent success at the box-office, but who could still demand the appalling sum of \$9,000—and the right to "The Dove," a film unsuited to any of their contract people. It is my personal opinion, whatever that amounts to, that Sam will be smiling on the other side of his face. I may be as wet as the King business, but I believe that Dolores Del Rio is due for a big comeback. And I'll get to my reasons for this in a minute.

A glowering jinx has hounded the footsteps of Dolores. Her life has been one cataclysmic adventure after another, but somehow or other she has managed to come up, if not exactly smiling, at least on top. It is necessary to go back a little to realize the terrific force of this woman, still in her early twenties, who has lived enough to be a hundred.

YOU know her story, of course, that she was born of patrician ancestors, daughter of a wealthy banker and that her marriage to Jaime Del Rio was a marriage of convenience, uniting the two most important families in Mexico. There have been rumors, emanating mostly from Hollywood's Mexican Colony, that while Dolores came of good middle class business stock, her family tree had not so many branches, leafy with importance, as Jaime's and that her family jumped, like Mexican beans, at the chance of having a daughter of theirs married to one of the great Del Rios. It has even been hinted that there was Indian blood on the mother's side. Nothing short of a trip to Mexico would prove these things, and it would be a worthless journey, since it doesn't really matter.

The important fact is that *at the age of fifteen* she was married to a wealthy, patrician, proud bachelor ten years her senior, who was completely fascinated by the beauty of this convent bred girl. At fifteen, Dolores found herself on a honeymoon trip in Europe, living the gay life of the Continent, being presented at the Court of Alphonso XIII of Spain and having a Paris gown named after her. There is no doubt that Jaime Del Rio exploited the beauty and charm of his young wife in Europe just as Edwin Carewe exploited his talented new-found star in Hollywood some years later.

That was a tragic marriage—the older man, the utterly innocent child—and it is no wonder that the constant parade of her beauty, like a model in a show window, was bitter to Dolores. That avid, dark beauty, those luminous eyes,

mystic and sombre; Dolores, mother of pain—oh, she was born under an ill-fated star, a star of suffering.

Dolores says that Jaime did not want her to accept the offer Carewe made her in Mexico to come to Hollywood. Others maintain that Jaime, ever delighted with his prize, saw another chance to show the world the young thing he had captured.

At any rate, they came and Dolores then was as fresh as a dewy morning, a gay little package done up in bright enthusiastic ribbons. Everything in Hollywood entranced her. Speaking no English, she was delighted that Jaime acted as her interpreter on the set. It was all new and lovely to her and then she began to make a success, and you know that sordid story. You know the story of a proud man finding himself becoming the husband of a picture star and the story of a young girl who had been the beautiful wife of a wealthy and influential citizen becoming the important member of the family. There were violent quarrels between them and neither was at fault. Circumstance was the apex of the triangle and the villain in the piece.

Dolores Del Rio had never loved her husband except as a girl would love an important, charming older man. By the same token, she never loved Edwin Carewe except for releasing her from the boredom of her life in Mexico City and giving her a vital place in an active and passionate world.

But when Jaime Del Rio died in Europe alone with the name of his ex-wife, Dolores, upon his lips, it was duck soup for the saccharine typewriters of the sob sisters.

THE motion picture public had approved of the spritely young patrician from Mexico, a society belle bored with cocktail parties and polo, who wanted to make a name for herself. But certainly it would not have approved of what it thought was a heartless wife who put her fame before love and allowed her husband to die of a broken heart. Perhaps that's what Jaime died of—but it was circumstance and not Dolores who caused it.

After his death, Dolores led her own life. She was free of all authority, and her beaux were as numerous as inconsistencies in the Wickersham report. She was rumored engaged to a number of different men. She was called a ruthless heartbreaker. And then she

married Cedric Gibbons. This new happiness was short-lived, for illness and her broken contract followed and it was thought that the end of Dolores' tempestuous professional life was in sight.

But this was not so. She is well now. She is as interesting as ever. She has, of course, changed—changed from that little Mexican girl into a suave sophisticated and, perhaps, somewhat embittered woman. She has never been completely happy, and I doubt that she ever will be, but success is ahead of her. Of that I'm convinced. Dolores has lived through too many ordeals, she has battled the old jinx too long. They can't keep a good girl down. She's back on the screen—up and at 'em!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners

THE day after this was previewed in Los Angeles a columnist announced Dolores Costello would retire to private life. We don't wonder. They took the surest way to put her there by giving her one of the worst stories ever screened for her return opus. She looks lovely and her voice is okay, but the less said about the entire production the better.

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M

ADAPTED from the stage play "The Torch Song" and not so good, but if you're a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable, as a Salvation Army worker, causes Joan to go straight after Neil Hamilton, the cad, does her wrong. Hamilton's work is splendid in a dirty-dog rôle. The title came out of a grab-bag.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount

NO wonder Ruth Chatterton refused to make this one. Formerly known as "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Paul Lukas turns from the steady family support of Eleanor Boardman into a playboy willing to let more than one woman support him. Of course, he recovers just in time to provide the stereotyped happy ending. Producers wasted their time; don't waste yours.

GOLDIE—Fox

SPENCER TRACY and Warren Hymer, the new team, do the Eddie Lowe-Victor McLaglen act in this talking version of "A Girl in Every Port." Jean Harlow brings her several attributes to the part of the girl over whom they battle particularly. There are plenty of laughs in both lines and action. If you like lusty, gusty stuff, not too highly polished, this'll do.

THE RECKLESS HOUR— First National

THERE'S nothing strikingly new in the story of a young girl mistaking a cad for a gentleman and giving him privileges popularly awarded to marriage. However, there are some new twists and splendid acting by Dorothy Mackaill, H. B. Warner, her father; Walter Byron and Conrad Nagel, the two lovers; and Joan Blondell, comedienne. Fair entertainment.

THREE WHO LOVED— Radio Pictures

HERE'S a yarn with two climaxes; one in the middle and one at the end. In fact, it could have been two pictures. The last is the most exciting. The production suffers from



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too much story. Acting rated as excellent. Betty Compson surprises, while Conrad Nagel, Robert Ames and Bodil Rosing keep easily in the running. Worth the average program price, in spite of extra climaxes.

HUSH MONEY—Fox

ANOTHER gangster film in which the poor little girl, caught in a trap, pays the price of her shame and then finds wealth and happiness with her true love. An amusing, though obvious, ending takes some of the sting out of the just ordinary story. Joan Bennett, Hardie Albright, Owen Moore and Myrna Loy struggle valiantly with their rôles.

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia

REMEMBER Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan"? Well, you'd never recognize the little girl in this one, for she spends her time snatching a nice young man away from the girl he really loves, marrying him, and then whooping it up in the gay manner with his boss. Pretty poor stuff, and pretty rough on Betty, who tries hard to be a vamp, but just isn't the type.

A HOLY TERROR—Fox

THIS two-fisted Western with George O'Brien outwitting all possible villains is really quite a wholesome relief after sophisticated bedroom dramas and gangster repeats. There's a novel twist to an old story, too. How that hero can ride. And it must have paid Sally Eilers to marry Hoot Gibson. She sits a saddle like nobody's business. James Kirkwood and the leads do excellent acting.

THE LAWLESS WOMAN—Chesterfield Pictures

TAKE all the preceding gangster and cub reporter pictures, mix well, leave out the spice and flavor, and you have this not uninteresting, but quite unimportant, film. There's the cub reporter out to get a scoop on the latest underworld murder and the innocent girl accused of the killing, with comedy supplied as usual by the newspaperman who imbibes too freely. Carroll Nye and Vera Reynolds are featured.

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé

THIS is one of those race-track yarns that's cooked up of romance, gags, thrills and fast lines—and a bit of pathos, too. Nothing much new in the story of the jockey who's barred because he threw a race for love's sweet sake—

and then makes a grand come-back after going to the dogs. But you'll be moderately entertained. Quillan and Gleason take honors.

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr

IF you're fed up on the gangster-story variety of murders and assorted gruesomeness, here's a chance to find the same general idea in a new setting. This time it's all on shipboard, with a crippled skipper ruling his crew of cutthroats with fear and a long whip. Occasional murders keep things nicely morbid. Charles Middleton steals the honors, if any. If weak-hearted, stay home.

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA

AN all-German talkie with a song or two, featuring Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. He plays a great tenor, who not only likes song, but wine and women, too. He loses his voice, retires to a farm with his wife, and in a sudden burst of rural happiness, discovers his voice has returned. Jannings is splendid, but except for a high light here and there, a slow moving picture.

THREE LOVES—Terra

MARLENE DIETRICH'S presence in this German silent, made about three years ago, is the only valid reason (as well as the obvious one) for reviving it for American presentation now. While it is entertaining, its chief interest is in watching the Dietrich of the pre-Paramount era. It has English subtitles.

THE TWO-GUN MAN—Tiffany

A WESTERN, frankly done in the old manner, but with more shooting, harder fighting and faster riding than one imagined was left in this talkie-era. Ken Maynard, coming to the aid of the honest rancher in a deep-dyed cattle war, not only uncovers the villain and saves the day, but wins the rancher's leetle gal to boot. Nothing new, but good entertainment of its kind.

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures

TOO bad that a production as beautifully photographed, produced and acted should have such an old and slow-moving plot. The clothes worn by the delectable Kay Francis make it worth a modest price of admission, however. It's the eternal triangle of the yearning wife and the forgiving, generous husband. Paul Cavanagh makes a splendid husband and Ricardo Cortez is again the bewitching seducer.

Two Ladies Who Make You Laugh

Edna May Oliver

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

back: "All right. Button up your overcoat, come out and join the family." She did—and she's been with Radio ever since.

She know's it's her face that's brought her success—at least, without it all her fine dramatic ability wouldn't have had half the chance her face gave it.

"But you'll never know how much, and how often, I've longed to be beautiful!" she confesses, out of the midst of the conversation.

"Oh, yes—I'm grateful in a way for this face now that I've gotten used to it. I know it's brought me this success. I know it's given me the chance to make and save enough money so I won't spend the end of my days in an old ladies' home somewhere. But all the same, I'm a woman. And what woman doesn't long to be beautiful?"

"You know, people sometimes say the cruelest things about my face. I don't mind them—any more. I've gotten hardened to that sort of thing—and, of course, since I capitalize on my face to my own advantage, I suppose I've got to take the hard things they say along with the advantageous things this face brings me!"

"**E**VERYWHERE I go, people recognize me. It flatters me to have them tell me how they know me, and enjoy my work.

"But that happiness is inevitably tinged with just a slight flavor of bitterness, because I know it's this face that makes them remember me.

"I recall an occasion in New York State. Everywhere I went on tour with 'Show Boat,' I had a radio put in my hotel room. This time, a funny-faced individual came in to install the radio. He got all through tinkering with it.

"Then he looked at me, and wheezed:

"Say, ain't I seen you before?" I told him he probably had, since I was on the stage. 'I knew it,' he crowed, 'becuz you got a very peculiar face, lady—a very peculiar face. Once you sees it, you never forgets it!' And he went down the hall cackling to himself—and never realized, perhaps, that I'll never forget his face myself. It had mine backed off the map!"

The greatest shock she ever got was the first time she was called horse-faced. It was indirect. A certain dramatic critic, reviewing the opening of a play in which she was featured, wrote that "Edna May Oliver looked her usual self—as though she'd just been taken out of harness." But since then, she's gotten used to it. In Hollywood where they're less kind to personal feelings than any place else, perhaps, they call her simply "hoss-faced Oliver."

"OH, I've gotten hardened," she says, smiling. But there's no conviction in that smile. Not strange though, is it—that no matter what it's made her, that face of hers is still not the sort of face a woman wants to have?

"The first time I ever saw myself on the screen, I was almost nauseated!" She admits. "That lasts even now. I never like to see myself on the screen. It hurts my vanity—yes, I've got some left! So I stay away from my own pictures. If other people enjoy seeing me, that's all right and I'm glad—but I don't enjoy seeing myself!"

"Oh, well—why complain? I've found a measure of happiness, and let it go at that, face or no face. If any woman wants to be thought beautiful, let her surround herself with me, and she will be. As for me—if I ever have my own producing company, I'm going to surround *my* self with the most beautiful women I can hire. And then I'll at least stand out and be distinctive!"

Una Merkel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

loaned to an independent company to play in "Eyes of the World," and then back to United for the sweet little frightened ingénue in "The Bat Whispers." Yessir, Una was on the upward and onward holy path and no mistake.

And then—what ho!—the hero to the front. John Considine left United Artists to go with Fox. That company was planning to make a comedy called "Don't Bet on Women," and by some strange fluke John happened to remember the funniest girl he'd ever seen in the stage play "Coquette," a girl who kept the audience laughing through its tears with her bizarre Southern accent and her funny dangling hands and suddenly, out of a clear mental sky, it dawned upon him that this woman was the same person who had been under contract to United Artists and looking starry all the time.

He sent for Una. They put her in "Don't Bet on Women." They kept writing in funny lines for her to say and she said 'em funny. She was a scream and everybody suddenly said, "Where has this comedienne been hiding?" And she had been Gishy all the time.

Well, United Artists was pretty mad. They'd been weeping over a comic and didn't know she was a comic. So when her contract was up they didn't renew, and Una took her accent and her walk right over to Fox where she's been making them roll in the aisles ever since.

WAIT until you see and hear her in "Daddy Long Legs." That silly, broad accent—she's a scream.

Griffith, I'm sure, feels badly about it all. But the world is safe. Less Gishes and more Fazendas—says I. Less moonlight and roses and more good sturdy pie throwing. Less heroines and more comediennes. Una Merkel was snatched from Griffith by Fate and everybody feels a lot better now.



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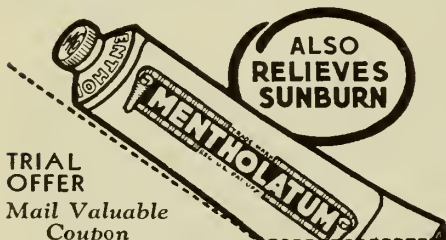
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Inside Politics of the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

by and interested in her people. No suggestion is made but it is only natural that writers instinctively include the people in their stories who have interested them!

The same astuteness is required in every branch of the business. It is not wisdom to refuse an invitation to the home of Marion Davies. The very cream of Hollywood's professional life floats on Marion's swimming pool. A lesser light cannot afford to miss the opportunity; a greater light cannot afford to be noted among those missing.

AN invitation to Mary Pickford's is likewise a command. To refuse is to be politically blind. An amusing sidelight on this is: For a long time Mary Pickford was the only one who could afford to decline Marion's invitations—and vice versa. Today, they are friends and interchange social calls frequently. Hollywood understands that Mary made the first break and maneuvered the re-arrangement. Certainly Mary adores Marion today, and says so frankly.

Naturally, picture people are human and real friendships often come from social beginnings. Real enmities, too.

A number of years ago, Winfield Sheehan was ill and Raoul Walsh and his wife, who was at that time Miriam Cooper, cared for him in their home. A deep friendship between the men resulted. Now, undoubtedly, Raoul Walsh had no political intentions whatsoever at that time—but a friendship with the monitor of Fox activities cannot but be beneficial to a Fox director. Certainly, a director to be successful must draw good stories, good actors, good staffs.

Lilyan Tashman thought it wise to court Constance Bennett who threatened the best-dressed title. A shrewd political move, in theory. Not so, in reality. They were too much alike—neither could stand it. The friendship developed into a feud.

Marie Dressler deserves every tribute the world or her friends can give her. But without a political sense Marie would never have been able to show her worth of these tributes. Marie's very return to Hollywood was the result of a political maneuver.

FRANCES MARION and Marie had been friends. Years ago when Frances was ill in New York and without money, Marie took her home and cared for her. The friendship which resulted is almost sacred between them.

One day Frances received a letter from a mutual friend of hers and Marie's in New York, which said that Marie was so cheerful and so insistent that everything was right with the world that she felt certain Marie must be broke. Frances had just completed the script of "The Callahans and the Murphys." Metro was searching a lead. Frances went to headquarters. "I know just the woman. Marie Dressler! I haven't heard of her for years. But she would be too expensive. She was getting \$3,000 a week the last time I saw her." Or words to that effect.

"Because of our friendship I believe I could get her for \$2,000." Again, there was no record made of the statement but that was the gist of it.

Frances "tried." Marie "consented." It had been many years since she received that \$3,000 and then only for a very short period. The producer never knew it, but he profited by the deal.

Frances Marion is one of the shrewdest of them all—which is why she is still in the business. And she continues to use her political finesse not only for herself but for others. She wished Marie to have dramatic opportunities. Metro could see her as a comedienne only. Frances also wanted them to buy "Dark Star"

from another intimate, Lorna Moon, so that Lorna, who was dying, might have an estate for her daughter.

Finally—after continual solicitation from Frances—they agreed to purchase the book if Frances would do the screen story. "I will do it if you will let Marie Dressler play it." More arguments; more solicitation. Frances won. "Min and Bill" was the result, with Marie Dressler. Incidentally, as a preface, Frances had agreed to adapt "Anna Christie" only if Marie Dressler received a dramatic opportunity in it!

Marie is the pet of the publicity department. And to be the pet of publicity departments is to carry the safest political insurance in the city. Marie has made friends of each member of that department. Certain stars treat them like studio help. Marie entertains them frequently in her home. She is a blessed combination: both sincere and politically minded!

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Norma Shearer gets first choice of stories, directors, leading men, cameramen, photographers, etc. Greta Garbo has second; Joan Crawford third.

Norma is the wife of Irving Thalberg, head man.

Norma's entire career seemed impossible from the beginning. There were so many handicaps to it. Imperfect eyes; imperfect ankles. They have all been obliterated.

It just happens that I am an ardent admirer of Norma Shearer as an actress and as a woman. But I must admit that I admire women who have political sense. Norma has the best on the lot. She lives up to it. She gives the best. Incidentally, if I were an actor or actress on the M-G-M lot I would never try to save ten dollars by not appearing at a Norma Shearer opening. But then, I, too, am politically minded.

Greta Garbo! Not a politician, you say. I agree with you. She hires her politician. All Garbo could say was: "I go home; I stay home." And she would undoubtedly have stayed (Metro was about disgusted) when Jack Gilbert brought Harry Edington to manage her.

Garbo has not had to think, professionally, since. She paid Mr. Edington to think for her. And since he is the man who tied Metro to a three-year, one-million-dollar, non-breakable contract for John Gilbert and then secured himself an executive contract at Metro at a salary said to be \$1,000 weekly (who could blame Metro for wanting him *with them* since he handled Garbo's business?)—we cannot but grant he knows his political labyrinths.

You know the story of Joan Crawford. PHOTOPLAY gives it to you in this issue. Joan learned more slowly than Norma Shearer, but she has learned wisely. Of course, her big fight today is for stories and good leading men. "Laughing Sinners" is not good for Joan and she knows it, but it was more political to take it than fight it. Probably by conceding this time she placates and establishes a good feeling which will mean a better one next time.

AS for leading men. Joan tries them out in her pictures. Bob Montgomery was successful with her; then he went to Shearer and Garbo. Clark Gable made good in "Dance Fools, Dance!" now he is with Norma in "A Free Soul." And what grand work she does in that picture.

Of course, no matter how shrewd a politician you are, you cannot make good without a screen personality. You may fool the producers but you cannot fool the box-office. You may hang on for years by a political thread but in the long run you are doomed if the public will not accept you.

Neil Hamilton's exit from Paramount had

little to do with box-offices. He simply failed as a politician. While other actors lunched with directors, talked their personal problems over with them—in blunt language, “played” the men who had the choice of rôles for Paramount pictures, Neil lunched at a solitary table. He realized he wasn’t getting the “breaks.” He consulted a friend. “Why don’t you go to Mr. Schulberg (director of West Coast studio) and tell him that in all modesty you think you are as good looking as other actors and as capable. Ask him why you aren’t getting anywhere.”

NEIL took the advice. Mr. Schulberg admitted that Neil had created a pacific resistance. When executives suggested Neil for a part, directors said nothing against him. They merely counter-questioned “What about Arlen or Cooper?” Neil had never learned that politics rule Hollywood, as it rules the world. He has a new chance at Metro. We shall see if he has learned.

After “The Big Parade,” Renee Adoree should have soared to Garboian heights. But Renee is a child of nature. An adorable creature who can inspire love in many men, but not inspire political cooperation. When she forgot to push herself—there was no one else to push her.

Dorothy Sebastian; Alice White; Clara Bow—bad politicians. Dorothy is a great little trouser. She spent five years as the hand-me-what-you-please girl of the M-G-M lot. Sent here by New York executives, she was never received with open arms by local ones. The local boys want to make their own discoveries. Only a human, natural situation. If Dorothy had possessed the intuitional, political sixth sense, she would have erased that opposition by adroit handling.

She was big hearted, genuine, but not clever. Five years on one lot! A salary, the last year, of \$1,000 weekly. She had been loaned out for much larger sums and had made a nice profit for her company. Then—the end of her contract. An offer for renewal at the same salary. She wanted more; she was entitled to it. She went to an executive’s office to ask for it. She was kept waiting in a reception room for an hour. She was furious. Human, but not politics.

“I can’t understand why you should keep me waiting—”

A complaint as her greeting to a man who held her fate in his fingers. Executives are human; they are often vain—self-interested. Probably salaries of half a million a year entitle them to self-interest.

“Do you know to whom you are speaking—” Dorothy lost. She has not worked at a major studio since. You can blame whom you please, but the fact remains that Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo’s manager, Ruth Chatterton, Lilyan Tashman, Gloria Swanson, Janet Gaynor and Lillian Gish would have handled a man in a different manner!

You are probably surprised at the last two names on that list. Yet I consider Gaynor and Gish two of the shrewdest politicians who ever worked in this city. The very fact that they appear so unpolitical is what has made them the most successful.

POLITICAL vamping is not a pretty term, but it really does fit these two cases. They are the types whom men will always want to protect, and they are women who are shrewd enough to allow the protection.

Aileen Pringle was the pet of the intelligentsia, but Lillian Gish was the goddess. Mencken, Nathan, Hergesheimer. The last once said that Miss Gish was the heroine of all he wrote without his knowing it. She was the epitome of all women.

Lillian and Janet with their virginal qualities, their ethereal appeals, can control any situation where men are involved. The men want them to control it. The men wanted Anita Page to control them in the same manner. But Anita lacked the shrewd sixth sense which was Lillian’s and is Janet’s.

The Case of Miss G—

[NATIONAL BEAUTY CLINIC REPORT No. 459]



Fifteen leading dermatologists recently conducted a nation-wide Beauty Clinic. Their official reports, reviewed and attested by one of the country’s leading dermatologists, show Woodbury’s Facial Soap to be most effective of all beauty aids.

A typical Case History, taken from physicians’ reports in nation-wide Beauty Clinic, gives thrilling proof of simple way to skin loveliness

Her age is 20. She lives in California. Her occupation, dancer. And she had tried dozens of ways to get rid of oily skin and enlarged pores.

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In 115 cases of oiliness . . . 106 cases of acne . . . 81 cases of dry skin, Woodbury’s brought improvement where other methods failed. Even women with normal skins found that Woodbury’s made the skin brighter, clearer, lovelier. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters in economical 3-cake boxes and at 25¢ per cake.



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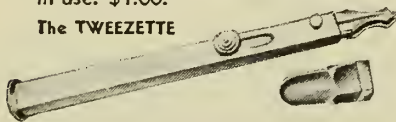
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Eleanor Boardman has refused to sign a contract with Metro. Why? Eleanor's eyes widen. "I can't tell you. I have been unpolitical all my life. I have expressed what I thought without thinking of the consequences. I must learn to be politically minded!"

Eleanor did lose many valuable rôles because of lack of that sixth sense. I remember the time when she was making a series of pictures with Hobart Henley. She disliked him and said so. She refused to make another picture with him. She was called to the executive offices. She was told to apologize. She refused. Furthermore, she rushed to her dressing-room where an interviewer was waiting and poured out the whole story. You may have read it. The only thing that saved Eleanor's contract then was the fact that Metro wanted to keep King Vidor, her husband. She did not apologize to Mr. Henley, but he "forgave" her for being a naughty girl, and they made another picture together.

Lupe Velez knew nothing of politics. But "The Squaw Man" was cut to Lupe. She has learned how to handle directors, even Cecil De Mille ogres. Nor did she "yes" him. She simply made him feel what he himself told me: "Lupe is the greatest embryonic actress since Swanson; she is a combination of Lenore Ulric and Swanson." She made De Mille feel he could turn her from the bud to the full-blown. He could develop another star. His weakness; she deliberately played on it.

Even we writers come in for our share of political maneuvering! Studio publicity departments have an intense craving to control what is said about their players, directors, producers, etc. They do not always appreciate

reporters and magazine writers dedicated to the purpose of telling the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth.

One studio publicity department nearly collapsed with apoplexy when Cedric Belfrage wrote something they didn't like. In fact they barred him from the lot for it. Well, it wasn't very political and the studios knew it. In the old days of obvious tactics, the Wampas a society of press-men had handled the situation. But somehow they have not stuck together. Just how could they secretly protect their players from the sad truths becoming known about them?

So the studio publicity departments wrapped themselves together with the producers association and agreed that if one studio barred a certain type of story, all studios would bar it. They have tried to question writers after interviews to discover what players had said to them, but it doesn't work.

Well, Cedric Belfrage, finally barred from most studios, went to England and has spent a year broadcasting the "inside" about Hollywood over the English radio. It may have been good politics to bar him—you would have to hear his radio talks to make certain.

I have told you this about publicity departments just to prove that politics really do reach into even the most obscure corners—in fact, will probably reach into mine after this is printed. Well, I work in Hollywood and may have to learn what every person in the profession must learn—it's the sixth sense which makes you successful; not the five which are commonly used in acting, directing, shooting scenes, running studios or in writing!

A Wet Report

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Try it on a few of your fussy authors, Mr. Q. In a word, the Russians believe in Russian movies for the Russians. Soviet pictures are the exclusive dish—some of them swell, but all made by the government for the citizens. I can't speak too freely, as I think Ivan (my pet spy) is still tailing me, but I can safely say that Russian movies are no boost for the late Czar, or his old man, either. (Make it a short one this time, Emile.)

WELL, you can see that with a host like Mr. Malamuth it would have been simply silly to have broken my neck getting out to the Sovkino Studios where they make their pictures. In the first place, I didn't parlay their lingo, and in the second, I'd probably have gotten a Red bayonet in my dignity as a spy of the dirty bourgeoisie. So I talked it all over with my host over the liquid TNT, and we both decided that I had absolutely cleaned up the Russian movie situation in a big constructive way, and there was no use tempting fate and the political police by snooping around after more dope. Three snoops in Russia, Mr. Q., and they count you out. It's back to the bench for you, and off to the showers.

So I drained the shaker, bade goodbye to my host and hostess, took a last look at Lenin's beautiful marble tomb and hopped a rattler for Paris (France).

We won't go into the trip. It lasted three nights and two days, and there wasn't a sign of a movie situation on the train, though I hunted high, medium and low. Ivan (he's my spy) helped me, and I've a dirty suspicion that if he hadn't helped me, I might have found a movie situation somewhere. But no, as we French have it. You can have it if you want it.

Well, that was that, and after unimaginable sufferings (there was nothing to drink on the train but this bitter "beer" stuff) I finally

reached Paris, and found myself absolutely up to the hubs in motion picture affairs. "Here" where I hit a good sock for old PHOTOPLAY! I thought, as I gave the nod to Emile. (He's right here looking over my shoulder, the rascal. And can that be "beer" he's carrying? Just set it down, Emile, and Daddy will give you the centimes as soon as he finishes this little note to that nice Mr. Quirk.)

As a matter of fact, my work for you here in Paris has proved quite simple, though I have slaved at it in a way.

You'll be charmed with my acuteness—you made no mistake when you hired old Quick-on-the-Uptake Hall. What I did was simply to use Emile as my research man.

"Emile," I would say, "when you *apporte* the next one just give me the full dope on this French movie racket. Are American picture and stars popular, or do they want us to cancel them as part of the war debt?"

Then Emile, stopping to mop the table would tell all. In this way I got a lot of mighty valuable work done. Emile says that Dietric has got Garbo on the run here. As a matter of fact, one house is showing both the German and English versions of "The Blue Angel." And if they could dig up the Finnish and Arabian versions, they'd show them, too.

AS has been reported, Mickey Mouse is heading man here. There's a strong movement on foot to elect him President of the Republic, replacing this fellow M. Chocolat Menier, who has been in a long time. The best French talkie ever made is "Le Million" (The Million). I was directed by Robert Clair, who is the Fair-haired Boy and White Hope of the Galli industry. It's a cute little job. A lot of the theaters show American talkies in America. "The Big House" was running at a place on the rue des Malherbes (Street of the Bad Vegetables).

Emile (he's my pal) told me all this vit

stuff. Why not send him a little check? For eight dollars he could buy the whole Latin Quarter—blondes and all, the franc being what it is. But don't take it off my check, Mr. Q.!

So, with Emile working for me, I dug up all the dope on French movies in about a week. As a result, I've been sitting here at a table in front of the Coupole now for seven days, without moving except to stretch. Rubberneck guides are now pointing me out to tourists as the "Shipwreck Kelly of Paris." Some of them throw me centimes, just to see me snap at them without getting up.

In this way, you see, I avoided making a long, weary and dusty trip to Joinville, where Paramount is grinding 'em out in eighty-seven dialects, several of which not even the directors can identify. I know you wouldn't want me to wear myself out needlessly, when I could clean up the entire French movie situation by just asking Emile a few sharp questions. (See, Emile? I've put you in the letter. Now be a good boy and bring me just a spot of that brown liquid you call "Hennessy," and be sure it's over seventy years old. I simply can't abide young Hennessy—say around sixty. Why, sixty-year-old Hennessy is still in rompers, practically.)

WELL, Mr. Quirk, there you are. As you can see, your ace reporter, old Scoop Hall, has absolutely wiped up the European motion picture situation, gravy and all. In a word, it's fierce. The boys are a good five years behind Hollywood, and beginning to limp. Tell Mr. Zukor, Mr. Mayer and Mr. Sheehan.

I don't know when I'll get back home. I have a hunch I couldn't get up now if I wanted to, so I'll probably just sit right on here all Summer. When bad weather comes in the Fall, though, Emile will have to build a little shanty around my table, and we'll charge a franc to come in and see me. For two francs, tourists can pull my beard. For three, they can have a look of it for a souvenir. We should mop up.

Give my best to Max, Gustave, August and all the boys around New York. If you have any ideas for me, just cable and I'll ask Emile. Here's the Hennessy—and here's to you!

Your best star reporter,
HE GETS THE NEWS!

Leonard Hall

P. S.—Please ask the business office not to quibble and bicker over my pay-check for this. You have no idea what hell Emile plays with the centimes.

L. H.

P. P. S.—Emile sends regards.

L.

A New Game

Nutty rhymes, a la Ogden Nash, are hitting Hollywood. The gag seems to be to rhyme players' names: the harder they are to rhyme the better. Or worse, maybe. Anyway, it's like this—

So very, very love-
Ly is June Collyer
That there isn't any place
I wouldn't foller!

—and—
So Hollywood-wise is golden
Dorothy Christy,
She knows a "Hollywood tea" means
Gin an' whiskey!

—or—
So very ultra-British is Dav-
Id Manners,
Each day he has his tea, but no
Bananners!

—so—
So sexappeally is this Flo-
Rence Britton,
She burns the screen when doing
Heavy "IT'n'..!"

CHOOSE

your ROUGE SHADES
this new, fascinating
way. Forget all about
"matching your skin"
and select shades to
match your costume.

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge does not blot out the skin. The natural color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is retained when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this natural color, Princess Pat adds. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge seem to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is another requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had just one shade—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. But the shade remained the same. You



PRINCESS PAT LIP ROUGE a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly undictible.

Princess Pat.

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The camera caught Loretta Young—star of First National pictures—choosing Princess Pat English Tint to harmonize with a girlish frock of light yellow.

couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summertan. For evening wear—use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.


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It will tell you how to make prize winning photos and better movies.

Send \$1.25, which includes postage. Address Dept. K.

**CAMERA SECRETS
PUBLISHING COMPANY**
Metropolitan Studios • Hollywood, California

He Kept on Working

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Nevertheless, it definitely started him on a stage career. He joined a stock company, and played seventy-two weeks in stock, largely in Rochester, New York. He played seventy characters during this period, mostly old men, and calls it his "college course." It was during this time that he gained most of his experience in reading lines, being prepared for emergencies and getting an all-around training he couldn't have gotten otherwise.

It also taught him how to live on practically nothing a week, for many times the troupe was left stranded and had to get back to town as best it could. It was just one of those good old trouper's experiences without which no real actor's life seems to be complete.

With this long apprenticeship behind him, he returned to Broadway again and began the steady succession of flops that was his unhappy lot on the legitimate stage. He played in "Arleen O'Dare," "One of the Family," "Dawn," "Garden of Eden," "The Carolinian," "Legend of Lenora" and others.

Finally, he played in something that approximated a hit, Edgar Selwyn's production "Possession." It was in this play that Samuel Goldwyn saw him, liked him and signed him for the Banky film from which he was immediately fired by Santell.

HAVING been detoured on the road to fame and fortune so many times before, this inauspicious start in pictures didn't keep Bob from working his way into a part in "So This Is College," which was his first work in pictures.

But it didn't stop M-G-M from kicking him right out again, either. "So This Is College" took forty-nine shooting days besides two months of rehearsals and retakes. He had a second part, and by the time he had finished it he was forgotten. When he applied for his next picture, an indifferent hand waved him out of the way.

He was beginning to weaken by now, but insisted he had to work to eat and that he still liked eating.

"Well, they're looking for a boy for 'Three Live Ghosts' at United Artists," the casting director told him, so he scurried over there.

It is commonly supposed M-G-M procured that part for him. They didn't. Bob sought out T. Freeland, United Artists director, and sold himself for the part.

BUT Bob was worried. His self-confidence had received a jolt from which it was but slowly recovering. The M-G-M contract he had signed was optional and the six months was almost up. Metro had made no move to renew it.

He was worried and paid little heed to his rôle in "Three Live Ghosts." Freeland knew something was wrong, but instead of writing him a note such as Faversham had done, or firing him as Santell had done, made inquiries and discovered the real reason for Bob's indifferent acting.

Here Bob got a real break. Freeland put two and two together.

"If we telephone M-G-M and tell them we are interested in Montgomery and want to know if they are going to renew his contract, they'll think *we* want to sign him and then *they'll* probably renew it. And *I'll* get some acting out of him."

So Freeland took a chance and framed the call.

"We'll call you back and let you know in a couple of hours," was the reply from M-G-M.

The outcome was that Metro renewed and Montgomery, with his contract in his pocket, gave a corking performance in "Three Live Ghosts." When he returned to his home lot he was no longer a stepchild, he was the leading man in "Untamed," with Joan Crawford.

A steady succession of parts then followed, his work attracting mounting notice until Metro, impressed not only with his acting, but with the 1,500 letters he received from fans every week, made him a star.

Which, of course, is the right ending to a story of an ambitious young man who just kept on working and refused to be discouraged.

Alabama & London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

through, very few have kicked over the traces sufficiently to embark on a career and life of their own, and granted the first two, to make successes of themselves.

Tallulah Bankhead finally rebelled, became first at least a mild success on the New York stage, became later the greatest stage star of London, and in her first talking picture, achieved a personal triumph as an actress and as an American counterpart of the type of screen performer now in vogue—the other similar types being Garbo and Dietrich.

But where Dietrich has husband and child, and where Garbo is more or less of a recluse, Tallulah Bankhead has lived gregariously, unhamperedly, uninhibitedly.

She is a modern of moderns in this respect. "Please, Jean—!" (This, pleadingly, when she was sixteen).

"HERE'S a cable from C. B. Cochran, the London producer," she announced when she was twenty-one, to a roomful of people in New York after appearing with mild success for several years on the New York stage. "The cable states that he has decided, after all, not to use me in his production of 'The Dancers,' with Gerald Du Maurier. He's found a better type in London, he says.

"Well, my friends, I've never received this cable!"

Whereupon she tore it up.

"As I have beautiful eyes and legs, I'll get that rôle," she announced in that deep, husky, and at times, so very determined voice of hers, a voice that can be meltingly lovely where she wants it to be. And then and there she borrowed the money to go to London.

The eyes and legs worked their spell. The star whom Mr. Cochran had engaged was paid her regular salary not to appear on the stage during the run of the play. And Tallulah got the job.

The inhibitions were gone in 1921, you see—the man-shy Southern girl had already become one of the spokeswomen of the new post war independence in women.

Any woman, wherever she may hail from, whatever may be her background, is doing something in a big way when she breaks away and stands on her own feet, but when a tradition ridden Southern girl does it, it is doubly remarkable.

Back in Huntsville, Alabama, where she was born, she always had an ambition to go on the stage, but it remained in the back of her head. It never really came out until after her Washington, D. C., début, when she left

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Doctors recommend Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, underweight, nervous or run down conditions. For pure, dry yeast such as this, is the richest known natural food source of the "B" and "G" vitamins. So pure, so concentrated, so uniform in vitamin content are Yeast Foam Tablets that they have become the standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading American universities.

If you have found ordinary yeast too unpleasant, just try Yeast Foam Tablets! Chew them as thousands do and enjoy their good nut-like flavor. Or swallow them whole. Because they are *pasteurized*, Yeast Foam Tablets cannot form gas nor cause fermentation. Hence they are *safe* for all ages.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets—the yeast that's good to eat and good for you. The *ten-day* bottle costs but 50 cents. Made and guaranteed by the Northwestern Yeast Co., Chicago; World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

for New York and the stage (with no training) with an elderly aunt as a chaperon. Her father supported both for a time, although he was never really in sympathy with her stage career. In a year or so she was caught up in the aggressively unconventional post-war atmosphere of New York and the theater, and beginning to get fair rôles in plays, Tallulah decided she didn't want or need a chaperon.

She began to be on her own in one way or another, and in a few years the change from the pleading, Southern girl to the independent woman was more or less complete.

BEING only partially financially independent in New York for the reason that she was only mildly successful in the theater, London did the rest. She was an instantaneous hit there, and she soon became the center of a vortex where loose and heterogeneous society, the literati and the theater met and mingled. All sorts of stories were printed about her, some true, most of them untrue.

Her American vitality was refreshing, her adventuresomeness in life and love caused more and more interest, and the press was either worshipful or insinuating.

She lived recklessly, threw her money away, and only since she has signed with Paramount at an enormous salary has she been able to pay back her English debts.

"You'll never have a cent, Miss Bankhead," her secretary told her just the other day in New York, where she has already become the center of another vortex of society and lesser worlds, and where she is still careless, irresponsible, and still an experimenter in life and love.

"Oh well," she replied, "life only lasts a little while."

Then she turned to Gary Cooper, whom she had only met that day, he being in New York on his way to Europe, and whom she had liked and had immediately annexed as a guest at a cocktail party in her apartments that afternoon.

"Isn't he sweet, my dears!" she said to her guests and to the somewhat bewildered young man of Montana. "Isn't he perfectly divine! He's so slow!"

She thrives on flattery; she adores it from either sex to the point of absolute weakness; and she must be the center of the stage, and to be that she will be amusing, shocking, or even turn handsprings—and this sport, incidentally, she indulges in at parties more often than you would think—or let loose a volley of gay Rabelaisian language.

There are times, too, when her show-off complex so rises that she will suddenly announce to a party of friends—only intimate friends, of course—that inasmuch as she is so beautiful in her bath they must be accorded the privilege of watching her in it.

She is, though, a first rate comedienne in real life, no matter what act she is giving at the moment.

Her vitality is tremendous and she talks all the time.

SO eager is she to collect crowds around her for a good time that she is frequently known to gather up an entire group at a night club, a restaurant or a speakeasy, ask them to join her party, usually a large one, and proceed with them to her apartments where they may eat, drink and be merry. Meanwhile if she becomes bored, for she drinks comparatively little when she is working, she simply shuts herself in her rooms and goes to sleep—leaving her party to exhaust itself under the watchful eyes of her two secretaries, staunch English girls whom she has brought over.

It is small wonder, then, that she is in demand by all classes of New York society, just as she was the darling of London from the aristocracy on down.

"What is your ambition?" she was asked.

"To have none," she replied.

"Why did you want to go in the talkies?"

"To be near Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery," she answered.



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You find this lash cosmetic gives no hint of artificiality. It contains no varnish so cannot flake nor break your lashes. Easily removed with cold cream. Cry, swim, get soaked in the rain... no water can make it streak or run. Handy purse size gold capped bottle, black or brown, \$1.

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The Enemy of Beauty—Over-Exercise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

The muscles in her legs stood out like oranges on a tree.

It took Sylvia a month of pounding to get them in shape again.

Alice White has the perfect figure, according to Sylvia. About five feet tall, she is dainty and petite, without an ounce of surplus flesh and yet well rounded. But not long ago Alice began to study tap dancing. After just a few weeks' lessons you could notice the difference. She had, in order to appease the goddess of beauty, to give it up.

And yet the stars must play. They must have some form of recreation. Upon their estates are beautiful tennis courts and swimming pools that rival the ancient baths of Rome. Bridle paths of unsurpassed beauty wind round the Hollywood hills, and the beaches stretch white and voluptuously inviting in the California sun.

Must all this be taboo? Must all this be sacrificed upon the altar of beauty? Sylvia will make a slight compromise. If you must be athletic here is your schedule:

Twenty minutes of tennis a day—not too strenuously played.

Nine holes of leisurely golf every other day. But you must not combine both golf and tennis. You may take your choice.

Swimming. Do not overdo it. It is one of the finest of all health builders. It keeps you out in the sun and fresh air and develops and beautifies the body if you do not go at it too strenuously. You can't be a channel swimmer and a beauty.

Horse back riding once a week for an hour. No more!

No archery.
No mountain hiking. Walk, you may. But always on the level ground. Sylvia refuses to take a customer who climbs hills, ladders or stairs.

THIS is the mandate from Queen Sylvia, the flesh moulder, and she is not alone. A certain famous dressmaker refuses to design clothes for those who look upon the golf course when it is green. Nor will she take anyone who plays tennis.

Gloria Swanson plays some tennis but no more than Sylvia, who is her law, allows.

Ann Harding plays a few sets of tennis.

Mary Astor rides horseback but not too much for the sake of beauty.

However, Sylvia gives her own exercises for each individual case and these must be done for ten minutes a day. She does not allow her clients to so much as step inside a gymnasium but she gives stretching and relaxing exercises so skillfully that the body tingles afterwards.

After the exercise there must be a cold shower or a tepid bath. No hot showers or baths.

FOR Sylvia's ambition is not to tear down muscles that have been built up but to make them firm and smooth under the skin. Stretching, relaxing and lifting the body—these are the only exercises. As a matter of fact, although Sylvia will compromise with the lovers of sports, she prefers that no athletics be taken at all. Constance Bennett, for instance, does none of them.

"I'd rather," says Sylvia emphatically, "take on the reduction of an habitual drunkard with all that flabby fat than to pound down a woman who is extremely athletic."

Health periodicals recommend all sorts of sports. These may be well and good for health, but they are the deadly foe of beauty. And Sylvia is prepared to listen to the howl of protest. For Sylvia doesn't give a masseuse's darn what people say. She must be obeyed and she remains unimpressed by stardom.

They tell a story of her first meeting with Nancy Carroll.

"I'm so happy to know you," said Nancy. "You should be," said Sylvia. "When you know me better you won't have that spare tire around your waist."

So there is nothing left for the stars of Hollywood but miniature golf and ping-pong. To these Sylvia does not object.

The model for beauty that is Hollywood's and, of course, the rest of the world's, is a figure five feet tall and weight less than a hundred without one misplaced muscle.

No matter how inviting the ocean, nor how friendly the tennis courts, nor how green the grass upon the golf courses—stay away from them as you would a streptococcus germ if you are prone to overdo the use of them. The stars of Hollywood have learned their lesson. So must you if you'd be as beautiful as they!

Why They Said Joan Was "High Hat"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

she had not known existed. He taught her the beauty of words on paper, the feeling for musical harmony, the appreciation of form and color upon canvas. He taught her, also, which is more important, that the winning of a dancing cup is not the ultimate aim of life and that one simply cannot exist in a room cluttered with wildly painted Coney Island dolls.

And then she met Doug—and if there's anything about that you don't know it's simply because you can't read.

Shortly after her wedding the gossip began "Joan is 'high hat.'" "Now that she's a member of the Fairbanks family her old friends aren't good enough for her." "You should see the way she puts on the dog." "Oh, Joan doesn't know me any more—I knew her *when*."

This hurt Joan, of course, which was important to her but not very important to you. The important part is that Joan has changed utterly, completely. Today Joan Crawford Fairbanks is no more Lucille Le Sueur than Will Rogers is Mahatma Gandhi. But Hollywood is intolerant of changes—particularly changes for the better.

Joan has become a woman—a woman of importance, a woman of poise with a clear thinking mind. She has done everything to improve herself. It is natural that since she is so changed, so much the real woman, she should find no more time for the superficial friends. It is natural that her new acquaintances must be those who can give her something in return for all her fineness. It is natural that she should want a beautiful, tastefully furnished home. It is natural that she should—after doing what most intense kids her age do, leave home, then return to find companionship with her mother. It is natural that she should change the harsh middle Western twang of her voice into a soft cultured one. It is natural that she should throw out of her life all the cheapness and tawdriness with which it abounded and take the quiet culture with which she surrounds herself. And yet it is for that reason that she is called something that she is not—"high hat." Her loyalty to those who have stood by her and gloried for her in her blossoming is like some fine marble statue.

But you hear it everywhere. The general opinion at the studio, among the prop boys and electricians is that she's changed—for the worse. "No, Joan ain't the good scout she used to be. She ain't got no time for us fellows no more." And now is as good a moment as any to clear up that prop boy-electrician theory.

It is the firm belief that if the workers on our set like you, you're swell and if they don't you're a heel. But the set workers like you so easily. All you need do is to call them by their first names, ask them about the sick wife, give them gifts at Christmas and tell them that but for them you wouldn't be where you are. It is an easy and a diplomatic posture and I've discovered that invariably the men and women whose careers have been built on cold calculating shrewdness are the favorites of the workers who are not clever enough to see through the game. They also, of course, like the cheap little kids who make big fuss over them.

In the old days Joan spent a goodly portion of her time clowning with these people. But when she acquired the innate dignity that belongs to her and when she realized that she had a great many important things to do to make up for her lack of cultural education, she did not have time to waste. So the stigma "high hat" was put upon her. Now she is a person—a first rate, excellent person—whereas she was just a madcap kid before.

No, dear ma'am and sir, Joan isn't "high hat" and don't let anybody in Hollywood tell you she is. The belief has sprung up because—well you know about the prophet in his own country. Joan is a Hollywood product. Hollywood—and it can be so undiscerning at times—watched her grow. Hollywood knew her when.

As I said at the beginning had she come to Hollywood already blossomed I wouldn't be correcting an impression now.

But Hollywood is set in its ways and when a little hey-hey girl decides to become a lady and does it successfully—Hollywood is so confused and bewildered that it casts the person from itself—because it knows nothing else to do.

Millions of girls may well emulate Joan Crawford and go "high hat" if that was her time.

Where Now, Clara?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

the last split second. And when he sent the towel sailing into the ring, signifying that the once-invincible Battling Bow was on the point of going down for the count of ten, it meant that there wasn't a laundryman's chance that the fool had any more box-office fight in her—at the moment.

For nobody need fool himself—when the contract of a star or featured player is bought up, or allowed to lapse, it means only one thing. It's Rule A, No. 1, in the motion picture guide-book.

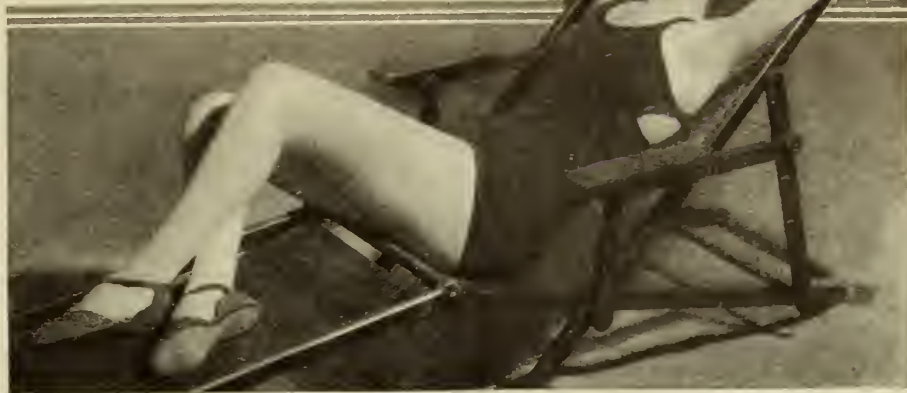
WHEN big stars go down the chute, there's just one answer—namely, they have ceased to lure enough kopecks into the little ticket window. Any other given reason is so much smoke on the screen, and can safely be handed the Bronx cheer. You may be told that the actors are ill, or voluntarily retiring to raise wallabies in Australia, or to open a chain of filling stations in the Gobi Desert. These sops are just nice outs for the players.

And that is the answer to Clara Bow's swift slide down the well-greased toboggan.

Bad publicity can be forgiven and forgotten. A little alleged misunderstanding on a gambling debt can be chuckled off, as good clean girlish

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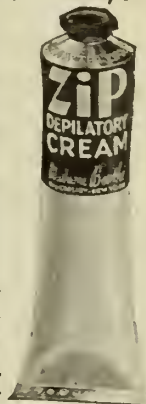
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And if you still insist on using the razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread ZIP-SHAVE over the surface . . . and shave. The application of ZIP-SHAVE not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chaf as well. Tube, 50c. (Treat your husband to a tube of ZIP-SHAVE if he dreads the morning shave.)

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fun. A sweetheart every six months is just a maidenly prank.

But failure to draw is the Eighth Deadly Sin, and means a sigh, a parting handclasp and a quick exit from the payroll.

As I have said, Paramount gave Clara every shot it had in the locker. They tried her in schoolgirl comedy. They—God help us!—let her sing! They let her make hot love to Fred March in a sailor suit. In response to the widespread public feeling that she could do drama if given a crack at it, they turned her loose to emote in "Kick In," last and saddest of the opera. If Clara could have played the zither, or walked the slack wire, Paramount would have fixed up some pictures for her. For Bow, in her great days, meant beaucoup dollars at the ticket wagon.

NOTHING worked—not even the prayers, letters and boosting of as loyal a crowd of fans as any star ever had. The Bow pictures fell away, and those with their flapping ears to the Hollywood ground knew that it couldn't be long. And it wasn't!

I'd feel happier about Clara's chances now if I weren't pretty darned sure that the day the microphone smote Hollywood was the day that she was slated inevitably for the discard.

For in the days of blessed silence she was all lure and life and sprightliness. She was blistering Youth incarnate. She was the cutest, peppiest girl in town. That rebellious hair, those outspoken eyes, that eloquent and admirable girlish figure—all spoke louder, to her fans, than any talkie apparatus yet devised. She was part and parcel of the silent screen.

And when the silversheet went vocal, blooie went the illusion. The little wild-cat went self-conscious, and hence tame. She wasn't geared for lines. That untrained and uninteresting voice came like a blow at the base of the skull. It became painfully evident that she lacked the essential equipment of an audible actress—that the microphone had her stopped dead in her tracks.

And from that day to this she has never gotten up steam again!

Without cultural background, Clara didn't build a mental and spiritual present, as some of the greatest of our talkie stars have done. While others studied, perfected themselves and grew both as women and artists, Clara was having beaux and fun.

Life was pretty much hoopla and hey-hey—punctuated by periods of black despair when she realized that a bigger and finer parade was going by, and she wasn't marching in it.

The truth is, no doubt, that the Bow girl has never grown up in the fullest sense. In the great spiritual and mental essentials that turn a feather-brained girl into a smart and resourceful woman, Clara is still the bouncing child of "It."

AND now, for the incurable kiddishness that probably isn't her fault at all, Clara pays.

And here she is at twenty-six, with a new way to make in the world. She's had six years in the public heart and the big money, but it is probable she isn't too well set financially. According to sound evidence in the public prints, appalling sums have slipped through her plump fingers.

Without reticence, restraint, sound judgment, thorough training in voice and deportment—Clara's in a tough spot, and we can only pull hard for her and wish her the best. For not one of us forgets the pleasant and even exciting hours she gave us in the heydays not so long ago.

She'll get more chances—plenty. For a once-great property is not going to be allowed to rust, not when it's twenty-six years old, pretty, and sound in wind and limb.

And the new chances will call for a brand-new deal. What will it be? If you and I knew, we could make a million dollars for us—and for Clara Bow.

The answer will be known soon. Meanwhile, Clara Bow is in exile! Is it Elba—or St. Helena?

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SOUL



She was bored—she
wanted a new thrill!



She gambled with
love—but found the
stakes too high.

"Shearer superb—
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cent" say the critics.



She was born in an age
of FREEDOM! Who
could blame her for
seeking the sweet fruits of living?
Beautiful Norma Shearer again
brings you a screen entertainment
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The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Paul Lukas is so romantic and yet so masculine. He has an air of wickedness that makes him irresistible.

LORETTA VAN DAM,
San Francisco, Calif.

How I love Norma Shearer's laugh!

IRENA A. MARKO,
Danville, Va.

The superb acting of Ricardo Cortez in "Ten Cents a Dance" so charmed me that I saw the picture twice, just to watch his performance.

SARAH A. KINCAID,
West Philadelphia, Penna.

MOVIE ROMANCE

Those love scenes in the movies—how they have been subject to praise and criticism alike! But they have been the means, at least in part, of keeping alive between my wife and myself the sweetheart love of other days.

We have been happily married for eleven years. Always we try to bear in mind we are still sweethearts, and to show it. After a movie in which there are love scenes, we usually feel in a more romantic mood and, speaking for myself, I realize that instead of merely a wife, I have a sweetheart by my side.

So I say that if anything on earth can help to keep husband and wife happy and as loving as they were before marriage, the romantic films can do that, provided both are willing to

cooperate. The one ruling passion of the home is love, and the movies do keep the fires burning for those who are responsive.

A. G. LEISMAN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

CHAPLIN

"City Lights" is the most perfect picture I have seen. Charlie portrays love, sympathy and an innermost sense of refinement, despite his rags. Being a great artist, he always stops at the right moment in his comedy and his pathos. He sent me away with a feeling that where happiness abides, one is rich indeed.

EDWIN LEMARE, JR.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Charlie Chaplin does not seem to realize that the picture-going public has changed considerably in the past fifteen years. Much of the slapstick comedy that made Mr. Chaplin famous in earlier days no longer appeals to the public as a whole. Most important of all, Mr. Chaplin has not yet learned that vulgarity and humor are two different things.

He succeeded, as usual, in giving an effective touch of pathos in "City Lights." It is this quality that makes one feel he could develop a higher and cleaner type of comedy than he has ever given us.

NORMA COOLEY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

FROM SCHOOL TEACHERS

As a teacher of senior English and dramatics in high school, I have noticed that students who go to picture shows frequently have easy, good manners, taste in dress and an enviable poise. They are much easier to train in scene work and have more imagination.

Those who would denounce the whole moving picture industry need to be reminded that the intellectual stimulus provided by the modern screen play is a real factor in America's progress.]

MABEL BROWN SHERARD,
Belton, So. Car.

School teaching is said to be one of the surest routes to nervous prostration, but so far I have been able to avoid it, thanks to the movies. When I feel as though I were about to explode over the hundred and one irritating things that are always occurring in the class room, I go to a picture show. I forget my troubles for a while and my nerves get a chance to "unkink."

The movies keep me from having to go to a nerve specialist—or even an insane asylum!

GERTRUDE WILCUS,
Ashland, Ohio

Please give us more picture with tragic endings. Tragedy is truer to life.

ANNIE M. TUCKER,
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

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(See page 60 for particulars regarding Contest)

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

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

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March)

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

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (Feb.)

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

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

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March)

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

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March)

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

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

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish locale and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (Feb.)

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

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March)

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

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

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

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (Feb.)

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

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March)

NOLIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

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

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (Feb.)

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

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March)

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

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

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (Feb.)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (Feb.)

★ **PRODIGAL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Southerner")—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

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

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

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (Feb.)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (Feb.)

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

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

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

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skillful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **STEPPING OUT—M-G-M.**—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS—M-G-M.**—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

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

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

★ **TABU—Paramount.**—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

TEN CENTS A DANCE—Columbia.—(Reviewed under the title "Anybody's Girl")—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (Feb.)

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

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRADER HORN—M-G-M.**—Harry Carey magnificent as Trader Horn. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures. Risque but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO WORLDS—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

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)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (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)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

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

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

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

WHITE THUNDER.—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

WILD WEST WHOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Segar is the one bright spot. (June)

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

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

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

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

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID—Radio Pictures.**—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)

Lonesome Glory

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Tommy lived in an apartment house with many others who looked to the motion pictures for a somewhat precarious living. Tommy's apartment was on the third floor rear and there was no elevator by which he could mount to it, but he seemed not to notice the stairs this afternoon. He went up them two and three at a time and when he reached the third floor, he turned toward his apartment. A voice from the fourth floor, however, stayed him. It was a girl's voice.

"Is that you, Tommy?" she called. "Gee, you came home in style. Whose Rolls was that? Clarinda's?"

"You bet it was," Tommy called back gaily. "Boy, she's a peach, that Clarinda Covelle! Wait'll you hear the story I've got to tell you."

"YOU'RE home early, aren't you?" the girl queried. As she spoke, she came to the head of the stairs and slowly walked down towards Tommy. Tommy went half-way up to meet her, both hands extended. She caught his hands and he drew her toward him until their lips met.

"Yes, I am home early. Miss Covelle decided to quit and I was shooting scenes with her."

"She brought you home, eh?" the girl queried, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Tommy nodded eagerly. "She came to me on the set and told me to go over and wash up and she'd drop me here at the house. We're goin' to make more pictures together, honey. She's tickled to death with my work. Says I'll be a great star in no time. Think of that! Think of what it'll mean to us, sweetheart!"

He drew her toward him again, and she lay unresisting in his arms. He kissed her. "Who knows?" he went on enthusiastically. "Maybe we'll have our little home in Beverly Hills; and maybe it won't be so little, either!"

The girl he held was a small girl with huge, soft eyes and a natural cupid's bow for a mouth. She clung to him there on the stairs.

"It's all so wonderful, Tommy," she said. But there was a doubtful light in her eyes. "It hardly seems possible that you and Clarinda Covelle are working together in a picture. It means so much, doesn't it?"

"Of course it does," he went on. "I'm the luckiest kid in all the wide world. She likes my work, too. The director says we're making a fine picture. Getting a lot of feeling into it."

The huge eyes of the girl carried a hurt and vaguely frightened look. She clung to Tommy, looked up at him. "I don't see how such a great boy can be interested in simple, little me," she said dubiously. "First thing I know, you'll grow right out of my arms, Tommy."

Tommy threw back his head and laughed gaily. "Silly," he said caressingly. "Why, success wouldn't mean anything in the world if I couldn't share it with you!"

"I guess I'll never get a break in pictures," the girl said simply. "I'll always be just an extra girl."

"SOMETIMES," Tommy said earnestly, "I hope so, sweetheart. Maybe we'd be all the happier if you didn't become a big star. So many of those marriages break up and it doesn't hardly seem the fault of either one. A man, you know, likes to come home and find his wife there making a home for him."

It was the girl's turn to laugh. "Already," she said, "you're growing old-fashioned, Tommy. My goodness, just imagine me in rubber gloves and an apron with a frying-pan in one hand and a cake of butter in the other. . . ."

"Yes, and cooking my dinner," Tommy interrupted laughingly.

The girl joined his gaiety. "Well, look at

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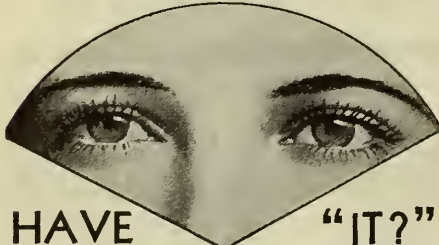


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me," she said. "I'm doing it now. I guess I'm lucky to have anything to cook!"

"What did you cook?" Tommy asked. "I haven't made any plans for dinner, if that's an idea for you."

"You may come up," the girl laughed. "You won't get much, but there'll be enough of whatever we have."

The two had dinner and spent the evening in conversation. The girl listened wide-eyed and apprehensive as Tommy related all that had happened and prophesied all that was going to happen. When he left her at about ten-thirty, she clung to him at the door and kissed him repeatedly.

Tommy was in bed and almost asleep before realization came to him that the girl he had promised to marry, and wanted more than anything else in the world to marry, had been strangely different at the moment of their farewell.

* * *

CLARINDA COVELLE had indubitably fallen for Tommy Marvell. Hollywood, always quick to notice such things, gossiped. Tommy was spoken of as a potential star not alone in his own right but even more because of what Clarinda could do for him. When rushes of the picture were shown in various projection rooms about the lot, producers and their assistants nudged each other at the very obvious fervency of the girl when she played a scene with Tommy.

Some of the wiser ones did not hesitate to say that most of the ardent sincerity reposed in the girl. Tommy was doing his very best to act the part of lover naturally and sincerely. He was, in truth, doing this very well. But it was evident that Clarinda achieved reality without the slightest effort. She was in love with Tommy Marvell and Hollywood knew it.

"Well," one of the directors remarked, "I suppose that'll wash them up. It's a shame, too, because that little extra girl of Tommy's is as sweet a kid as I ever saw in my life. She's nuts over Tommy, too. They were engaged, you know."

"She's a lovely little thing," another nodded, "and the kind of a character Hollywood needs. But she can't act for hot vinegar."

"Good acting," the director remarked, sarcastically, "has broken up more homes than any other one thing in Hollywood."

The other shrugged. "Tommy's a nice kid," he said. "I wouldn't want to marry that Covelle dame. I could live off the income of what she spent for a swimming pool, but take it from me, money isn't everything."

"She's not bad," the director grunted. "She's just nutty. Most of these actresses are goofy as goats, anyway. An idea would wave their hair!"

The other nodded agreement. "I don't say I wouldn't marry her if I was in Tommy Marvell's position," he admitted. "Let them get married for a year or two and then divorced, just like Clarinda divorces everybody. In the meantime Tommy'll get his name in the lights and command a big, fat salary of his own."

"But I'm not hard-boiled enough to be able to forget that big-eyed, little kid with the cupid's bow mouth. She loves Tommy, and I think Tommy loved her up to the time he met Clarinda. I hate to think of Tommy 'going Hollywood' on her."

"KEEP up your sobbing," the director grinned. "Mebbe we'll get another picture story out of it. God knows I need a story. I haven't made a box-office hit since I worked for Vitagraph!"

Time and again Tommy Marvell dined at the pretentious Covelle residence in Beverly Hills. Several times he appeared at Coconut Grove with Clarinda and now and then, after their evening conferences, the two would drop in at Henry's or the Brown Derby for a bite of supper. Twice they left the studio to go to the Embassy Club for luncheon. So there was plenty of ground for the Hollywood gossips.

Tommy noticed a distinct difference in the

treatment accorded him at the studio. Inasmuch as he was working under contract, he received no increase in salary, of course, but little attentions were heaped upon him and the producers began speaking of the new contract that would be given him soon.

THE lot buzzed with whispers of the new team that would take the country by storm. Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell would be box-office the country over.

During all this time, Tommy kept his abode in the same apartment house and saw frequently the little sweetheart who cooked his dinners and two or three times a week went into his apartment while he was working and tidied things for him. When he was not with Clarinda, he was with this girl.

Matters, so to speak, came to a head between them when the little girl read in one of the movie columns a statement to the effect that Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell were engaged to marry. She mentioned this with a bitter smile.

"Nobody can prevent such things being printed, honey," Tommy told her. "I've noticed that you've been very tender and very sweet for the past few weeks. I wondered what was back of it all. Are you jealous of Clarinda?"

"I'm not jealous of anyone, Tommy," the girl assured him. "Of course I'm not. We're both very young and there is such a thing as puppy-love. I wouldn't in the least mind if you married Clarinda Covelle. Think of the future it would give you. We mustn't ever lose sight of that, must we? I'd never stand in your way a single moment."

The picture which Clarinda and Tommy were making came to completion. It passed through the cutting-room without being too seriously damaged and finally was released for its premiere in New York. The picture was a hit. Sharp-eyed reviewers found in its love scenes provocation to proclaim to readers that the beautiful and charming Clarinda unquestionably had fallen for her new leading-man.

On the strength of the outstanding success of this picture, Tommy was called into the office of the producers and given a new contract at seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week to run uninterruptedly for one year, when it would be renewed at twenty-five hundred a week for the second year.

Movie columnists and reviewers the country over began printing notices of the ideal match between Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell. Producers sought frantically for their next vehicle. The two were seen frequently at social functions in Hollywood. Clarinda appeared in her dazzling jewelry and her lavender Rolls-Royce, and because of his new contract, Tommy assumed a position of prominence in the Hollywood colony.

TOMMY accordingly underwent a change in habits. He moved from his tiny apartment to a suite at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. He explained to the little girl in the apartment house that he felt this was necessary because of his increased prestige.

Her great, soft eyes regarded him understandingly.

"I want to furnish it myself," Tommy told her. "I want to furnish it so that it will be cozy and not like a hotel. I want it to have personality. You'll help me, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," the girl said quietly. "I'll always be glad to help you, Tommy."

Then real estate agents began to call at his suite and it became known generally that he was in the market for a place in Beverly Hills. He explained to interviewers that he did not want a great big place.

He wanted a small one, preferably of Spanish architecture.

"Would he have a swimming pool?"

"No, indeed." He just wanted a small place because he hoped to save his money.

Employment agencies communicated with him and sent Japanese servants to interview him. Of course he would want a valet and a chauffeur. But Tommy did not want these

things. He explained that, later on, after he had located a place in Beverly Hills, he would like to hire a man and his wife. The woman, he said, could do the cooking and the man work in the garden and drive the car when it was necessary.

Announcement was made of the next vehicle for Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell. Advance publicity swept the country. The two, unquestionably, were regarded as the outstanding features of the silver screen. Once again, rumors of their approaching marriage were profuse.

THESSE rumors pleased Clarinda inestimably. Now and then she smilingly mentioned them to Tommy and squeezed his hand as she did so. Once when he escorted her home from a social function, she drew him into the shadows of the *porte cochere* of her home and raised her lips to his.

Tommy kissed her good-night. A sort of festival was arranged by studio executives to welcome Tommy and Clarinda in their newest picture. This took place after the sets had been erected and everything was ready to begin shooting. A sumptuous banquet was arranged for executives and the outstanding stars of the lot. Rumor had it that the engagement of the two stars would be announced at this banquet. Executives and producers brought their wives. Stars brought their wives or friends.



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Clarinda appeared, beautifully gowned and faultlessly but expensively jeweled. She carried a tiny, jeweled evening bag which exactly matched the color scheme of her ensemble. Now and then during the earlier part of the dinner, she opened this bag and glanced inside it.

When she saw what reposed therein, a faint smile of happiness wreathed her lips.

CLARINDA had been at great trouble and expense to purchase the bauble which she intended to present to Tommy Marvell that night. It was a little-finger ring of platinum with a specially cut emerald and diamond which matched her own favorite ring.

She dreamed of seeing it on Tommy's finger, and, because everyone would know that the gift was from her, she had paid a fabulous price for it.

She brought with her an escort, so was not surprised or interested when Tommy appeared with a large-eyed girl with a natural cupid's bow mouth.

Obviously, the child was an extra girl at most. Her gown was simple and of graceful line but so inexpensive that Clarinda passed her over with only a glance.

At the termination of the dinner the chief producer rose and made a somewhat lengthy and incoherent speech about the picture which was to be made. He paid tribute to Clarinda and also to Tommy. He called them America's ideal sweethearts and prophesied stupendous success for the effort ahead. He called on Clarinda to speak and she merely rose and bowed, first to the audience, and then to Tommy.

The applause was vociferous. Then the producer called upon Tommy and he rose and bowed to the audience and then to Clarinda. But Tommy did not stop there. He turned to the simple little girl with the huge eyes and the cupid's bow mouth. He caught her by the hand and insisted that she rise. This she did, blushing.

Tommy held her hand as they stood there side by side. Then he spoke:

"I know perfectly well that any picture that features Clarinda Covelle," he said to the guests, "will be an outstanding success. Any part I have in such a success pleases me more than I ever will be able to make you understand.

"But tonight I just can't think much about pictures. I must tell you something else. I was married this morning and I've brought my wife here so that you all may meet her." He turned again and bowed to the little girl of the large eyes.

Every guest in the room glanced immediately at Clarinda Covelle. Beautiful she was, with almost a supernatural beauty. Gowned in the latest mode and bejeweled with a fortune in baubles. Her eyes were distended by this announcement.

She was sitting erect and her cheeks were pale with the ghastly pallor that creeps under rouge. She swayed just an instant in her chair.

Someone applauded the announcement. Shortly, everyone joined in and Clarinda got hold of herself.

With others she rose and congratulated the diffident bride.

THE announcement had been a bombshell. Clarinda Covelle was the cynosure of all eyes. After a few brief moments, waiters appeared serving liqueurs and coffee. Clarinda sat stiff and silent for several moments. Then, regally, she rose and summoned to her the captain in charge of the waiters. He came and bowed to her.

"You've been very nice, captain," she said. "The dinner has been beautifully served." She reached into her bag and drew forth the diamond and emerald ring.

"Here," she said, "take this, my boy, and remember Clarinda Covelle." Then she turned and left the banquet hall.

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Vanity

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

gruffly. "You played a bit in that cheap Western—"

"It was the second lead!" corrected Paul.

"All right—call it that. You were in a two-reeler they couldn't release—"

"What are you driving at?" Paul was angry. In front of Camille, this was terrible.

"Don't get sore," said Lou, more gently. "Haven't I known you kiddies long enough to talk like this? And Camille—you keep on making personal appearance tours, and you haven't had a real part in years. Right?"

"I have an interview next week," she said, her eyes flashing defiantly. "Thompson has promised to write a part for me in his next picture."

"Yeah," said Lou, impatiently. "But you know he won't!"

Camille flushed. She stole an anxious glance at Paul, and was glad that he was staring out the window.

"Now, I got a way to bring you both back," Lou went on, "in 'Ex-Convict.' But you've got to help."

They both looked at him sharply. "We're listening," Camille said.

"All you got to do," said Lou, settling back, "is to get married again!"

There was a stunned silence. "You're clowning!" Camille exclaimed angrily. Paul sat blinking stupidly.

Lou ignored them. "You kiddies could come back," he said, talking rapidly, "if you had the chance. But you won't get the chance unless you make 'em talk about you. Your re-marriage after all these years is a good story. Tommy Law could handle the publicity—and get you plenty. Instead of a couple of has-beens—a couple of names that don't mean a thing any more—you show 'em you're two good bets. If we put it over right, it's a cinch for me to sell you both."

"You mean well, I suppose," Paul said, "but of course it's out of the question."

Lou looked at his watch and showed alarm. "I got an appointment," he said tersely. "You two talk it over and I'll be right back."

"There's no use talking about it," said Camille, sharply.

"I won't be five minutes," Lou called, as he went out the door.

Camille reached for a cigarette, and Paul held a match. "I never knew Lou to talk so goofy," she said, settling back.

Paul strolled to the window. "He usually has pretty good ideas," he said.

"But he went wild on this one, didn't he?" Camille laughed more shrilly than was natural.

At the window Paul smoked a whole cigarette in silence. Then, when he turned to Camille, his face was drawn, his lips tight. "Lou's right, Camille," he said, quietly. There was no aggressiveness about his chin now.

SHE did not raise her eyes. "You—you mean we should do it?"

"It would be good business," he said slowly. "But I wasn't thinking just of that." He drew up a chair and sat in front of her. His eyes were suddenly very tired, and his shoulders drooped. He had dropped the mask, and there was a naturalness about him that was unnatural.

"I've been trying to bluff for years, Camille," he said. "Now I want to come clean."

She was intent upon punching her cigarette into a tray. "I—I don't get you, Paul," she said, nervously.

He hesitated a moment—then plunged. "I'm tired and lonely and pretty well discouraged. I wish I could buy a little ranch somewhere, live quietly, and be content to look my age." He leaned back abruptly. "Now I've told you," he said bitterly.

"I—I knew anyway," she answered, after a pause. "I wondered if you knew—that I felt the same way." She raised her eyes, and for the first time the defiance was gone out of them.

"It's been hell!" he said solemnly. Then without shame: "My hair is dyed. And I'm beginning to get rheumatism."

"I've been starving for years," she said, revelling in an orgy of confession, "to keep a figure. When I get up in the morning I look fifty. And I get so darned lonesome!"

He reached forward and took her hand. "We shouldn't ever have split up," he said.

"Maybe not," she sighed back.

"I'm not trying any of the worn-out hokum," he said, squeezing her hand, "but I think we both need each other, Camille." She squeezed back.

"I can't register the old-time girlish embarrassment," she said, "but I'm tickled pink at the idea."

"If Lou is right," he said solemnly, "we can make a little pile in a year."

"And we'll save it this time!" she added bitterly.

"And then settle down somewhere—live modestly—be like other people—have a few real friends—"

"And put sugar and cream in our coffee?" she nodded eagerly.

Lou bustled in, rubbing his hands. "You kiddies talked it over?" he asked.

Paul had on his mask again. "We've decided to do it," he answered, dramatically.

Lou nodded and beamed. "Miss Snitzer," he called. "Get Tommy Law on the phone and tell him to come right over."

TWO weeks later, when Paul was lounging comfortably in Camille's apartment, drinking tea with her and sampling a cake she had baked, Tommy Law was announced in the lobby. Paul grumbled as he got into his coat and straightened his tie. He enjoyed so completely throwing off the mask in front of Camille, and not struggling to be charming and important, that interruptions annoyed him.

"He's a pest," agreed Camille. "I'll have to get out of this house dress."

Tommy, his mind cluttered with a thousand details, was nervous and excited. He was always nervous and excited when he was putting over something big.

"Where's Camille?" he asked. "Nothing's leaked out, has it? Have you done what I told you?"

"Everything," said Camille, returning. "Have some tea?"

"Thanks," answered Tommy. "You're going to the première tonight?"

Paul nodded. "I suppose so. You said—"

"Yeah, that's right. I want you to be seen together—but not too often. Just so it won't look too fakey. I've fixed things with the radio announcer. Stall in the lobby until he sees you. And tomorrow—" Tommy gulped his cake—"you elope!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Camille. "I need some clothes."

"Lou's afraid they will be casting soon," Tommy explained. "We've got to give this story time to break."

Paul shrugged and sighed. "I'll wire to Yosemite for reservations."

"No," said Tommy. "You're going to Mexico."

"Mexico? In this heat?"

"Sorry," Tommy was commanding. "We thought it would be more romantic. Everything's arranged. You cross the border just before six, and drive to Vescadido."

"That will take hours!" objected Paul. "Yes, I know. Go right to this address."



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44A

There will be someone there waiting to marry you."

"I wanted to ask some friends," said Camille, sadly.

"That's out," snapped Tommy. "This story's got to break as a surprise. The reporters will discover you in your hotel at ten the next morning."

Paul scowled. "Ten is too early."

"No," corrected Tommy. "It's just right for the afternoon papers. Here are statements for both of you. Memorize them. It's all good, human-interest stuff. I've got photos of you ready, and plenty of stills from your old movies. Stay around the hotel, and let yourselves be seen. Be attentive to each other, but dignified. Remember, I'm handling this yarn from the 'grandeur-of-mature-love' angle. Is that clear?"

"What kind of toothpaste should I use?" asked Camille, trying to be sarcastic.

"We'll talk about that later," Tommy answered sharply. "Lou will keep in touch with you by phone. I may send some Sunday feature writers down. Lay it on thick—you're sweet copy for them. *Screen lovers of yesteryear find love never dies. Does a man ever forget how to kiss? The charms of mature womanhood versus the beauty of youth.* You know the stuff. Anyway, they will feed it to you."

"All right, Tommy," sighed Camille, "we'll try."

"Now, remember," he said, rising, "I won't steal as much space as you got on your divorce fifteen years ago. But we'll make a fair-sized smash."

Paul stepped forward solemnly. "We'll do it," he said. "But as soon as Lou puts this deal across—you lay off! Understand?"

"Holy smokes! Don't you want publicity?" "We want jobs," said Paul, gruffly, "and when we get them we want to be left alone. We're not going into this just for notoriety. We—"

"Never mind, Paul dear," Camille interrupted anxiously. "Maybe Tommy wouldn't understand."

THE wedding went off very much as scheduled, except that it was two hours later than planned on account of the bad roads. The reporters and correspondents discovered the newlyweds, as arranged, only they arrived at eight instead of at ten. Paul, with a desperate effort, shook off his sleepiness, and laughingly 'fessed up that they had "put one over" on their friends and remarried.

Camille, between yawns, was successfully embarrassed, and accepted the discovery of their honeymoon hideaway with a gay laugh, like the game little sport she was. She re-



According to Seymour, this sports outfit of Virginia Cherrill's is one of the best. The three-piece suit is red flannel trimmed in white—an excellent combination. Notice the close-fitting red and white cap, the two-toned scarf, and the good-looking perforated white oxfords

cited Tommy's statement almost perfectly, and Paul intoned his with that dramatic richness of voice acquired years before, when he was a stock leading man.

The results were as good as Tommy predicted. They made a fair-sized smash. He got five hundred words on the news service wires, and the local papers all used photos. Lou called them up to congratulate them.

"Everything is okay, kiddies," he said in an excited voice. "I hope the operator isn't listening in. Sit tight until you hear from me."

"It's awfully hot down here," Paul ventured, timidly.

"I'll work as fast as I can. We got 'em talking. They know you're alive, all right."

"But we won't be for long," complained Paul. "The heat is terrific!"

"Sit tight! I'll do my best."

THE special writers began to arrive on an average of one a day, and it usually meant dinner and a late evening. But despite the heat and the annoyances, they were happy. They luxuriated in the tranquillity of perfect understanding. For the first time in years they could face the future and smile at it, unafraid. For, ahead, they saw peace.

"It won't be long, dear," Paul said, as they loafed in their rooms on a quiet evening, "and we'll be out of it."

"I hope so," she said. "Two weeks in this place—"

"I meant," interrupted Paul, "that we'll be out of this false, shabby world of pretense. No more bluff. No more pretending to have turned down a dozen jobs when you're half dead trying to find one. No more cultivating 'the right people' who bore you sick, and going to places you hate, just to be seen. We'll just be normal, ordinary folks. Why do actors make themselves miserable by pretending to be important?"

"You'd think they were playing a game," Camille observed sagely. "The one who talks most about himself, and attracts the most attention, gets a prize!"

"I want to live in the country," Paul mused. "My father was a farmer, you know."

"You used to say," said Camille, "that you were of an old English theatrical family."

Paul nodded. "That was part of the bluff." He reminisced sadly: "I would have had half the farm if I hadn't left home and wasted my life strutting and posing and smirking and bowing."

"Not all your life, dear," she said gently. "The best part is ahead."

"You're a honey," he answered, smiling. "Pardon me if I don't get up and kiss you?"

The phone rang, and persisted despite their efforts to ignore it. It was Lou calling long distance, and his voice was worried. "The competition for those parts is stiff," he said. "The studio's impressed, but we may have to do something more. Tommy thinks maybe he will have Camille kidnapped by bandits!"

"Now see here, Lou!"

"—and have you run to the rescue. Can you still ride a horse?"

"Camille is ill," Paul said sharply. "Much too ill to be kidnapped. It's the heat."

"I'll call you kiddies tomorrow," answered Lou, ignoring him. "Sit tight!"

But he did not call in the morning. Instead he burst in upon them late in the afternoon, breathless and excited, and greeted them exuberantly.

"CAN I have a drink of water?" he asked, panting. "I flew down."

"Why the rush?" asked Paul.

He gulped the water gratefully. "I wanted to tell you all about it. I put it over! The contracts are ready for you to sign. Phew! Why didn't you tell me it was so hot down here?"

They had time for a real honeymoon before the studio needed them, and they spent it in a little family hotel upstate, where no one recognized them and where it was delightfully cool in the shade of the towering redwoods.

It was more wonderful, they decided, than their first honeymoon, when they had toured France and Italy in regal grandeur, and graciously accepted the honors showered upon them as American movie potentates. Camille's trunk still held a dozen keys of cities collected on the memorable return trip to the West.

BUT now they revelled in obscurity, with no thought but for each other and the future. They understood things better now, and were calmly confident. There was a sense of security. The seas before them were all charted; they knew the shoals and the dangerous waters.

Paul loafed in his oldest clothes. He tried to fish, and read detective stories. Camille gossiped on the front porch, wrote letters, and ate candy whenever she felt like it. In the evenings they both played bridge with a kindly old couple until eleven, and sat for another hour chatting. The men discussed politics, prohibition and the heavyweight situation. Camille asked the old lady about flower gardening and needlepoint, and both gave their opinions of the younger generation.

"Did you notice," Camille said one evening, as they went to their room, "that we didn't talk about ourselves once all evening?"

Paul nodded. "I never realized there were so many other things to talk about," he answered. "It's amazing."

When Lou wired that they were to report immediately at the studio for rehearsals, they left reluctantly.

Camille, entering the set for the first day's work, found Paul glaring at his image in his make-up box mirror.

"Well, how do you like it?" she asked gayly.

"I'm afraid the gray around the temples is a little heavy," he said gravely.

"I meant being back in harness," she laughed. "It's kind of fun puttering around your dressing-room all by yourself, isn't it?"

He looked at her sharply. "You have a dressing-room for yourself?" he asked.

"Of course. Haven't you?"

"There must be some mistake," he said, scowling into the mirror again. "I am sharing one at the moment with the comedy relief."

PAUL threw himself on the divan when they got home after the preview. He stretched himself luxuriously, and sighed with contentment.

"I have seldom seen a better picture," he said, with enthusiasm. "Roberts certainly got a lot out of me, and except for one or two scenes, I was quite well photographed. I think the public will like me. And I'll bet the critics will call it my finest performance. No—I don't think I've ever seen a finer picture!"

Camille threw her dress on a chair and walked toward the bathroom. "Naturally, you would think that," she said, slamming the door behind her.

Something in her voice—something that was a dim, sinister echo out of the past—made him sit up thoughtfully.

The water in the bowl was running full force.

Then it was shut off suddenly. "You would think it was good!" she called, and she was speaking now with deliberation and unmistakable sincerity.

"You hogged the camera every minute, and used all your old tricks to steal my scenes!"

He arose, slowly, and with dignity.

"Camille," he called at the bathroom door, "please choose your language! After all I've done for you—"

She turned on the water full force again. Her voice rose above it, like a battle cry ringing through the storm.

"All you've done? Why, you fifth-rate stock leading man—"

* * *

The decree became final a year later.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ALEXANDER HAMILTON"—WARNERS.—From the play by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Maude Howell. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Alexander Hamilton*, George Arliss; *Mrs. Betsy Hamilton*, Doris Kenyon; *Senator Roberts*, Dudley Digges; *George Washington*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Reynolds*, June Collyer; *Mr. Reynolds*, Ralf Harolde; *Chief Justice John Jay*, Charles Middleton; *Thomas Jefferson*, Montagu Love; *Gen. Philip Schuyler*, Lionel Belmore; *James Monroc*, Morgan Wallace; *Count Talleyrand*, John T. Murray; *Martha Washington*, Gwendolin Logan.

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Theodore Dreiser. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Clyde Griffiths*, Phillips Holmes; *Roberta Alden*, Sylvia Sidney; *Sondra Finchley*, Frances Dee; *Orrville Mason*, Irving Pichel; *Samuel Griffiths*, Frederick Burton; *Mrs. Samuel Griffiths*, Claire McDowell; *Gilbert Griffiths*, Wallace Middleton; *Myra Griffiths*, Vivian Winston; *Beknap*, Emmett Corrigan; *Mrs. Asa Griffiths*, Bodil Rosing; *Jephson*, Charles B. Middleton; *Titus Alden*, Albert Hart; *Mrs. Alden*, Fanny Midgley; *Bella Griffiths*, Arlene Judge; *Bertine Cranston*, Evelyn Pierce; *Judge*, Arnold Korff; *Jill Trumbull*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Coroner Fred Heu*, Russell Powell; *Earl Newcomb*, Imboden Parrish; *Dep. Sheriff Kraut*, Richard Cramer.

"COMMON LAW, THE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Robert W. Chambers. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Valerie*, Constance Bennett; *Neville*, Joel McCrea; *Cardemon*, Lew Cody; *Sam*, Robert Williams; *Mrs. Clare Collis*, Hedda Hopper; *Stephanie*, Marion Shilling; *Querido*, Paul Ellis; *John Neville, Sr.*, Walter Walker.

"CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by an anonymous author. Directed by David Burton and Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Dan*, Phillips Holmes; *Patricia*, Sylvia Sidney; *Hal*, Norman Foster; *Peggy*, Claudia Dell; *Adelaide*, Florence Britton; *Lucille*, Martha Sleeper; *Mildred*, Dorothy Libaire; *Sally*, Marguerite Warner; *President*, George Irving; *Dean Winslow*, Winter Hall; *Dean Marbridge*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mark*, Bruce Colman.

"DER GROSSE TENOR" (The Great Tenor)—UFA.—From the scenario by Hans Mueller and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Hanns Schwarz. The cast: *Algot Winklemann*, Emil Jannings; *Agathe*, Renate Mueller; *Olga von Dagomirska*, Olga Tschecchowa; *Kratochwil*, *Winklemann's valet*, Hans Moser; *Agathe's Uncle*, Max Guelstorff; *Dr. Marberg*, Eduard von Winterstein; *Naurus Colwyn*, Willy Prager; *Romanones*, Siegfried Berisch; *Boris Jussupoff*, Wladimir Sokoloff; *Filippo Cardagno*, Evaristo Signorini; *Popper*, Oskar Sima.

"EX-BAD BOY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "The Whole Town's Talking" by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Adapted by Dale Van Every. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Chester*, Robert Armstrong; *Ethel*, Jean Arthur; *Swift*, George Brent; *Mr. Simmons*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Simmons*, Grayce Hampton; *Letty*, Lola Lane; *Shields*, Jason Robards.

"EXPENSIVE WOMEN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Wilson Collison. Adapted by Harvey Thew and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Constance Newton*, Dolores Costello; *Neil Harlley*, Warren William; *Arthur Raymond*, Anthony Bushell; *Bobby Brandon*, Joe Donahue; *Melville Raymond*, H. B. Warner; *Brandon's Pal*, Allan Lane; *Raymond's Pal*, Morgan Wallace; *Irene*, Mae Madison; *Molly Lane*, Polly Walters; *Martha*, Adele Watson; *George Allison*, William House.

"FIVE AND TEN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jennifer*, Marion Davies; *Berry*, Leslie Howard; *Jenny Ravick*, Irene Rich; *John Ravick*, Richard Bennett; *Avery*, Kent Douglass; *Muriel*, Mary Duncan; *Leslie*, Lee Beanger; *Piggys*, Arthur Housman; *Brooks*, George Irving; *Hopkins*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Dennison*, Charles Giblyn; *Taxi Driver*, Henry Armetta; *Midge*, Ruth Selwyn.

"FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Let's Play King" by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Edward Paramore, Jr. Continuity by Norman McLeod and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Daisy Tail*, Mitzi Green; *Bessie Tail*, Edna May Oliver; *Maggie Tiffany*, Louise Fazenda; *Tiny Tim Tiffany*, Jackie Searl; *King Max*, Bruce Line; *Queen Sidonia*, Virginia Hammond; *A Studio Director*, Dell Henderson; *A Supervisor*, Ben Taggart; *Assistant Director*, Ben Hall; *Casting Director*, Jack Baston.

"GIRL HABIT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Adapted by Owen Davis and Gertrude Purcell.

Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Charles Cadwallader Floyd*, Charlie Ruggles; *Jonesy*, his valet, Donald Meek; *Lucy Ledyard*, Sue Conroy; *Mrs. Ledyard*, Margaret Dumont; *Tony Maloney*, Allen Jenkins; *Sonya*, Tamara Geva; *Hundley Palmer*, Douglas Gilmore; *Warden*, Jerome Daley; *Warden's wife*, Betty Garde.

"GOLDIE"—FOX.—From the story by Gene Towne and Paul Perez. Adapted by Gene Towne and Paul Perez. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Bill*, Spencer Tracy; *Spike*, Warren Hymer; *Goldie*, Jean Harlow; *Constantine*, Lina Basquette; *Dolores*, Maria Alba; *Russian Girl*, Eleanor Hunt; *Wife*, Lela Kurnelly; *Husband*, Ivan Linow; *Gonzales*, Jesse De Vorka; *Barker*, Eddie Kane.

"HOLY TERROR, A"—FOX.—From the novel "Trailin'" by Max Brand. Continuity by Ralph Block. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Tony Bard*, George O'Brien; *Jerry Foster*, Sally Eilers; *Kitty Carroll*, Rita La Roy; *Steve Nash*, Humphrey Bogart; *William Drew*, James Kirkwood; *Butch Morgan*, Stanley Fields; *Thomas Woodbury*, Robert Warwick; *Tom Hedges*, Richard Tucker; *Jim Lawlor*, Earl Pingree.

"HUSH MONEY"—FOX.—From the scenario by Philip Klein and Courtenay Terrett. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Janet*, Joan Bennett; *Stuart Elliott*, Hardie Albright; *Steve*, Owen Moore; *Flo Curtis*, Myrna Loy; *Curtis*, C. Henry Gordon; *Dan Emmett*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Maxie*, George Raft; *Puggie*, Hugh White; *Flannigan*, George Byron; *Silvio*, Andre Cheron; *Boolegger*, Henry Armetta; *Mr. Stockton*, George Irving; *Mrs. Stockton*, Nella Walker; *Miss Stockton*, Joan Castle.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Lost Ecstasy" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by Slavko Vorkapich and Marion Gering. The cast: *Tom McNair*, Gary Cooper; *Kay Dowling*, Carole Lombard; *Aunt Bessie*, Helen Ware; *Herbert Forrest*, Lester Vail; *Mr. Dowling*, Charles Trowbridge; *Sue Barnes*, Clara Blandick; *Clare Hammell*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Mallory*, Albert Hart.

"LAUGHING SINNERS"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Torch Song" by Kenyon Nicholson. Continuity by Bess Meredith. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Irv*, Joan Crawford; *Howard*, Neil Hamilton; *Carl*, Clark Gable; *Ruby*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Cass Wheeler*, Guy Kibbee; *Mike*, Cliff Edwards; *Fred Geer*, Roscoe Karns; *Edna*, Gertrude Short; *Joe*, George Cooper; *Humpty*, George F. Marion; *Tink*, Bert Woodruff.

"LAWLESS WOMAN, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *June Page*, Vera Reynolds; *Allan Perry*, Carroll Nye; *Poker Wilson*, Wheeler Oakman; *Taddy Riordan*, Thomas Jackson; *Bill*, James Curtis; *Kitty Adams*, Gwen Lee; *Stan Taylor*, Phillips Smalley.

"LE MILLION"—TOBIS PRODUCTION.—From the play by G. Berr and M. Guillemaud. Scenario and direction by Rene Clair. The cast: *Beatrice*, Annabella; *Michel*, Rene Lefebvre; *Prosper*, Louis Allibert; *Crochard*, Paul Ollivier; *Vanda*, Vanda Greville; *Sopraneli*, Constantino Strosesco; *The Singer*, Odette Talazac.

"LOVER COME BACK"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Helen Topping. Adapted by Robert Shannon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Connie*, Constance Cummings; *Tom Evans*, Jack Mulhall; *Virian*, Betty Bronson; *Yates*, Jameson Thomas; *Schultz*, Fredrick Santley; *Henry*, Jack Mack; *Mrs. March*, Katherine Givney; *Loretta*, Loretta Sayers; *Susan*, Susan Fleming.

"MAN IN POSSESSION, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by H. M. Harwood. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Raymond Dabney*, Robert Montgomery; *Clara*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Crystal Wetherby*, Irene Purcell; *Mr. Dabney*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Mrs. Dabney*, Beryl Mercer; *Claude Dabney*, Reginald Owen; *Sir Charles Cartwright*, Alan Mowbray; *Esther*, Maude Eburne; *A Bailiff*, Forrester Harvey; *A Butcher*, Yorke Sherwood.

"MIRACLE WOMAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play "Bless You Sister" by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Florence "Faith" Fallon*, Barbara Stanwyck; *John Carson*, David Manners; *Hornsby*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Higgins*, Beryl Mercer; *Welford*, Russell Hopton; *Simpson*, Charles Middleton; *Collins*, Eddie Boland; *Gussie*, Thelma Hill; *Violet*, Aileen Carlyle; *Brown*, Al Stewart; *Briggs*, Harry Todd.

"NIGHT ANGEL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Yula Martini*, Nancy Carroll; *Rudek Berkem*, Fredric March; *Theresa Masar*, Phoebe Foster; *Countess von Martini*, Allison Skipworth; *Biesel*, Alan Hale.

"NIGHT NURSE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Dora Macy. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Lora Hart*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Mortie*, Ben Lyon; *Maloney*, Joan Blondell; *Dr. Bell*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Ritchey*, Charlotte Merriam; *Egan*, an interne, Edward J. Nugent; *Dr. Ranger*, Ralf Harold; *Miss Dillon*, Vera Lewis; *Mrs. Maxwell*, Blanche Frederici; *Nick*, Clark Gable; *The first interne*, Allan Lane; *The drunk*, Walter McGrail; *One of the Children*, Betty Graham; *The other child*, Marcia Jones.

"REBOUND"—RKO-PATHE.—From the play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Sara*, Ina Claire; *Bill*, Robert Ames; *Evie*, Myrna Loy; *Liz*, Hedda Hopper; *Johnnie*, Robert Williams; *Lyman*, Hale Hamilton; *Mr. Jaffrey*, Walter Walker; *Mrs. Jaffrey*, Louise Closser Hale; *Les*, Leigh Allen.

"RECKLESS HOUR, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Ambush" by Arthur Richman. Adapted by Florence Ryerson. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Margaret Nichols*, Dorothy Mackall; *Edward Adams*, Conrad Nagel; *Walter Nichols*, H. B. Warner; *Myrtle Nichols*, Joan Blondell; *Allan Crane*, Walter Byron; *Harriet Nichols*, Helen Ware; *Seymour Jennison*, William House; *Susie Jennison*, Dorothy Peterson; *Howard Crane*, Claude King; *Stevens*, Ivan Simpson; *Harry Gleason*, Joe Donahue; *Rita*, Mae Madison.

"SHIPS OF HATE"—TREM CARR.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Bart Wallace*, Lloyd Hughes; *Grace Walsh*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Captain Lash*, Charles Middleton; *Norman Walsh*, Lloyd Whitlock; *The Professor*, Theodore Adams; *Hans*, Constantine Romanoff; *First Mate*, Gordon DeMain; *Peg*, Jean Mason.

"SON OF INDIA"—M-G-M.—From the book "Mr. Isaacs" by F. Marion Crawford. Continuity by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Karim*, Ramon Novarro; *William Darsay*, Conrad Nagel; *Mrs. Darsay*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Janice*, Madge Evans; *Dr. Wallace*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Hamid*, Mitchell Lewis; *Juggat*, John Miljan; *Rao Rama*, Nigel De Brulier.

"SQUAW MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edwin Milton Royle. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Lenore Coffee. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *James Wyngate*, Warner Baxter; *Naturich*, Lupe Velez; *Diana*, Eleanor Boardman; *Cash Hawkins*, Charles Bickford; *Sir John*, Roland Young; *Henry*, Paul Cavanagh; *Shorly*, Raymond Hutton; *Mrs. Jones*, Julia Faye; *Sheriff Hardy*, DeWitt Jennings; *Big Bill*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Little Hal*, Dickie Moore; *Tabryana*, Mitchell Lewis; *Andy*, Victor Potel; *Gronchy*, Frank Rice; *Dowager Lady Kerhill*, Eva D'Amico; *Babs*, Lillian Bond; *Shanks*, Luke Cosgrave; *Clark*, Frank Hagney;

General Stafford, Lawrence Grant; *Meadows*, Harry Northrup; *McSorley*, Ed Brady; *Pete*, Chrispin Martin; *Nick*, Henry Stockbridge.

"SWEEPSTAKES"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Lew Lipton. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Bud Doyle*, Eddie Quillan; *Sleepy Jones*, James Gleason; *Babe Ellis*, Marian Nixon; *Wally Weber*, Lew Cody; *Bartender*, Paul Hurst; *Pop Blake*, Fred Burton; *Weber's Trainer*, King Baggett; *Speed Martin*, Billy Sullivan; *Ma Clancy*, Lillian Leighton; *The Dude*, Mike Donlin.

"THREE LOVES"—TERRA.—From the novel by Max Brod. Scenario by Ladislav Vajda. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt. The cast: *Stasha*, Marlene Dietrich; *Dr. Karoff*, Fritz Kortner; *Henry Leblanc*, Uno Henning; *Charles Leblanc*, Oscar Simma; *Their mother*, Frieda Richard; *Poirrier*, an industrialist, Karl Ettlinger; *Angele*, his daughter, Edith Edwards.

"THREE WHO LOVED"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Martin Flavin. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Ilalga*, Betty Compson; *John*, Conrad Nagel; *Phil*, Robert Ames; *Rooney*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Annie*, Bodil Rosing; *Sonny*, Dickie Moore.

"TRANSGRESSION"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Kate Jordan. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Elsie Maury*, Kay Francis; *Robert Maury*, Paul Cavanagh; *Don Arturo*, Ricardo Cortez; *Honora Maury*, Nance O'Neil; *Serafin*, John Sainpolis; *Julie*, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; *Countess Longueval*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Paula Vrain*, Doris Lloyd; *Carlos*, Augustino Borgato.

"TWO GUN MAN, THE"—TIFFANY.—From the story by John F. Natteford. Continuity by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Blackie Weed*, Ken Maynard; *Joan Markham*, Lucille Powers; *Kitty*, Nita Martin; *Joe Kearney*, Lufe McKee; *Rancher Markham*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Thorne*, Charles King; *Tulliver*, Tom London; *Riggs*, Walter Perry; *Kettle Belly*, Will Stanton; *Monty*, William Jackie; *Sheriff*, Ethan Allen.

"VIKING, THE"—VARICK FRISSELL PRODUCTION.—From the story by Varick Frissell. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Mary Joan*, Louise Huntington; *Luke*, Charles Starrett; *Capt. Barker*, Capt. Bob Bartlett; *Jed*, Arthur Vinton; and 250 natives of the Labrador Coast as sealers, members of the crew, townspeople.

"WOMEN LOVE ONCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Daddy's Gone A Hunting" by Zoe Akins. Directed by Edward Goodman. The cast: *Julien Fields*, Paul Lukas; *Helen Fields*, Eleanor Boardman; *Hester Dalgren*, Juliette Compton; *Allen Greenough*, Geoffrey Kerr; *Olga*, Judith Wood; *Janet Fields*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Theodore Stewart*, Claude King; *Oscar*, Mischa Auer.



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We call this plump, cute little rascal "Brown's Betty." She's Joe E. Brown's new daughter and her real name is Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown, which is a mouthful—even for Joe

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

REMEMBER Madge Evans? Remember her as a child actress?

Well, Madge Evans, today, is a self-possessed young woman who must be twenty-two or thereabouts, with a distinguished voice, soft blonde hair that lies in the most sophisticated of marcel and a nice sturdy sense of humor. She's the answer to what happens to child prodigies when they stop being child prodigies.

HERE'S one of those real mother stories. Irene Rich had been anxious to play the lead in Will Rogers' picture "The Plutocrat." She wanted it more than any offered her in the last few years. At first they were going to give the part to somebody else but every time there was a conference Will would say, "How about Irene?"

At last she secured the rôle and then she asked if the shooting schedule could be arranged so that she could have time to attend the graduation of her daughter, Frances, from Smith College. She was told it couldn't be done.

So she turned down a rôle she wanted and a \$10,000 salary, to go to her daughter. She gave Frances a diamond bracelet and a high powered car.

MERCY, what a fuss there's been about this Ruth Chatterton contract. One newspaper prints she stays with Paramount—another that she goes to Warners. And all on the same day.

Here's the low-down, as we go to press.

Warners and Paramount had a nice little argument about releasing pictures. Paramount wouldn't put any more Warner pictures into some of their chain theaters. That burned Warners up, so they went out and swiped Kay Francis, Bill Powell and Chatterton. Now, Paramount was put out about Powell and Francis, but when it came to Chatterton, one of their best money-makers, the fur began to fly.

So, Paramount decided to run Warner Bros. pictures if Warners let Chatterton remain at home.

THERE'S been a lot of conjecture in Hollywood about who would take the place of Lon Chaney on the screen. Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery have been mentioned. It's natural that Metro, where Lon finished his career, should hunt for the successor. But it's natural, also, that Universal, where Lon started, should be in the running.

And Universal's choice is Bela Lugosi who made "Dracula" a real box-office wow. Now in "Frankenstein" he's playing the part of an "unborn" man—one designed by science, an eight-foot monster without sentiment. And only his chin and his eyebrows are to show on the screen.

NOT satisfied with simply writing to stars for photographs, the fans have taken to wiring and telephoning long distance. Connie Bennett got such a call recently as did Mary Astor.

Both gals air mailed pictures immediately—but how did the fans get the private telephone numbers?

Mary Astor's call was from Atlanta.

HERE'S the ultimate in microphone sensitivity.

A sound man called his executive and said, "What kind of sound do you want in this make-up boudoir sequence?"

"Strictly natural, strictly natural," said the exec. "Be sure you get the real sounds of make-up—you know, the powder puff and all that sort of thing."

LIKE Cinderella stories? How's this?

A Paramount executive visited his Los Angeles theater. They wanted a picture taken with a pretty girl, so Patricia Farr, the best-looking usherette, was brought out. One look, and the executive reached for his fountain pen. The dotted line was provided at the studio the next day, where Patricia signed a contract to play a part with Dick Arlen and Peggy Shannon in "The Secret Call."

ACCORDING to J. B. Priestly, the British author, "Hollywood is a place where people get up at six o'clock in the morning and do physical exercise.

"It is terribly respectable and even duller than Bloomsbury."

Is Mr. Priestly kidding us?

Or, perhaps, did someone kid Mr. Priestly?

THREE months ago, Norman Phillips, vaudevillian with his first big break in pictures in Joan Crawford's "Laughing Sinners," dropped dead as he walked from the M-G-M commissary.



Six months, said the judge. Which means that Dick Barthelmess and his former wife, Mary Hay, each have their little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, for that period. Dick's six months have just started, and he's here shown leaving New York for Hollywood

His fourteen-year-old son is carrying on for him—supporting the family.

Buster Keaton, a vaudevillian once, gave the boy the leading child rôle in "The Sidewalks of New York."

And Norman, Jr., is making good!

FOR his first picture at Warner Bros., William Powell had to tango. The instructor complimented him on the speedy way in which he picked up the steps. "Well, you see," said Bill, "Carole takes me in hand every evening and makes me practice with her and that doesn't seem like work." Of course you know who Carole is by now.

AND now the Marquis de la Falaise is famous for something besides being the ex-hubby of Gloria.

He entertained M. F. Hennessey, the "Three Star Hennessey" man from Paris.

Hollywood sleuths discovered they were cousins. And to be a cousin to a famous distiller in America today—well, use your own judgment.

SH-H-H-H-H!!! Skendel . . .

Bebe Daniels, good wife though she appears to be, and even expectant-blessed-eventer though she is, actually keeps a change of clothing handy at all times down at a men's club in Long Beach, California. . . .!!!

But it's all right. The club is the Officers' Club of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron, United States Army Air Corps. And Bebe is an honorary officer of the outfit. So she has a locker, with her own name on the door, containing her officer's uniform.

SOME misguided soul, evidently trying to leave a heroic image of the late Louis Wolheim's rugged manliness behind, recently wrote a copyrighted piece that told how Wolheim, interrupted at a luncheon discussion of Shakespeare, Shelley and Swinburne, had slugged a gangster, knocked him down twice, and, when the fellow pulled a gun on him, looked him square in the eye and said:

"It takes nerve to shoot a man, damn you. And you haven't the guts to pull the trigger."

The gangster, the article continued, formed a deep admiration for the actor and was continually present at his stage performances in "What Price Glory" thereafter. Also that he kept sending flowers to the hospital while he was sick and cried when Wolheim died.

Louis Wolheim was too intelligent—and too normal a citizen—to slug gangsters and deliver hammy speeches when a gun was stuck in his ribs.

We don't believe it.

VIRGINIA CERRILL had worked about ten days on George O'Brien's new picture, "A Holly Terror," when she was removed and Sally Eilers substituted.

Investigating, we found the blonde heroine of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" is becoming popular socially, but unpopular professionally.

For example, a film magazine wanted to run her picture on a cover. The publicity department made five separate appointments, but Virginia broke each one. A representative telephoned Mrs. Cerrill. "Virginia has so many social engagements, she can't be annoyed by anything like that!" she answered.

Another day she saw a picture of herself in PHOTOPLAY which didn't please her. She rushed to the publicity department and raised—well, there's only one word to express it. A writer who was present had been planning to do a story on her.

He said, when she flounced out, "I would never write a story about her."

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

25 CENTS



BARBARA
STANWYCK

THE MAN
WHO TRIED TO ELOPE
WITH GRETA GARBO

A HOLLYWOOD
STAR WHO IS
GRANDDAUGHTER
OF AN EMPRESS



Summer

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on
and you look ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. — Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent — just as you would ordinary vanishing

cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder — the most clinging powder ever made — and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. — This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set — enough of each preparation for two weeks' use — to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty look of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent,

Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful — all charming — all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly*.



get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. A-1569. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print)

Street

City and State

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

DISCOVERED . . .

BY A DEBUTANTE

"pink tooth brush!"

I AM rather alluring when I'm all dressed up! Even father opens his eyes a bit when his grown-up daughter comes into a room! And mother, of course, is proud of me, too, but she takes in the details that father never gets. Said this morning that my teeth were not as white as they used to be and that she'd better marry me off quick! Oh well. It's so darn discouraging. I give them splendid care,

brush them regularly without fail. And now I'm headed to be a famous old wall-flower.

"Now, could that 'pink' upon my brush have anything to do with the dullness of my once-famous smile? Gums shouldn't bleed—they shouldn't be allowed to—I know that. I ought to do something about 'em—massage—stimulation—a little daily care. I had lessons on that back East in school. And I'm



going to begin again with Ipana. I'm going to go in for gum massage—and we'll see then who'll knock the stag line dead!"

"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody—at any age. Its cause? The foods we nowadays prefer, foods so delectable and soft that they give the gums almost none of the exercise needed for healthy hardness. Lacking stimulation, gums become listless, lazy, touchy—until at length there's "pink" on your tooth brush, pretty regularly.

And "pink tooth brush" may prove rather serious if allowed to go on. It may not only spoil the polish of the teeth, but may lead to any one of a group of gum troubles—to gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or the less frequent but more serious pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may even threaten some of your otherwise sound teeth through infection at the roots!

And the best time to get after "pink tooth brush" is *today*. There is a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it.

Get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *gently, thoroughly massage it into your inactive gums*. The ziratol in Ipana, plus the twice-daily massage, stimulates the circulation and firms the gum walls. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-91
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.

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

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

PARAMOUNT BRINGS YOU ANOTHER MIGHTY MASTERPIECE



AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Based upon the novel by **THEODORE DREISER**

PHILLIPS HOLMES • SYLVIA SIDNEY • FRANCES DEE

Directed by **JOSEF VON STERNBERG**

Millions have read the book. Millions await the picture. A story of average human beings. The boy next door. The girl down the street. A drama of love, temptation, courage and folly that might happen to YOU. One of the

great motion pictures of any season. Produced by Paramount, leader of the entertainment world. Don't miss it. Ask your theatre manager now when it is coming. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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Pictures
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 4

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

September, 1931



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

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



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

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

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

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March)

ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March)

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

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

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

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March)

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

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

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

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March)

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

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

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March)

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

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

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

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

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

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March)

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

WOW! How

that new lad, Clark Gable, is clicking with the public all over the United States. Look at that picture of him in PHOTOPLAY's portrait gallery.

Next month Harry Lang will give you one of his clever pen portraits of Clark and his career from oil driller at fourteen to Garbo's leading man at thirty.

Don't miss the
October issue of
PHOTOPLAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE ARLISS



in ALEXANDER HAMILTON

WITH

DORIS KENYON • JUNE COLLIER • DUDLEY DIGGES

The lovable George Arliss of "The Millionaire" comes to you in a new and greater part . . . Lover—statesman—hero! . . . adventurous and debonair! . . . experimenting with love . . . outwitting his adversaries . . . but discovering that politics, as well as life, makes strange bedfellows . . . Inimitable Mr. Arliss in the strongest and most dramatic picture he has yet made . . . See him in "Alexander Hamilton" to realize why the legion of Arliss' admirers grows greater and greater.

ALAN MOWBRAY
RALF HAROLDE
MONTAGU LOVE



"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Based on the play by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin . . . Adaptation and dialogue by Julian Josephson. Directed by . . . JOHN ADOLFI

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

YOU HAVE A DATE . . .



...and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment.

You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.



ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers — only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City — could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown — and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell... a supreme romance of young love — the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen... a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hurdie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan... the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood... a lovable drama of a lovable beauty who got what she wanted...?

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsoy.

Bad Girl... Vito Dellmar's sensational novel pulsates with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find... James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Moe Marsh and James Kirkwood... epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Solly O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

FOX



Many mothers tell us they're grateful for films like "Skippy," suitable for children and enjoyed by adults

Brickbats & Bouquets

You Fans Are the
Real Critics

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

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

The \$25 Letter

IN this period of Depression (with a big D!) I feel that the movies have been an important factor in helping to maintain mental balance. A real estate man said to me the other day:

"You know, I was so down in the mouth over this slump in business that I just couldn't see where it was worthwhile to struggle along. I went home about on the verge of a collapse.

"'Buck up,' said my wife. 'Let's go to see Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill.'" We went. Say, I laughed until my sides ached, and if there is anything better than a good laugh to put heart back into a man, I don't know what it is.

"Next day I started to reorganize my business, and while it is a mighty slow drag and rough going, when things get too black I just lay off and take in a good movie. It sure helps me to keep going."

Blessed be the movies for keeping our minds diverted until this tipsy old world gets back on its feet again.

C. E. DEXTER,
Boulder, Colo.

The \$10 Letter

LIKE every mother, I am faced with the big problem of rearing and training my child properly. Fortunately, I have discovered a valuable ally in the movies. My son is at the impressionable age when everything he sees or hears makes an indelible effect on him. By carefully selecting the photoplays he sees, I am trying to develop in him standards of conduct, judgment and appreciation.

Already, he has begun to notice personalities among the screen stars. He admires the manliness of Gary Cooper; he apes the polished mannerisms of George Arliss; he is likely to burst into song after hearing Lawrence Tibbett. And only recently he told me he is going to marry Janet Gaynor when he grows up—"she is so nice!" I trust Miss Gaynor doesn't mind!

I have become quite excited over this experiment in child training. It has such infinite possibilities.

MRS. C. R.,
Bedford, Penna.

The \$5 Letter

IGO to the movies for entertainment only, and always find it. What more could one ask for fifty cents?

ALICE M. PETTYJOHN,
Amherst, Mass.

WHEW! What a hit pictures like "The Millionaire," "Skippy," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Forbidden Adventure" (also titled "Newly Rich") have made! How many movie-goers have found solace for that down-in-the-dumps depression feeling, relief from gang wars, laughter and forgotten romance in this grand new crop of pictures.

Mothers especially are grateful for films that are good for their children and fine for adults, too.

Letters of protest against the further persecution of Roscoe Arbuckle continue to come. Clark ("Free Soul") Gable, Phillips ("American Tragedy") Holmes

Daddy Long Legs

JUST a word of sincere appreciation from one who is not an habitual movie fan, because so many pictures leave a "bad taste." Our entire family drove the thirty miles to Nashville just to see "Daddy Long Legs" and we enjoyed every minute of it.

As a stage play with Ruth Chatterton and a silent picture with Mary Pickford, it was fine. But as a talkie with those two superlative actors, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, it was the most enjoyable show I have seen in many years. Janet Gaynor is the most convincing *Judy Abbott* of them all.

BERTHA HORN,
Thompson Station, Tenn.

I was thrilled with anticipation over "Daddy Long Legs." The winning Janet Gaynor never disappoints, yet I left the theater without any of the enthusiasm that I felt after seeing "7th Heaven," "Street Angel," "High Society Blues," and other Gaynor pictures. The reason was this:

Memory carried me back to the silent version of the same story. It was too unforgettable. Even the beloved Janet was unwise to take a part that has been played by the incomparable child-actress, Mary Pickford.

MARIE S. ELLIOTT,
Sayre, Penna.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

and Lew ("Iron Man") Ayres are the boys most admired this month

The Clara-Bowites must be fifty million strong, all of them born with fountain pens in their hands, according to our mail.

Won't they be tickled with Harry Lang's first-hand account of her retreat on Rex Bell's ranch, further on in this issue!

Picture-goers who thrill to Norma Shearer (and are they plenty!) are getting a little fed up with her continued "free soul" rôles. They want variety—and they know Norma can give it to them.

Adventure in an oasis of missing men and women



You have *always* loved Samuel Goldwyn's pictures

- You have *always* looked forward to seeing

RONALD COLMAN

- You will never forget . . .

"RAFFLES"

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"

and now—during a time when theatre goers are selecting their pictures as they have never done before

Samuel Goldwyn presents

RONALD COLMAN

A new, adventurous . . . *different* picture to thrill you who have demanded more than the *ordinary* . . . the unusual.

- Samuel Goldwyn has once again created superb entertainment . . . swash-buckling excitement, with Ronald Colman . . . gentleman adventurer in the oasis of "THE UNHOLY GARDEN" on the edge of the Sahara.

- There you will meet "The Unholy Family" . . . a dozen *unforgettable* souls, gathered together in this refuge . . . beyond the reach of the law . . . to plot new murder, robbery and rapine.



with **FAY WRAY** and **ESTELLE TAYLOR**

"The UNHOLY GARDEN"

A United Artists Picture Story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION



"'Min and Bill' made me laugh until my sides ached. Is there anything better than a good laugh to put heart back into a man" one man writes us

"Unless we repudiate our ideas of American justice, Arbuckle should be permitted to work like the rest of us," a reader urges

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Instead of casting Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs," why didn't they give him something really exciting to do—say, play a game of tiddle-dy-winks, or hand him an "Elsie" book to read? What I can't get over is the fact that that sappy story thrilled me when Mary Pickford played it. Janet Gaynor was sweet and charming, but "tempus fugit" and the modern tempo moves at such a pace that "Daddy Long Legs" today is about as exciting as a Congressman's speech!

MARGARET BRONSON,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Our local Sunday School classes have all been attending "Daddy Long Legs" in groups. It's a lovely picture.

HELEN GESCHINE,
Garfield, N. J.

Here's a Gaynor and Farrell fan broadcasting! Why don't those two wake up and realize that the one cannot do without the other in pictures. They are both like fish out of water when they play with someone else. Why not give their public what it wants, and forget gossip?

M. E. SPETER,
Cleveland, Ohio

Janet Gaynor proves in "Daddy Long Legs" that she can make real hits without Charles Farrell.

MARVIN MCKINNON,
Tallahassee, Fla.

A Free Soul

Chalk up another big hit for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." A great picture and a great cast. Lionel Barrymore, true to Barrymore tradition, was the living, breathing *Stephen Ashe*. Norma Shearer, as *Jan*, was superb, as

she is in everything she does.

But the trouble is, she usually does the one thing. She flutters gayly through her many successes (attired in the newest frocks), playing one free soul after the other. "Let Us Be Gay," "The Divorcee," "Strangers May Kiss," and finally "A Free Soul."

Believe it or not, but Norma is getting a little bit too gay. We are a bit fed up on a steady diet of her indiscretions.

MRS. JOE MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.

Lionel Barrymore stole "A Free Soul" from the adorable Norma Shearer in such a clever manner that I did not realize I was watching a picture with my favorite actress in the leading rôle! He was magnificent.

FLORA PIPES,
Texarkana, Texas

Lionel Barrymore was great, but the rôle of *Stephen Ashe* was actor-proof. But it needed all the skill Norma Shearer could give to her interpretation to make *Jan Ashe* seem a sympathetic and logical character, instead of a giddy wanton.

Hats off to the finest actress on the screen, say I.

JANE ELLEN THOMPSON,
Chicago, Illinois

Jean Harlow

I was much aroused by a comment in the July Brickbats pertaining to Jean Harlow's scant attire. Certainly her clothes were never as risqué as Dietrich's in "Morocco," nor her pictures as sophisticated as Norma Shearer's. Yet they both are screen idols. Miss Harlow's accent is superb for the rôles she plays, her voice gorgeous, and her clothes fashionable and stunning.

CHARLES P. CARROLL, JR.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Pictures for Children

Entirely too much is written about the movies being unfit for children to see. This is

hardly fair. Sophisticated and mature subjects, no matter how carefully treated, are obviously not intended for children and it is ridiculous to advocate toning them down to the level of what some parents consider wholesome for their children.

There are plenty of clean, juvenile films, particularly comedies, Western pictures, scenics, Mickey Mouse and other cartoons, and parents who are really interested in guarding their children's morals will find a safe field in these.

Of course, the baby shouldn't smoke daddy's cigars or use mother's lipstick, and, of course, children shouldn't see films intended for adults.

Now, please don't get me wrong. I happen to have five children of my own.

BLANCHE BENNETT,
Washington, D. C.

Why blame producers for keeping children from the movies? They give us pictures of life as it is today. They do not glorify crime and illicit love. Why can't we, the mothers, take the trouble to explain the right and wrong angles to our children, and in their growing years influence them to see the right side of all situations?

Children don't have to go to movies to learn undesirable things. The world is full of such object lessons. Let's overcome our false modesty and use the movies for what they are—a great teacher.

MRS. H. R. BERKSHIRE,
Logansport, Ind.

Might I suggest that the present attempt of Hollywood producers to write plays that merit the attention of the intelligentsia and the smart, sophisticated sets of the country is doing a great deal to cut box-office proceeds? Mothers everywhere are cutting down on the attendance of their children at the present sordid "dramas of life."

Where is the mother who would willingly expose her teens-age son or daughter to the demoralizing suggestiveness of the present "free love" and gangster films?

Are producers going to continue to educate child audiences to the movie habit, or are you going to lose this future audience in your present effort to be modern and smart?

MRS. A. EARLE FAIRCHILD,
Summit, N. J.

Good pictures bringing them back



"Give us more pictures like 'The Millionaire' and 'Skippy,'" writes a girl of sixteen, "and watch the young folks, especially girls like me, attend more pictures"

Clark Gable

After having seen Clark Gable in "The Secret Six," it was certainly a surprise to see him do such fine work as a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners," a totally different type of rôle. I think he is a grand actor and would like to see him in a new version of "The Sheik."

BETH THOMPSON
Dallas, Texas

Clark Gable may be a knockout as a gangster, but it stops right there. Mr. Gable was not at all suited for his part as a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners."

MARY KAY FOLK,
Tamaqua, Penna.

Tonic

I was blue and depressed when I arrived home tonight after a day of nothing but setbacks, and even a good dinner failed to restore my spirits. After dinner I went for a stroll and through force of habit turned my footsteps in the direction of our neighborhood theater. On the marquee were the words: "Skippy—A Tonic for Young and Old." A tonic? That was what I needed.

I never enjoyed a movie more, and I came out of that theater tonight with a heart that was lighter than it has been for weeks.

And so home and to bed, but not until I had written this note of appreciation for a grand picture, a splendid cast, and the medium which brought it to me—the talking screen.

TIMOTHY MCINERNEY,
New York City

Arbuckle

Every American who hopes for the protection of the law in time of trouble owes PHOTOPLAY a vote of thanks for its assertion that the so-called Arbuckle question has ceased to be just a case of giving a much-maligned man another chance, and has become a question of whether we are going to be ruled by the will of the people or by the reformers.

The Canon Chases, the clubwomen and such, are trying to cast aside the findings of the law and force upon us as a substitute their own intolerance and prejudice.

ELIZABETH KAPITZ,
Bennington, Vt.

Unless we repudiate and set aside our ideas of American justice, Mr. Arbuckle should be permitted to work like the rest of us, be we sinners or saints. Three juries said he was not guilty, and in this country one is presumed innocent of any charge until proved guilty. The women's clubs make a loud noise, and we assume it is public opinion.

CLYDE W. ENNIS,
Birmingham, Ala.

The Blues

I was as blue as indigo, borrowed fifty cents, went to a picture show and saw Bill Boyd in "Beyond Victory." After sitting through one hour of constant shooting, bombing and other noises, I came out of the show feeling as though the devil had the world by the tail. Frankly, I wasn't made one bit happy—and aren't we all tired of war pictures, anyhow?

DORIS THROCKMORTON,
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Look In This Issue, Charles

The foreign invasion of our screen hasn't interested me much until Elissa Landi came along. She has personality plus. But why don't you publish a few pictures of her or give her a little space?

CHARLES ROE,
Oskaloosa, Iowa

Censorship

The censorship of talkies in the State of Pennsylvania has reached a point where something should be done about it. A certain degree of censorship may be necessary, due to the presence of children in the audiences, but surely not this ridiculous, puritanical—yes, fanatical—butchering which pictures must take at the hands of the censors in this state.

Who is this board to tell me, a normally intelligent woman who takes her movies seriously, what is and is not proper for me?

DOROTHY E. ZELT,
Washington, Penna.

"I should love to see 'Dear Enemy,' sequel to 'Daddy Long Legs,' with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter," suggests one writer

Random Opinions

If Bob Montgomery plays in pictures opposite Garbo any more, it will be too bad for Bob, because she spoiled his picture, "Inspiration."

ELEANOR SCHILLING,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Greta Garbo is the greatest actress since Bernhardt.

RUTH ELLEN SHERMAN,
Hart, Mich.

Miss Dietrich is beautiful at times but has nothing compared to Garbo.

MARY F. HOOD,
Grand Prairie, Texas

Please print more about the handsomest male blond in pictures—Phillips Holmes.

BERKELEY KENT,
San Antonio, Texas

When John Boles sings in his pictures, they have double charm.

FLORENCE BATES,
Chicago, Ill.

I have searched the "flower column" for some bouquet addressed to Victor Varconi. He was so splendid in "Doctors' Wives." Give us more of those twinkling brown eyes and that bewitching accent.

DEE BUSHNELL,
New Haven, Conn.

What this old world needs is more pictures with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. Pictures of the kind you will be willing to see seven times a week, like "Manslaughter" and "Honor Among Lovers."

MISS F. B. KATKIN,
New York City

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

They're curing depression blues!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (March)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the 'Shaw wit. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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TAKE A LION WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION!

WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you're seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world's greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He'll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world's best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!

Joan CRAWFORD
in "This Modern Age"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lennox, Her Fall
and Rise"

John GILBERT
in "Cheri Bibi"

Buster KEATON
in "The Sidewalks of New York"

Marie DRESSLER
and **Polly MORAN** in "Politics"
the funniest picture you ever saw
and many, many others!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



NEW MAKE-UP THEORY



Had you thought of your lipstick clashing with the color of your dress? It can decidedly, so it is wise to guide your color choice by your costume. Mary Brian puts hers on expertly

IT'S a long jump from the day when a dusting of rice powder constituted make-up to today with the complicated and varied methods of gilding the modern lily! The very newest twist to the make-up question is the new inter-relating of make-up and costume colors. No longer can you flatly state that you can't wear a certain shade of green. Instead, you pick the supposedly unbecoming shade and proceed to work a miracle with your face—you make yourself over to off-set the green!

When all the hub-bub started about the brilliant Algerian costume shades and we all threw off our black weeds of several seasons for the giddiness of colors—the cosmeticians realized that something had to be done about it. What were the pink skinned girls going to do about the hard, native reds? And what were the sallow skinned damsels going to do with the yellows and blues? Change their make-up was the brilliant thought. And changed it has been.

Your first reaction to some of the powder shades will be to say that they are ridiculous. Green, lavender, yellow powders, they sound quite mad for anyone's face. They make one think of clowns and carnivals. Yet when skillfully blended with another powder and applied with the right rouge and lipstick tuned to the costume color—a miracle is wrought!

NOWHERE is make-up rated more importantly than it is on stage or screen. Many a raving beauty has wilted under the camera's sharp eye, all because the make-up was wrong. And many times I have met a glamorous star offstage who was unbelievably plain. I think if more girls realized the flattering things that make-up can do to their whole appearance, they would spend a little more time learning how to apply it.

To return to the costume color situation. I have jotted down a few notes on make-up for certain colors which I have picked up from several of the leading beauty authorities who are seriously advocating this idea. I think it will help some of you with the rather difficult selection of proper costume shades.

Browns are going to be very important for Fall. The average

person would class brown as a generally becoming shade, yet it dulls the natural coloring. If you find that it makes you a "brown study," try a little lighter face powder than you ordinarily use. Apply your rouge a little heavier than usual and make your mouth a vivid spot on your face. The lipstick can safely take a slightly orange tinge.

Those blues that we all love are not the most flattering colors always. Most blues, except when worn by very fair people, tend to darken the complexion hue. As with browns, you will have to try a lighter powder, a little brighter rouge and vivid lipstick. In the lipstick, however, use a rosy tint rather than an orange one.

And are you agog to know when to use lavender powder? In the evening when you perhaps wear a yellow that brings out all the yellow tones of the skin, dust [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

ARE you puzzled about your make-up, the correct colors for your type? Have you an aggravating hair problem? I'll be glad to mail you a personal letter of advice if you will tell me your specific problem.

If you want to be slimmer or improve your complexion, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Also for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. You may have them both, simply by asking for them.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Don't forget the envelope!

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Any Girl Can Work a Miracle of Beauty with

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET

Would You Like to Be More
Beautiful than you Really Are?

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King,
Reveals the Secret, and Offers a Priceless
Beauty Gift! See Coupon.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret . . . a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every woman. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials, of course . . . but so different in the effect they produce that even the stars whose rare beauty is adored by millions have called this make-up by Max Factor, "beauty-magic."

"Cosmetics must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and red-heads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty"

Scores and scores of feature pictures . . . millions of feet of film . . . have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars . . . Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood . . . and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Learn Hollywood's make-up secret. Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony . . . FREE. You also receive his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1930 Max Factor



EVELYN BRENT, says: "Congratulations! Straight from the shoulder . . . to Max Factor and his Society Make-Up."

Evelyn Brent

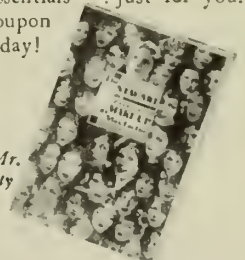


LUPE VELEZ, Universal Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

LUPE VELEZ, says: "Oh! It is wonderful, Mr. Max Factor. The color harmony in the Society Make-Up which you created for me is exquisite. It becomes my personality perfectly." *Lupe Velez*

This Amazing Book
FREE . . . with your
Make-Up Color
Harmony Chart

Realize at last that you can be more beautiful than you really are if you know the art of make-up as practiced by the screen stars. Permit Max Factor to suggest an alluring color harmony in make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials . . . just for you. Mail coupon now--today!



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-9-35
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

She Needed Help!

SHE needed someone to tell her why the women in her little town no longer asked her to their weekly bridge parties, or to accompany them to the matinee. She needed someone to explain to her why men seldom called more than once, and why she found herself out of the pleasant social activities that meant so much to her. In short, she needed to be told the truth about herself. Unfortunately, the truth in this case was not a matter anyone cared to discuss. Not even a good friend is willing to mention the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.



Before social engagements, end halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

Science reveals Listerine, always safest of antiseptics, now the swiftest of deodorants. Overcomes immediately odors other solutions fail to mask in 4 days.

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is also the swiftest of deodorants—the ideal solution for oral hygiene—one on which you can place complete reliance.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection; reduces bacteria 98%.

Immediate Deodorant Effect

“Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days,” says a noted analytical chemist.

“Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use.”

Pleasant to Taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a fresh, pleasant taste and leaves an invigorating after-effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't Harm Tissue or Teeth

It is a comfort to realize that no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, or attack metal fillings in teeth, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect is al-

ways beneficial, a fact long known to the medical profession.

Always keep Listerine in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Tuck a bottle in the side pocket of your car. Remember, it is a precaution against infection. And also, your assurance that your breath will not offend others. Our free Book of Etiquette is yours for the asking. Write Dept. P.H.9 Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

8 Reasons Why Millions Prefer Listerine:

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. Pleasant to taste.
6. Does not attack metal fillings in teeth.
7. Heals and soothes tissue.
8. Requires no dilution.



THINKING the whole thing over, we've decided to go even further than President Hoover. Why stop at a mere moratorium for Germany? Call off the whole war debt—but make Germany give us Dietrich in return! After all, what's a few billion dollars alongside of *Frau Marlene*?



THE greatest actress of them all, Hollywood's most sought-after person. Facing sixty, Marie Dressler remains younger than a flapper and modern as next year's hat. She's just finished "Politics." An article in this issue, "Don't Expect Too Much," gives you her philosophy of life. Read it



JUST twenty-one, is Marion Shilling, but she knows this acting business from baby rôles to gangsters' sweethearts, for she made her stage début in her father's St. Louis stock company at the age of five. You enjoyed her in "Young Donovan's Kid." Now you'll see her with Connie Bennett in "The Common Law"



MGM is now known as the House of One Gable, but what a Gable that boy Clark is! Starting in obscure, menace-man parts, he is now Garbo's leading man in the hectic production of "Susan Lenox." He's just promised to love and cherish for the second time

The GOSSARD

Line of Beauty



● You need no longer envy the lovely figures of the lucky few, favored by nature. Any woman can be a slim beauty . . . if she wears Gossard's MisSimplicity! No ordinary foundation garment, this, for it skillfully—and gently—moulds the figure to desirable contours. Greater figure control is achieved through the converging diagonal pull of the waistline straps, that flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, slims the waist and uplifts the bust.

● The photograph shows a peach satin, lace and hand-loomed elastic MisSimplicity model, with a new low back. Model 8458.

MisSimplicity
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Positive and Negative
Photograph

Every 1½ Minutes...

A NEW BRIDE!

95 out of every 100 asked meet
the Dishpan Problem this way



(Above) Young, in love, and just married . . . she won't mind washing dishes for two—for Lux will keep her hands lovely as on her wedding day!

(Right) A glamorous bride! Yet she will be cook and "dishwasher," too. Thanks to Lux, her hands will never betray her home-making tasks.



So many soaps dry the oils of the skin, leave the hands rough and old. Gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils, thus keeping hands softly, endearingly young.

RADIANT young brides! Every 1½ minutes, somewhere in the United States, a new one!

And 95 out of every 100 questioned, in 11 big cities, plan to wash dishes with Lux . . . to guard the young loveliness of their hands.

"We're not going to let dish-washing make us look like drudges. Dishpan hands are old-fashioned," they say.

"And with Lux in the house, our hands need never lose their young white smoothness. Lux gives hands beauty treatment right in the dishpan!"

Beauty experts in 305 famous shops advise this Lux care for the hands. It keeps your busy hands as fragile and exquisite as though you had maids. Do try it today! Costs almost nothing—less than 1¢ a day.



(Above) A thrilling wedding trip—in the air! And the chic, modern bride plans to keep house in up-to-date fashion. Naturally she chooses Lux for dishes. So quick—and no danger of old-fashioned dishpan hands.

(Below) This charming young bride of an army lieutenant may keep house in far corners of the world, but wherever she travels she'll find Lux to keep her hands charming, no matter how busy they are with domestic problems.



LUX FOR DISHES keeps hands lovely for less than 1¢ a day

September, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk



THEODORE DREISER is all hot and bothered because he thinks the Paramount Company didn't do right by his "American Tragedy." What's eating him anyhow? It ain't art like his book, he says, and he goes into court to stop the company from releasing it.

Didn't Dreiser know when he accepted \$150,000 for his long winded yarn—which I confess was an effort for me to read—that it was going to be made into a picture, or did he think the company was going to embalm it?

The picture—I've seen it—is ten times as entertaining as the book. Go see it and take your boys and girls. It will do them good.

GREATEST-Amazement-of-the-Month Note: Conrad Nagel, pillar of society in the film colony, usher at a Hollywood church, leader in the *Finer Things of Life*, was being urged for one of the hard-boiled parts in a naval aviation picture to be shot on his home lot, M-G-M. But the director and supervisor pooh-pooohed the executive who suggested casting Nagel.

"Nagel?" they scoffed. "That fellow can't do this tough guy rôle."

"Well, give him a test, anyhow," urged the executive.

When they told Nagel to take the test he exploded. Why, he demanded, should he who had played in pictures for years take a test on his home lot? Didn't they know how he looked and photographed?

"Take it, anyhow," soothed his friend. Nagel agreed, but boiling. His temperature wasn't reduced when he appeared for the test, and found the director and supervisor openly cool to him. He got into his costume, walked onto the sound stage. The director and supervisor weren't there—just the crew.

"Is the mike on?" asked Nagel, grim faced.

"Nope, this is just for camera, no sound."

"Turn on that mike," Conrad ordered.

"This is going to be sound whether they want it or not."

They turned it on, started the cameras.

NAGEL glared into the lens. "All right now, you ———!" he roared. "You thought I couldn't do this rôle, huh? You thought because I am not a drunken bum that I am a pretty little flower, did you? You so-and-so, you wanted to see how I'd look for this part, did you? Well, here I am and take a good look at me . . ." With that, he glared ferociously and stomped off the set in a genuine high rage.

Next day he was cooled. Too, conscience was biting him. He reported at the studio. The director and supervisor were waiting.

He saw them coming at him, and steeled himself for the worst. They descended on him simultaneously.

"Conrad!" they fairly shrieked, "Conrad, old boy, old boy, old boy—you were great! Simply swell! Marvelous!" And so on.

And he got the rôle.

And he wonders whether it really pays to try so hard to be a gentleman—a nice, good, clean-speaking gentleman—in Hollywood.

THE physical exertion Marie Dressler expends in some of her slapstick scenes—remember "Min and Bill," for instance?—sometimes frightens studio officials.

Once, when she was working particularly hard, the director warned her.

"Be careful: don't do it too hard," he remonstrated. Marie stopped short and glared.

"Don't worry about me," she growled. "What do you think I am—an old woman?"

THERE'S been a lot of talk about "adult pictures for adults" and separate showings of "children's pictures for children." Most of this talk is based on arguments that the legitimate stage hasn't had to bow to the intelligence of children by producing plays that are down to the level of their experience—that the stage is run primarily for grown-ups, except for special children's theaters or special performances for children.

That's all very well for the stage. The average man and wife go to the theater seldom. It's an expensive proposition, in the first place. And, in the second place, except where there is a maid who "lives in," someone must be provided to "stay with the children," to see that little Bobby doesn't climb out of his crib and through the open window next to it; that Johnnie doesn't play with matches and set fire to the house and himself; that Mary doesn't burn the midnight oil reading "Ex-Schoolgirl" instead of doing her homework.

Going to the legitimate theater is in the nature of "an evening off"—a treat for the average married couple of moderate means.

YET the movies haven't been a "treat" to such families. Picture shows have been a part of their lives. Household duties out of the way, the children home from school for the day, many a mother takes her brood to the picture house around the corner for an hour or two of entertainment and relaxation. Or, waiting for dad, they hurry the supper dishes and the family goes *en masse* to the first show.

Not just once in a while, but from one to several times each week.

The average family doesn't want to see "Sunday School pictures." Mothers and fathers have learned that children who are most shielded from a knowledge of life aren't the best equipped to meet the world as grown-ups.

BUT—glorified gun men—girls who have run the gauntlet of sex-experiences without showing a trace of the sure marks that sordid living inevitably leaves, whose only penalty for breaking every moral code is to be rewarded with a richness of love and life that rarely falls to the lot of the best of women—a cheap, pseudo-sophistication in manner and speech that the average adolescent easily mistakes for the genuine article—all these are the weak links in the chain of recent pictures.

I must give most producers credit for realizing this now that the public has spoken its mind so forcibly. They were well on their way to a solution of the problem when along came the talkies. And now they've got to learn all over again. Let's try to have a little patience.

SCENE: Big producer's office.

Enter secretary.

Secretary: "Relative to see you, sir."

Producer: "Where from?"

Sec.: "Germany."

Producer: "Send him to the Foreign Relations Department."

Intermission.

Enter secretary again.

Sec.: "Relative to see you, sir."

Producer: "What for?"

Sec.: "Wants part in picture."

Producer: "Who is he?"

Sec.: "Says he is your third cousin."

Producer: "Tell him to come back day after tomorrow; we're only casting first cousins today."

A FEW months ago the studio heads got together and decided that newspaper and magazine writers, as well as actors' agents and trade paper advertising solicitors, were a bally nuisance around the lots. There was indeed some basis for their decision, for much valuable time is lost when such folks are permitted to roam in and out of sets when the serious business of shooting a picture is in progress.

Time was when anyone who could dig up a credential from the Bingville Bugle or the Tootstown Clarion could loaf around the studio, ostensibly interviewing stars for stories that were never printed, never even written. I knew of one case, years ago, of a man who could hardly write his own name who posed for months as a writer and whose only source of income was chiseling loans from players.

NOW, if Irvin Cobb wanted to interview a star for *The Saturday Evening Post* he would have to secure a pass, walk the gamut of a lot of hard-eyed cops carrying loaded revolvers, and hold his *tête-à-tête* with the star under the watchful eyes and ears of one of the publicity boys.

The result has been that, shut off from access to their sources of news with the exception of the "hand-out" junk manufactured by the press agents, the boys and girls of the legitimate newspapers, magazines, and news agencies are giving the studios a panning, and are digging up stories that are not at all to the liking of the producers.

As a matter of fact, access to the studios is not necessary. More truth and genuine news can be secured from outside sources, and that's where the writing folks are getting it. A good reporter doesn't need a pass to a burning building to write his story about it.

THEY used to hire press agents to create news. Now they hire them to hide it. What's the matter? Troubled conscience?

Old Commodore Vanderbilt said, "To hell with the public." The producers now say, "To hell with the press."

Careful boys, danger ahead. Just because you had a headache you didn't need your appendix out.



Earl Crowley

A WEEK'S work of the technical crew, and an expenditure of ten thousand dollars went into the making of this set before it was ready for use. The set was built along the edge of the big studio tank, and this photo was made while Sessue

Hayakawa was rehearsing a scene. Somewhere behind the set Anna May Wong is waiting her turn in front of the great incandescent lamps. "Daughter of the Dragon" marks the screen return of these two Oriental players after long absences

Granddaughter of an



Study this picture of Elissa Landi—straight nose, determined chin, lift of the eyebrows. Now look at the photo on the right

ELISSA LANDI, according to the written confession of her own mother, is the granddaughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria!

And when you've recovered from the shock there's more to be told. And when Hollywood catches on that it's been harboring royalty in its midst without knowing about it—won't Mary Pickford, who entertains all the visiting coronets and crowns, be sore!

Elissa has not, herself, told the story. Elissa does not want the story told, and for that modesty she deserves a big laurel wreath all her own.

Now that I know this startling fact, I look back upon my brief acquaintance with Elissa and a number of things are explained. When she arrived in Hollywood there was that strange underground excitement, peculiar to the city. Everybody talked about this lovely, poised, distinguished woman. Everybody said, "Have you met Elissa Landi? She's too wonderful."

And it was not merely because she had had three novels published in England, spoke four languages, played and composed music surprisingly well. It was something else. Perhaps I'm crediting the town with too much perception, but I believe it felt the commanding presence of royal blood.

Many months ago I wrote of Elissa, "I approach this interview with due

humility because I know that I am writing about an important person and I mean by this someone who *is* important as a person, not merely as an actress." I did not know at the time that I was speaking of the granddaughter of an Empress!

Although always charming to interviewers, Elissa told very little of her background. She said nothing of her father, and when she filled out her biography for publicity purposes, she wrote that she was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, and that her nationality was English. (She is married to an Englishman and is therefore a British subject.) She left blank the space provided for parents' names, brothers and sisters and famous relatives.

She hoped, I now know, that the facts about her heritage would never be related, for she has no desire, I'm sure, to join that vast horde of pseudo-royalty that clutters the Hollywood boulevards.



Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Do you see the remarkable resemblance? Who wouldn't?

Empress

Hollywood was harboring royalty and didn't know it

By
Katherine Albert



Arrogant, beautiful Elissa. Every inch a granddaughter of an Empress



COUNTESS ZARNARDI LANDI AND HER CHILDREN ANTONIA-FRANZ AND ELISABETH MARIE CHRISTINE

Here is the frontispiece of the Countess' book, "The Secret of an Empress." The girl is Elissa Landi

But the printed word is a strange thing and there is, in the reference room of the New York Public Library, a book entitled "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zarnardi Landi. Countess Zarnardi Landi is the mother of Elissa—the same Elissa who is a Fox star and whom you've seen in "Body and Soul" and "Always Goodbye"—a strange, exciting, glamorous figure.

What is "The Secret of an Empress"? The writer, Caroline, later the Countess Zarnardi Landi and the mother of Elissa, was born to believe herself the child of a family called Kaiser who lived in Vienna, but she soon discovered that the mysterious and lovely lady who paid her frequent secret visits and who was addressed as a woman of supreme importance, was her mother. That woman, Caroline's mother, was the Empress Elizabeth of Austria!

You'll find pictures of the Empress on these pages. Compare them with the stills of Elissa Landi. Startling, isn't it? In coloring, too, they are alike. The Empress' hair, a tawny mop of reddish gold glory, was the talk of Europe. Elissa's hair is like that of Elizabeth. Elizabeth was a great lover of music—Wagnerian, particularly. Wagner is one of Elissa's gods. Strange how such traits are passed on from generation to generation.

Caroline's existence was kept a secret because Empress Elizabeth, an intelligent and extremely modern woman, for her time, resented the vigorous rules of the court that provided an empress-mother could not rear her own children, but must turn them over to the Archduchess [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Occasionally Rex carries Clara pick-a-back. She is sixteen pounds overstudioweight, but Rex can handle her like a child

Roughing It With Clara

By Harry Lang

HOW about going to Rex Bell's Nevada ranch, to see how Rex and Clara Bow are comin' along? Okay, then—

You start out from Hollywood before sun-up, and the first three-score miles aren't bad. The going is pleasing to the eye.

You purr through orange groves and vineyards and hamburger stands until you reach San Bernardino—"San Berdoo," the native sons call it, more or less affectionately. . . .

Then you turn north and pop through the Cajon Pass—a half-hundred-mile-long gateway through the mountains—and drop into Victorville, a lazy little railroad town. Victorville's the jumping-off place into the desert. You fill up with gas and water, peel off your coat, smear a little cold cream on your lips, and step on 'er. Sixty to seventy an hour isn't half fast enough through those endless miles of greasewood and yucca trees and cactus and heat . . .

Stop at a gas station—oh, yes, they've got 'em in the desert, too, but you pay!—and sneak a look at the thermometer. 108. "Kinda hot," you suggest. The gas man grunts. "This ain't so bad—wait'll it really gets hot . . ."

A hundred and fifty miles of Mojave sand and heat and cactus, and you reach a filling station, cold drink and hamburger stand, and signpost. The signpost says this is Lakeview. Off in the distance you see the lake—only it's dry. One of those desert dry lakes—white expanse of alkali that hurts to look at. Signpost says Nipton ten and a half miles, and points off down a desert road. So far, the road's been paved. But now . . .

Violently you leap off the pave into the desert. No other way to do it, because it's a quick drop into the sand road. Then for ten and a half miles you twist and squirm and slide and bounce and bump and jiggle and sweat—lord, how you sweat! An occasional jack-rabbit sits up and looks bewilderedly at you; across the road scurry countless grey-yellow lizards, tails twice as long as their body.

You squash numbers of them; they aren't roadwise. And bye and bye, you boil up to a stop . . .

There's a general store and post office; a box car that's been converted into a railroad station; another shack labeled Hotel, but you doubt it; a gas pump. You step into the post office-and-store and when your eyes get accustomed, you see a squat fellow behind the counter, in his undershirt. This, you learn later, is "Tree"—his full name is Trehearn, or something like that, but you call him just "Tree" for short. It's so hot that any waste effort is criminal.



Clara spends much of her time shooting at tin cans, rabbits, buzzards, and fence posts. And quite often she supplies rabbits for supper

"**T**REE" is blind in one eye; has one-sixteenth normal vision in the other. He's postmaster. He goes to the Saturday night dance over at Searchlight, and people get mad when he bumps into them with his partner—until they learn he can't see so well. Clara knows him well by now; he knows Clara, too . . .

"What's the way to Rex Bell's ranch?" you ask him.

He takes a pencil and draws a line on the post office door. "This," he says, "is the road. You just follow it. You can't get lost because there ain't no other road. You climb about nine miles till you get to the summit, then you go five miles more, and when you see some buildings off



The Star who dreaded the old devil microphone and was forced to live her life on the front pages of newspapers



Free from the studios, make-up, and make-believe, this picture of a world-weary girl was made at Rex Bell's ranch

to the right, you turn off there, because that's Bell's place. There ain't no other, so you can't miss it.

"But if you stick around here, Rex and Clara'll be here. They come in every day an' do their shoppin'—and Clara shoots some. Hell, her nerves ain't so bad when she c'n take that twenty-two and, fast as she c'n pump, stand here and hit that post over there *every time!*—well, anyways, *nearly every time . . .!*"

You decide to go on. And so, eventually, through thick sand and over rough rock, through cactus and millions of those weird yucca trees that look like something that ought to grow on the moon, you come to a wooden mailbox, and a fork.

Buildings over there, a half mile off—must be Rex Bell's ranch. You turn, dive into gullies and out, squash a few more lizards, disturb a few jack-rabbits and roll into a corral . . .

It's a wire enclosure surrounding a cleared space. There's a ramshackle, unpainted barn.

Farm implements are scattered helter-skelter. A disgusted-looking cow gets up out of the road and you wonder how she escapes being barbecued alive in

An amazing story of how Clara lives on an old isolated ranch, far, far from Hollywood, and is happier than she has ever been before in her life

this heat. In front of you is a long, low, unpainted, uninviting-looking wooden shack with a tin roof.

It looks like the barracks they throw together for section-hands on a short job.

There's no garden; no paint; nothing whatever attractive . . .

AND this is where, as this is written, Clara Bow and Rex Bell are living while Clara tries to regain her wrecked health!

It's certainly no Dude Ranch.

It doesn't belong to Rex yet—still in escrow. It's 360,000 acres, in round figures, of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



A simple, board shack, without conveniences, this is where Clara is regaining her health and self. The shower at right



Garbo as she wants to be (above) child of nature, alone, disregarding fancy clothes, happy, and (right) as she is in "Susan Lenox." They've put poor old Susan in a penthouse! Well, there's nothing like going 'way up when you do decide to rise

The Man Who Tried To Elope With Garbo

A never-told story of a fellow countryman who was hopelessly in love with her

LATE one evening last November, a few days before he was to sail for his home in Sweden—Wilhelm Sorensen dashed up to my house in his roadster. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He asked if he might have a few minutes with me.

I had not expected to see him again. Only the night before Greta Garbo's mysterious prince—as he was known around Hollywood—had bade me goodbye. For this tall, lean lad from Sweden, who had left the luxurious, easy life accorded a young son of a wealthy aristocrat of Stockholm, to follow Greta Garbo to Hollywood—was going back home.

The night before he had admitted that he was tired of the film capital. That the glamorous, alluringly spicy Hollywood he had expected to find, where life would bring a continuous round of fascinating pleasure with the exotic Greta Garbo at his side, had proved to be a delusion and a snare. He said he had given up his room in the little hillside house that for nearly a year he had called home. That he had sold his roadster, packed his bags and engaged passage on a freight steamer bound for Sweden.

It would take thirty-one days to make the ocean voyage. But he didn't mind that. He didn't care where he was, just so he got away from Hollywood and arrived home in time for the Christmas holidays.

Soren was very blue that night he bade me goodbye. He frankly admitted that he was sick at heart at the thought of leaving Greta. That there could never be anyone to take her place.

"I WILL never forget the wonderful times we have had together," he said in reminiscent tones. "Especially those first days over in Sweden, when she came home that winter on her vacation.

"And Greta liked me then! She had tears in her eyes when the boat sailed taking her back to America. Her first day out I had a cable from her asking me not to forget. For three days I was awakened each morning with a cable from her. A few words reaching out across the ocean that was fast widening between us, whispering that she had not forgotten.

"As the days took her farther and farther away from me, I nearly went mad. Then one



He failed to make her Mrs. Wilhelm Sorensen so he sailed to Sweden, heartbroken, still dreaming of Greta

morning there came a cable asking me to come. It was sent from a little town in Arizona. Wild horses couldn't have stopped me then! I would have followed her to the ends of the earth!

"My father and mother thought my infatuation—as they called my adoration for Garbo—would soon fade away. But I couldn't eat! I couldn't sleep! Finally they consented to let me make a trip to Hollywood. There was nothing else they could do. I would have gone, anyway.

"Neither mother nor father had met Greta or even seen her on the screen. So they decided they must see this girl who had taken such a hold of their son's heart. They found a theater where one of her early pictures with Jack Gilbert was being shown.

"I KNEW they wouldn't like her in that heavy vamp rôle. But I couldn't help but laugh when father said he could not understand what I saw in that girl who looked like a dairy maid. I knew he didn't mean that! Imagine Greta Garbo looking like a dairy maid!

"Soon after my arrival in Hollywood, I found that the Greta Garbo of Hollywood was quite a different person from the Greta Garbo of Stockholm.

"At home she was a rollicking, mischievous girl, always ready for a lark on a minute's notice.

"In Hollywood she was a solemn, quiet young lady, living the secluded life of a hermit.

"In Stockholm she was eager and always ready to meet my friends and relatives. Her mer-

riest days were spent at house parties at my cousin's castle near Stockholm.

"In Hollywood I soon found that Greta knew only a handful of people and that she made no effort to have me meet those few. And she couldn't be dragged to a party!

"Her home was lovely and it was always open to me. Her spacious garden—her swimming pool—her books. I spent many happy hours with her when she wasn't working. Then we walked. We drove. We swam. Always we were alone. Just we two.

"But occasionally I longed to see the gay, glamorous Hollywood I had heard so much about. And I would have liked to meet some of the fascinating stars of the screen.

"However, I found that I could never see or do any of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

By Rilla Page Palmborg



By

Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Will Grefé

THE street in front of the theater was crowded. From both directions came young men and girls—eager, smiling and happy.

In the lobby they smiled at one another as they stood in line waiting to purchase tickets. A large and affable gentleman—who managed the road show—chatted expansively with the few whom he recognized.

The young men were dressed in light-weight, light-colored suits; the girls wore dresses of muslin and chiffon; pinks, blues and yellows . . . for this was a moderately small town and it was summer.

But in the middle of the street a dozen onlookers huddled about a queer little movable furnace, known as a salamander; for—to them—this was Hollywood and the time was winter.

The extras struggled heroically to still the chattering of their teeth as they passed gayly through the lobby and into the theater which was—beyond the doors—nothing but a gauntly vacant lot. There, pretense dropped from them and they circled to the street again and wrapped themselves in such sleazy wraps as they possessed.

One girl—pale and wan beneath her make-up—but unmistakably pretty in a fragile way—looked up at the young man who had been directed to enact the inconsequential rôle of her escort. “Do you know,” she said in a peculiarly sweet voice, “that you look exactly like Michael Dorian?”

The young man smiled. “So I’ve been told.”

Studio

“At first I thought you were Dorian—until I realized that you were just an extra.”

He assisted her to surmount a pile of discarded scenery. Then, after she had wrapped herself in a pitifully inadequate coat, he walked toward the salamander and she gazed after him—freshly impressed with his amazing similarity to Michael Dorian, one of the most brilliantly successful young leading men in Hollywood.

The young man backed up close to the portable furnace and lighted a cigarette. He was mildly interested in the scene which was being rehearsed. Overhead the star-sprinkled sky hung like a gorgeous evening mantle. Everywhere there was bustle and excitement, and the chatter of actors and extras. This scene, apparently so simple, was presenting unexpected difficulties.



Without a sound she crumpled on the floor of the theater lobby. Principals and extras crowded about the girl. From the street came the harsh voice of the director, wild with fury

nervous gesture of the director's hand signalled the commencement of action.

Out of bedlam came silence; out of chaos, order. The scene progressed impressively and smoothly. The young man moved forward with the girl toward the false front of the theater which was not a theater. Once she stumbled slightly, and he tightened his grip on her arm. Again she stumbled, and he looked down at her somewhat impatiently. Her face was strangely drawn and pallid.

They moved into camera range, smiling and chatting as they had been instructed to do.

Then, without warning—quietly—the slender figure of the girl sagged. Without word or sound she crumpled on the floor of the theater lobby. Somebody shouted; principals and

extras stepped out of character and crowded about the girl. From the street came the harsh voice of the director.

"Cut!" he roared. Then he leaped into the crowd, flinging extras aside with powerful arms.

The director was wild with fury. The scene had been right; after more than two hours of work he had seen himself concluding, successfully, a shot which should have taken twenty minutes. And now, this!

"The girl fainted," explained an electrician.

"Fainted—hell!" The director's face was contorted with anger. "I've seen that trick a thousand times. There's nothing the matter with her. She's pretending to be sick so as to attract my attention. They all do it; they've read crazy stories about being noticed. She isn't any more sick than I am. Get her off this lot—and keep her off!"

Romance

The director was nervous and irritable; the electricians were loudly profane. Lights were wrongly placed, microphones needed to be rearranged, inexpert extras had to be instructed to modulate their voices so that snatches of important dialogue between principals would register. For more than two hours now they had been working on this simple scene. Nerves were ragged, bodies were nipped with the midnight chill.

Then another rehearsal, and the young man found himself again with the pale wisp of a girl. He observed that she was pretty, in a delicate sort of way. They walked through the scene, director and sound-mixer pronounced it right, and the lights flared on.

The scene was about to be shot.

Quiet was signalled and the cameras and sound recorders were interlocked. The motors stepped up to proper speed. A

The man was sincere. Truly, it was an old device. This time it had ruined a perfect and expensive scene. Again he looked down at the girl and then whirled on his assistant.

"Get her off, will you? Give her a pay ticket and throw her off the lot. I never want to see her again."

The girl's escort stepped forward. His finely chiselled face was wreathed in anger.

"You can't do that," he said—"this girl is really sick."

"I'll do what I please, and you butt out of here."

"You'll move her when she feels better," said the young man in a cold, even voice, "and not before."

The director stared. Then he commenced to splutter. And finally the words cascaded from his lips; bitter, furious, excited, profane words.

"Get her off this lot," he howled—"and get yourself off, too. You're both fired! I'll have you blacklisted—both of you!"

The young man carried the girl to the vicinity of a red-bellied salamander. He covered her with a wrap, and forced between her lips some steaming coffee which another extra had brought from the cafeteria.

The girl opened her eyes. Then they told her what had happened.

Tears coursed down her cheeks. She tried to regain her feet and would have fallen again had not the young man supported her.

The assistant director gave them both their pay-checks and ordered them off the lot. He was sorry, but he dared not argue the matter with his chief.

THE girl was miserable as she walked with the young man toward the gate. She obtained her money from the cashier.

"You shouldn't have done it!" she cried. "I've caused you to lose your job."

"Don't worry about me. You were really sick—and I knew it. Now," he finished briskly, "I'm sending you home in a taxi."

"No! Please . . . I—I can't afford a taxi."

"Rot! You can't ride a street car in your present condition."

"But I can't afford a cab." She clutched the seven dollars which the cashier had just paid her. "You see, this is all I

have. I fainted because I haven't eaten a decent meal in three days. I can't waste my money."

She was an appealing, wistful little thing. Against her protest, he summoned a taxi. She told him her name and gave her address. Then he leaned in through the open door of the cab and pressed something into her palm.

"Take this," he ordered sternly. "Pay the taxi and buy some good hot food for yourself with the remainder."

She looked down at a twenty-dollar bill.

"I can't!" she cried. "You can't afford this!"

"Oh yes I can," he said lightly.

"But you can't! An extra . . ."

HIS voice dropped to a whisper. "Can you keep a secret, on your word of honor?"

"Surely."

"Well, then," he explained, "this is it. Remember you said I looked exactly like Michael Dorian, and I said, 'So I've been told'? We were both right. I look like Michael Dorian because I *am* Michael Dorian. I came down here for a lark—and on a bet. One of the studio executives where I work was kidding me that I couldn't possibly make the grade if I started off as an extra in a company where they didn't know me. I bet that I could . . . and here I am. I'm trusting you with this secret so you'll understand that the money really means nothing to me."

She pressed his hand again—and drove away. The young man stared after the cab, a gentle smile on his lips. He had thought that he knew girls, all types and kinds of girls. But this one was different. He looked down at the piece of paper on which she had scribbled her name and address, and then—happily—he walked back through the gate to the cashier's cage.

Through the barred window he slipped his pay voucher: one night's work—seven dollars.

"Name please?" asked the cashier.

"Teddy Smith," answered the young man.

The cashier looked up and grinned.

"Sure, I know you, Smith," he said. "You're the guy that's all the time being mistaken for Michael Dorian."

Searching For "Beauty And The Boss"



Readers going over the manuscripts received in the \$2,000.00 PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest to find a story fitting the title of "Beauty and the Boss," as well as other picture story material, have been faced with a gigantic task, for almost 10,000 manuscripts from amateur story writers were received in the contest. The judging is going ahead now with all possible haste, and the above picture shows readers and judges engaged on this big job in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office. James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY and one of the judges, is standing in the center of the group. Announcement of winners will be made as soon as the judging is finished, which will be in time for the November issue of PHOTOPLAY



Otto Dyar

STAGE TEN at Paramount's Hollywood studio. The huge chains you see festooned around the place are used to shift scenery and props and to shackle actors who go mad and bite supervisors. That mighty door, slightly ajar, is em-

ployed to keep stars from jumping to rival producers. Oh yes—in the foreground is Mr. Phillips Holmes, who looks relieved after finishing his part in "The American Tragedy" and escaping the onslaughts of Author Dreiser



Here it is—the new type! Marlene Dietrich's lack-lustre eyes say everything to be said



And Tallulah Bankhead's style whets sharply the imagination



While Garbo is the symbol of everything mysterious in woman. She started it

CHARM? No! No! You

THE movies have done it again! They've introduced a new word into ordinary conversation, started a new fad, begun a new cycle, created a new standard.

The movies are good at that.

The new word is "glamour," the new fad is glamorousness, the new cycle is more glamour and the new standard is more of the same thing.

The ingénue with her friendly, hurt smile, her bird-like gestures, her coy maidenliness is as old-fashioned as a hansom cab. In a word, if you want to be popular—be glamorous.

For years the Elinor Glyns and Beatrice Fairfaxes have been writing about charm. They've told young women with social ambitions that that vague quality was essential. But the word has now been passed into the limbo of forgotten things. The new one, the all-consuming word of the moment, is "glamour."

If you don't believe me (and you wouldn't be the first), take a look at the present roster of film stars. Take a couple of looks—they're worth it. Marlene Dietrich, of the heavy-lidded, inscrutable eyes, the sullen mouth. Garbo (who really, I believe, started it all), of the languorous, pale body. Tallulah Bankhead, also heavy lidded, also inscrutable. Joan Crawford, the exponent of the neurotic younger generation. Constance Bennett, long limbed and fluid, a woman to pique the imagination. Lilyan Tashman, decked in sophistication and Paris gowns. Elissa Landi, mysterious as a supervisor's idea. And the very new one—Lil Dagover, a rapturous beauty who came to American before her time, was sent back and now returns to spread glamour. And many, many more come to mind—but I'm running out of adjectives.

Although the new school has been gathering momentum for some time,

Paramount really fired the first shot when they dropped from their contract list Mary Brian, Jean Arthur and Fay Wray. Now here were three charming, sweet, whimsical little girls who, so everybody thought, had a good sized fan following. But, according to statistics, they simply didn't draw at the old box-office.

The glamour gals were beating them hands (and eyelashes) down.

These girls were the exponents of the charm school. Charm simply oozed—but they had no glamour.

But Mary Brian is being smart. After some futile little girl tears, when she was told her name was to be struck from the list, she packed her trunks and left Hollywood for her first European trip. She went in search of sophistication.

After six years of "the little girl who lives next door" rôles, she's out to become a woman capable of stealing the husband of the little woman who lives next door.

Mary, for six years a good draw, suddenly found herself, like a number of others, one of that vast horde of disappearing ingénues for which you, you and you have no use.

WHAT brought about the drastic change? Your guess is as good as mine.

It all goes in cycles anyhow. Remember the Theda Baras, the Nita Naldis, the Virginia Pearsons, the Louise Glaums?

For them "vamp" was coined. "Glamour" has now been introduced into the average vocabulary. Their kingdoms toppled when Sweetness and Light showed through.

For years the nice girl had her day. Her screen path was clear. She must neither drink, nor smoke. She must be chaste, nay almost prudish. She must be kind to old ladies, children and stray cats. Her clothes must be



The once popular vamp — straight, direct but never subtle. Example, Theda Bara



The Mary Pickford of long ago exemplified girlish charm. Now that's too tame



Mary Brian says she will never look like this again and she means it



Young, pretty, nice Jean Arthur. But the fans demand something different. Can she give it?

Must Have GLAMOUR

neat but not gaudy. And the only appeal admitted was that vague, spiritual quality that does things to man's Better Nature.

But now—whoops—the new brigade. Why, the Dietrichs, the Garbos, the Bankheads, the Landis (and have you noted that they're all blonde, which was formerly virtue's symbol) may kick old ladies in the face and tie tin cans to dogs' tails. They may steal other women's husbands and bathe in champagne—and the fans love it.

These women possess the new and vital commodity—glamour!

By Katherine Albert

Norma Shearer is the outstanding example of cultivated glamour. Think way, way back to the Norma who was. I remember years ago

when I worked in her studio, there was a story under consideration for little Shearer. It was finally, I believe, called "The Devil's Circus." And the climax was—I hope I'm still right—the seduction of the girl in the story.

Well, they pondered for weeks. Could they allow that rare exponent of girlish charm and simplicity, Norma Shearer, one teeny, weeny

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Can
This
Be
The
Same
Girl?



Norma Shearer, classic example of a woman who follows the personality trend. When all was sweet and pure Norma was the young lady at the left. Came glamour, and wise Shearer changed her style. At right as she was in "The Divorcée"



Bancroft's boorishness was just a defense against contract troubles and folks who abused his good nature and friendship

George Comes To Earth

By Harry Lang

"Good Old George," Hollywood called him but they curled their lips when they said it. Now they cheer him as a good pal and his old friends are back

IT seems George Bancroft has come back to earth. He's working on the Paramount lot without appearing to try to boss the director around. Of course, he's getting \$100,000 a picture for it—and maybe that's got something to do with it.

But what's more, he seems to be recovering some of that geniality that made him so popular at the outset of his meteoric screen career—and once more, the people in Hollywood are beginning to call him "good old George" without curling their lips when they say it.

In short, George Bancroft seems to be settling down once more to being a regular guy, and turning his back on all that highhattedness and aloofness that caused PHOTOPLAY to ask, in an article last fall, "Just what's biting George Bancroft, anyway?"

Remember that time? Remember how George suddenly developed into "the hermit of Santa Monica Beach," snubbing the people who helped him get his start in pictures from the \$250-a-week days? Remember how he locked himself up in his beach house, behind specially-built fences, ignoring letters, telegrams, telephone calls and personal callers—friends or business associates or strangers alike? Remember how he walked out on Paramount officials, left them holding the bag while his contract expired and he wouldn't talk business?

Well—that's all over now. George came back with a demand for \$120,000 a picture, as compared with the \$5,000 a week he had been getting on the old contract. Paramount countered with an offer of \$80,000 a picture. They hemmed and hawed a while, and now they've settled on \$100,000 a picture—a fifty-fifty compromise. Bancroft is satisfied, Paramount seems satisfied—and George, once more, is genial and winning back his old friends.

"But what was it all about, George?" PHOTOPLAY asked him the other day. "Why did you go high-hat? Why did you run out on Paramount? Why did you do the things that got your old friends actually to hating you and calling you four-syllable names? What, as PHOTOPLAY asked last fall, was biting you, anyway?"

And here's the answer—here's Bancroft's side of the picture:

"I just got off on the wrong foot, I guess. I wasn't trying to high-hat people. I wasn't trying to snub my friends, I didn't realize or know that they felt I was.

"I like people. I like people too well, I guess. So, when I first began making big money and bought that house down at the beach, I didn't take things sanely. My friends—the very ones who got mad later—warned me. 'George,' they said, 'look out with that beach house. You've got to be careful whom you let in.'

"WELL, I couldn't seem to draw any line like that. And before I knew it, why, I was running a free beach club. They'd come in at all hours of the day or night—hordes of them, friends and strangers alike. People I know would come and bring a party of friends. It got so that when I wanted to go home and rest after a hard, trying day at the studio, I had no home. All I had was a public beach club. When they started squirting seltzer-water on the walls because they thought it was fun to make waterfalls, I kind of got sick and tired of it."

That was about the time George's troubles with Paramount began, too. So suddenly, George's house stopped being a free club. The front door was locked. No telegrams or 'phone calls were answered. Doorbell ringing got no response. Yet George was there.

Word was officially sent out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Watch for these Fall Trends in New Pictures

— Seymour —

If you want a good preview of what you will be wearing this Fall, I suggest that you see some of the new pictures. I find them full of good tips.

The studio designers have to be ahead of the seasons, you know. When it's Summer to you, it's just another Fall to them!

The biggest news in fashion is the new hats. Have you seen them? They out-revival anything in recent years. You wear them pulled down over one eye. They are the 1880's gone modern — derby effects, feathers and all.

Width has gone to the top of clothes. The idea is to look broad-shouldered and slim-waisted. Evening things are still long enough to make you feel as glamorous as Garbo.



LORETTA YOUNG picks this as a first costume for Fall—I second her choice. Paris calls this type of thing the "Cinema" suit. Appropriate, isn't it? It is so called because it goes many places of an evening without ever feeling out of place. I call it charming. First, because it uses that very smart fabric, satin. Because its sleek black jacket reveals a low-backed, sleeveless frock when removed. Because its silhouette is new—even to the straightness of the skirt which only flares slightly at the hem.

Seymour Finds Typical School



MAYBE you're all out to get scholarships or some such things this year—but I'll bet those school parties loom up pretty big in your plans. Connie Bennett wears a dream of an eggshell taffeta evening frock that will make hearts flutter. Taffeta is always smart for young things, it has that party look. Connie's is moulded by tucking through the hips but has a wide flounce below. The bead trimming, just seen in front, follows the deep U at the back. Worn in "Bought."



YOU can't go fashionably wrong very often on anything that Bennett girl wears. Here's a grand idea for that velvet evening frock you must have. It's quite sophisticated but its perfect simplicity keeps it from being too affected for youthful taste. It is black transparent velvet unadorned. The length is excellent. Also to be seen in "Bought."

Fashions for Fall on the Screen

THE only possible recompense for having vacations end is to look forward to that nice clothes-buying orgy that precedes school openings! So many of the fashions worn by the young stars seem to fit the school picture that I have picked a few of them for you here. You can see them in new pictures and then guide your own selections by them. They're wearable.

— Seymour —



SYLVIA SIDNEY wears this suit in "An American Tragedy." It is perfect for travel and for wear all through the Fall and Winter term. Brown and white sharkskin woolen is trimly tailored. The arrangement of the plaid scarf is unique.



BROWN is a grand Fall color in clothes, accessories—and in lingerie as shown here. The coat of this pyjama ensemble is brown satin, the pyjamas are peach color. Nice combination. That contrasting collar with the trick monogram is smart, isn't it? Worn by Madge Evans in "Guilty Hands."

Here's what Paris Designs for the Stars



A SPORTS suit with French dressing! Mlle. Chanel designed this beige wool model for Barbara Weeks to wear in "Palmy Days." Rather a short skirt, but the famous French designer likes 'em that way for sports. The jacket buttons over a white silk sweater—the collar and cuffs are piqué.

THE question of whether a Paris designer can hit the right fashion tempo for the screen should soon be settled. The first models that Chanel is doing for the screen are arriving from Paris. Two of them I have picked out for you to see here.

HERE'S Chanel's idea of a short dinner jacket. Not spectacular but nevertheless smart. White satin with dark fur. The bag is by the same designer, too.



"Not expecting too much from life is good business. Establish a reputation for fair play at one place and you get more money at the next"

"Don't Expect Too Much—



"Don't give up one job unless you have another. If you can't put up with unfavorable conditions in one job, you don't deserve another"

—and you'll be happier," Marie Dressler said to Jeanne North

She knows she could demand one of the largest weekly salaries in Hollywood and get it.

Her reason for adhering to her contract—made when her name was not a guaranteed picture success but a gamble—dates back about thirty-five years.

Marie signed with a manager for \$150 a week to play the comedy rôle in "The Lady Slavey." The day after it opened, she was the toast of New York.

In one night she had risen from an obscure unknown to a celebrity.

She made many discoveries at this time. For example, she learned that a homely girl may be as popular as a beautiful one if she is more famous; that she may even be offered as many diamonds, fur coats and apartments. Yet with all the men who were laying hypothetical fortunes at her feet, she noticed one man avoided her. *Her manager.*

ONE evening, when the show had been running for several weeks, this man—George Lederer, by name—appeared in her dressing-room and remarked casually: "Marie, you are a funny actress." "Thank you; I hope I am!" After all, her new-found fame depended upon her being funny. "Aren't you going to kick? I've been waiting for you to come to me."

"For what?" "A raise in salary." "Mr. Lederer, I signed with you for the run of the play at \$150 a week. I expect no more than you promised."

George Lederer was dumbfounded; he showed it. Finally he grunted. "You did, did you? Well, it's three hundred from this moment."

This was Marie's first raise and she had a sneaking suspicion that had she asked for it she would have received a possible fifty dollars extra.

The other day, Louis B. Mayer sent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

MARY PICKFORD has told us through PHOTOPLAY how to face forty gracefully. We said there was news in her statements because facing forty—knowing how to accept maturity and confront old age—was a difficult struggle for woman.

Marie Dressler has completed the cycle Mary is entering. She has accepted old age; furthermore, she has made her greatest success in it.

What she says is news for men and women and young folk. The foundations for old age are laid in our younger days. That is the time to start building our mental picture. Who of us would not like to be a Marie Dressler at sixty?

Marie's recipe for life is simple: "Don't expect too much of it!"

A paper recently printed that her salary has reached the \$5,000 a week figure. No one was more surprised to read this than Marie Dressler.

Her contractual income, today, is exactly what it was when she made "The Callahans and the Murphys," the picture which brought her back into the movies. *It is \$2,000.*

TRUE, she has received an offer to go into vaudeville at \$10,000 and one studio has made an effort, we understand, to purchase her contract from Metro and give her \$12,000. But to date, Marie has not asked more than the \$2,000 for which she signed in the beginning.

Why?—Doesn't she appreciate the drawing-power of her personality at the box-office?

Certainly. Marie has dozens of letters from theater exhibitors telling her that *her* name over their doors guarantees a capacity audience. She has read them over and over. She has read the glowing reviews of "Min and Bill" from London; the reports of the splendid business it is doing across the waters. Like all sincerely successful people, she gloats over praise and appreciates its value.



Marie in "Tillie, the Scrub Lady," which was made about fifteen years ago

JOHN GILBERT is in love again and admits it. The lady this time is Princess Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands. If America hadn't bought her birthplace she would be the sister of the King of the Islands.

The Princess, who is quite good looking, came to Hollywood with other royal princesses and has been entertained by Hollywood's elite, including Queen Mary Pickford.

Jack is so serious that when she has to go somewhere without him, he is inconsolable. Incidentally, he is reported to have said he is going to the Islands the moment she returns, unless Metro holds him for a picture and then he's going the moment it is finished.

JACK'S attitude toward Ina Claire has been that he was willing to stay married to her but separated, since this arrangement protected him from another hasty wedding. And then, suddenly, surprising everybody, Ina Claire filed suit for divorce, charging Jack with cruelty and neglect.

Ina says that Jack made jibes at her, complaining that she had "too much intellect."

And that when she returned to Hollywood from New York, there was no husband to meet her at the train. This was no news to you, for PHOTOPLAY told you all about that long ago. So another Hollywood romance has officially ended and Jack may propose to the princess if he likes.



Boy, fetch a garland of lotus blooms and start the soft plunking of the ukuleles, while we present Princess Liliuokalani, a Polynesian pearl from Hawaii who is Jack Gilbert's present love. She is on the left, beside her sister, Princess Kawananako. "I just had to have a change from these Hollywood blondes," said old Trader Gilbert



First it was Mary Pickford who was made a colonel. Then it was Bebe Daniels. Now even Pete, Our Gang comedies' bow-bow, has gone military on us, having been made mascot of Hollywood's American Legion post

Cal York

Announcing-

WHEN a friend spoke to Jack about the Princess, Jack said, "She is a great girl. I am so tired of the stereotyped Hollywood blondes."

GRETA GARBO is driving the same car she bought after her first hit in pictures. It is four years old and the only car she owns. A colored chauffeur drives it. Greta has but one housekeeper for her home. In ail—two servants. Modest Greta. Incidentally—wealthy Greta!

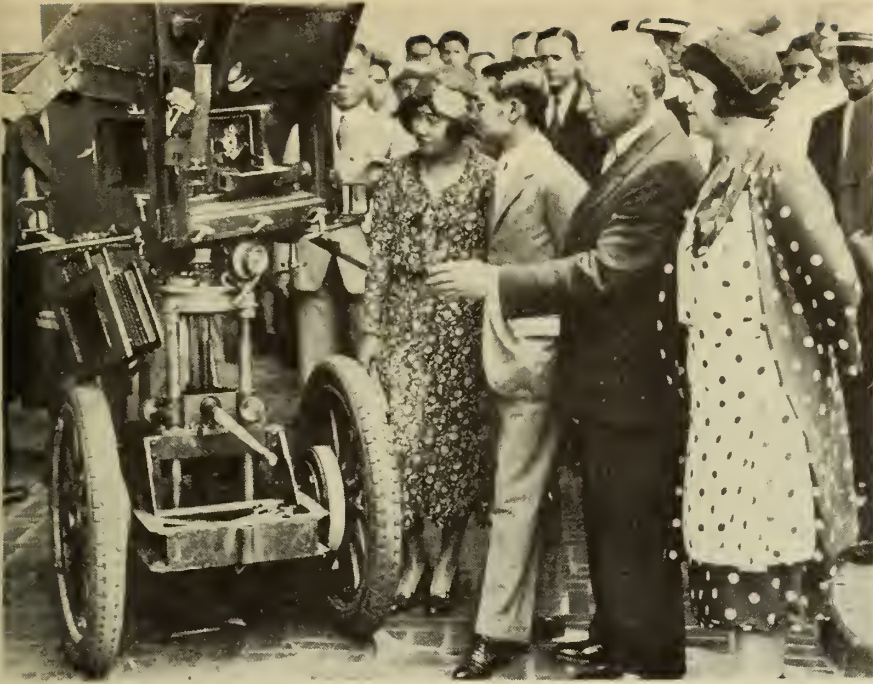
RUDY VALLEE'S new wife, "a simple home girl," he called her when she appeared in diamonds and orchids, was the former Fay Webb. Maybe you remember her—or maybe you don't. But ask any of the old guard out at the M-G-M studios.

She is the daughter of the Santa Monica

chief of police and she was given a studio contract because, or so they said, one of the studio executives lived in Santa Monica. The studio boys used to go sixty miles an hour through the beach town and if they got picked up by a cop all they had to say was, "Why, I work at M-G-M where Fay Webb is under contract."

The contract didn't mean much. Fay tried hard enough. She begged enough directors for good parts, but only extra work and bits fell her way. So she occupied her time by posing, with doo-dads hanging from her garters, and rings—well, almost—in her nose, for the publicity department. If all the semi-nude photographs taken of Fay Webb in the name of publicity were laid end to end they'd three times encircle Vallee's radio network.

AND then people sort of forgot about Fay. When suddenly—lookee! lookee!—there's her picture in the paper again and she's mar-



The King and Queen of Siam (and regular folks, they say) were visitors at Paramount's Long Island studios, where the king had further opportunity to indulge his hobby of moving picture photography. He owns over 20 cameras. He is shown inspecting a modern sound camera with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Zukor

McCrea and it seemed as if he might be Connie's big moment. When all of a sudden—*fppt!*—Connie and the Marquis arrive in New York on the same train and, it is found, have booked passage on the same boat for Europe. That's a little startling, wot? And the payoff is that, when questioned about a wedding, neither would admit a thing. Connie insists that it isn't nice to talk about marriage with a man whose divorce isn't final until October, while the Marquis says his romance with the eldest Bennett has been going on for two and a half years and they're very devoted.

However, one of the New York tabloids claims that the low down is Connie and Hank will be married in New York the day after his decree is final, after they visit his parents in Europe, after they return to America in mid-August, after they go to Hollywood where Connie will make two pictures. After that—they'll be married, at least that's what the report says.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Isn't this an attractive costume for an usherette? Well, Patricia Farr, who is wearing it, was a real usherette in Paramount's Los Angeles theater until studio officials saw her. Then she was signed to a contract

ried Rudy Vallee. And will the girls who love Rudy be sore? You bet. And was the press sore when Rudy waved the reporters aside and said, "Not a word—not a word at this time. I shall give out a statement and pose for photographs tomorrow!" And did the astrologers say that the stars foretold plenty turmoil for Rudy and his bride? They did.

The next day came an announcement that the pair would be separated for the winter. Fay, it seems, has had pneumonia once and New York winds are too chilly for her. What with Rudy not wanting to deny his public a single teeny-weency note from his famous larynx, why there's nothing to do but for Fay to go to California while Rudy stays in New York. So Vallee told the boys and girls all about it now, just in case the nasty mean reporters rumor a separation when the winter comes. Always cautious—that's Vallee.

But there was a tragic ending to their honey-

moon. Rudy had to leave Atlantic City to go to his mother's bedside. She died the next day.

TRY to kid Marie Dressler! Just try it!

One wisenheimer made the attempt the other day. He clipped from a newspaper an ad for a new cream to remove wrinkles, sent it by messenger to Marie, at lunch on the M-G-M lot.

"Thanks," Marie scrawled back a note, "but it took me a long time to get these wrinkles, and now that they're earning me never-mind-how-much, why should I bite the wrinkle that feeds me?"

TRUST Constance Bennett to do the sensational. Of course, everybody knew she and Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, Hank, the Marquis, were in love. Then along came Joel

Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!



"Yes, he is my Vagabond Lover," said Fay Webb, and "Yes, she is my Dream Girl," said Rudy Vallee in a practically exclusive statement to PHOTOPLAY in the New York NBC studios the day after their marriage, for there were only 200 photographers, 55 reporters and 3 radio broadcasters present beside us. Now go easy on her, girls



Herr Rudolf Sieber, as he arrived in New York, Hollywood-bound to rejoin his wife Marlene Dietrich. Herr Sieber has directed pictures in Germany. It is his first visit to America, but no Hollywood reception committee awaited him

TWO new recruits were signed for pictures from the chorus of a New York musical show. They were green as turtle soup but had ideas that they'd better put on a little dog. They went to Del Monte for the week end. Neither of them had ever been on a horse but everybody rode there, so they bought swanky riding outfits and went to the stables.

The groom asked them what sort of a saddle they wanted.

The blonde said, "What kind of saddles have you?"

"We have the English and McClellan," the groom replied.

"What's the difference?" they asked.

"The McClellan has a horn and the English hasn't."

"Well, we'll take the English," they said. "We don't intend to ride in traffic!"

MICKEY MOUSE'S voice will be O.K. again, now. It was operated on, the other day, believe it or not.

You see, Mickey's voice really belongs to Walt Disney. Disney is the lad who did the talking that comes from the screen when you see Mickey's beak waggle. But the strain of squeaking in mickeyish manner so affected Disney's throat that an operation was necessary.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich's husband, Rudolf Sieber, arrived in New York enroute to Hollywood to spend a few weeks with his family, his newspaper interviews didn't do Marlene much good.

"Marlene is a great cook, and how she can mix up a dish of *eierkuchen*," he said.

Now who wants to think of our glamorous Dietrich bending over a hot stove stirring a dish of er-er—that German dish we mentioned before? Investigation shows that it is a sort of omelet.

THERE are several versions of Herr Sieber's arrival.

One is that it was a surprise visit, and Marlene was not only surprised, but mildly annoyed.

Another is that Marlene had told Sieber, who has been mixed up in theatrical and moving picture production in Germany, how easy the pickings were here, and that he is after some of them.

And still another is that Marlene is going to stay in this country permanently and cabled her husband to come on over.

Anyhow, Herr Sieber is here and will now begin to know what it feels like to be Mr. Marlene Dietrich.

CRACK by Polly Moran:

She and friends were viewing the lights of Hollywood, one summer night recently, from a vantage point on a Beverly Hills hill. The whole city lay gleaming with millions of varicolored electric lights below them.

"Gosh, ain't it swell?" muttered one of the party.

"Uh huh," uhuhed Polly, "looks just like Peggy Joyce's chest."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS threw a couple of verbal bombs when he spoke right out in meeting to the effect that he "did not intend to make any more motion pictures based on fiction, plays or novels." But he isn't through

with pictures. Right now he has under way a film shot during his recent travels which, if it proves successful, will guide him in his future releases. You'll see him hunting game in India, playing golf in China, chatting with the Siamese and things like that. But he'll be himself and not a movie hero.

WELL, what do you make of that and where does Mary Pickford come in? Will she sit at home while Doug is doing the travelogues? Mary, not long ago, said she thought herself capable of holding down a job as story expert at any studios. She says she believes she knows what is suitable for the screen and what isn't. She should—for she's had enough trouble picking her own pictures, recently.

And no issue of PHOTOPLAY would be complete without a word telling you that they're still denying rumors of a separation!

READING a dispatch from abroad telling of Gary Cooper's visit to Vesuvius, on his European vacation tour, Harrison Carroll, Hollywood columnist, cracked:—"Well, if it's not one volcano for Gary, it's another." And in New York, Lupe Velez was going places with Earl Carroll!

LEAVE it to Pola Negri—that gal hangs on to publicity like a movie mama buttonholes a casting director. Remember all the front page weeping she did after Valentino's death? Now she's picked on Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury. And, busy with world affairs, the poor man probably doesn't know he's being favored.

On her way to Hollywood, Pola stopped off in Washington, D. C., to settle up her jumbled

Hollywood Life is Stranger than Pictures!



You just can't do a thing with that girl Lupe Velez. Here's that cute little Mexican peppercorn up to tricks again—giving her imitation of Gloria Swanson which simply panicked vaudeville audiences on her recent tour. Good, isn't it?



Another bride of the month was Nancy Carroll, Paramount star, who quietly married Bolton Mallory, editor of *LIFE*, immediately after her divorce from Jack Kirkland became final. Mr. and Mrs. Mallory are shown in an exclusive photo posed for PHOTOPLAY. Nancy leaves soon for the Coast, but hubby may have to stick to his job in New York

income tax reports. Mellon helped her for several days. And right away one capital newspaper correspondent sent out the story that Negri and Mellon were to be married.

Now that report is something over which Negri has no control, but the way she denied the story when she hit Hollywood left a question mark. Oh, yes, she denied the rumor in words but there was a choke in her voice and a languorous lilt of the eyebrows. Pola never misses a bet.

THE answer to why so many airplanes were seen hovering over Dolores Del Rio's house was because she was getting natural color for playing the dark-skinned Hawaiian girl in "Bird of Paradise" by taking *au naturel* sunbaths on a roof porch.

One Hollywood youth was reported trying furiously to buy an autogiro.

REMEMBER last month we told you that things were not all moonlight and roses between Billie Dove and millionaire-boy-producer Howard Hughes? Billie was preparing to star in Hughes' super-production, "The Age for Love," when production was postponed again and again and Hollywood chattered. It seems that Hughes has been squiring Lillian Bond to a few select places. And that made Billie unhappy—so unhappy, in fact, that her physician feared her on the verge of a nervous breakdown. And they are saying that Billie consistently refused to report for work at the studio. Also Hughes—is there no limit to the boy's versatility?—has a decided liking for unsophisticated little Dorothy Jordan. At any rate Don Dillaway, Dorothy's steady, has a lost soul look in his eye.

REMEMBER Katherine MacDonald, "the American beauty" of the silent films? She is now the center of one of the most sensational divorce cases in months, and is suing her husband, millionaire Christian R. Holmes, on cruelty charges.

In her complaint she says that *one* night, after calling her endearing names, he began to fire a revolver at her and again he shot at her through a door, demanding that she open it. When she told him the lock had jammed he fired once more.

In Honolulu, she says, he once walked up to her, smiling sweetly and, before some friends, deliberately pressed a lighted cigarette against her hand, burning the flesh.

On one other occasion he smacked her over the shins with a walking cane, she says.

There's an eighteen-months-old daughter, and Katherine is seeking the custody of the child.

MORE odgennashy verse from Hollywood:
Uncle Carl Laemmle
Has a very large faemmle.
And
Pretty June Collyer
Is a cure for melancollyer.

BILL POWELL got peeved at reporters on the day he and Carole Lombard visited the Los Angeles city hall to get their marriage license.

Stopped by newspapermen, Powell remonstrated annoyedly:

"Is nothing sacred to you chaps?"

So they went ahead and printed things from the license application—for instance, that Powell was 38 years old.

LI'L Danny Cupid's Merry-Go-Round! Pauline Starke divorces Hubby Jack White, film producer . . . says he rejected her advances . . . told her he didn't love her . . . said he was her mental superior. . . . Lady June Inverclyde in Reno to get a decree. Declines to say whether or not she'll marry Lothar Mendes, who was once married to Dorothy Mackaill. . . . Inez Withers, ex-wife of Grant Withers, current but not-working husband of Loretta Young, goes into court to ask why Grant didn't pay his alimony. . . . They say Grant likes Betty Bronson and Loretta may be seen almost any noon-time sitting in the Brown Derby with Ricardo Cortez.

MRS. ERNST LUBITSCH, about to get her final decree, expected to wed Hans Kraly, a writer who used to be a friend of Lubitsch, but hasn't been since the two fist-fought at the Embassy just before Mrs. Ernst sued for freedom. . . . Ukelele Ike, Cliff Edwards, wins a divorce for cruelty. . . . He's taking Nancy Dover out places. . . . Claudia Dell wins her final decree of divorce from Philip G. Offin . . . says she's offin him for good. . . . Josephine Dunn, recently sued for divorce by Hubby Clyde (Oil-Heir) Greathouse on charges that she clawed him and called him bad names, files a cross complaint . . . she says that in their four months of marriage, he bought her only one pair of hose and one jar of cold cream and bawled her out for not getting work in pictures. . . . Jack Dempsey left Reno without filing suit for divorce. But Estelle Taylor insists it shall be done. . . . Jack has been seen places with blonde Edna Murphy, while Estelle seems partial to Leslie Fenton as an escort.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



DAUGHTER CONSTANCE and Papa Richard (both Bennett) go over the script, but here's what father is really saying: "Well, Connie, I always knew you'd get there. People thought you wouldn't amount to much after you married that millionaire fellow, Phil Plant, but your old man was for you. I always said, 'My kid's going to make good.'"

And if you call \$30,000 a week making good—she has. Incidentally, PHOTOPLAY gives both Connie and Richard a "best performance" this month in their latest picture, "Bought"

Lupe's welcome home—two years ago, when she and Gary Cooper were Hollywood's happiest, gayest sweethearts. Lupe had been on an Eastern tour, and Big Coop had been pacing the station platform for two hours. A second after this was snapped—boy, what a hug! But alas and alackaday, it isn't like this now



Love On The Rocks

THE fortunes of war have stamped a big black period at the end of one of Hollywood's maddest, vividest love stories. This is the last chapter, which I've elected myself to write. And it's a lament for the passing of one of the strangest, weirdest, most oddly appealing little hellions that ever sent a film director screaming to the crazy-house.

Oh, Lupe the Whoopee Velez is still very much alive—I've just come from a great New York vaudeville theater where I've seen her cavorting and screeching about the stage for a good round fee. And big Gary Cooper, as I tap this off through my tears, is bending those blue Montana eyes on the moth-eaten glories of the Old World.

But the Lupe I've just seen is no more the howling hot tamale of 1929 than I am the angel-faced choir boy of 1910, and if you think Gary is the same open-hearted cow-gentleman of old, you're wrong again. For life, in all its mournful madness and essential goofiness, has at last caught up with the two kids whose love story has had Hollywood and the film world on the guess for the last three or four years.

Caught up with them, yes—and smacked them down and then passed on, snickering.

The big love thing, which burned with a white hot flame for years, has been doused. Lupe and Coop have grown up in the inevitable way—that is, by finding that the first and biggest love can turn sour, even as can the twenty-first.

And Lupe can kick up and scream for years to come—but it won't be with the fierce, spontaneous frenzy that made her at once a fascinating phenomenon and a public pain in the neck. And Gary can save a thousand blonde heroines from a fate worse than death—but only about five-eighths of his heart will be in his work.

It's tough, mates, but that's the way it goes.

IT'S no secret—or is it?—that the Cooper family has never been exactly hilarious about the red-hot romance of Lupe Velez and their boy.

The Judge and his wife are quiet, dignified Montana folks, accustomed to a placid

Time and fate write *finis* to a hectic love story—and Lupe and Gary call it a day—**PERHAPS!**

life and a sane one—for themselves and for the long-legged lad who came down from the North, debuted in horse opera and went on to become a famous star on the Paramount rancho.

It is probable that they'd as soon have had a wild-eyed, free-kicking mustang around the house as the leaping lass from Mexico, for all her tremendous appeal and truly colossal generosity.

They no doubt felt that the mere nervous strain of association with such an untamed fragment of femininity would wear down big Gary.

And it is also probable that his studio rather looked down its nose at the romance, and that the bosses would as soon have had him tossing matches into a keg of black powder. For Lupe was mercurial, to put it mildly.

BUT they fell for each other like a ton of pressed brick—they were tremendously, tempestuously and furiously in love, and it would not be denied. It was the first big love for each, and as well try to stop the Niagara River with a tennis racket!

It was the talk of Hollywood! They were always together—this big, slow boy and the little tan ball of fire. Were they engaged? Married? The world's tongue wagged—and the two kept it wagging for a long time.

Lupe was the cutest thing that had ever crossed Gary's range of vision. Never knew what she was going to do next, never a dull moment with Lupe around. And Gary was beeeeg, and strrrrong, and very gentle and very kind. Perfect opposites made a perfect attraction.

Lupe's home was like no other in the jazz history of the film colony—a mad synthesis of Coney Island, a Mexican bull ring and feeding time at the zoo. A twenty-four hour *fiesta* went on week in, week out.

Dinner was announced for seven. At that hour Lupe was turning handsprings for her guests, and the helpless butler was chased from the room. At eight, nine, ten and eleven he was fired for announcing food, which had been forgotten entirely. He was hired again the next morning, of course.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

By Leonard Hall



They made a pretty picture—the girl in white leather chaps and a big sombrero, the mare prancing like a colt

PINK HAWKINS getting mixed up with a woman, or rather with two women, was just about the most unusual thing that ever happened at Cottonwood Ranch. And there's been a heap of unusual things happening around here lately.

It wasn't more than three years ago when we were just a poor paying cattle ranch. Then one day a picture company from Hollywood came poking in to ask for board while they photographed some outdoor scenes for a Western picture and, right then and there, the whole shebang went movie. By letting everything get a mite untidier and installing a Mexican and a goat corral, my place was known to the companies as the ideal location.

I didn't change my hired hands any, but Pink Hawkins was the only one of the hands I had any trouble with. That lean, red-haired youngster was shyer than a coyote as far as picture folk were concerned. Whenever a troupe was due to arrive, he'd claim he had to go over and see how the pasturage was holding up by Three Star Butte, or if there was enough water for the herd at Snake Creek.

When I taxed him about it, he said he hated to take a chance on one of those fool tenderfoots wanting to ride that sweet Pinto pony of his. But the boys all joked him, claiming it was because he was loath to meet up with the women of the com-

pany. And yet at Hank Davis' movie theater at the Junction, Pink never missed a Western.

One day, when I was sitting on the stoop, tilted back on the hind legs of my chair, a short, squatty little feller with a long nose drives up in an old Stutz.

He introduces himself as Mister Zoebeck, President and Manager of the All Arts Film concern.

Now, Hank Davis had run considerable All Arts pictures, probably because they were the cheapest ones he could get hold of. So I wasn't entirely surprised when it came out that Zoebeck wasn't able to make the advance payment that treating with the movie industry has taught me to demand. It seemed the money he was expecting from New York had been held up in the air mail by a blizzard.

After quite a spell of argument, the manager turns away, drooping and discouraged as a little moulting sparrow. He's about to climb back into his car, when Pink, who'd been polishing tack close by, speaks up.

"Cottonwood," he says, "maybe I can help out Mr. Zoebeck."



Her Own Best Enemy

*The story of a smart
girl who played a
double rôle in one
lonely man's life*

*By
Agnes Christine
Johnston*

Illustrated by R. F. James

"Pink," I replies, "the only thing that would help out Mr. Zoebeck as far as I'm concerned is five hundred dollars, and where would a cowman ever get that much kale?"

"I've already got it," he replies and pulls out his wallet, disclosing enough alfalfa to feed a herd of short horns through the winter.

I started so sudden I almost had to pull leather to hang onto my chair. "Whoa there, cowboy!" I cries, grabbing his arm to elbow out Zoebeck, who is buzzing around like a hungry horsefly.

"Didn't me and the Pinto take away three cash prizes from the Bakersfield rodeo?" says Pink.

"And I assure you that your investment will be repaid manifold from the profits of the picture," Zoebeck breaks in. "Now, if you'll give me the money, I'll have our lawyers—"

"I DON'T lean much to lawyers," objects Pink, putting back the wallet. "But I don't want no funny business, 'cause, then, I reckon I'd have to take my payment out of Mr. Zoebeck's hide." And he casts a glance at the manager that was plumb ominous.

"They'll be no funny business," gulps Zoebeck, backing up 'til he near fell off the stoop. Then, thanking Pink shortly and at a safe distance, he skedaddled.

Two days later, the All Arts outfit uncramped themselves from their bus, and what with the petting and attention they gave Pink, I figured Zoebeck must have wised 'em that cowboy was their angel in chaps.

But Pink didn't pay any heed to their nonsense. Just stood by the car with his hat off, looking expectant, and it came to me as a kind of shock that instead of vamoosing in his usual way, he was actually waiting to take stock of the females of the troupe.

There was only one of the unfair sex, however, and she steps out last, looking more like a bear than a girl, all wrapped up in a big, long-haired fur coat and carrying a mite of a long-haired dog that might have been the fur coat's cub.

She anchored to the end of Pink's 'kerchief and threw back her little blonde head, looking up at his six feet, two, with the pertest kind of smile.

"Hello, cowboy," she says.

"Pleased to meet you, Ma'am."

Pink, his face as red as his hair, tries to edge away, but she begins loading his arms with her bags and bundles, setting the little dog top side of 'em all.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" she asks.

"Sure, but where's the rest of the company?"

"I'm all the rest there is."

"How about that dark-haired, full-figured little lady who plays the dance hall girl?"

"Vilma Roselle?"

"That's her moniker."

"She's not along this trip."

"Then how can you folks make the picture?"

"Oh, Vilma hardly ever plays in the exterior scenes. Just the bar-room and dance hall sets, and we shot all those in Hollywood."

Pink looks as mournful as a desert fox with his tail in a trap. "Oh, foot!" he says. "It's sure disappointing to me that you had to leave Miss Roselle behind."

"Can't I take her place?" asks the little blonde she-cat, cuddling closer.

"No, Ma'am, you can't," returns Pink, firm like.

"Oh, aren't you just the great big gallant gorilla!"

"Little lady, you don't understand. Ever since I first saw Miss Roselle in pictures, it's been the ambition of my life to meet up with her."

"Well, I'm in All Arts pictures, too," purrs Blondy. "Or maybe you never noticed the gorgeous creature who plays the heroine with the heart of gold and hair of peroxide?"

"Sure, I have. You're Lavina Lynn, danged pretty in the pictures, and a honey with a horse and I'm mighty glad to make your acquaintance, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, it's what I might have known would happen. Lady Luck's been stringing with me for so long, it's just like her to turn and up-end me on the first occasion of genuine importance. Now all I get from my five hundred is the sight of you, instead of Vilma Roselle."

"**S**AY, Big Boy," Lavina shoots out at him, "you ought to go into the diplomatic service. You'd promote a world war in just about five minutes."

And grabbing her mutt that had been chewing away on Pink's gauntlet all this time, she trots off toward the house with a red hot mad on.

It wasn't until the end of the day's work that Lavina met Pink again. I and him were out in the corral, haying the stock, when she rode in from location on the Mother Mare—that

white pony with the flowing mane. A pretty picture they made, the girl in white leather chaps and a big sombrero and the Mother Mare prancing like she was a colt instead of twenty-eight years old and the dam of fourteen youngsters.

In spite of their morning ruckus, she starts making up to Pink right off. "I guess Vilma Roselle has kind of sunk you, hasn't she, Cowboy?"

"Yes," says Pink, "I've sure got an admiration for that woman."

"What's so much about her?"

"Dunno." Pink was warming out of his bashfulness on account of his interest in the subject. "They's just something about that husky voice of hers and the way she walks, wriggling herself around like a rattler—"

"**S**HE shakes a fancy hip all right," admits Lavina.

"And what is more," goes on Pink solemn as a church, "she reminds me of my mother, although I can't quite figure out why."

"Neither can I," says Lavina and laughs right out.

The next couple of days, Pink tags after Lavina every chance he gets, asking her questions about Vilma. They sat next each other at mealtime, with me opposite, and she sure told him plenty.

Sometimes, to hear her talk, you'd think this Roselle woman was ranking prize-winner among all females, and then the very next meal, Lavina would start playing cat to her friend, saying it was true that Vilma was beautiful, but the complexion specialists had a heap to do with it, while as for good nature and disposition, she saved up what meagre amounts she owned for her scenes in front of the camera.

Hearing this, Pink would freeze up tighter than a basin of water in the Yukon and leave table without even waiting for a second passing of wheat cakes.

Zoebeck didn't seem a mite happy over the proceedings. He'd plant himself on the other side of Lavina and give her a look or nudge if she went too far. And once, I judged from the squeal she gave, he'd stepped on her foot, under the table.

One evening Pink pipes up suddenly. "Miss Lavina, would you mind giving me Vilma Roselle's address? I'm planning to write her a letter."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

How Ten Stars Overcame Self-Consciousness

THE stars weren't born the poised, confident and serene individuals they appear on the screen. They aren't, by any means, strangers to the painful and humiliating experiences which self-consciousness occasions. Millions of girls suffer from it. Before they could become great, the stars had to overcome this every-day stage fright that obscures both beauty and charm.

How did they do it?

Adele Whitely Fletcher has talked to ten stars. And they have told her exactly what they did to master self-consciousness until today they appear to their best advantage off the screen as well as on.

The Unknown Hollywood That I Know

AN intimate and revealing portrait of the world's most fantastic city, by Katherine Albert, who for twelve years has been closely associated with the greatest stars in the colony. None of the amazing incidents and incredible circumstances told in this series have ever been printed before.

Miss Albert tells all—without garnishing or sugar-coating the truth.

You'll discover about your favorites secrets that no one knows. Starting with the old D. W. Griffith days and marching steadily to the present time, this yarn is a striking panorama of a glamorous town. Don't miss it!

Don't Miss the October Issue of **PHOTOPLAY**

Why Carole Changed Her Mind

Love laughed as it threw Bill Powell's set ideas right out the window—so did Bill

By Ruth Biery

IT was a simple wedding. Not at all like the usual Hollywood matrimonial show.

Carole wore powder blue chiffon without veil or hat; Bill a light grey suit. They stood in the living-room, late in the afternoon, chatting with their two families, the only guests, until Carole slipped her hand into Bill's and said simply, "All right. Let's get married."

When the minister had finished the few, ancient words, they locked arms and walked into the garden. No one heard what they said beneath the overhanging shrubbery but when they returned to the living-room their eyes looked damp. All they said was, "We are happy."

Then the two families sat down to dinner. Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Peters, mother of Carole, had telephoned a few friends and asked them to drop in about ten-thirty. The Richard Barthelmess's, Clive Brooks and Ernest Torrences joined the gay little group.

Ronald Colman was in Santa Barbara. He long-distanced his felicitations. He's the last of the three famous bachelors, you know. Barthelmess and Powell have deserted.

And yet, just three months before this wedding day, June 28, Carole Lombard told me she would not marry Bill Powell. PHOTOPLAY has already printed her reasons. Why did she change her mind?

Here, we will have to turn to the intimates of the two, because Carole and Bill are honeymooning in Honolulu as this is written. And to our knowledge of both parties.

Carole reversed her decision for two reasons. One, she was too young (she is twenty-two) to realize that love can conquer intelligence; two, Bill Powell changed.

Those close to him state definitely they have never seen such a change in a man.

When Bill Powell first met Carole Lombard, last October, he was selfish. Oh, yes, you were, Bill. I understand that you yourself have admitted as much recently.

AFTER all, how could Bill have been otherwise? He'd lived alone so long. Although his divorce is recent—his separation came years ago. He was accustomed to getting up when he pleased, going where he pleased, sleeping when he pleased—doing what he pleased.

The studio was his only master and certain people in the Paramount studio where he has been for almost four years, if pressed hard enough, will describe Bill Powell as a troublemaker. He wanted to dictate every detail of every picture. To find a leading lady for him was as difficult as understanding the Einstein theory. And he advised others to be dissatisfied—even, we understand, Kay Francis.

In other words, he was even totally selfish in his work!

When he first asked Carole to marry him, he was equally selfish. She was to give up her career; she was to travel when he traveled; she was to live as he lived. Carole told me all this herself—three months ago.

And then?

He discovered he was going to lose Carole. She even told him he couldn't see her for three days. She told him she had struggled for six years—a long, arduous, grinding struggle typical of all who seek success—and she was not going to let that struggle go for naught.

She couldn't live as he lived; she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Bill and Carole said good-bye to all their doubts as they set off for a Hawaiian honeymoon. They believe they've found a way to keep their careers and their happiness, too

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE—M-G-M*

IF you like your romance spread thick, your passion strong and your Garbo hot, don't miss this. And take notice, you Garbo-ites: If you were mad about her before, just wait until you see her teamed up with this manifestation of masculine S. A. called Clark Gable.

The story of *Susan Lenox* is fairly well-known. Picturizing it, M-G-M stuck closely to the tale, modernizing it, of course, and adding a trick ending.

Garbo does her utmost with the title rôle, a natural for her. And Gable will unquestionably win more fans by his work. This Garbo-Gable team looks hot for the screen's double-harness honors. To M-G-M's photographers, a rousing cheer for some magnificent camerawork.



★ *SECRETS OF A SECRETARY—Paramount*

HERE is a story which is none too strong, but is made entertaining and interesting because of the people in it.

Claudette Colbert, featured as the society girl who becomes a social secretary when her father dies penniless, is more appealing than ever, but it is Herbert Marshall, English actor-husband of Edna Best, who makes this picture of more than ordinary interest.

When you see him you will know why Edna ran away from Hollywood to be with him. He is not only a splendid actor, but a handsome one, with a devastating charm.

Georges Metaxa, another newcomer who will interest you, plays Claudette's gigolo husband excellently, while Mary Boland, Broadway stage veteran, and Betty Lawford, help make this an enjoyable film.

The Shadow Stage

(REGULAR PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *FIVE STAR FINAL—First National*

CHALK up another bull's-eye for the same team that made "Little Caesar" big—actor Eddie Robinson and director Mervyn LeRoy! In "Five Star Final" they've achieved another thriller that will make its way to high screen and box-office honors.

"Five Star Final" is the brutally bitter tale of how rotten tabloid journalism can be at its worst. It tells how, for the sake of circulation, a tab sheet digs up the lived-down past of a woman who is happily married, mother of a girl at the threshold of her own great happiness—marriage to the man she loves—but who knows nothing of the hidden tragedy in her mother's life. Heedless of all decency, disregarding all pleas, the scandal sheet goes ahead with its *exposé*. As the managing editor who hates his job, Robinson is superb. Marian Marsh, as the daughter, is grand, and Alene MacMahon makes a "bit" stand out.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

FIVE STAR FINAL
SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE
SECRETS OF A SECRETARY
POLITICS
BAD GIRL
TRANSATLANTIC

BOUGHT
MERELY MARY ANN
THE STAR WITNESS
THE SECRET CALL
WATERLOO BRIDGE

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo and Clark Gable
in "Susan Lenox"

James Dunn, Minna Gombell and Sally Eilers
in "Bad Girl"

Edward G. Robinson and Marian Marsh
in "Five Star Final"

Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall
in "Secrets of a Secretary"

Constance Bennett and Richard Bennett
in "Bought"

Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen
in "Transatlantic"

Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and Beryl Mercer
in "Merely Mary Ann"

Peggy Shannon and Richard Arlen
in "The Secret Call"

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran
in "Politics"

Adolphe Menjou and Irene Dunne
in "The Great Lover"

Lionel Barrymore
in "Guilty Hands"

Chic Sale
in "The Star Witness"

Helen Hayes
in "The Lullaby"

Mae Clarke
in "Waterloo Bridge"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ MERELY MARY ANN—Fox

THAT idyllic pair of young romancers, Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, are back again in this one, a sweet tale of the raggedy boarding house slavey and the ambitious young musician. It's the sort of thing you'll like and, of course, you'll like them in it, for Janet has never been more wistful and Charlie never more reformed.

However, the big laurels go to Beryl Mercer as the boarding house keeper to whom Janet is slavey. She shows what a real trouper she is and endows the part with a rich humor.

In addition to the charm of the picture a musical score is occasionally introduced which adds to its enjoyment.

And take your hankie. It's that kind of picture.



★ BOUGHT—Warners

LOOKING for a *real* picture? One which will hold you on the edge of your seat *without a gangster in it?* Constance Bennett does some great acting and Archie Mayo does some grand directing.

Connie is the daughter of her own father in the picture, but she doesn't know it. You, the audience, suspect it. She's eighteen in the first shot; twenty in the last. If all girls learned the common sense she did in two years, flappers would go out of style. You feel that most girls have as many troubles as Connie, which is one reason the picture is a wow. It's human.

Warners were clever in the device they used to show off Connie's figure. They made her a model for one-third of the production. Those clothes! No woman will want to miss the gowns; no man the figure which displays them.

Ben Lyon is splendid, as is Arthur Stuart Hull.



★ POLITICS—M-G-M

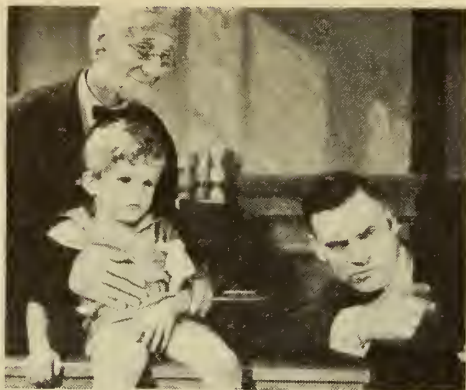
IF that Dressler-Moran team doesn't cure your Depression Blues, it's time to see a doctor, numerologist, astrologist, or veterinary. They start you off with a giggle and send you home still laughing at that uproarious last line. (No, we *won't* tell you. Go and hear it for yourself.) For contrast, you won't mind the few tears you blink away.

Polly and Marie, a couple of civic-minded housewives, set out to clean up the town's speakeasies and reform its politics. They organize the women and promote a housewives' strike—no bedmaking, sweeping or baby-tending.

We can't tell you more without spoiling your fun. Except that Roscoe Ates is still funny as a stutterer and Karen Morley, as Marie's daughter, promises to do even bigger things.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆
**THE STAR
 WITNESS—**
Warners



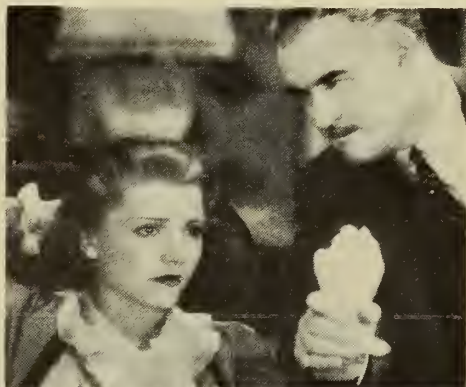
ONLY that this was previewed on the dead-line and the spaces for the leading six were filled, keeps this from the preceding pages this month. It has excellent suspense, humor, heartache. To tell the story would spoil the intensity of its drama. It has an entirely new plot. Walter Huston, Chic Sale, Sally Blane, Frances Starr, Eddie Nugent—are all splendid. You will want to see it.

☆
BAD GIRL—
Fox



WHETHER or not you read Vina Delmar's novel from which this is taken, you'll get a thrill from the picture version. You'll find everything: Laughter at the maternity ward; a prize-fight which the father loses as first payment on his baby; sex appeal when the undies are displayed; pathos and love. Director Frank Borzage, James Dunn, Minna Gombell and Sally Eilers rate high praise.

☆
**THE SECRET
 CALL—**
Paramount



PEGGY SHANNON, who substituted for Clara Bow in this story of love and politics when Microphone Fright sent Clara to the hospital, makes the most of her opportunity and scores a solid hit. You won't forget her. William B. Davidson as the politician who ruins Peggy's father, is an able villain, while Dick Arlen is splendid as the love interest. Ned Sparks does well as a humorous reporter.

☆
**TRANS-
 ATLANTIC—**
Fox



IF you don't like the technique of the opening shots, showing the intricacies of boarding and running a ship, don't leave. It's a fine picture, and director William K. Howard has done an unusual job. Edmund Lowe is splendid as the gambler with a heart, and Greta Nissen gives a convincing and sexy interpretation of a beautiful adventuress. John Halliday, Myrna Loy, and Lois Moran do good work in supporting rôles.

☆
**WATERLOO
 BRIDGE—**
Universal



BOB SHERWOOD'S splendid stage play, made intelligently into a very entertaining picture. Dealing with a somewhat morbid story of a girl whom Fate knocks down time after time, it is nevertheless a production that is well worth your time and money. Mae Clarke is splendid as *Myra*. This is an honest picture, another answer to the fans' desire for something different in screen fare.

☆
**GUILTY
 HANDS—**
M-G-M



ONE of the best murder yarns produced, in which Lionel Barrymore gives an excellent and polished performance. He's a father who commits murder to protect the happiness of his daughter. You know he did the murder. The excitement lies in the question: Will they discover him or won't they? Go and see to find out. Kay Francis and Madge Evans also contribute excellent performances.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

HONEYMOON LANE—
Sono Art



NOT a great picture, but a thoroughly delightful one. No sex, no gang murders, but plenty of laughs and chuckles and entertainment. Eddie Dowling and June Collyer team up for romantic delight, while amazing Ray Dooley will tie you up in laugh-knots. The story is negligible, but the handling of it is charming—and there's a song number by Dowling which proves music has its place on the screen.

FULL OF NOTIONS—
Radio Pictures



IF you're a Wheelerwolesyite, don't miss this one—for it's one of the best comedies the W-W team has turned out. It packs enough fat laughs to make up for weeks of gang-murders and sad-endings! This time the two comickers, unemployed vaudevillians, take over a moribund drug store to help a poor old lady. The villain spikes the lemon sodas they sell. Results: hilarious!

THE BLACK CAMEL—
Fox



ANOTHER good mystery movie in which the suave and shrewd *Charlie Chan* unravels the strange circumstances surrounding the murder of a motion picture star. Warner Oland again plays the courteous Oriental (betcha he uses that Chinese accent at breakfast). Sally Eilers, Dorothy Revier and Bela Lugosi are all excellent. The film was made in Honolulu. And it's great for the hot weather. See it.

THE GREAT LOVER—
M-G-M



WHEREIN Menjou reverts to type. As *Paurel*, the opera star, who breaks hearts by the score, only to have his own broken—well, cracked—at the end, Menjou makes full use of that personal quality which screen-goers have called sophistication. Irene Dunne, using her gorgeous singing voice for the first time on the screen, is a revelation. Neil Hamilton and Ernest Torrence are excellent, too.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER—
Radio Pictures



IN one way, "Cimarron" wasn't such a good break for Dix, after all. It led his fans to expect too much. And the stories he's had since then somehow don't seem to stack up. This is one—he's a modern avenger who, alone and mysteriously, brings to justice a gang of big-shot crooks and does a neat job of it. Unless you're looking for another *Yancey Cravat*, you'll not be too bored.

THE LULLABY—
M-G-M



HELEN HAYES lives up to her reputation of being one of our most capable stage actresses. What a pity that her first movie story is so old to the picture public that you know every move before she makes it. "The Lullaby" is just another version of the antiquated "Madame X" melodrama. An excellent supporting cast wasted in this indifferent production.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]

\$5,000⁰⁰ in Prizes

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

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

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

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

Read the Rules Carefully Before Starting Work

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

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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

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

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

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

70 Readers Must Win

Now Turn to Page 62 and Get Busy



THE only woman who ever became a topnotch talkie director. Starting as a stenographer on the Paramount lot, she's still with the same company. She's had to resign four times to get recognition, and was scared stiff at the responsibilities. But now she's sitting pretty, as you can see in this fine study of Dorothy Arzner and her faithful camera

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000.00 Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair was on the stage a long while ago;
The eyes have been married three times.
The mouth is one star who will wait a long while
Before her own wedding bell chimes.

Lower

The hair first saw light in the Cimarron state,
The eyes have caused laughter and tears;
The mouth's a new-comer—she's gone over big—
In fact she's been greeted by cheers!

Upper

The hair has a daughter, a child she adores—
The eyes had two years on the stage.
The mouth went to convent, was later in stock,
And we aren't quite sure of her age.

Lower

The hair weighs far less than the century mark,
The eyes have the loveliest knees—
The mouth has known sorrow and trouble and pain,
But, oh, how she's able to please!

RESUME

*Three have been married, and one is not wed,
One's awfully young—one refuses to grow old
One's a dashing brunette, and one's just between,
And one boasts of hair that's red gold
One's been in the pictures for many a year,
And one starred abroad ere she came over here.*



Upper

The hair came to us from a far away land,
The eyes have a dad who's a wow;
The mouth played in stock, was a hit on the stage,
But he came to the screen anyhow!

Lower

The hair only once has been able to vote,
The eyes have twice gone to the altar;
The mouth has been married two years, and they say
His marital love will not falter.

Upper

The hair was with Hackett—(said hair is dark brown)—
The eyes went to school overseas;
The mouth has been starred in "The Vice Squad"; they say
It's a picture that surely did please.

Lower

The hair has inherited talent, and how!
The eyes had a lengthy stage training—
The mouth is a Grand Rapids, Michigan, boy,
And his acting flair needs no explaining!

RESUME

*Two of them are married and one never was,
And two are quite light, and two darker—
Three of them had schooling in Europe; and one
Had quite a nice part in "The Barker."
Three had stage careers, and three studied in college—
And all of them have great screen charm, and real knowledge!*



HE'S seen some tough times, has Ronald Colman. The lessons they taught him he shares with you on the opposite page. Never a piker and one of the most gracious of hosts in his beautiful Hollywood home, he's learned a few lessons about moderation in ambition and the real value of things that he here generously passes on to you.

The Way I See It

By Ronald Colman

Ronnie discovered money can be a spiritual thing—when it's in the bank

MY experience with money has been more or less of a touch and go affair. Reflectively speaking, I found my attitude toward capital as varied as the barometer. Sometimes money seemed a goal, sometimes a luxury, often a dire necessity, frequently a servant. I have often wondered that this inorganic thing called by whatever you will—cash, property, notes—could plough so fecund a field at one instance and at another disguise itself like someone else's possession in so chameleon-like a fashion that one was never able to find it again.

Money never really is lost, for there is always some kind person to fish it out of the maelstrom of improvident spending.

Unfortunately, in the beginning, I didn't do a great deal of fishing and so money and I were only occasionally gay companions, but more often than not quite distantly related. It took years of the best sort of practice to accustom myself to the feel of it and realize its powers of futurity. After that it became a friend and a member of my household in the capacity of a well-paying guest.

In London, before the World War, I was just another young man with a fairly good job, too busy working with one hand and enjoying himself with the other to wonder about eventual values. Tennis, cricket, an amateur dramatic society which took a great deal of time, combined with the office to fill my days brimful. The thing I wanted most out of life was what most youngsters want—a rapid succession of interesting, possibly exciting experiences, building up to—well, nothing in particular. One thing was as good as another, so long as it was new.

SO when the war came and the London Scottish Reserves, which I had joined for the purpose of keeping fit, were called to the colors, I was definitely pleased to see this whole chapter of new experience opening before me. I had no settled livelihood to leave, no absorbing career to be interrupted, no future to build, for that had never occurred to me.

I went, and had my share of fighting, and was invalided home after two years. And at this point, with nothing to return to and so much temptation to just go off the handle and forget—I had my problem.

I might return to my old job. I might get a place in the consular service through a friend who pulled wires for it with far more zeal than I ever felt in the matter. I hadn't a shilling to my credit anywhere but in my pocket, and that was not important. You don't need an anchor to windward when you'd rather drift than not.



Ronald Colman and Fay Wray in a scene from his latest Samuel Goldwyn picture, "The Unholy Garden." His stage career was a lucky (for us, too!) accident

But while the consular business was hanging fire, I heard that Lena Ashwell was looking for a darkish, Italian-appearing youngster for a leading man in her vaudeville playlet. My taste for acting experienced a mild revival. People did make a living on the stage now and again, and I knew that I enjoyed acting above all things.

I had an interview with Miss Ashwell and was accepted for the part. We toured England in the sketch and I did well enough to take definitely to the stage from then on. I was an actor. Quite by accident, I had a profession at last.

BUT it was a profession which was far too appropriate to my state of mind. There is nothing so haphazard, hit-or-miss, as the average actor's career. And I had even less sense of direction than most beginners. It was a careless, threadbare sort of existence, improvident, recklessly so, without any more reasoned purpose than keeping a little ahead of the week's necessities. I even enjoyed this aspect of my new life in the intervals of financial perplexity.

And there was a sufficient degree of success to keep me cheerful most of the time. Presently I was playing the male lead in a London production of "Damaged Goods," getting thirty pounds (about \$150) a week and astonished at my own earning capacity. Of course I was an actor, and headed far too willingly up a ladder of easy success. When "Damaged Goods" closed, there would be another part, a higher salary, and after that another, and so on and so forth. It was an infection of an easy optimism which pervades the acting profession, and I had a bad case.

"Damaged Goods" closed, according to my schedule. But the new part with the higher salary was not forthcoming at all. In those closing days of the war, the London theater was in an incredible depth of stagnant [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Lil and Eddie and their.



A happy pair in the red and white dining-room, with real Wedgwood china on the buffet. Who'll break the first plate?



Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe knocked Malibu cold when they opened their famous beach house. Here's the bedroom and that there sleeping place was specially built

*Photographs
by Stagg*

Red and White "Shack"

Inside and out it's red and white. Lil wears a bathing suit of the same colors. So Eddie just won't feel blue. The only false note in the color scheme is that swell tan they both have



Get the red and white stripes and checkers in the living-room, and that picture of Joan Crawford on the table Lil's perched on



WANTED for grand and petty larceny! This young woman is a picture stealer. Remember her in "Night Nurse"? When she was on the screen nobody had a chance. On the opposite page Ruth Biery tells you a lot about Joan Blondell

"Take it easy and laugh," is Joan's motto. Once just another Broadway blonde she is now considered big time stuff



According to the interviewer, Joan Blondell isn't in love and she ought to be. Now where's the old chivalry of Hollywood?

A New Picture Thief

TWENTY-TWO birthdays and each one spent in a different port and a majority in different countries! You'd expect a girl with a record like that to be interesting, wouldn't you?

Well, you won't be disappointed. At least, I wasn't. Joan Blondell was more than I expected. But then, remember, I'm just an old movie-cynic and don't as a rule expect much from screen newcomers. We've seen so many come—and we've seen so many go.

Of course, after "Night Nurse" I knew Blondell could steal a picture. Somehow, you almost forget Barbara Stanwyck (fine actress that she is) when those two women came in together. But we've seen others steal pictures and then depart to regions unknown.

But, somehow, after meeting her, I can't believe this blonde-headed little kid is to be one of the temporary headliners—unless she runs out on us. After all, it is darned hard to settle down to birthdays in one place with *her* record.

I base these assumptions more on my meeting with her than on her story. Although the story is full of interest the meeting was of still *more* interest. Perhaps you'd like to get in on it.

It was a cold interview. Now, all writers hate cold interviews. To talk to an actress you'd never met; to wonder whether all the sweet honey words she pours into your ears are honest! Not to know whether she has her hand, beneath the table, on the Bible or her fingers crossed.

I hated the thought of seeing Blondell like I hate this summer's weather.

A SECRETARY in the publicity department informed me a man was on the set trying to persuade Blondell to keep her appointment. My eyes widened. *Persuading her!* Persuading a Hollywood actress, and a comparative newcomer, to talk about herself! I decided the secretary must have been affected by the heat wave which was annihilating Los Angeles.

When the publicity man returned, I pulled this one, with small hope it would take. "I feel terrible today. I don't know Blondell. I don't feel equal to dragging dark secrets from an unknown person. Let's postpone this until she's finished her picture."

By Ruth Biery

A spasm of relief crossed his face. "All right. We'll make it next week!" The alacrity with which a publicity man, who

had spent hours trying to sell a story on Blondell, accepted my lazy proposition made me believe that the secretary might *not* be crazy.

So the publicity man and I went to lunch. We were barely seated when Blondell entered. As she passed our table, Mr. Publicity Man, with press-agent instincts which simply couldn't be buried, jumped up and said, "You two might as well meet each other."

BLONDELL eyed me distastefully. "I've just spoiled seven shots. *Seven!* I just couldn't get it. I'm hot and I'm tired and I'm angry—"

"So am I! It's one of those days when I hate all actresses. I want to go to the beach. I don't want to talk to you—"

She laughed. "Gosh. If I'd known you felt like that, too—"

I turned to the publicity representative. "Beat it. We won't do an interview. We'll just sympathize with each other but there's no reason why we shouldn't eat together."

So he removed his plate and the waitress put down a clean one and Miss Joan Blondell and I got together on that sympathy business. Catch 'em when they're cross and when you're cross and you forget about this writing, acting business. You just become two everyday, mis-used women.

I SHOULD say the main thing that is wrong with Blondell is: she's not in love! And any woman needs to be in love for inspiration. If the love brings heart-breaks, she has the joy of being miserable and "giving her best" to her work to pretend she's forgetting. If the love brings happiness she soars in the heights and does good work because she can't help it. And Blondell is just at that empty place in between where she is neither miserable nor floating!

You see, despite written stories to the contrary (stories Joan probably gave with fingers crossed beneath the table) she never had sufferings and heartbreaks and poverty when she was a youngster. Her father, Ed

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Such Clothes!

PHOTOPLAY's fashion authority, Seymour, has found some fascinating new styles in Hollywood for you, and you'll find them in the

Special Fashion Section

in the

OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY

Don't miss that issue

October, remember



John Barrymore goes for swanky cigarettes at ten cents each for evening wear



WELL, here you are, you hundreds of screen fans who have written us asking about the smoking habits of Hollywood!

It all started last February, when our editorial page carried a note to the effect that Fredric March had been asked to swear off cigars. Cigars, said the request, are "unromantic"—cigarettes, on the other hand, are "cute"—and pipes are "manly." So, since Freddie March was getting a great build-up as a romantic, heavy-loving star, he was kindly asked to give up puffing cheroots on the screen.

That started you off. And did the letters pour in! Four mailmen had nervous breakdowns and strained backs, just toting in your missives.

"Let him smoke cigars!" "No cigars, please!" "Fie! He shouldn't smoke at all!" "Let the boy smoke a herring if he wants to!" So the correspondence raged.

From that it was just a short hop to "What does Marie Dressler smoke, if any?" and "Does George Bancroft really smoke scented cigarettes?" And poor little me—I was told off, delegated and ordered to find out the smoking preferences of the actors.

Well, here you are. I'm an old and broken man, for it was a tough assignment. Next to "What do they drink?" and "Whom is he goofy about now?" the smoking business was the toughest thing I could have tackled.

There seems to be a conspiracy of silence about this smoking business. Ask the high-priced gents who are paid to get the stars' names in the papers, and they scream in mortal pain.

"Goshamighty and geewhillikins!" they howl. "You can't print that. It'll spoil the illusion!"—which implies that we have any about the ducky little actors. "Goodness golly, what would the folks in Kansas say if you said that Ruth Chatterton took a puff now and then?" Those boys weren't much help.

Neither were some of the actors. Lots of them strain a

What Do They Smoke?



Norma Talmadge gets her smokes all rigged up in stripes like a barber pole

Illustrated by Van Arsdale

Fredric March started it all and now we've got to tell you who smokes what and how

By Cal York

ligament to keep folks from knowing they smoke, and what. Take Lickter's, the famous shop in Hollywood's Chinese Theater building, that makes up cigarettes to order. There's a sure-death rule there that no star's order is to be given away to inquirers or snoopers.

One young male star used to sneak in at the back door of Lickter's and order two special monogrammed brands—one for himself and one for his sweetie-pie. They're married now, and they smoke one of the fifteen-cents-a-pack brand.

Well, in the face of this embargo on information, I dug up the dope on a lot of our boys and girls. To be exact, I put the finger on exactly 170 ladies and gentlemen of the silver screen.

Of this number, 116 confessed to enjoying the delights of Lady Nicotine in one form or another—though I couldn't line up one snuff-sniffer in all Hollywood! Snuff boxes are just

antiques out here! Shades of my dear old grandmother.

A little lightning arithmetic and we thus find that three out of four of filmdom's leading lights are puffers, and this includes both men and women.

However, for the sake of Freddie March, I *must* mention here that nearly one-third of the male smokers in Hollywood use cigars as well as cigarettes—and many of them are among our most romantic actors, too! Take heart, Fred—and have a good five cent cigar! Off the screen! Or sneak a smoke with the electricians.

CIGARETTES, of course, are a top-heavy favorite with the fuming contingent, both male and female, and the vast majority of them use standard domestic brands of fags, even as you and I. This leaves exactly sixteen who go for brands a little more exotic, scented, decorated and swanky than the sort I'm puffing this minute.

All of which is good news for the tobacco industry, which probably is never terribly depressed. Take away my bread and jam, but leave my smokes!

Now, how about the boys and girls themselves? Let's start with Lupe Velez—she's a good start at any time. Funny about Lupe. Lupe decided to quit smoking cigarettes. So she stopped buying—pop, just like that! But did that mean she stopped smoking? Not Lupe—only didn't smoke her own for a few days. Wherever she was working, on the beach, at the dress-makers—she always begs a cigarette. She probably smoked as many of Gary Cooper's as he did himself, before their break.

Young Doug Fairbanks swore off for a week also. Doug will walk into a group of pals, at home or on the lot, and say, "Gotta smoke? Gimme cigarette!" Of course, his mates are wise now, and they say no, they're sorry, just out. Whereupon Junior pulls out his own pack with a resigned air, and lights up. It's a gag with him.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



HERE is Marian Marsh, who is going to play a leading rôle in "Beauty and the Boss," the scenario for which PHOTOPLAY and Warner Bros. have been seeking the past four months. Right now the Contest Judges are sorting and sifting thousands of manuscripts, the winner to be announced in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY. Lucky author, whose heroine will be brought to life in the person of this vivacious and beautiful girl!

AND this is Marilyn Morgan, before she went blonde and changed her name to Marian Marsh. Not quite seventeen then. Her triumphs as *Tribby* in "Svengali" and again with John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius" were still before her. After working on "Five Star Final," Marian is now playing the feminine lead opposite William Powell in "The Road to Singapore," Bill's first picture under his new Warner Bros. contract

Princesses, duchesses, ladies of proud old foreign title... patrician leaders of society in our own America... they share one birthright of race and breeding... beautiful skin, flawless as diamonds... To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service"... Miss Anne Morgan says, "Pond's, through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, helps women achieve

1 Pond's Cold Cream is the first step in the Pond's Method. Generously apply as often as needed during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.



2 To wipe away the cream swiftly, completely, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer and half again more absorbent by laboratory test. They whisk away all cream and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder, leaving your skin immaculate.

3 To tone and firm the skin and keep the pores fine, Pond's Skin Freshener is simply indispensable. When you have wiped away the cold cream, wet a sizable pad of cotton with Freshener and then do a brisk little tap dance all over the cleansed skin. This banishes lingering oiliness and danger of "shiny nose."



4 A smooth, well-bred finish adds so much to one's poise. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder—face, neck, shoulders, arms... It gives protection from sun and wind and makes your powder cling for hours... And always use it to keep hands soft and white.

Jewels by Cartier

an attractive appearance"... Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, "Pond's carries off all honors for its common sense method of home beauty care"... We suggest that you, too, follow this famous way to keep your skin always exquisitely fresh and clear.

Belmont says, "Pond's carries off

Tune in on Pond's Friday at 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra. WEAf and N. B. C. Network.

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"I don't mind



MARJORIE RAMBEAU. This lovely favorite of the stage, who scored in such well-remembered plays as *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, is now a popular screen star, appearing currently in *The Secret Six*. As this recent photograph shows, she is so radiantly youthful it is hard, indeed, to believe her 37!

Lux Toilet

your knowing it...

am 37" SAYS

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

*Famous Screen Star declares
years need not rob you of Youth*

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else stage and screenstars guard complexion beauty.

They know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has irresistible appeal.

"While on the stage I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and used it for years. And now that I have the close-ups of the screen to face I certainly depend on it!"

*How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars
guard complexion beauty*

In Hollywood, where so much depends on skin of faultless beauty,

actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use Lux Toilet Soap. At home, in their own exquisitely appointed bathrooms, and on location, too. For it is official for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres everywhere! Important actresses the world over rely on this fragrant white soap for safe complexion care.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Soap — 10¢



WHAT do the extras and "bit" players think about when they sit for hours like this while the make-up experts get them ready for the director's call? Here is an interesting scene caught by PHOTOPLAY's cameraman behind the "Alexander Hamilton" set at the Warner Bros. studio. Note the girl on the left perusing the stock market pages and also the swell lookers on the right

What does this seal mean when it's placed on a toothpaste?

It means, Madam, that this toothpaste has been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association



COLGATE'S BEARS THIS SEAL

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.



This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price — but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's — and quality alone — that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth *healthfully* and *completely* clean.

MADAM, this seal is the most authoritative answer to the question "what toothpaste should I use?" It is placed only on toothpastes that have been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, chosen for their outstanding ability in various

branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of a product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public — to act as a guide.

Be guided by this seal

The seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. Therefore, look for it, when you buy a toothpaste. It is your most authoritative guide.

and Colgate's costs but **25c**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Maurice felt sick about his screen career until Old Herr Doktor Lubitsch gave him high-class treatment with "The Smiling Lieutenant." Back came his popularity and smile. Here he is leaving for that dear France with the missus

A FEW separations: Dorothy Lee and press-agent Jimmy Fidler, whom she married last fall, are separated and they admit that a divorce is on the way . . . nobody in Hollywood thought it would last, anyhow. . . . Dorothy's been seen places with blond Marshall Duffield, U. S. C. football star. . . . Rex Lease and his recent bride, Eleanor Hunt, reported separated for the second time since their wedding two months ago . . . but both say it's only a little tiff. . . . Robert Armstrong and his wife Jeanne Kent, dancer, separate after five years of matrimony . . . Charles (Black Crow) Mack and his wife Marian reported separated . . . positively decline to discuss it. . . . Mack says, "Why bring that up?"

LOVE and things like that: Bh (printer, that's really the way he spells it) Rogers, brother of Charles (Used to be Buddy) Rogers,

married in St. Louis to Marajen Stevick of Champaign, Ill. . . . Chester Moorhead, first husband of Connie Bennett, who eloped with her in 1921 only to have the wedding annulled in 1923, tries marriage again. . . . Armand Kaliz is separating from Madeline Weiner to whom he was married for three weeks. . . . Raquel Torres and Charles Feldman, an attorney, will be saying "I do" pretty soon. . . .

IT won't be pepper and ginger any more. Ginger Rogers got a divorce from Jack Pepper. . . . Irene Delroy promised to love, honor and maybe obey, William Austin, whom the papers call a prominent club man. He's from Philadelphia and a blue blood. . . . H. H. Van Loan declared that he couldn't pay his alimony because he was out of work and had been living on borrowed money. . . . Mrs. Van Loan said that Van was in love with Marjorie Rambeau.

A LUNCHEON foursome at the Montmartre in Hollywood the other day consisted of Janet Gaynor and her hubby Lydell Peck and Charlie Farrell and his wife Virginia Valli. . . . Clark Gable and Ria Langham married at Santa Ana, California . . . they said they had married before a little more than a year ago in the East, but were doing it again because legality of former marriage was menaced by Clark's divorce not having been final at that time . . . his second marriage; her third . . . he, thirty, she, forty-one, according to the papers. . . . Greta Garbo laughs, or nearly so, at newspaper dispatch from Stockholm saying she was to go there this year to wed a man named Anderson . . . "maybe," she says, "I could marry a man named Smith, here, heh?" . . . Lola Lane was peeved at stories that she and Lew Ayres were not that way any more . . . she says they still are!

STORK assignments: Alan Mowbray, English actor who played the rôle of *George Washington*, father of his country, in "Alexander Hamilton," becomes a father. . . . Dorothy Dwan, now Mrs. Paul N. Boggs, Jr., retired from the screen since her marriage, admits she'll be a mother this fall. . . . Joan Crawford persistently denying the persistent rumor that she, too, expects the Blessed Event. . . . There'll be a son and heir at the Reginald Denny's. . . . Shirley Mason, Viola Dana's sister, presented her husband, director Sidney Landfield, with a daughter and she says she's coming back to the screen.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



Charles "Front Page" MacArthur and the famous "Act of God" baby. Helen Hayes, Mrs. MacArthur to you, broke her contract under an "Act of God" clause of the contract when baby was born, and made those stage producers like it. Well, if that darling baby isn't, nothing is

Demand to know what complexion soaps are made of Palmolive tells you

Read why these beauty experts—and 20,000 others—advise Palmolive



CARSTEN of Berlin
"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition."



SEILER of Geneva
"We advise Palmolive because of its safe, soothing vegetable oil content. It provides thorough cleansing."



ECHTEN of Budapest
"Palmolive Soap is the finest natural skin cleanser known and, at the same time, a valuable emollient."



EUGENIO of Milan
"Vegetable oils — as embodied in Palmolive Soap — are your best protection against skin irritation."



MASSE of Paris
Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing."



BERTHA JACOBSON of London
"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. Use Palmolive to retain beauty."



HELEN MILNER of Cleveland
"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular. We specify Palmolive."



HEPNER of Hollywood
"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing."



ROBERT of Paris Washington, D. C.
"Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest help."

**Palmolive Soap
is made of
olive and palm oils**

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know*.

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. That is very important in facial care. Palmolive contains no artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of*, they recommend its use. They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is made of vegetable oils — no other fats whatever. They *know* it is different — in cosmetic effect — from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps — remember — ask *first* what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

GOING together places: Una Merkel and John Arledge; Phillips Holmes and Ethel (former Mrs. Eddie) Sutherland; Mervin LeRoy and Ginger Rogers; Marie Prevost and Buster Collier (still); Jack Oakie and Mary Brian and Mary Brian and Russell Gleason; Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge; Thelma Todd and Abe Lyman; David Manners and Sylvia Sidney. And Fifi Dorsay, in Chicago at the beginning of her vaudeville tour which will keep her from Hollywood for four months, says of her reported betrothal to Terry Ray, "Ooo, sure we are engage'—but maree? No! We shall stay engage' for twenty year, maybe, but not maree. Engagements are so nize, but marriage interfere wiz ze career!"

SOME more Cupid check-ups: Nancy Carroll, having divorced Hubby Jack Kirkland, newspaper man, marries Bolton Mallory, ed-

itor of *Life* . . . Jack's friends say he's still in love with Nancy, but he and Louise Allen of "The Little Show" have been holding hands, lately. . . . Joan Peers, swanson-like little leading lady, is revealed as a Mrs. . . . her hubby is Christy Allen, bond broker. . . . Mr. and Mrs. William Powell honeymoon in Honolulu. . . . the Ben Lyons and the Warner Baxters and others also Honolulu. . . . Marceline Day tries vainly to keep secret her wedding to Arthur K. Klein, Hollywood furrier . . . they did it twice; first wedding in Mexico was only perhaps legal, so they remarried in New York. . . . Prince Troubetzkoy, Hollywood actor, variously reported seen places with this or that actress, gets desertion divorce from his wife, a dancer.

EUGENIA BANKHEAD, frequently marrying sister of the unmarried Tallulah Bankhead, takes on her sixth husband. . . . "Lefty" Flynn, ex-husband of Viola Dana, as well as two other ex-wives, has made a fourth marital leap . . . Mrs. Flynn No. 4 was Mrs. Paul Phipps



Stage producers said Marjorie Rambeau was temperamental and irresponsible on the stage where she reigned as a beauty a few years ago. She's showing those youngsters how real acting is done, in the studios, never misses a cue, and is always on time in Hollywood. Some comeback!

of London, with whom he had a romance seventeen years ago. . . . She is Lady Astor's sister. . . . John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, has separated from his bride of a month, saying he still loves Colleen. . . . But Colleen won't marry him again. . . . Elsie Janis denies published reports she plans to marry Gilbert Wilson, actor. . . . Mae Clarke, once engaged to John McCormick, mentioned above, will marry Henry Freulich, photographer of screen stars. . . . Lloyd Hamilton ordered to pay \$15,000 back alimony or go to jail.

EILEEN PERCY, now Hollywood correspondent for Paul Block's newspapers, and a good one, tells this one on William Haines. Haines, you must know by this time, runs an antique shop in Hollywood.

The other day, Leila Hyams was in his shop.

Bill knew she was furnishing a beach house and friends are friends but sales are sales.

"Look at this lovely old grandfather's clock," he said to her. It was a splendid looking piece. "A hundred and fifty years old and all original, no reconstruction. Original mechanism, and it runs perfectly."

Just then, the clock struck nineteen!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



After repeated denials, the Lawrence Tibbetts have finally admitted that "fame and family happiness are not consistent," and have separated. They are shown above with their twin sons as they arrived in Beverly Hills only a month or two ago

safe
soft
cool
protection—



MODESS

perfect summer comfort at a special summer price

IF you use Modess, you know how safe and soft it is—how cool and clean it feels. If you haven't tried it, now's your chance. Our summer offer—featured as Modess Vacation Special—is a grand buy. You get a Travel Package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular for 79c. The standard price of these 3 boxes is \$1.15.

The two types of Modess featured in the Vacation Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular at times when less thickness is desired.

The Travel Package certainly has its uses. You won't begrudge the

space it takes in a travel bag. As a reserve package for guest use it will add to your reputation as a perfect hostess. You'll find it a great convenience many times during the summer.

You can really wear Modess without worrying about it in any way. The cool, evenly absorbent filler—besides being safe and comfortable—fits so smoothly that Modess won't spoil the line of any frock.

If you're a thrifty soul you'll buy several of these useful combinations, and save them for future use.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
*World's largest makers of surgical dressings,
bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.*

VACATION SPECIAL

You save on every purchase during July and August

- 2 BOXES OF MODESS . . . 90¢
12 Regular in each
- 1 TRAVEL PACKAGE 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value \$1.15

ALL THREE FOR . . . **79¢**





Thrill to this glorious treat

FEEL YOUR PULSE leap to the thrills of life. Put vim in your work and pep in your play. Help yourself to health with Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

What a wonderful combination these better bran flakes are! They're made of three vital elements. *Bran* to help keep you fit and regular—just enough to be mildly laxative. *Whole wheat* for nourishment—for vim and zest. And *PEP*—the marvelous flavor that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have—to put new joy into eating. Look how sun-brown and crispy they are! Taste them! No wonder they're called *better bran flakes*.

Serve them with milk or cream. Add fruit or honey for extra zest. Have them for lunch when the day is hot. Young folks love them at the evening meal and after-school lunches. Men folks say they're great for a bedtime snack.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers in the red-and-green package.



Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES

Serve Hot Breads

Delicious Muffins
Are Easy To
Bake



Joseph Schlund, chef of the Paramount studio cafe, gives Frances Dee a few valuable pointers on muffins. Frances evidently enjoys it!

THE first slice from a loaf of hot bread emerging from the oven used to be a childhood thrill. Certainly it is one the modern child rarely experiences, what with modern bakeries and lack of time making the homemade loaf of bread a rarity. However, in its place we have muffins, popovers and other hot breads that delight the heart of modern cooks. And when you eat them piping hot at the table, who is to say that the new order isn't the best?

Bran is a vital health product that is playing a more and more important rôle in the affairs of the kitchen. Bran muffins at any meal of the day are a real delicacy. Many of the stars find bran valuable in regulating their rather rigid diets. Laura La Plante recommends the following bran muffin recipe as a great favorite of hers.

2 tablespoons of shortening	1 teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	1 cup flour
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
	1 cup bran

First, cream the shortening and sugar together. Then add the egg. Mix and sift the flour, soda, salt and baking powder. Next add the bran to the creamed mixture; then add the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Pour into muffin

pans that have been greased. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. This recipe will make eight large, or twelve medium size muffins.

YOUNG brides are always having fun poked at them because of their inexperience; some of them are excellent cooks but every once in a while one does make a terrific and funny mistake. A bride I know, who later turned out to be a wonderful cook, broiled the first muffins she ever made!

If your taste doesn't run to bran muffins, you can go out into the kitchen and whip up a batch of delicious ones after a recipe of Sally Blane's. Sally, whom you all know as one of the lovely sisters of Loretta Young, has quite a reputation for her muffins. The recipe is as follows:

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

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

In serving muffins, be sure that they do not cool before they reach the table. Placing them in a basket with a napkin over them will keep them perfectly, until ready to serve. I think, too, that half the joy of hot breads is to have jam, marmalade or jelly to spread on them.

Those of you who cherish your afternoon tea find no more tempting dish than muffins and jam—and you need not hesitate to serve it to a king!

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]



Irene Delroy, Broadway beauty, didn't knock Hollywood cold as an actress. But she's in the Philadelphia social register now as Mrs. Wm. Liseter Austin, Jr., wife of a rich and handsome lad of blue blood. The smile is genuine, of course

WEBER and Fields are trying to get Marie Dressler for a new stage musical show. But Marie won't leave Hollywood. . . . They're going to try musicals again in the movies. Hollywood is planning twenty-three features for the coming year. . . . Garbo has walked off the "Susan Lenox" set six times. She hasn't liked the story—not even after twenty writers worked on it. . . . Ina Claire hasn't a telephone in her beach house. . . . After a long retirement Virginia Valli, Mrs. Charlie Farrell, if you please, is playing a lead in a picture called "Night Life in Reno." But it doesn't mean anything's wrong between Charlie and Virginia and it isn't even ominous, you rumor hounds.

BILL HAINES decorated Leila Hyams' new Beverly Hills mansion. He had to hurry to finish Joan Crawford's dressing room. . . . Theda Bara plans to make a film comeback. She'll show these pikers what IT really is. . . . Bela Lugosi is no longer a Hungarian actor. He became an American citizen in the Los Angeles courts a few weeks ago. . . . Jean Harlow is taking voice culture. . . . John Miljan is a bad-nasty, dirty old villain on the screen. His off-screen hobby is breeding canary birds. . . . Montreal has a Shearer Street. No, it's not named after Norma. It's named for Norma's father. He runs a lumber business there. . . . Illusion destruction No. 15,729: Adolphe Menjou's favorite dish is corned beef and cabbage. . . . Jack Gilbert is a backgammon addict. . . . J. Stuart Blackton,

once a millionaire part owner of and director of the old Vitagraph Company, is bankrupt.

THE rumor still persists that Paramount isn't going to renew Nancy Carroll's contract. . . . Though you and you and you and I have considered them that for some time, Warners have now officially made Eddie Robinson and James Cagney stars. . . . "Smart Money," with both of them, was one of the pictures the King of Siam insisted upon seeing at a recent "command" performance. . . . A suit in municipal court complains that Priscilla Dean and Leslie K. Arnold didn't pay the last month's rent for the apartment they occupied before their marriage was declared illegal.

GARY COOPER is mad at Paramount for not giving him better stories. The studio hasn't heard from him since he went to Italy on his vacation. They're wondering if he'll be back. . . . Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg—not forgetting the baby—are back from Europe. . . . Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost's ex, had

to explain a noisy party to the judge. He was fined \$25 for disturbing the peace. Dorothy Webb paid \$50 and her thirty-day jail sentence was suspended. . . . Pola Negri keeps an almost life-size photographic enlargement of Rudolph Valentino in her ultra-modernistic dressing room. . . . Duncan Renaldo, the boy of "Trader Horn," established the fact that he was born in the United States and, as a citizen, may remain here.

IN spite of the fact that Russell Gleason has been sending June Collyer whole boxes full of gardenias for months and months, Hollywood suspected she was going to be Mrs. Stuart Erwin and sure enough, on July 22, June and Stuart were married in Yuma, Arizona, June's brothers, Richard and Clayton Heermance, being the only witnesses.

Stuart may play dumb rôles on the screen but off-celuloid he's evidently not so dumb.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



William Wallace Reid was a little fellow when his father, Wally, was the idol of the screen. He's a big boy now, but he doesn't want to be an actor. He wants to be an air pilot, of course



Modeling masterpieces

"Skinner's Silks combine the perfect texture and draping qualities needed to visualize and appreciate a new model long before the lines of the dress are actually completed."
... Adrian



STYLE is greatly enhanced by the right material. Many of the gowns you admire on the screen owe their success in no small measure to the charm of *Skinner's Silks*.

Crepes of lovely dull texture for daytime or evening . . . satins that drape gracefully in lustrous folds . . . georgettes and chiffons for frocks of flattering softness . . . these have made the name Skinner a favorite with Hollywood costume designers.

The smartness of Dorothy Jordan's dress, here shown, is typical of the creations of Adrian which have so influenced the world of fashion.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

Skinner's Silks

Crepes	Georgettes	Chiffons
Crape Satins	Shantung	Sport Fabrics

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



Skinner's pearl-lustre Crepe Satin was used in this evening gown, designed by Adrian for Dorothy Jordan in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Boarding School."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Too saccharine, some folks say, but the audiences are calling for more like "Daddy Long Legs"

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

WARNER BAXTER comes out on top this month. He made such a hit in "Daddy Long Legs" that many girls have confessed they want to adopt him for a guardian. Warner has been up and down the ladder of fame since he started to make pictures in 1921. Although he always gave a good performance in the rôles assigned to him, his popularity began to wane. Then he appeared in "Ramona" and the fans began to take notice again. "In Old Arizona" marked his talkie début and placed him among the favorites of the talking screen. Born in Columbus, Ohio, on March 29, 1891, he stands 5 feet, 11, weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Graduated from the Ohio State University and had 12 years of stage training. In 1917 he married Winifred Bryson. Warner's latest release is "The Squaw Man" for which Fox loaned him to M-G-M.

ELENORA PARKS, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Bet you're glad that your two favorites are married to each other! Bebe was born in Dallas, Tex., on January 14, 1901, and Ben was born in Atlanta, Ga., on February 6, 1901.

D. J. H.—The picture you refer to in the June issue showed John Mack Brown and Joan Crawford in a scene from "Complete Surrender," which was taken from the play "The Torch Song." The title of this picture, however, was changed to "Laughing Sinners" and the picture was partly remade with Clark Gable playing the rôle that John had.

L. M. WHITE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Mickey Mouse receives his fan mail at the Walt Disney Studios, in Hollywood, Calif. This pint-sized comedian has the largest fan following of any of the talkie stars. He is known as "Miki Kuchi," in Japan; "Mikael Muss," in Greece; "Michele Topolino," in Italy; "Miguel Rato," in Portugal and "Michel Souris," in France. Walt Disney is Mickey's lord and master.

MARY HORTON, YOUNGSTOWN, O.—This is one time that "Mother Didn't Know Best," but don't be too hard on her. William Powell was married once before he wed Carole Lombard. His first wife was Eileen Wilson and he has a young son by that union.

PHYLLIS DAVIS, SYRACUSE, KAN.—Phyllis, one of the reasons that Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., do not appear in a picture together,

is that they are under contract to different studios. Joan was born on March 23, 1908, and Doug on December 9, 1907. Joan is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and Doug stands 6 feet.

HELEN SHAFFER, NEW YORK.—Alexander Kirkland, who appeared with Tallulah Bankhead in "Tarnished Lady" is a native of Mexico City, Mex. He was educated at the Taft School in Watertown and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Alex is the grandson of Rear Admiral Alexander Kirkland. His favorite sports are tennis, rowing and swimming.

The Answer Man's Beard Gets Whiter!

Will you give me a list of all the blondes in Hollywood?—J. R., Oklahoma.

Is it true that Mitzi Green is 20 years old and a dwarf?—H. M., Watertown, N. Y.

Do you know of any male or female star who would lend a young man \$10,000 to invest in a farm, paying back annually?—R. B., Wisner, Neb.

Was Charlie Chaplin once Mary Pickford's husband?—D. S., Toronto, Can.

I vote for "The Subway Jam" as the best picture for 1930. Please send me the Gold Medal.—Betty, Lafayette, Ind.

The following quotation appeared in a picture—"A bottle of milk for Mrs. O'Reilly." What was the name of the picture?—Peg from Chicago.

What was the make, calibre, serial number, etc. of the guns used in "Trader Horn"?—Roland, Mexico City.

E. J. HINES, JR., CRUGE, MISS.—Here are a few of the pictures Lew Ayres has appeared in: "The Kiss," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Common Clay," "The Doorway to Hell," "Up for Murder," and "The Iron Man." Quite a record for the young man. His next will be "Heaven on Earth." As Lew is an enthusiastic astronomer and is always sky-gazing, maybe he had something to do with the title.

DORIS MAXWELL, WEISER, IDAHO.—But not Weiser than this old chap. That big handsome idol of yours, Richard Arlen, hails from Charlottesville, Va. He was born there on September 1, 1899. And your other big husky favorite, Gary Cooper, first saw light on May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. Dick's latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret" and Gary's latest is "I Take This Woman."

ROSLYN BERNSTEEN, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Connie Bennett was born in New York City, 25 years ago, is 5 feet, 4, and weighs 102 pounds. She entered silent pictures early in 1924, but deserted them when she married millionaire Phil Plant in 1925. With the coming of the talkies and her divorce from Phil in 1929, Connie trekked back to Hollywood and since then has turned out many grand pictures.

BILLIE LOU ROYCE, KEARNEY, NEB.—I guess you'll just have to pine away, for Frank Albertson is married. The lucky girl is Virginia Shelley. Marian Nixon is Mrs. Edward Hillman in private life. Irene Dunne is just 26 years old and is married to Dr. F. D. Griffin.

LILLIAN JENNINGS, TORONTO, CAN.—Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, appeared in two pictures together, "The Studio Murder Mystery," and "The Marriage Holiday." Fred hails from Racine, Wis., and Florence is a Brooklynite. They both had stage experience and started in pictures late in 1928. They were married in Mexico City in May, 1927.

FRANCES HILLIS, DURHAM, N. C.—I've got a big surprise for you, Frances. That peppy little Alice White hasn't forsaken Hollywood. She recently signed a contract with Tiffany and is going to make a picture titled "The Monster Kills." Alice comes from Paterson, N. J., where she was born on July 25, 1907. She is 5 feet tall, tips the beam at 105 and has blonde hair and dark brown eyes.

YOUTH ! in the autumn ! these stars brought it to her



by Frances Ingram

SHE is rather like autumn, herself. Perhaps 42, keen, and ever so colorful! But when I first met her, a summer in the Berkshires had done quite terrible things to her skin. It had coarsened—and tiny lines were etched about her eyes and across her forehead.

"If you can't help me," she said, "I shall have to spend weeks in beauty salons and, horrible thought, put off Paris until November!"

So I told her how to cleanse her skin deeply with Milkweed Cream, each day, until not a bit of summer's dust remained in the pores. And I explained how each night she must film her skin afresh with my Milkweed Cream and stroke upward at the six stars, to soften it and eliminate the little lines.

She went to Paris—in September! And came back with five jaunty hats she couldn't possibly have worn before. And she looked young in each of them!

Autumn skin! How trying it is! But Milkweed Cream used regularly both for cleansing and toning will bring back the soft, smooth, unlined skin of youth. I want you to try it—and see!

And won't you listen in on my radio programs, "Through the Looking-Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15, E.D.S.T. over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?

MY MANNEQUIN WILL NEVER HAVE "AUTUMN SKIN"!

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.
- ★ THE EYES—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.
- ★ THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.
- ★ THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.
- ★ THE NECK AND CHIN—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.
- ★ THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-91
108 Washington Street, New York

Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]



This isn't a publicity picture. It's Ann Harding taking off in her daily lesson as an air pilot. Harry Bannister already has his license. A few more hours in the air and Ann can roll her own

THREE years ago, Jetta Goudal won her famous suit against Cecil B. De Mille for breach of contract.

Then for years, she suddenly found no work. The word "blacklist" was freely used when they talked about the strange case of Jetta.

Now Cecil De Mille, no longer the big shot he once was, has left Hollywood. And within a few weeks, Jetta got her first job in pictures again—opposite Will Rogers.

"Merely coincidence," smiles Jetta.

Coincidence?—heh, heh, heh, heh. . . .

YOU all know her—the platinum-haired new burst of sex appeal who frankly capitalizes on her physical charms. The other day, she was being fitted for a new gown. Over the partition wall came her voice, first detailing how low the breast-line of the dress was to come. She was certainly not favoring concealment. She doesn't. Then—

"And I want the goods cut on the bias across here," came her voice, "so it will show the ripple of my muscles when I walk."

A PRINTED story to the effect that Barbara Stanwyck had left pictures forever because her husband's contract had not been renewed and that she would go wherever

Frank Fay went brought forth a vigorous denial from Barbara.

She says she has been overworked, turning out picture after picture on the double contract she holds with Columbia and Warners and that her doctor told her that she could not last another year without a complete collapse if she kept it up. So Barbara decided that her health was valuable and that the studios could pay for it so she upped her salary about threefold.

COLUMBIA said nothing but after unsatisfactory tests of another actress for Barbara's rôle in "Forbidden," the picture was abandoned. The producer gave out the story that Barbara would quit pictures because of Frank's contract not being renewed. But Barbara says neither she nor Frank is through.

Now that's Barbara's story. Some mean folks say that the whole trouble is that Frank, jealous of his wife's success—she is now a star and he used to be the big shot—is trying to persuade her to go into vaudeville with him.

When Frank got his first Hollywood chance Barbara gave up a promising stage career to be with him. And even after she became a star she said, "What's a career, your name in electric lights, compared to love?"

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE was a guest of honor at George Olsen's night club not long ago and Charles Irwin made a speech concluding

with, "And I hope to see his smiling face on the screen very soon." The crowd cheered and cheered sincerely for ten minutes and Roscoe, his eyes wet, murmured, "Gosh, that's sweet." PHOToplay, along with a lot of other people, have felt the injustice done to Arbuckle keenly. We want him back. And the fact remains that a man who's so well thought of in his own community must be all right! But the goody-goody reformers still insist it would ruin the country.

THE initials D. R. B. on a silver mug recently brought to light one of those real life sob stories that rarely reach the public. It concerns the ex-wife of a world famous star.

A New York decorator was loaned the services of a friend's man servant, but one afternoon she came home to find a woman cleaning her apartment. The woman explained that she was the wife of the man servant. And in a few minutes she asked the decorator if she would care to buy some fine silver. The decorator was amazed at the woman's apparent culture and unmistakable marks of former beauty. The next day she brought the silver mug and it was then the story came out.

The woman had been a famous beauty, the wife of an actor you know well. She was left by her husband and the only one who stood by her was the husband's man servant. Down and out, beaten by hard luck, she married the man servant and the two found menial employment. A fantastic story, yet tragically true. D. R. B.'s former husband is the eldest of three famous stage and screen luminaries.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Little Jackie Cooper at the M-G-M studio gates where many are called but few are chosen. Try to get past those gates if you don't work there or unless you're King of Siam

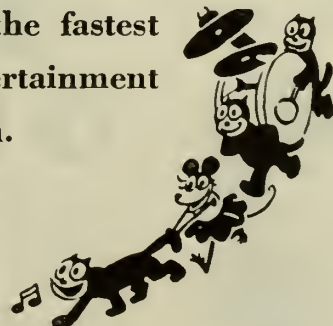
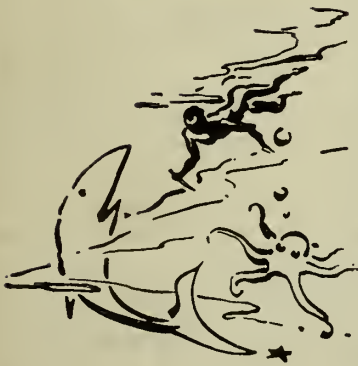
Spice!

**There's more of it
in your movie entertainment now,
making every program better**

Progress in better motion picture programs is shown by more short features this year. The better theatres are putting the punch of variety into every show, spicing them more richly than ever with the comedy, thrills, beauty and novelty of *Educational's* short features.

**COMEDY
BEAUTY
THRILLS
and
COLOR
TOO**

Educational Pictures are the product of the ONE BIG company specializing in short features. And this season they have been planned for the fastest and most diversified entertainment ever shown on the screen.



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

E. W. HAMMONS, President, Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Before you face appraising eyes, groom your fingers with Glazo



THE YOUNG and the smart do not need to be told how the little differences between nail polishes make a very great difference in the charm of the hands.

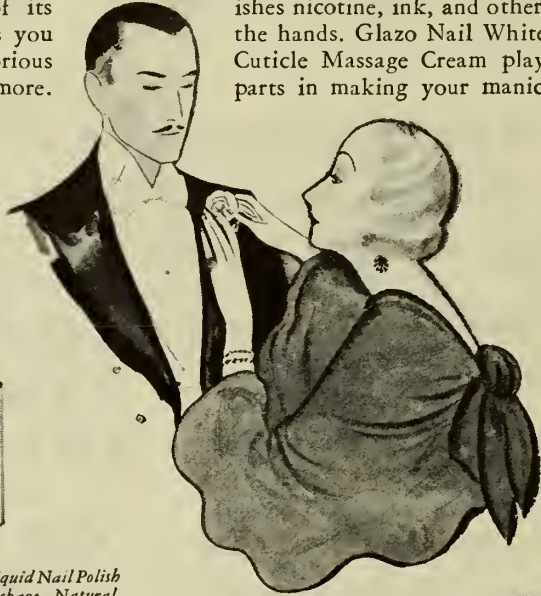
And the special glow that Glazo alone gives has been its fortune, for once a woman comes to know the charm of Glazo texture and color it is almost impossible to please her with any other polish.

But with all its loveliness, the best part of the story is that Glazo brushes on easily and evenly, never "piles up" or chips, and never appears purplish under evening lights. Whichever of its several lovely shades you choose, its thin glorious sheen lasts a week or more.

Famous as Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover are, there are many Glazo innovations that you ought to know.

For the other Glazo manicuring aids are as smart and as praiseworthy as Glazo polish itself. The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a method of cuticle care far in advance of all others. This soft, white cream gently removes excess cuticle, and leaves the edges smooth and even. It is simpler to use—applied directly from the convenient tube tip.

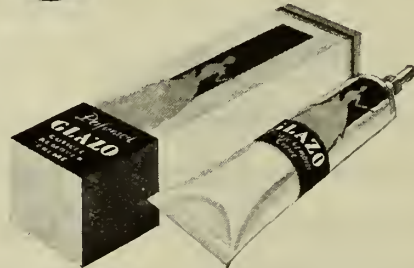
Glazo Nicotine Remover quickly banishes nicotine, ink, and other stains from the hands. Glazo Nail White and Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream play important parts in making your manicure perfect.



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Nail Polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—in a large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Right)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of cuticle care. Emollient oils soften, while excess cuticle is gently removed. In a convenient tube, 50c.

(Below)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—conveniently packaged together, 50c. Your choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.



GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-91
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

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

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

THE old gag "studio gateman fails to recognize star" because of some trick make-up can be reversed to studio gateman won't let star in, whether he recognizes star or not.

The iron bound pass system, that studios have installed, reached out and grabbed Harold Lloyd, no less. Harold had been invited to the United Artists lot by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. But up pops a policeman and tells him he can't stay on the lot—positive orders and that nobody may watch Eddie Cantor work.

Harold didn't want to see Eddie and, what's more, Cantor loves an audience hanging around when he does his funny gags. But those booted and spurred officers must have something to do, so they do the booting.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON visited Reno not long ago. In Reno, at the time, "Smart Money" was packing them into the picture houses—and in it, Eddie plays the big-shot gambler.

Consequently, when Eddie walked into one or two of Reno's legalized gambling houses, dealers and croupiers turned pale with apprehension, according to a friend who was with Eddie. And more than one two-bit gambler insisted upon shaking hands with Eddie for luck!

But off screen, Eddie's about as gamably a gambler as Billy Sunday.

SYLVIA SIDNEY now has the No. 1 dressing-room on the Paramount lot formerly used by Clara Bow, Adolphe Menjou, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson. . . . Tallulah Bankhead went on a milk diet and has put on ten pounds. . . . Charlie Chaplin is reported negotiating for the villa of Richard Hudnut, the perfumer, in Juan les Pins on the French Riviera. . . . Because the British censors claimed its theme slurred the Austrian monarchy, "The Smiling Lieutenant's" London première was held up. . . . Sally O'Neil is coming back. Just signed a long term contract with Fox after clicking in "The Brat." . . . Bela Lugosi will do the talkie version of Lon Chaney's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." . . .

ANOTHER example of the strange cost-sheet hazards that pop unexpectedly into movie-making:

At Fox, Alan Dwan was shooting a scene showing the women's recreation room in a prison. Among the props were several caged canaries. Somehow, one of them got loose and flew to the rafters. They spent some time trying to catch it, but gave up and Dwan began shooting.

For several successive takes, the bird, in the midst of the footage, swooped down through the scene, across the camera range, spoiling the shot.

That cost money. Loss was estimated at \$5,000 before the bird was recaptured.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and Billy Bakewell are among the latest Hollywood romances.

"Is it serious?" Billy was asked.

"Gee, I wish I could find out if she's serious," he said anxiously.

BUTTON, button, who's got Ruth Chatterton?

Well, it's all over but the shouting. Ruth goes to Warner Brothers.

THE story of Carman Barnes is one of those things that could only happen in Hollywood. Maybe you remember that Carman is the youthful authoress who wrote the sensational novel "School Girl" and if school girls had acted like that in Old Cal's day, they would have been spanked and sent to bed without their supper. Instead the authoress was signed under contract to Paramount to write her own stories and play the starring rôles in them.

The executives raved about her—never, so the press was told, did a girl have so much of what it takes.

The publicity department was instructed to give Carman a big sendoff.

She was photographed from every angle—well, almost. She was interviewed and kowtowed to and flattered.

VARIOUS announcements of her screen rôles were announcements, merely. She was assigned to "Road to Reno," but Peggy Shannon was substituted, and even her own play, "Debutante," was put aside for lack of a story. Now, it seems, Paramount will not renew her contract. And she's never appeared in a single picture nor written a line that has reached the screen!

Well, she drew her weekly pay check and the publicity department was kept busy for a spell.

MABEL NORMAND'S home and furnishings were sold at auction the other day. One of the most interesting items included her piano and an assortment of sheet music—each piece autographed by Mabel. The collection brought \$420.

TRUE story. A certain producer saw a stranger wandering around his lot and asked his press agent who the man was. The press agent replied that it was So and So, a prominent writer on the company payroll. And the exec said:

"Well, tell him to come to my office. And tell him to bring his hat and coat."

JOAN CRAWFORD'S idol since she was a girl in the chorus has been Pauline Frederick. Joan had to give up her trip to Europe to remake "This Modern Age," originally titled "Girls Together," but there was one compensation. Joan didn't exactly crave Marjorie Rambeau, who played her mother in the original version. Marjorie was wanted for another picture, so they looked around for another mother for Joan. Pauline was suggested. Joan was so excited that she even came down to the studio when it wasn't necessary, just to watch her idol take her tests.

And Joan won't give a darn if Pauline steals every shot in the picture.

JACKIE COOPER has attained the topmost success peak!—they've named a salad after him at the M-G-M studio restaurant. Avocado pear, orange, whipped cream.

ALTHOUGH we haven't the right to say "I told you so" we knew all along that there'd be a little plain and fancy devil to pay when Sylvia's (don't tell me you don't know Sylvia by now) yarn "Undressing Hollywood" was published. Right off, Hedda Hopper got sore because the *massense* said Ina Claire had once been ten pounds overweight. Jimmy Whittaker, who "ghosted" the series for Sylvia, is Ina Claire's ex-husband. Hedda Hopper thinks he just ain't no gentleman.

And it's so completely got Hedda's sophisticated goat that she's on the verge of writing a piece herself.

Now maybe you don't care whether Ina was ever ten pounds overweight or not but in case you're interested you might dig up an old print of her first film "The Awful Truth" and see the awful truth for yourself.



Trust no substitute because "it looks like Kotex"

Kotex protects safely... it is adjustable, and shaped to fit.

THE great value of Kotex... to women with high standards... is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean... by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

When offered a substitute, demand more than surface likeness to Kotex. Ask how this substitute was made... where... by whom. Ask who guarantees its hygienic safety... its health protection.

Hospitals use Kotex

Why should you take chances? You might save a few pennies... but the risk is not worth while. You know Kotex is safe. Hospitals use it—they bought over 10,000,000 pads last year—what stronger proof of superiority could you have?

Kotex protects comfort, as well as your health. It is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) ab-

sorbent wadding, a wonderful substance that absorbs moisture laterally away from the surface.

Kotex is adjustable. Shaped to fit. Treated to deodorize. It is so easily disposed of.

Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Sold singly in vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX IS SAFE...

- 1 Can be worn on either side with equal comfort.
- 2 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 3 Kotex is soft... Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 4 The Kotex Filler is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 5 Disposable, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt.

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



Color Magic for Your Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own *natural* coloring, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, softens and protects.

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! Tangee *THEATRICAL*, a special dark shade of TANGEE and ROUGE COMPACT Lipstick for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P11
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

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WATCHING the announcement of coming attractions at the Forum Theater in Los Angeles the other day, we saw this:

"Loretta Young and Grant Withers
in
Too Young to Marry."

The audience giggled. Seldom are titles so apropos. Oh yes, they made this one before their divorce announcement.

THERE'S a certain producer in Hollywood who is known chiefly for the right words he does not use. For instance, he bragged one day that the Indians in a certain picture he made were the real thing—"right off the reservoir," he insisted.

WHEN Mona Maris and Alfred Santell stopped going together, we understand a group of Hollywood's sports wagered her next boy friend would be a director, because directors are supposed to help yearning young women to greater fame.

He was. Clarence Brown! We also understand that Mona really expected parts at Metro for some time but, somehow, they never materialized.

She left Fox, you know, because she refused to play in foreign versions. Now, she has returned to Fox—in foreign versions.

A SCOUT for one of the big film companies signed a Broadway actress. When she arrived in Hollywood her tests were so bad that the

executives wired the scout asking him if he'd suddenly lost his mind.

And then it all came to light. The girl was an understudy. He'd signed the wrong actress.

TERRY CARROLL—Nancy's sister—has a job. She's the stand-in girl for Tallulah Bankhead and when she's all dressed like the star, they're as alike as two supervisors. In fact, she looks much more like Tallulah than she looks like Nancy. And speaking of Terry, she was one of the guests at a cocktail—er—a tea party given by Jack Kirkland—Nancy's ex-spouse.

SIGNS on theater marquees:
THREE GIRLS LOST with Lew Cody.

TWIN BILL: Girls Demand Excitement Behind Office Doors.

WELL, well, well—so it wasn't overwork which took Frances Dee to Catalina for a two-weeks, to-bed-at-nine-every-night rest cure. It was over-play. And thereby hangs a cute little story.

Frances has been going steadily with Bill Mankiewicz, writer, you know. And then Bill went to Europe for a vacation. All the Hollywood boys who had been standing on the sidelines envying Bill got busy and Frances decided to learn what popularity really meant. She did. A different man every night. Russell Gleason is the only one we know who got two dates. Several weeks of being the belle of the town—and then Catalina, alone, with mother.



Ruth Chatterton and Frances Starr holding a gabfest over the old days when Ruth was Henry Miller's big box-office bet and Frances was Belasco's. The old masters have passed on but the lessons they taught the girls live on in motion pictures, which both old stage producers detested. PHOTOPLAY'S photographer caught them on a Paramount set where Ruth is making "The Magnificent Lie."

"Ruth," Frances was saying, "how does it feel to have those movie producers scrapping over you and handing you also those spondulix?"

"Frances, my dear," said Miss Chatterton. "It isn't hard to take."

THE players' fan mail is usually pretty monotonous. Once in a while, a letter is interesting. Frequently one's amusing. But to David Manners, handsome young juvenile, came one the other day that was downright amazing!

It was from a woman in Ohio. It told Dave how the writer enjoyed seeing him in pictures. And then, it slapped Dave in the eye with this concluding request:

"... and please send me a photograph of yourself IN THE NUDE."

GENE MARKEY, debonair writer and ex-flame of Ina Claire, is Hollywood's favorite beau. All in one day he was rumored secretly married to Gloria Swanson, and paying court to Ina again. But that night he dined with Lois Moran and the next day took Ruth Weston to lunch.

SAYS Estelle Taylor: "Every time I'm in the theater and hear a bad word spoken by one of the players, I give a frightened, guilty start. I've become 'Hays-conscious.'"

BENNY RUBIN and Bob Montgomery talking between scenes:

"How come you didn't march in that scene, when you were supposed to?" demanded Bob.

"Well, you heard the band playing, no?" asked Rubin.

"Sure, but what of it?"

"Well, wasn't it playing 'Onward, Christian soldiers'? Should I walk? I'm a Jewish boy."

IT remained for the Marx Brothers to be nuttiest about Clara Bow's visit to Rex Bell's ranch. Groucho started with:

"Hayakawa keep her down on the farm, after she's seen Hollywood?"

So Harpo answered:

"Maybe it'll do her good to be away. Was Anna May Wong when she left Hollywood for a while?"

"Sessue!" snorted Groucho. And that's enough of this sort of thing.

THERE was much misery and heartache in the once gay home of the Robert Montgomerys. Their baby daughter contracted spinal meningitis recently and it was thought that she was not going to pull through. Fortunately Bob wasn't working in a picture so he could be with the baby every minute of the day.

The child is on the mend now and it is hoped there'll be no serious aftermath.

WRITER Joe Swerling always arrives late at the studio. But he is such a nice guy that nobody minds—much, even if sometimes his presence is badly needed. Recently he became a father and Harry Cohn sent him the following wire: "Hear your baby arrived at 8:30 A. M. Wish you would do the same."

THEY say Mervyn LeRoy, First National's young ace director, tells every good-looking girl he meets that he expects to have a part in his next picture for her.

We ran into a very beautiful brunette yesterday and when we inquired about her work, she said:

"I am between two of Mervyn LeRoy's promises."

NORMAN FOSTER, husband of Claudette Colbert (and Walter Winchell says it will be ex-husband pretty soon) gave out an interview in which he was quoted as saying that he was in pictures because he was the type and that he didn't have to act. Now he's out at the studio.

The moral is that actors should save the dialogue for the microphone.



THE EDITOR OF VOGUE IS ON THE AIR

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it. Tune in, and as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting your dresses—as well as your charm—from perspiration.

PERSPIRATION CONTROL IS INSTANT AND COMPLETE WITH THIS MIRACULOUS NEW

Instant Odo-ro-no

1 *With the New Instant Applicator* you may apply this amazing new Instant Odorono in a moment. Just pat it on quickly—any time, day or night. No need to use cotton! Nothing messy or greasy! Entirely sanitary! Underarm perspiration is stopped . . . perspiration odor is prevented—instantly!

2 *With Its New Quick-Drying Formula* Instant Odorono dries almost immediately. Before you have finished with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

3 *It Guards Your Frocks . . . It Guards Your Charm!* Instant Odorono saves you money—preventing the costly damage or ruin of your dresses by the acids of perspiration. It eliminates underarm odor . . . so offensive to others. With all the famous Odorono dependability, Instant Odorono keeps the underarms completely dry and odorless from 1 to 3 full days.



FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES No. 2

AT THE RACES HE SPENT . . . \$30

SHE RUINED HER FROCK . . . \$89

At the races she was charming—in a new French frock. But the day grew warm, and soon she began to perspire, under the arms. She knew the French frock was ruined, for those perspiration stains were sure to fade the color. She thought, too, of underarm odor. So *gauche!* Why had she trusted an ineffective preparation—when Instant Odorono, so simply and surely, would have saved her frock and her charm.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



To relieve
HAY FEVER
MISERY
Use
Kleenex
in place of hand-
kerchiefs

So inexpensive you use once
and destroy...no laundering

HAY FEVER victims . . . join the thousands of fellow sufferers who have rejoiced in the discovery of Kleenex!

You know how marvelously soft Kleenex is—those absorbent tissues so widely used for removing face creams.

Used in place of handkerchiefs, they relieve much of the wretchedness during hay fever season when soft, dry handkerchiefs are so necessary.

You know only too well, how miserable a handkerchief becomes. Embarrassing to carry, disgusting to look at, irritating to use, unpleasant to wash.

Inexpensive—use and destroy

Kleenex costs so little that you may destroy each tissue immediately after use. And how grateful is its downy softness to inflamed and sensitive skin! Kleenex absorbs nearly *twice as fast* as the softest of old linen handkerchiefs.

You'll find Kleenex at your nearest drug, dry goods or department store.

Use Kleenex for dusting and polishing, in place of unsanitary cloths. Buy an extra package for the automobile. It's handy in a score of ways when motoring.

KLEENEX *Disposable*
TISSUES

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send free trial
supply of Kleenex.



PH-9

Name.....

Street.....

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

The Way I See It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

depression. People with far more reputation and experience than I were without engagements, without prospects of ever getting any.

New York, it seemed to me, was the only hope. Out of a kind of professional and financial bankruptcy, I laid out all but my last few pounds in a second-class passage to America and arrived in New York, armed with a fat sheaf of letters of introduction to film and theatrical people.

BUT the depression I found in New York made London seem comparatively prosperous. All the picture studios were closed; all the theatrical managers were gloomily shaking their heads. A boarding house in Brooklyn succeeded my first quarters in a Times Square hotel, and, even with two weeks of a walk-on part at \$50 a week, how to pay the landlady was becoming a pressing problem. I was beginning to see that my schedule of simple success might have large gaps in it.

From sheer economic necessity, I took parts in road companies, with "The Green Goddess" and "East is West." Such rôles were useless in building a career in America, but I had no choice.

I think it was at about this time that I began to feel the need of that anchor to windward, that private guarantee against having to go through useless motions in order to stay alive, which would have sounded merely ridiculous to me two years before.

At any rate, when "East is West" returned to New York, I had determined to get myself out of this fly-by-night profession, much as I liked the active aspects of it, and spend the rest of my life playing safe, earning something and saving something.

I had not been a failure. My kind of success had been worse than failure. A flash of luck here, a short, quick recognition there, a touch of success in something else, with long intervals of perplexity between. And just when the last ray of hope had gone out, something else would turn up to keep me alive and tantalized for a little while longer.

But I was through with it now, and went earnestly about getting a steady, reliable job. I had been a steamship clerk in London; and clerks of some sort must be needed in New York. Perhaps they were; but no one ever admitted it in my hearing. I was only too willing to devote myself to earning my board and lodging with a few dollars left over, week in and week out; the difficulty was that the opportunity to do so did not offer, pursue it as earnestly as I might.

And, at that point, my erratic fate threw me back into the theater with a handsome offer from Mr. Henry Miller to play opposite Miss Ruth Chatterton in the New York production of "La Tendresse."

WHAT moved Mr. Miller to this rash step I never knew. At the time, it appealed to my new prudence as an opportunity to build up a small nest-egg for future emergencies, and I accepted it. But when I found myself back on the stage, working again at the only profession I knew, well treated, even actively praised by the newspapers, I found out that I liked it too well to give it up. This was my work, if I could only maintain my resolution to save money, and so prevent getting soaked to the skin in the rainy days of which the actor's life is full.

The fact that, although an Englishman born, I could pass for an Italian, again took a hand in my life. Mr. Henry King, then planning to take Miss Lillian Gish to Italy to make "The White Sister" appeared during the fourth week of "La Tendresse" and made strenuous efforts to secure me for her leading man. It

was true that I had worked a little in English pictures and that he offered me a salary well above what Mr. Miller could pay for my services; but I had no reason to suppose that I would do well enough in pictures to make the experimenting worth while.

Mr. King was persuasive; Mr. Miller was generous about releasing me; but in the end it was the hope of laying by enough money for a breathing spell in which to take stock of myself which brought about my consent.

For the first time in my life I was actively concerned about where I wanted to go and how I wanted to get there.

I sometimes wonder why my real success began as soon as I got into this frame of mind. If I were superstitious, I should say that fate was rewarding me for an effort to make sense out of myself.

AT any rate, "The White Sister" and "Romola" which succeeded it on the same trip with Mr. King and Miss Gish, did so well by me that, while I was still in Italy, there came an offer from Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for my services in Hollywood. There could be no breathing-spell, but the consciousness of having put by a considerable sum of money, plus a certain pride in my ability to do so, had made the breathing spell unnecessary. My fan mail from "The White Sister" convinced me that there was something in Hollywood for me; and I accepted Mr. Goldwyn's offer, beginning an association which has continued seven years.

The nature of that association has been bound up with my new attitude. The first picture in which he used me brought a steadily increasing reputation, so that, when the time came for him to take up my option, I found myself with several offers from other studios. I think Mr. Goldwyn offered me less money than any of the others; I know that several offers were considerably larger than his. But I stayed with Mr. Goldwyn.

Three years before, I should have been possessed of only a few hundred dollars, no matter what I had been earning, and would have been quite capable of accepting the highest offer merely because it was the highest. In my old way of thinking, that would have been the logical thing to do.

But, now, I still had a large portion of my recent earnings intact. I had been realizing, through my new feeling for my work, that Mr. Goldwyn's way of handling me was the way I wanted to be handled. Now, with money in the bank, I could afford to disregard the temporary advantage of a few hundred dollars more per week and assume a bit of financial disadvantage for the sake of long-run values.

In other words, I was now in a position where I could forget about the necessity of *keeping* my job, and could devote myself to the consideration of how to *do* my job properly. I could afford to take the job which offered the most opportunity for me, and such an attitude toward matters would have been impossible if those lean months in New York and sad experience in the frantic, hand-to-mouth life of the theater had not bullied me into seeing things in a new light.

I SOON found that being able to surrender the added revenue which might have come from a rapid succession of "factory" pictures and over-night exploitation was extremely fortunate. Mr. Goldwyn's supervision of my work was amazingly shrewd and careful. He built up what is known in theatrical terms as my "draw" slowly, cautiously and permanently.

And I was beginning to be financially independent so that, when the "talkies" came

along to shake the picture world upside down, I would have been in no serious danger if my screen career had ended then and there.

As it happened, "Bulldog Drummond," my first talking picture, was an outstanding success, and those which have followed it, "Condemned," "Raffles," "The Devil to Pay" and the new "The Unholy Garden," have been equally gratifying.

But I know there must be an end to all things. One of these days, or one of these months, or one of these years, Mr. Goldwyn will find that this contract of ours, which has kept on renewing itself for seven years, promises him only financial loss. And at that time I fancy we will solve the problem by tearing up the contract.

But, at that juncture, I shall again be able to afford plans, a purpose, a future. No man under forty likes to think of the productive part of his life as finished. I shall not mind the process of being forgotten by the screen public, for that will be merely a preliminary step for something else.

After living for a few years in the California that I love, I may go back to the legitimate theater with a vigorous and healthful independence of mind as well as of means.

I SHALL not be forced to take any part which offers me a temporary livelihood. I can choose what I am to do and do it for my own satisfaction alone, not in a desperate struggle to stay afloat.

Acting is my job, as I found out when I was forced back into it. I shall continue to work at my job as long as I can, for the job's sake and not for the sake of three meals a day. In that way, I have already had far more joy in my work than I ever had in the old days of hand-to-mouth.

The need of a job or the fear of losing one is a torturing thing.

Putting money in the bank is the only way of making money unimportant. When a crisis arrives, it means the opportunity for calm, orderly thinking and studied planning. It dissipates the need for snap decisions on the basis of an expediency which may not be really expedient. It gives one's future purpose and direction.

There can be direction and purpose without great savings of money, I suppose, but I am afraid that most of us will find it difficult.

Or, at least, that is what one picture-actor discovered in the process of learning how to give himself an opportunity to do his job properly.

Love on the Rocks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

All manner of pets roamed the *hacienda*. Dogs were always underfoot. Canaries twittered all over the house, and eagles, Gary's gifts to Lupe, screamed outside. The house was filled with guests at all hours, all days. One day Lupe picked up two girl tap-dancers and a Mexican guitar player and announced they were under personal contract to her, just for fun. Dressmakers, sales-people, their arms filled with new clothes, poured in and out in a steady stream.

"Isn't he beee-ootiful? Isn't he grrrand?" she would scream at her guests, and leap into Cooper's lap. The next minute she would say "Oh, how I hate that man!" and go for him with the nearest thing at hand.

And Gary? He took it patiently, with much amusement—as gentle as a big Newfoundland dog. Oh, never a dull moment in the *Veleez menage*—an all-day, all-night circus. And real love dwelt amid that ineffable goofiness—that superb madness—and the young folks were happy.

Lupe wore an engagement ring and a wedding ring. (She paid \$1,000 apiece for them,

WRIGLEY'S



Dorothy Jordan
Metro-Goldwyn Moyer

Be
What You Want
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L-104

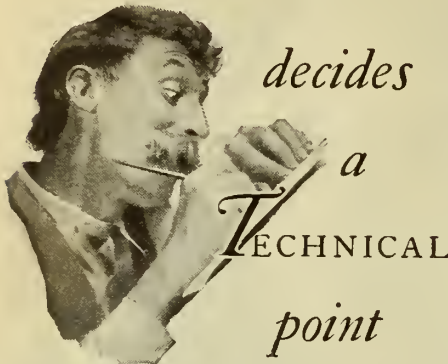
It's the most natural thing in the world to want to be attractive and the easiest thing in the world to be if you only cultivate a rosy, shapely mouth. The daily habit of chewing **DOUBLE MINT** will do more for your teeth and lips than can be estimated. Scientists, Beauty Specialists and Dentists state that chewing helps to form charming mouth contours. Keep a package always handy on your dressing table and in your purse. Enjoy it during the many informal moments which you have throughout the day.



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SATISFYING

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist



I'LL tell you about a technical point that was put to me the other day. The question was this: "Do you advise everybody to eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box?" It stumped me fer a spell, but this bein' a reasonable question, I checked up and I sez: "No, I don't. There are some folks that I advise against it.

"If you are an ordinary person," I sez, "eat 'em. They'll do you good. Eat 'em and be happy. But if you are one of these folks that enjoy bad health, don't eat 'em. Because if you do they'll git you to feelin' fine. Then you'll be unhappy because you won't have anything to complain about."

"Chic" Sale

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but no one knew that then!) Mere talk rose to a roar. But Lupe and Gary said nothing—tended to their own business—just went on loving each other, as true sweethearts do. Let the world gabble.

The conduct of their romance was a model of propriety, good sense and good taste in the face of a curious and rapaciously gossipy public and press.

BUT a couple of months ago came the great change.

Advice was given, and taken. Probably some pretty cruel things were said, "for the best interests of all concerned," the phrase sometimes goes. It's a safe wager that a few bitter, salt tears were shed.

Gary had been ill—he's always been too tall for his tonnage, it's seemed to me. Lupe was between pictures. And, oh—the big blaze had been doused, that's all. Common sense and sober argument had taken off the glow, rubbed off the sheen, from true romance that never counted costs.

Gary, thin and sober-eyed, went off to Europe to rest and recuperate. Lupe packed some of her hundreds of gay duds, said bye-bye to her seventy-seven canaries and started off on a tour of the vaudevilles.

I saw Gary on his way to Europe—and I saw Lupe on Broadway—and there wasn't enough spontaneous gayety in the two of them to make one wooden-headed marionette.

Then I went to the Palace, that vaudevillian's heaven, where the Mexican Monsoon was performing as the headline attraction.

Oh sure—Lupe leaped, and leaped vigorously. Lupe did a rumba dance that all but set fire to the back drop, and did send the nude-headed gents in the front row into paroxysms and howls of glee. And Lupe did a series of those cruel, keen impersonations that must blister some of Hollywood's higher-toned doll-babies.

Gloria Swanson, and "my dear fellow-countrywoman, Dolores del Rio," and a new and screamingly funny one of Marlene "Main Stems" Dietrich—how brutal and devastating Lupe's "imitations" are!

But I could see from my pew in Row A—practically in the lap of the trap-drummer—

that Lupe the Whoopee had been tamed by the bludgeonings of fate. True, she was up there on the lighted platform, punching away, giving her all and doing her damndest for the cash customers.

True, also, that her cavortings and bellowings were practically a hundred per cent synthetic—there was a definite something in those hitherto red-hot eyes that told me she was having practically no fun at all, up there.

No—Lupe was satisfying the customers, that was all, and I, who had seen her lash around when she really meant it, felt a chill in spite of the high temperature, and was plenty sad.

I never quite saw orb to orb with some of Lupe's ill-advised tricks—like sticking the stubs of her guests' cigars in the salt cellar while their backs were turned—but at the same time nobody likes to see a panther turned into a tabby cat. And the snap had certainly gone out of Lupe's garters.

So it's finale, curtains, exit march and out into the street for one of Hollywood's hottest love stories. Oh, when Coop gets back from the other side, and Lupe parks her steel guitar in Hollywood once more, they'll meet, and probably see eye to eye. Big, red lumps of love never quite go to cold ashes.

But doubt's crept in, and cold reason, and sober judgment—and all those silly things that douse the flame.

"I'M not married," Lupe tells the nosy reporters, "I never have been married, and I doubt if I ever will be married."

"I'm going away for a rest," Mr. Cooper remarks to the press.

And they ache inside, as young lovers will, for great days gone.

Heigho! Little Eva is dead, but the show goes on. Dizzy Hollywood will turn to new tidbits, new romances, new gossip, and new flames.

But old codgers like you and me will talk of the great days when Lupe and Gary were lovers—oh Lordy, how they could love—swore to be true to each other.

And Lupe will be leaping around with her strangely dead eyes.

And Gary will just be goin' along—just goin' along doing his stuff!

A New Picture Thief

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Blondell, of Blondell and Company—vaudeville headliners—made good money and spent it all—mostly on Blondy. She had everything. Walking and talking dolls when only little millionairesses were supposed to afford them. Private schools for girls—which she hates.

"I LEARNED more rot in girls' schools than I ever learned on the stage—" she says with decision. And she has ideas. A carload of them. Especially about men. A young Lochinvar would come out of the West and sweep her off her landing and whirl her away to happiness forever and ever.

He came. "I found my dreams. Only—" she hesitated, then gulped her Spanish rice hurriedly with a grim little line about her mouth—"he didn't. He had his dreams and I wasn't one of them. I couldn't do anything, could I? He answered my dreams; I didn't his." She shrugged. "That's when I learned my motto for life: Take it easy and laugh!"

So she's still in love with a dream when she needs to be in love with a man!

And right on top of this lesson, the rest of her life-blocks toppled around her. Vaudeville went on the shoot-the-shoots and daddy and mother were out of jobs. They had two thousand dollars. They got out a map, found a town named Lessville, in Louisiana, and for no-reason-at-all except the name sounded

different from any town they'd ever played in any country, headed for it. A ready-to-wear shop across from a stool-restaurant!

Joan's eyes widen today when she talks of that restaurant. She had never seen anything like it. Her training and her dreams didn't include it.

"It was an awful place! They cut hair in the front of our shop. I sold shoes; my sister sold hose and my mother sold dresses. All we saw were men getting shaves and hair cuts. On Saturday, unless somebody stabbed someone else, the day was unsuccessful for the town as well as the restaurant!

"I was getting awfully restless when I looked on the street one noon, and saw a college boy (one of the few) whom I knew slightly, supported by two men. I ran out and asked what was the trouble and discovered the local doctor had amputated his arm without an anaesthetic. In two hours we had sold out and were moving. I couldn't stand it!"

DENTON, Texas, next. Another ready-to-wear emporium which catered to the girls attending the College of Industrial Arts. Everything running in high-gear when the college decided uniforms were more fitting for young ladies.

Whoops! The business hit the skids with a vengeance.

In the meantime, Joan had been playing tricks on the rest of the family. She had gone to Dallas to buy dresses (she was now head-buyer!) and telephoned home to say she was remaining to play a week with "No, No, Nanette."

She took another week off for "What Price Glory."

So when the girls put the ready-to-wear on the toboggan, she shook her shoulders, squared her hips and murmured, "Somebody's got to take care of this family. They're a vaudeville troupe and therefore they don't know anything but wandering from one town to another and spending more money than they make. I guess it's up to me—"

SHE manipulated them to New York City. But not the New York City she had known with father's big pay check of a few years before. They didn't look up their friends; they lived in Greenwich Village and Joan pounded pavements.

She even went to new booking agents so the old ones wouldn't learn the true conditions. And there was just nothing doing.

Yet, Joan clung to that twenty-year-old philosophy, "Take it easy and laugh," and stopped in front of a book store at 89th and Broadway to take it easy and give the cardboard soles a rest.

She couldn't help but laugh at the messy array of books in that window.

Suddenly she had an inspiration and walked in. "I could clean up that window for five dollars and I need the five dollars."

She did such a good job on the window that the woman asked her if she could use twenty-five dollars weekly. And that's how Joan Blondell got the money to go to John Murray Anderson's school for dancing and take all the other lessons that go with stage training and support her family.

Before book store hours and after them, mind you.

And right there, she should walk into a soft stage job and fame overnight according to the run of such stories. Only she didn't. The store closed. A death in the family. And Joan went down to her last dime. Not *dollar* but *dime*.

Then she got desperately in earnest. "I've just got to find another store window," she told herself. "I can't take it easy but I *can* laugh."

So she went into Al Wood's office with a blister on her heel, pushed her hat back, yanked her shoe off and nursed her foot and laughed. A man came out and addressed the score of waiting, desperate young women.

"Mr. Woods won't be back today. You can all go."

Then he heard the laugh and saw the shoeless foot, and added, "Except the little girl in the red hat."

He took her into an office and left her. While she was waiting she took off her stocking, too. She was nursing her bare limb when a man entered, asked what was the trouble. They fixed up the foot and then he asked, "Now, what do you want; why are you here?"

"**I WANT** a good job; I'm waiting for Al Woods."

"Well, I'm Al Woods and we'll get you a job—"

The lisping girl in "Mary Dugan" was the end of that conference and the beginning of a career which is really still just beginning.

"So you see, I was really just taking it easy and nursing a foot when I got my break and do you know, I think the trouble with me this morning was I'd forgotten to 'Take it easy and laugh.' I'm going back right now and stop worrying and I'll get that shot right. Thank you for letting me talk it out to you. Come over for an interview any time you're ready—"

I think I'll just start taking interviews easy, too. Joan. Thanks for the invitation. I haven't accepted because you taught me your lesson!

A NEW

Autumn

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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]



Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.

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THE MAGNIFICENT LIE—Paramount

OUT and out Chatterton fans will like "The Magnificent Lie," but it isn't up to her usual pictures. However, the picture brings forward a fine, forceful personality with a magnificent voice in Ralph Bellamy, the leading man, and Stuart Erwin gives us his usual fine comedy relief in a sad story.

THE MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA— Super Film Prod.

WHEN foreign-made films are sober, few of ours compare with their gloom. But when they're gay, like this one, where are others so sparkling? Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. You'll love the music, especially the rippling waltz songs.

CAUGHT—Paramount

ALTHOUGH this is billed as a Richard Arlen picture, it's really Louise Dresser's. She appears, and interestingly, in the character of *Calamity Jane*, a much-mythed-about personage of the old West. *Jane's* an outlaw and Arlen comes in as the head of the band of soldiers sent out to get her. He does; it's found she's his mother, and all ends more or less happily.

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M

AN exquisitely photographed biography of a race horse. Clark Gable is featured, but Gable fans will be disappointed at the fact that the film runs forty-five minutes before he makes his first appearance. From then on, the boy's good. Horse devotees will thrill at the story. Ernest Torrence and Madge Evans do grand work, but the photographers rate top honors, especially in the Blue Grass country scenes.

THE BRAT—Fox

MAUDE FULTON'S famous stage play of the night court waif, who, adopted into an egotistical author's home, upsets rows of apple carts before the happy ending, makes a good movie. As the brat herself, Sally O'Neil makes an interesting comeback. Her rough-and-tumble battle with Virginia Cherrill alone is worth the admission price. Some lovely gowns are worn by Cherrill and June Collyer. Photography fine.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National

YOU remember Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in "The Americano"? Here's practically the same plot played by Douglas, Jr. Only it's not as good as the silent—perhaps because Doug, Jr., only climbs one trellis while father hopped from one to another. The son does a nice piece of light, airy work, however, and Loretta Young is easier to look at than ever. The fault lies in another weak story.

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.

ANOTHER gangster film with Mary Nolan as the *Eagle's* moll, but really *Miss 66* from the inspector's office. Lou Tellegen, face lift and all, plays the heavy. The plastic surgeon did a lot, but he didn't stop Lou from mugging. Tellegen is the *Swan*, Johnny Walker the *Eagle*. And in case you don't feel badly enough already, everybody is very tough and they all get killed.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK— Paramount

IT'S a shame! With such a cast this should be a wow. As is usual with poor pictures, the story treatment is to blame. It's disjointed and slow. Even terrific gruesomeness, based upon three murders, doesn't save it. Only those who enjoy shudders at any cost will be thrilled. Don't blame Lilyan Tashman, William Boyd, Irving Pichel, Regis Toomey, Sally O'Neil or the long list of other fine players.

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal

THIS is another of the far-away adventure stories that must inevitably follow in the wake of "Trader Horn." It's a splendidly photographed thrill-story against a background compounded of real Borneo scenery and animal-shots, plus excellent studio miniatures and other "fakery." It's exciting enough and beautiful enough to satisfy theater-goers, with adequate work by Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Georges Renavent.

THE SKIN GAME—British International

THIS isn't one of those things to make you leave the theater turning handsprings—a little too long drawn out and tedious—but it is especially well acted and is touched by that rare charm which Galsworthy's plays always have. Because the film was made in England, the actors are unfamiliar; however, Edmund Gwenn takes first honors. And there's a very nice girl, Jill Esmond.

SIDE SHOW—Warners

ARTHUR CAESAR is supposed to be a brilliant wit. He must save his bright remarks for Hollywood drawing-rooms since he is credited with the insipid dialogue of this one. You can't blame Winnie Lightner or Charles Butterworth who do the best they can with impossible situations and lines. Of course, there are a few funny gags and a very naughty song. It's a circus yarn.

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze

HELEN CHANDLER almost makes you believe there are still meek little girls like the one she portrays, who continue to love and cherish men who take everything from them, including money and virtue, and give nothing. Ralph Graves, as the ne'er-do-well lover, convinces you there are men just like him whom women love in spite of themselves. Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story.

WILD HORSE—Allied

HOOT GIBSON, ridin' hard for the top-ranking place among screen Western players, works hard. He does some trick rodeo riding, captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's delight. Scenes with trained horses add to the thrills, and a fight between two of them is an out-of-the-ordinary screen shot.

THE FIGHTING SHERIFF—Columbia

HERE'S another Western, departing hardly at all from the dependable old formula of outlaws, the villain, the sweet and naïve her-

oine, the good and honest hero and the usual mechanics of working it all out to a happy ending. However, it's packed with action, snappily directed, and adequately played by Buck Jones, Loretta Sayers, Nena Quartaro and others, so it'll probably entertain most picture-goers.

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—
Tiffany-Cruze

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG makes an interesting comeback in this—a racketeering yarn wherein she effectively plays the hard-boiled landlady of that sort of apartment house where almost anything may happen. And does. Murders, a few heart affairs, illicit and otherwise, and various forms of life-on-the-edge keep the picture lively and frequently thrilling. Plenty of comedy relief keeps it from overheaviness.

WOMEN MEN MARRY—
Headline Prod.

IF you don't take this seriously, you may find it not too dull. A young couple (Sally Blane and Randolph Scott) move to New York, and the wicked city proves too much for the good little wife. While hubby is working hard to make good in the big city his young bride gets into all sorts of indiscreet and dangerous situations, led on by that film adventuress, Natalie Moorehead. Miss Moorhead wears stunning clothes.

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR
—Warners—First Division

WHEN you have seen this picture—if such is to be your Fate—you'll be convinced that *Sherlock Holmes* was the dullest, most tedious man who ever made a deduction. And *Watson* nothing short of an idiot. This is about a criminal who simply insists upon forging Bank of England notes. What do you make of it, *Watson*? We'll take *Philo Vance* and *Charlie Chan*.

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—
Universal

JUST another Western—only this one is South of the Rio Grande. Jimmy Mack Brown is the ranger; Leo Carrillo the bad man and Slim Summerville the touch of humor. Dorothy Burgess is the dame—of contention. There's good riding, some not bad scenery and the usual fights and gun play to thrill Western fans.



According to Seymour, you'll be wearing hats like this one of June Collyer's this Fall. It has a decided Second Empire feeling what with the sharp dip over the right eye and the bow trimming at the side. In white felt with black velvet ribbon trim. Very coquettish, isn't it?

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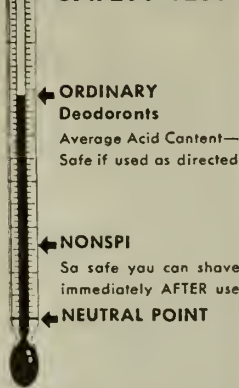


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FIRST AID—Sono Art

HERE is a melodramatic absurdity that is a throwback to the silent screen's early days, and the fellow who threw this one threw it back a long way. It is full of jewel thieves, drunken ambulance doctors, erring brothers and virtuous dance hall hostesses, all of whom do unconvincing things unconvincingly. You wouldn't even like it even if it was good. Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman are the principals.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE—Classic

A CLASS-ROOM lecture on evolution transported to the screen, with Clarence Darrow, celebrated lawyer and lecturer, and Dr. H. M. Parshley, professor of zoology at Smith College, explaining the process. The film covers the millions of years since our common progenitors were just a scrambled lot of bewildered amoebas, making whoopee in an antediluvian ooze. It's dull and unentertaining, full of charts and *papier mache* figures.

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.

THIS time Ken Maynard is a Texas ranger who conceals his identity while unraveling the mystery of who killed his pappy and rustled the cattle. What should have been a simple and conventional Western has been developed into an absurd, unbelievable story. Even confirmed Western fans, who expect and demand little in the way of originality from this type of entertainment, will find it hard to swallow.

MEN OF THE SKY—First National

ANOTHER in that group of war pictures which gave Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., such excellent vehicles, but which is too flimsy and miscast to come up to the standard set by these two. If you can imagine Bramwell Fletcher, an English actor with a decided English accent, playing a German officer, yours is a vivid imagination, indeed. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting belong in musical comedy, not drama.



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Charm? No! No! You Must Have Glamour

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

seduction? Would the fans stand it? Would they ever go to see her pictures again? Look at Norma today. One small seduction! Shades of the purity league! Look what she did in "The Divorcee," in "Strangers May Kiss," in "A Free Soul."

Certainly a little peccadillo is now one of the minor vices. Nowadays the heroine goes right out and gets her man and does with him as she wills.

Nobody minds, and the fans seem to like it. Money, box-office money, speaks.

IT'S all because now Norma has glamour. A self-made glamour, it is true, but glamour nevertheless. Her clothes (that loose evening gown she wore in "A Free Soul"), her spritely, gay manner, her rippling laugh—which, if you ask me, ripples over our screen a little too fluently—her madcap method of living—all these things have surrounded her upon the screen. Shearer, with that sixth sense that has made her what she now is, realized long before the rest of us that this was the new mood.

She even, upon occasions, surrounds her personal life with an aura of glamour.

If you were to see Dietrich in "Three Loves," a German film made before Joseph Von Sternberg found those black silk stockings and garters, you would not believe her the same old poker face who met the firing squad in "Dishonored."

She is, in "Three Loves," rather plump, rather bouncing and she skips through her scenes with a lightness that the glamorous ladies never allow themselves.

And if "Gosta Berling's Saga," Garbo's first important Swedish epic, happened to cross your line of vision, you will remember Garbo then as a rather cow-eyed, heavy heroine who hadn't any notion what it was all about. A far cry—a far cry, indeed!—from these two early European ladies to the women we know upon the screen.

And who would ever have thought that the plump Joan Crawford of "Sally, Irene and Mary" could be the same vivid, exciting girl of "Our Blushing Brides"? "Sally, Irene and Mary" recalls the fact that Constance Bennett played the lead in that film. She didn't make much of a hit.

She had glamour then when nobody could use it.

So instead of going on and sinking into slow obscurity she married a young millionaire, led a gay Parisian life, got a divorce and returned to enroll, as best pupil, in the glamour school.

I hate to keep harping on it, but it seems to me that one of the great screen tragedies is the case of Aileen Pringle—a woman much before her time. She lived, upon the screen, in that sharply defined black and white era when a woman was very, very good or very, very bad. Those nice gray heroines were unknown.

Aileen has glamour—the playmate of the intelligentsia, the smart sophisticate—all the things that are required.

But when she was a star, nobody knew what that was all about.

Maybe she'll make a come-back, like Shearer. She deserves it.

Lilyan Tashman, of course, set about to make herself smart, sophisticated, glamorous. It was a definite campaign on Lil's part and she's succeeded.

And being glamorous is the only hope of movie survival.

Where are the ingénues?

I've already mentioned three. But there are others—Betty Bronson, Madge Bellamy, Mary Philbin, Colleen Moore, Marceline and Alice Day, Jeanette Loff and many, many more. All nice girls.

Gone—all gone.

BUT even before this group, even before the day of the vamps already mentioned there was an ingénue era. It runs like this—sweet girls, vamps, sweet girls again and now glamour.

There was Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter (who imitated her none too successfully), Blanche Sweet, Edith Storey, Lila Lee (the "Cuddles" Lila and not the girl who blossomed into sophisticated rôles later), Lillian Gish, May Allison, Mae Marsh. Remember those glorified close-ups?

A girl could not be a star without a halo of golden hair.

The halo was supposedly made by pure sunlight but in reality it was an electrician's trick.

If you will glance with me through the contract lists of the various studios, you'll find the truth of all this.

We now want something to tickle the imagination, something to whet the sophisticated appetite.

Something to lift us out of ourselves away from the people who behave like human beings—the people we know.

Among the feminine players at Paramount, you'll find the most outstanding are Dietrich, Lilyan Tashman, Eleanor Boardman (no longer

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the ingénue, but a woman with a woman's mind), Claudette Colbert, Juliette Compton, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis. The only real ingénue is Frances Dee. But she's been taken up by Director Von Sternberg, so who knows what might happen.

AT M-G-M you'll find the Garbo, the Crawford, the Shearer. Marion Davies is a light *comédienne*. Certainly Leila Hyams is far from being ingénueish. And there's also Hedda Hopper.

Anita Page is still there, but she has not made good her promise of stardom. No glamour, you see.

Dorothy Jordan is an exception, and yet she does seem to put more into her rôles than mere sweetness.

Pathe is knee deep in glamour—Pola Negri, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett. There is also Helen Twelvetrees, who began by being Gish-y and ended by being "Millie."

The same condition exists at most of the other studios. But there's one amazing exception. Janet Gaynor is Sweetness and Sunshine in its most advanced stages and yet you love her. "Daddy Long Legs," a sweet, sweet picture, upset everything by insisting upon breaking records at the box-office. This is, it seems, some strange phenomenon, for which there is no accounting. Of course, the public taste is as ephemeral as a penny balloon and maybe by the time this gets in print you'll be bored with glamour and wanting something else.

But at the moment, glamour has it, and if the lovelorn column conductors want to keep abreast of the times they'd better start doling out advice about how to achieve it. You simply won't be able to get a date for the junior prom without it.

It is difficult. Charm and sweetness are more easily managed because they're more understandable.

Glamour is as elusive as Garbo being interviewed.

Looking at it purely objectively it seems to be something that one gets by sitting quietly in a corner and letting not a flicker of intelligence, interest or even just a faint suggestion that you're really living, cross the face. It seems to be, also, something about never smiling—except in a slow, bitter way. And it seems to be mentally counting ten between every word of every sentence. But it's more than that. That is the Dietrich-Garbo glamour.

Shearer glamour is being sparkling but not meaning a single word or gesture.

It all seems to center about unrest and wanting something or other which never seems to happen.

We're getting pretty doggone neurotic, we are.

PERSONALLY haven't been able to get the straight of the thing. Dull little girls suddenly burst out as glamorous, gorgeous ladies. I ought to be able to give you advice about how to do it, but since I've not been able to go glamorous, I always think I'd feel a little silly if I tried it and I know my friends—the mugs—would laugh. I'm not much of a one to tell you how.

The best way, I believe, if you insist upon bringing all this into your personal life, is to sit alone with your soul in your favorite darkened theater and watch the screen antics—or rather the total lack of antics—of Garbo, Dietrich, Elissa Landi, Pola Negri, Constance Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Tallulah Bankhead and like ilk. Then go out and try to be glamorous. You must do it for social success these days.

Cut off the curls, slick down the hair, get lithe, go blonde, very blonde, and try glamour on your friends.

You'll probably get laughed at—but better luck next time!

At least, you simply must stop being charming.

SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious then, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

It may attack you any time, any place,

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Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

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Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

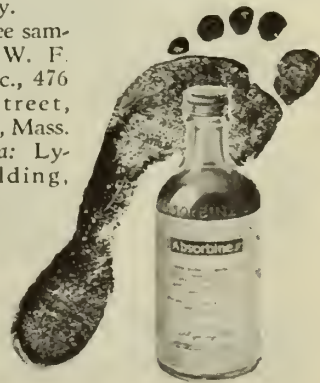
Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

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. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

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Roughing It With Clara

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]



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desert and range—thirty miles one way, forty the other. The nearest ranch house is thirty-five miles away. But Searchlight, Nevada,—gold-mining town—is only six.

Altitude, 3,800 feet. "Bothers my nose—gives me nosebleeds," Clara complained later. On the ranch is the biggest yucca grove in the world. Countless cattle somewhere on the range—out of sight of the house. Wild horses Buzzards. Lizards. Jack-rabbits. Bleached bones every few hundred yards—cattle, not human!—and hungry birds circling overhead.

AND out of the unpainted wooden shack stroll Clara and Rex to bid you welcome to their desert home.

You're startled at Clara! First thing you notice is that she's far from slim. Clara never was svelte. She's further from it now than ever. "I've put on sixteen pounds," she says, because she notices you're noticing.

"Sure," adds Earl Simpson, ranch superintendent, "and she eats plenty."

There's a very definite double chin on Clara. Her face is moon round. Her arms and her what-Mencken-calls-sitzplatz are plenty. Her hair is still blonde—blonde and straight and wild. The desert breeze whips it into furious disorder; it's in her face more than out of it. "I'm sorry I had it bleached," she laments. "It made it so dry and brittle and harsh. I hope it comes back in its original color."

Her face is strangely pale, despite the sunburn on her arms. They're halfway between tan and red burn. She sees you notice it, and without further ado, peels up her white jersey sweatshirt and shows you her back—really brown, and all over, even under the brassie straps. She takes that off when she sunbathes.

But her face is pale. "You've got to be so careful of your complexion here, with the sun and the wind and the alkali and the sand," she says. Her lips bear the mark of lipstick, but most of it's gone soon after she puts it on. She wears it more to keep her lips from chapping than for looks.

But her eyes are the most amazing things. In them, there's an indescribable hurt. They're utterly, supremely world-weary. You may say to yourself, when you read those sob-sister stories about how Clara has suffered, that it's ninety per cent hokey. But look at those eyes, and you begin to understand. All the tiredness of years and years and years—more actual 365-day years than she has lived—are in those eyes.

She's wearing white jersey sailor pants. Her shorts show through, they're that thin. And a sweat shirt, same material. A scarf around her neck—sometimes over her hair to keep it out of her eyes. Sturdy, flat-heeled, white buckskin sports shoes. No stockings. A chain bracelet for adornment.

She's got no show clothes up there with her. Besides the outfit she's got on, she's got some riding clothes—not the formal kind, the real riding kind. And some lounging pajamas. That's all.

REX wears overalls, sweat shirt, boots, Stetson hat. That's what cowboys wear—none of these fuzzy chaps, spurs, gaudy shirts, screaming bandanas...

"Well, what do you think of the house?" Rex asks. He's grinning. Swell chap, Rex Bell. You like him, instinctively. You watch him with Clara, and you know darned well that he's sincerely in love with that girl, and wants to help her. That's why he's got her on the ranch, away from people, whoopee, bother...

You admit you're surprised.

"Well, we haven't done a single thing to fix it up, you see," he explains, "because it's

still in escrow." Then he takes you in and lets you see it. If you were surprised *outside*, wait till you get in. The things we, in the cities, call necessities just don't exist here, where Clara and Rex are living.

There's no bathroom. There's not anything that goes in a bathroom! How do they bathe, then? Well, there are three courses open:

1.—Don't bathe.

2.—Sponge bath in a basin.

3.—The shower. The shower is outside, at one corner of the shack. It's a canvas-enclosed gadget, the size of a little clothes closet. Into the top of it, a pipe runs from the ranch water-supply system. The supply system consists of a twelve-mile-long pipe from a hill spring which brings water for drinking, washing, cooking, and the cattle. When you want a shower, you peel, step into the canvas closet, turn on the water from the pipe and let it run over you. Look out at first because the pipe is exposed to the sun, and the first water is hot enough to scald you. In a minute, it's cold enough to nearly freeze you.

"**B**UT I never use it," Clara says. "The B canvas is loose, and there's too much breeze. A whiff, and I'd look like September Morn taking a sunbath. Maybe I'd shock the cows." So she bathes in a basin.

Clara's bedroom is a kick!

It occupies one end of the shack—windows on three sides. Furnishings: a cot for the nurse who is there with Clara; a few chairs; a marble-topped bureau like you used to see years and years ago. A washstand, with a basin and pitcher on top of it, and a little closet underneath.

An improvised clothes rack on which hang the few things Clara's taken there with her. And Clara's bed—this is the supreme shock...

It's one of those very, very old iron beds. Not the modern metal kind, but the old kind with the small-diametered iron rods twisted into "pretty" shapes. The white paint is no longer white, and besides, 'tis chipping off.

Most amazing of all is the incongruity of the golden-yellow satin bedspread on it—Clara's one concession to gorgeousness.

Contrast this with Clara's Beverly Hills bedroom—old rose rug, canopied bed, specially built bedstead costing \$250. Ivory enamel chests of drawers, chiffonier, bench, etc. Floor lamps, night stands, ottoman, bead flowers, French dolls, trick telephone stand...

None of that on the ranch. No phone within miles. No electric lights—just smelly kerosene lamps.

Clara is roughing it, and how rough you don't realize until you see it.

CLARA'S Beverly Hills bedroom is valued at \$2,500 for the furnishings. Her Rex Bell ranch bedroom—no second-hand furniture man would pay more than \$25 for the whole thing. In Beverly Hills, Clara has her own bathroom. On the Rex Bell ranch, she bathes in the basin—as for other conveniences, there aren't any beyond a corrugated-tin chicsale that's been built under a giant yucca tree back of the house.

Rex's bedroom is the porch. The porch has been built since Rex took the ranch over—and Clara helped build it. She nailed eighteen of the boards on the railing. Now she wants to help paint it. Rex doesn't want her to, because he saw her after she helped paint a doghouse for her Great Dane in Beverly Hills. When it was done, there was more green paint on Clara than on the doghouse. Rex's bed is just outside Clara's room—under one of her windows.

The nurse who occupies the cot in Clara's room is Mrs. Clara Collins, a middle-aged

graduate nurse who is still surprised at what a grand patient Clara is. "When I took the case," she says, "I expected temperament and trouble and fighting. But she's so sweet that I can't find words to praise her. She's a perfect patient."

There are rows and rows of bottles on Clara's dresser. Medicines and nerve tonics and sedatives. Clara still doesn't sleep much. Four or five hours a night is a good night's sleep for her.

"The wind keeps me awake," she complains. It sighs and whistles and howls and shakes the house. A week before she arrived, a twister took the side off the Bell barn.

BESIDES Clara and Rex and Mrs. Collins, the ranch personnel includes the Simpsons—Earl Simpson, cowboy-superintendent of the place, and his wife, Billie. Both are movie veterans. Mrs. Simpson, attractive red-haired woman, worked in pictures for years. She was a nurse with Western companies on location trips—and often played bits and extra stuff herself.

"Before I ever knew Clara, I doubled for her on a horse," she adds.

Earl Simpson, outspoken, blunt, doubled for Tom Mix in rough riding for years.

Besides them, there's one other man on the ranch—young, grinning Harry Wilder, cowboy. He's all put out because they asked him to milk a cow, so Clara can have fresh milk to drink, instead of the canned milk that's staple diet on ranches. "Hell, cowboys can't milk cows," he protested. So Superintendent Simpson has to milk the cow for Clara.

The Simpsons' bedroom is at the other end of the ranch house from Clara's. Between are the dining room and living-room. On the living-room walls are countless pictures of Clara, in every sort of costume, from elaborate things to next-to-nothing, like tights, or leopard-skin.

Mrs. Simpson does the housekeeping and cooking. She's not used to the wood-burning stove yet, because she's lived most her life in cities. "Every time I want to even fry an egg, I have to build a whole fire," she complains.

There's no ice-box, so they don't have meat

very often. Nor ice water. The drinking water hangs in an earthen jug from the porch roof. A tin cup hangs beside it. Everybody drinks out of the same cup, dipping the water out of the jug.

"I'd like to offer you a drink," Rex apologized, "but all we've got is water. There ain't a drop of likker, or even beer, on the ranch. . ."

"I haven't had a thing since I came up here," interposed Clara.

" . . . but down at Searchlight, you can get anything you want," Rex continued. "Searchlight's wide open, likker, beer, gambling, everything." Nevada has legalized gambling.

Not infrequently, Rex and Clara hop into their roadster at night and drive the six miles to Searchlight. They drop in at the National Club there—their favorite of the numerous gambling houses—and take a whirl at poker. Clara always pays when she loses—and doesn't stop the checks.

"Heh, heh, heh," gurgled a bartender in Searchlight when asked about Clara's poker, "she can't git away with nothin' now since they legalized gamblin' here—she's gotta pay up now or they kin go collect it by law because it's a legal debt!"

"I seen her win sixty-seventy dollars the other night," he added. "Besides poker, Clara's gambling is confined to nickel-in-the-slot machines. She never wins on those. Nobody does. But you can't lose much, playing nickels."

CLARA'S routine is so simple that it's tiresome: "Everybody gets up around five o'clock in the morning," she says, "but I don't. Oh, I'm usually awake—I hear them moving around—but I seem to be able to catch a few hours' sleep around that time, so I doze."

She gets up about eight or nine, usually. Breakfast is ready for her. Then she rides Andy, her pet horse, for an hour or so. Or plays around the corral with her pets—

There's Andy, and there's Sheik, a handsome stallion. And there's Skippy, a gangly colt that's hardly old enough to stand. Simpson had to kill its mother on the range one day—She was a wild horse. The colt followed him in, and Sheik adopted him. Now the colt and



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Clara's front garden on the Nevada desert. It's a far cry from her home and gardens in Hollywood, but she is happier than ever before in her life

Far behind is the glory which was hers, and which brought her nothing but worry, pain and sorrow. Perhaps Clara is teaching us all a lesson

WHOSE EYES? LOOK AGAIN!



These tragic blue eyes belong to a youthful RKO-Pathe star who is rapidly gaining fame as a dramatic actress. She has flaming red hair, is 5 ft., 5 in. tall, and weighs 120 lbs. Name below*.

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the stallion are inseparable—Sheik fights dogs, steers, even humans when they come too close to the colt. Clara called the colt Skippy after the comic strip.

Then there's Duke, the prize-winning Great Dane dog Clara brought to the ranch with her. And there's Diablo, a tiny spaniel puppy. While Rex was driving her from Hollywood to the ranch, they passed a boy on the road holding a sign advertising the pup for sale. Clara made Rex stop and buy it. First she called it Satan, but renamed it Diablo.

LIZARDS run wild on the ranch—even inside the ranch house. They're friendly and what's more, they eat flies. Clara didn't like them at first, but she got used to them.

After lunch, Clara and Rex usually drive the fifteen miles to Nipton, where the railroad brings the mail and the wires bring telegrams. There's where they get fresh vegetables and do their shopping for food. A trip usually takes a few hours, because Clara stops and demonstrates her rifle prowess. She and Rex always have their rifles along—Clara pops away at rabbits and buzzards and tin cans.

Quite often, she supplies rabbits for supper. She wouldn't eat rabbits at first, but since she got to be good at shooting them, she joins in the feast.

She and Rex hunt together, in the auto. That's Rex's tough luck, because he drives. When they sight a rabbit, by the time Rex stops, Clara has her rifle aimed and shoots the rabbit.

The ride to Nipton, and hunting usually kill the ranch afternoon for Clara. Then comes supper—and usually, by eight o'clock it's bedtime. And that's the day for Clara!

She varies it with the occasional visit to Searchlight, with Rex, for a whirl at poker. She hadn't attended the Searchlight dance yet, as this is written, but plans to go. Everybody comes from miles around and the old West spirit prevails. The dances never end until daylight—and with saloons wide open, and the rattle of chips and the shuffle of cards

and the whirl of gambling wheels and machines, it's like the wild West of decades ago.

Searchlight folk don't pay much attention to Clara. She was interesting the first time she visited town, but after that, they'd seen her and she was just another gal. Now and then, some of the miners drive out to the Rex Bell ranch and perch atop a swinging gate a few hundred yards from the house, and stare silently at Clara.

"Let 'em—they soon get tired of it and go away," is the Bell-Bow reaction.

Clara says she likes it, up there at the ranch. "It's the first time in years that I've been able to be just myself. No people, so I don't have to act. When I feel rotten, I don't have to fake a smile and act as though I feel good. I don't have to be on dress parade. I can do as I please, look as I please.

"I don't know what's going to happen to me, or what will become of me. I'm Clara Bow, and I'm going to be Clara Bow, no matter what they want me to be. Nobody can ever again make me do what I don't want to do."

It's swell, she insists, to be away from telephones and people. But she still gets her fan mail—has it all forwarded to her there at Nipton. She and Rex read it over together.

And, of course, business butts in. The telegrams carry all sorts of business projects. But she doesn't bother.

"I'm going to stay here and rest for six weeks or more, and I'm ignoring business until I'm ready." She turned down a \$20,000-a-week vaudeville offer. "I could never stand the seven shows a day," she said. She has picture offers aplenty, but is making no deals.

MARRY? "Not for a long time, yet. Rex wants to make a name for himself first, in pictures," she says.

Then she smiles at Rex. And he smiles back. And there seems to be a big secret behind that smile—you rather sense it.

She is genuinely happy for the first time in her life.

Why Carole Changed Her Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

must live as her work demanded; she couldn't travel when he wanted to travel except on rare occasions when the studio gave her a vacation.

She couldn't go to their favorite dining-cornet at the Ambassador on nights when she had lines to learn. And she must think of herself. She must not let anyone—not even one whom she adored—do her thinking for her.

AND since the mountain would not come to Mahomet; Mahomet went to the mountain. Bill went to Carole.

When she had to study lines, he studied them with her. When she wanted to stay home for an evening with her mother and her two brothers, he stayed home with her. When she didn't want to see him, he stayed away from her. He urged her career. "I want you to be the biggest star in the business. I will help you to be the biggest."

Until finally he said to someone whom he loved and respected (I have promised not to use the name but it was someone close to both Bill and Carole), "I—something is happening to me. It is as though I were breaking down inside. I see life differently. I am different. I love Carole. I can think only of Carole."

Bill Powell had forgotten himself. Love had worked its magic.

And Carole? Carole was spoiled, too. A little. She was an independent little lady and yet, paradoxically, most dependent. She and her mother had slept in the same room, for example, for years. In the six years she had been in pictures, Carole had been away only

three days from her mother. Then she had preceded her mother on a location trip; but mother had joined her later. She was the only sister of two brothers who had worshipped and spoiled her as is the way of grown brothers.

And Carole had struggled. One picture with Edmund Lowe at Fox without any experience whatever. When the film was completed, she discovered her back was to the camera in most shots. She had not known about scene stealing and that Eddie was one of the best in the business.

One year in the hospital immediately after that beginning. She did not know whether she would be able to walk again. A year when ambition assumed abnormal proportions. "If ever I get out of here, I'll make good! I'll not let any more men steal scenes from me!"

Pathe! They announced her as a real potentiality. Then Constance Bennett arrived on the lot. People said they looked alike. Constance was a star. She couldn't have another of the same type on the lot. We can't blame Connie—but we can sympathize with Carole. She gritted her teeth, accepted her removal—waited. Paramount signed her.

HER first genuine opportunity. Her head above the professional waters for the first time. And just when she was really learning accurate strokes for her swimming—Bill Powell stepped in and asked her to stop swimming altogether. No wonder her backbone tightened.

She learned that Bill knew everything there was to know about movies; much that there

was to know about books—about life. They went to see one of her previews together. She came out crying. He said, "Dear, you didn't want to do that picture; you hated your director—you hated everything about it. That hatred shows in your work. You didn't mold yourself to circumstances and you suffered on the screen because of it. Now, when you don't like conditions you must learn to make the best of them. You mustn't let your inside affect your outside so the camera can catch it—"

Carole learned that one who loves can help—especially if the advice of love is guided by long years of experience!

AND there was one more thing which influenced these two. Carole and her mother had long studied numerology. Now, Bill studied it, too. And he learned that the vibrations for himself and his first wife were all wrong. Like trying to mix oil and water. Why, according to numbers, his first wife should never have been married.

But Carole—their vibrations were perfect. It was meant that they should work together. So they took out their marriage license on the day auspicious for both; they were married on the correct day and sailed on the best one in the calendar. The day which means "repeat," indicating they will go away together again and again.

I believe they will. But I believe in love. It is not the first time it has changed decisions and—people.

What Do They Smoke?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert's spouse, is another charter member of the mooching lodge. He even rummages, absent-mindedly, in colleagues' desks for smokes. Another is Roscoe Ates, the stuttering comic. But he pays for his with laughs—he can always stammer a cigarette out of his pals—"Got a smahoke—gimme a s-s-s-s-ah smahoke?" Who could resist that?

Speaking of Gary Cooper, he's a first-rate cigarette smoker, too, and he adapts his puffing habits to his surroundings. When in soup and fish, or store-clothes of any kind, he puffs domestic tailor-mades. Set him astraddle his little old pinto hoss, in chaps and sombrero, and he can roll his own—roll 'em with one hand, in the dashing old Bill Hart style.

Joel McCrea is a regular roll-your-own—also a one-handed virtuoso, and a match-snapper with the other finger-nail, to boot. He uses it as a parlor trick.

And Garbo—yes, Greta smokes. She has cigarettes scattered through her house, so that she can grab a puff on the fly wherever she is—watering the cat or putting out the geraniums.

AND here's a gay thought—some of our hottest sirens don't smoke at all! Lilyan Tashman is one, for two reasons—she doesn't really care about it, and she wants to be "different." So many women smoke these days, don't you know! My word! Dorothy Christy is another abstainer. That high-powered blonde who has trailed thick clouds across our screens when performing.

You asked about Marie Dressler. Of course good old Marie smokes, and she's not too choosy. She'll puff away at any of the popular brands with equal enjoyment. She keeps all of them in little silver boxes around her happy house.

Joan Crawford gets away with about a pack a day—the first, right after breakfast, and a goodnight puff or two just before she pops into bed. Joan drinks a lot of coffee—and she says she enjoys a cigarette with a cup of Java

Petal- Smooth

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3 to 4 inches reduction!



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TO OBTAIN slender ankles and calves try

DR. WALTER'S special extra strong flesh-colored rubber ankle bands. They will support and shape the ankles while reducing them. Can be worn under the hose and fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measure. *per pair*



Send check or money order, no cash.

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900 W. Lake St., Dept. L-131 Chicago, Ill.

above all things—except young Doug, of course. And although she has a mess of handsome cigarette cases, she prefers to carry around her smokes in the original package.

Norma Shearer? Once in a while she would snatch a puff in her dressing-room. Now she can be witnessed smoking away at smart restaurants—but she's a light smoker, and has only taken it up in a big way since she's been doing these sophisticated parts.

Ruth Chatterton is one of our ritzier smoking set. That is, she smokes a special brand—made to order, and goldarned expensive. But she keeps all kinds on hand for company. Incidentally, Ruthie doesn't smoke while at work.

Chatterton isn't the only Hollywooder who goes for the fancier sort, by any means. Some of the snooty boys and girls have their own made up for smartness' sake, if nothing else. Iyan Lebedeff has a Russian cigarette made for him in India. It's part of his act.

In Lickter's shop you may see some of the snobby ones—large, cork-tipped cigarettes monogrammed C. B. De M.; silver-tipped ones

with the Swanson name for use of her guests; Chaplin's signature on gold-tipped fags, and the Senior Fairbanks' name on cigarettes with rich gold tips.

"For Norma Talmadge," says Lickter, "we once made up a very fancy lot, in white and black—striped like a barber pole, and gold-tipped." Probably designed by an interior decorator.

Gilda Gray, the Great Shaker, has her own made, gray, gold-tipped and monogrammed, and finally, all lighted up. Billie Dove's chauffeur calls for hers in thousand lots—domestics that are neither initialed nor specially fixed up. John Barrymore gets two kinds there—oversized Russian ones and standard-sized domestics. And Von Stroheim orders his with black paper instead of white. Leave it to that Von, the rascal!

Turning to the cigar smokers—yes, I will have a Corona-Corona, and many thanks—I find that Clive Brook is a very finicky feller about his heaters. Cigars are his pets, though he has a great collection of pipes, or stoves. Clive hates the American way of smoking a



That Jordan girl must love her work! She even has directors, lights and gridding cameramen silhouetted on her lounging pyjamas! Maybe it's just so she won't forget to go to the studios. Anyway, the black silhouettes on the white silk are very effective—and Dorothy looks charming in them

cigar, clamping it between the teeth till the stub looks like a mess of spinach. Clive holds his with his lips only, and exactly in the center of his mouth. Nice neat smoking, that.

Clive's cigarros cost him fifty cents—four bits to you!—apiece, but he uses cigarettes in the brief pauses between scenes.

If you think that George Bancroft masticates big black cigars, you're wrong. Cigarettes are his dish.

SPEAKING of cigars, little Georgie Stone has had a tough flirtation with Our Lady Nicotine.

A very gentle cigarette smoker, Director Mervyn LeRoy insisted that Georgie smoke cigars for his hard-boiled part in "Five Star Final." They tried him on the ordinary brands, and poor Stone went green, purple and pink and had to take time until the studio stopped jumping over the director. Then they had a very mild brand made especially for Georgie—and the bill was \$100. Good old realism—thy name is Hollywood!

At the other extreme is Ernst Lubitsch, who is commonly supposed to sleep with a cigar in his mouth. He's a chewer—a few minutes after he's lighted up the end of his cigar is a pulp. And he smokes 'em way down to the last long puff. When talkies lisped in, and stringent anti-smoking rules were enforced, how Ernst suffered! He sneaked out and lighted a fresh perfecto between each scene. He obeyed orders, but I'll bet the rule cost the company more money in time than he spent on cigars.

Lubitsch wasn't the only man in agony. All Hollywood died for a smoke. Now, though the signs are still up, the no-smoking rule isn't so viciously enforced. Pails of wet sand are placed about the stages to receive fuming stubs. Producers have found it's cheaper to pay higher insurance premiums than stand for the loss of time while players and studio workers took time off to grab a few puffs outside the fire door!

Clara Bow is just a good day-in, day-out smoker—nothing sensational. And she usually uses a holder. A lot of the folks do. Those yellow stains on the fingers don't look pretty to the camera! Imagine—Bert Wheeler is a holder-user, and so is the vampish Rita LaRoy. So is Wynne Gibson, who is partial to smoking while driving her car.

Chevalier likes both cigars and cigarettes, while Ricardo Cortez is a three-way smoker, or triple-threat man—cigarettes, cigars, and pipes. Each has its place with Ric—cigarettes on the set, cigars when out at leisure, pipes by the home fireside.

Regis Toomey is a pipe-hound. He and Sam Mintz, the Paramount writer who did such a swell job on "Skippy," share the enthusiasm, and when you see those boys in a huddle you can bet your best meerschaum they're talking pipes.

Carole, Mrs. Powell, Lombard never carries cigarettes to work, but smokes after meals. Sylvia Sidney is a great "natural" smoker—she doesn't show a bit of the affectation that so often makes women's smoking look so all-fired silly.

WHAT'S that you say? Jackie Coogan? Dearie me, no! Unless, of course, the sixteen-year-old has done a little experimenting with corn-silk back of the family barn.

Richard Dix is another of the nervous type—he takes smokes fast and furiously, fuming and flaming away like a locomotive on the upgrade. Hugh Herbert, on the other hand, is one of the clowns—likes to swallow lighted cigarettes, puff them wrong-end-to, and make the smoke come out of his eyes.

And here is a laugh—Robert Woolsey, never seen on the screen without a two-foot cigar, smokes only cigarettes off the screen, and those very lightly. There's no justice.

And oh, yes—Fredric March.

Well—er—it seems that Freddie goes for both rich brown cigars and cigarettes.

Oop! Only off the set, of course! Ah there, Fred! You started all this.



DOROTHY MACKAILL

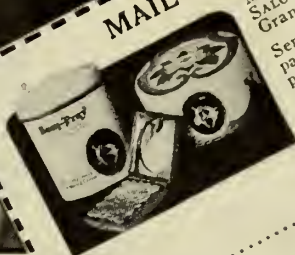
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Famous 100-Year Old Beauty Secret Rediscovered. Erases Age-Lines, Wrinkles Like Magic. Softens Skin Right Away. Gives It Velvety Texture. Reduces Large Pores. Ends Pimples, Blackheads.

No excuse for age-lines or wrinkles, red, rough skin, large pores or blemishes.

The amazing discovery, new Sem-pray Creme, makes you look 10 years younger, many times prettier. New beauty OVERNIGHT. Read free offer. Send today.

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Even beauty experts are astounded to see Sem-pray accomplish results OVERNIGHT that ordinarily would require many elaborate treatments.

Sem-pray erases wrinkles and age-lines like magic. Cleanses, clears and softens the skin as nothing else ever has. Gives it radiant, natural girlish color and velvety soft texture. Ends pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness. Reduces large

pores. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Tones skin tissues without growing hair. Firms sagging muscles. Takes years from your age. New beauty overnight.

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Sem-pray is different and far superior to anything you ever used. A famous old beauty secret recently rediscovered. Contains rare Eastern beautifiers and youthifiers not used in ordinary creams.

These wonderful beautifiers are compressed into dainty rose-pink, almond-scented cake. In new push-up container, used easily as lipstick, without touching with fingers. Fits snugly in hand-bag. 3 minutes a day is enough to take years away. But you can carry Sem-pray with you and give yourself many beauty treatments a day. All stores 60c or mail coupon for free trial.

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Many movie stars look as young today as they did 10 years ago, and some look even younger than they did, because lines and wrinkles have departed. Stars whose unflattering youth, after many years on the screen have caused you to marvel, credit their new youth and beauty to Sem-pray.

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Lila Lee says: "There's nothing like Sem-pray to maintain charm."
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Pauline Starke, Agnes Ayres, Anna Q. Nilsson, Viola Dana, Barbara Kent and other Hollywood beauties all use and recommend Sem-pray to main-

tain, or regain, youthful looks, unlined, lovely skin. Fashionable women who can afford to spend fortunes to regain lost youth and beauty, use Sem-pray because they find it better than elaborate beauty treatments.

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Sem-pray takes the place of vanishing, cleansing and beauty creams, lotions, skin tonics and facial packs. Guaranteed safe, pure. A wonderful foundation cream too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly; prevents caking and spottiness.

Mail above coupon at once for 7-day package of Sem-pray Creme. Act quick and we will include introductory packages of Sem-pray Rouge and Sem-pray Face Powder. FREE. Use Sem-pray for new beauty overnight. Look 10 years younger.

Get Sem-pray Today. New Beauty Tomorrow



He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ... and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds... well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's *only United*.... The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO The Portage
FLINT, MICH. The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Constant Spring



Short Subjects of the Month



Bing Crosby's crooning is getting to be infectious and his popularity is mounting steadily. The series of shorts he is making for Educational not only get over the Crosby voice, but the Crosby personality, which seems to be quite sumpin'. His latest release is reviewed below

I SURRENDER, DEAR

Sennett-Educational

Bing Crosby, crooning Bing Crosbyishly, makes this highly entertaining. Bing's work, plus the usual array of good Sennett gags and a not-too-involved romantic plot, provide a half hour's fun.

FOREHAND, BACKHAND AND SERVICE

M-G-M

Bill Tilden, world's professional tennis champion, shows you basic strokes in such detail you feel prepared to win cups yourself. Actual match scenes with Tilden playing brilliantly help make this a humdinger.

THE HOUSE DICK

Radio

Satirizing dumbbell hotel detectives, with Jimmy Savo playing the boob sleuth, this is sure for a lot of laughs. The prime laugh comes when his own stupidity leads Savo into uncovering a band of jewel thieves.

FAST AND FURIOUS

Universal

This is one of those anatomical sequences wherein everybody gets hit, stabbed, burned or falls—all in the same place. Daphne Pollard, being exceptionally equipped for it, takes top honors. If you enjoy rough-and-tumble comedy, this'll delight you.

MICKEY'S DIPLOMACY

Darmour

Not so good as others of the "Mickey Himself" comedies. The principal trouble is that the story just isn't. It's a lot of gags and action aimlessly thrown together, with not enough coherence to bind the few laughs into a good film.

THE GRAND PARADE

Radio Pictures

Roscoe Ates is a window washer. He drops a water bucket on a lady's head. She wants revenge; he dodges her in various offices in a professional building. You'll scream with laughter and you'll wish there were more comedies like this.

THE GOOFY GOAT

Eshbough-Weingart

Here's the first of a new company's series of comic cartoons in color. The central character, apparently out after some of Mickey Mouse's pickings, is (or have you guessed it?) a goofy goat. In this, he's good. Let's see more.

ONE GOOD TURN

Hal Roach

Lunatics Laurel and Hardy go quite cuckoo again, and isn't that swell? This time, they inadvertently get into a dramatic rehearsal and mistake it for the real thing. Need you be told more?

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD-FISH

Sennett-Educational

Here's another of Mack Sennett's deep sea fishing films. Sennett's an ardent fisherman and has spent days shooting water-thrills. He retails them to you in a series of six, of which this is one. The dialogue accompanying the picture is great.

FALSE ROOMERS

Radio

Clark and McCullough, quite absurd, hire a room from a Scotchman. Other roomers include a buxom blonde and her jealous husband. The blonde gets into the wrong bathroom. Will you laugh, or will you?

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

Photoplay Education

My parents are uneducated farm tenants. My father didn't believe in school beyond the ability to read, write, and cipher. With these handicaps and, of course, no money at all I tackled the job of obtaining an education. I asked questions, read, and, after I left my backwoods home, attended the movies as means of obtaining knowledge and poise. I was extremely timid because of my outland upbringing, you see.

From personal experience I can say that the movies are a great educational force today. They have given me a basic knowledge of customs, manners, and styles which I had no other way of obtaining. And, in the giving, they furnished good entertainment. They are helping me to develop into a well-rounded personality.

C. L. G.,
Birmingham, Ala.

As a country girl, suddenly transplanted to a fairly large town, I found myself totally unprepared to meet the new problems that daily confronted me. But at the neighborhood movie house I was able to study the clothes worn by the stars and thereby improve the style of my own. My apartment, once an absurd reminder of bygone frills and gadgets, now is the most modern in our neighborhood.

My family is very proud of my results, and so am I. How I wish I could find some means to express my appreciation to the designers of

film clothes and house interiors for the help they have given me.

ALBERTA ROWELL,
Lexington, Ky.

Mary Brian

Our whole family just adore Mary Brian and my husband wouldn't miss one of her pictures on a bet. She is most natural and sweetest in those Southern debutante rôles or as a small town sweetheart. She just can't be beat in parts like that. Surely there are many more such rôles for her! The public isn't through seeing sweet love stories, even if there is a "gang war" on!

A LOYAL FAN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Millionaire

I am seldom moved to do my bouquets up in a letter, but the pleasure I had in seeing "The Millionaire" must be expressed. It is as clean as the baby's bottle. It has all the ingredients of a good play—delicate touches of pathos, subtle, gentle humor and tense situations.

There are no gangsters, guns or murders. No storms, floods or wrecks. No speakeasies, wild parties or chorus girls. Yet there is not a slow, uninteresting moment in the whole picture. Mr. Arliss has proved to us again that it can be done. See it for yourself, you satiated movie fans!

Mr. Arliss is one "foreign" actor for whom I have a glad hand.

MARY KEITH,
Clarksville, Tenn.

Movies and Romance

My husband cannot afford an automobile and, as a result, we are denied much of the enjoyment that ownership of a car affords. With financial worries and lack of outdoor life, we have discovered that "Jack can become a dull husband and Jill a bored wife."

To preserve romance in our lives and to escape from dull evenings at home, we find adventure in the darkness of the movie theater. We forget about the note coming due and the dazzling new car that mocks us every time we pass the show window. And we walk home with renewed love and courage, anticipating the next of the "best pictures of the month."

MRS. M. O. WILBURN,
Montgomery, Ala.

Lurid Advertisements

Is there any particular reason why the most suggestive scene in the entire picture should be selected for advertising purposes? My small son stands before the posters, saying disgustingly: "It's just a lot of huggin' and kissin'. Let's stay home and read stories."

And nine times out of ten the picture is all right and tells a splendid story. The posters, however, have given such a bad impression that the highly moral folks stay away and those looking for lewdness are disappointed.

Box-office, I suppose, but is it really necessary?

JESSIE KENVON,
Nice, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

AFTER
YOUR EVERY
SMOKE...



Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zesty flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Company — Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints



Peppermint,
Wintergreen and
Spearmint flavors.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Marian Marsh, Warner Bros. and First National star, one of the fairest of the Fair—a tremendous hit as John Barrymore's leading lady in "Svengali". Just as Hollywood's fairest women win the applause of millions, you too can attract admiration with the charm and fragrance of

FAIR-EST

"The Natural Cosmetics"

CREATED in HOLLYWOOD for the FAIREST of the FAIR

Complete set—Rouge... Face Powder...
Perfume... Dusting Powder...
Bath Salts—at Your Dealer, \$2.50



THE FAIREST CO.
HOLLYWOOD
501 Fifth Avenue, New York



BLONDES win wedding veils

LUCKY blondes—honeymoon bound. For blonde hair has an irresistible allure. That's why thousands of blondes count on Blondex to preserve this priceless heritage. This special blonde hair shampoo keeps hair unforgettably radiant—bright, fluffy, alluring! Prevents darkening—safely brings back sunny, golden glint to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Kind to the scalp. Blondex will bring out the natural gleaming gold now hidden in your hair. At all good drug and department stores.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Passimatic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and busifuness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves! Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book. RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-229 Flatiron Bldg. NEW YORK



MARY PICKFORD reached the first great crisis of her career. Her contract with Famous Players expired and she was deluged with offers, some of them for \$10,000 a week. Mary took a long time to consider, and lost \$50,000 by remaining idle.

Finally, fearful lest the quality of her pictures be lowered, she resigned with Famous Players, and we hailed it as the most important news of the month. It was.

We introduced a new cowboy actor, Tom Mix, appearing in Selig "multiple reel" dramas. His leading lady was Victoria Forde.

Polly Moran, new Keystone comic, was interviewed. "There is something of the wideness of the desert in her eyes," wrote our interviewer, "and of the wastes' inscrutable calm." Also: "She is immensely popular with her parents, who live with her." Tee, hee!

Reviewing the year's pictures, Julian Johnson observed:

That the distinguished performances of the year were Wilfred Lucas' characterization in

"Acquitted," and Mabel Normand's bulwarking of all the Keystone comedies with her own slender shoulders;

That Charlie Chaplin can summon the tear as deftly as he can lure the smile;

That the silent stage has never had so quick, big and wholesome a triumph as that of Douglas Fairbanks;

That Theodore Roberts earns a place as one of the really impressive performers of the year; and

That, in the bright list of the real stars the year has created, Bessie Love stands first.

Pictures in the gallery included Dorothy Kelly, Earle Foxe, Beverly Bayne, Sidney Ainsworth, Norma Nichols, Bruce McRae, John Emerson, Mary Fuller, and Mary Charleson.

Cal York items: When Bobbie Harron and Jack Pickford want to be devilish, they sneak over to Baron Long's Vernon Country Club and drink lemonade after lemonade... Otis Skinner is putting the finishing touches to "Kismet"... Eugene O'Brien, a handsome newcomer, has been signed by Essanay... William Farnum will henceforth play gentler parts. He is through with "scrapping" rôles.

10 Years Ago



"FIRST of the Immortals" is what we called George Loane Tucker, maker of "The Miracle Man," which brought Betty Compson, Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan to the front. He had just died. "The art of the screen remains richer and finer for his

gifts," was our tribute.

A page of pictures showed scenes from Doug Fairbanks' most ambitious effort to date, "The Three Musketeers." Doug raised his first moustache for that one. *King Louis XIII* of France was played by a fellow named Adolphe Menjou.

Buster Keaton writing in PHOTOPLAY of his marriage to Natalie Talmadge said: "I have learned in my short married life that there are two sides to every argument—your wife's and her mother's."

"Good-bye Bathing Girl" headed an article telling of Phyllis Haver's ascent from bathing beauty rôles to comedy drama.

Two open letters—wistful little jiggers, too—urged Vivian Martin to forget the stage and come back to the screen; and implored Pauline Starke, champion weeper of the celluloid, to cheer up.

Rubye De Remer told: "How I Keep in Condition."

Pictures in the gallery included Nita Naldi, James Kirkwood, Ruth Roland, Ralph Graves, Lucy Fox, Kathleen Ardelle and Elsie Ferguson.

Pictures reviewed were "The Conquering Power," with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry; "The Affairs of Anatol," with Wally Reid, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres and Theodore Roberts; "Experience," with Richard Barthelmess and Marjorie Daw; "The Mother Heart," with Shirley Mason.

Cal York items: Betty Blythe has bobbed her hair... Jack Holt has been made a star by Famous Players... Thursday night will be Photoplayers' night at Delmonico's. At the first one, Wally Reid awarded a silver cup to the best fox-trotters... Bert Lytell says Johnny Walker's name alone is enough to make him popular in these prohibition times.

5 Years Ago



CHARLIE CHAPLIN satisfying his life-long ambition to play drama, announced he was going to produce his own version of the life of Napoleon, with himself as the *Little Corporal* and Raquel Meller, Spanish pantomimist and dancer, as *Josephine*.

Cal York quoted Chaplin as saying he would make the picture within the year.

The picture never came off, but the announcement gave some impetus to Meller's Hollywood recital, which was the month's doggiest event and cost \$25 a pair for tickets.

In our account of it we reported that Tom Mix, present in full evening dress, couldn't understand Senorita Meller's Spanish songs. "It's a different kind than they speak down along the Rio Grande," said Tom.

Bebe Daniels, to stop rumors that she was going to become Mrs. Jack Pickford, announced her engagement to Charlie Paddock, track star.

"What Happened to Pauline Frederick?" we asked in an article telling of the ups and

downs of her startling career. She was attempting a screen comeback.

A clever little girl, Janet Gaynor, had just won a contract with Fox on the strength of her work in "The Johnstown Flood." She announced her engagement to Herbert Moulton, a Los Angeles journalist.

Pictures in the gallery included Bebe Daniels, Ken Maynard, Milton Sills, Mary Brian, Helene Chadwick, William Haines and Ricardo Cortez.

Pictures reviewed were "The Road to Mandalay," with Lon Chaney; "Men of Steel," with Milton Sills, May Allison and Doris Kenyon; "Mantrap," with Clara Bow and Percy Marmont; "Variety," a German importation with Emil Jannings; and "Fig Leaves," with Olive Borden.

Cal York items: Josef Von Sternberg, director of "The Salvation Hunters," was married recently to Riza Royce... William Fox gave a big dinner for F. W. Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh"... Elliott Dexter is back in Hollywood... John Gilbert and Greta Garbo will make "Flesh and the Devil"... Cecil DeMille is all set to go on his biggest production, "King of Kings."

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

A missionary, working in South Africa, says that movies are his "stock-in-trade." There are one hundred and eighty thousand native boys working in the gold mines where he lives, and he directs twenty movie projecting machines, for which he has the choice of the world's best films.

He puts on recreational and educational programs to amuse, educate and stimulate these hard-working boys. He says the comedies make them roar and that movies have done what nothing else could do; they have stopped rioting, developed a spirit of cooperation, begun mass education, and planted the seeds of helpful new ideas. He has found movies are a universal language for educating and civilizing.

JANET HERRON,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

The Magic Carpet

Has it ever occurred to you as you sit snugly in some palatial movie house, watching the best in pictures, just how much movies may mean in the world's out-of-the-way places such as this little Dutch island in the Caribbean Sea?

Here in Aruba an enterprising individual has recently installed in an old hall the necessary paraphernalia for presenting talking pictures. To a colony of several hundred isolated Americans, who for the past few years have had to be content with old movie magazines and ten-day-old newspaper accounts of screen happenings, these talking pictures come as a bond with the outside world.

And the natives share our pleasures. Possessing but a brief knowledge of English, and quite obviously a briefer income, yet they go in droves to see the pictures. Their enthusiasm as they witness the films is delightful. They appreciate humor and understand the dramatic situations in a way almost beyond comprehension when their limited scope is considered.

The movies bring them, with the rest of us, nearer to far-away America.

DON HEEBNER,
Aruba, Dutch West Indies

Too Wet

I'm not a crank about prohibition, but I'm getting a bit fed up on so many drinking scenes in pictures. Like the gangster films, it's about time to lay off a bit.

R. W. CARR,
Malta, Ohio

Where on earth does the virtuous working girl of the screen get her stunning clothes? She may live in a stuffy hall bedroom and not eat a bite for several reels, but her gowns require not less than a \$50,000 a year income. How does she manage it on the wages of an honest working girl? Please let me in on the secret.

VOLLIE DELL GRAHAM,
Houston, Texas

It seems to me that no matter how far in the hole in regard to money the hero of a motion picture is, he is able to take his girl to all the swankiest night clubs in an expensive car, and he has a tuxedo and a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

GORDON MACKAY, JR.,
N. Philadelphia, Penna.

It's a great pity that the actors couldn't hear the applause in our theater for "Charlie Chan Carries On." Warner Oland was wonderful.

SARAH A. KINCAID,
Philadelphia, Penna.



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LAST CALL FOR VOTES!

LAST call for votes on the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award for the best motion picture of 1930!

All votes must be in the office of PHOTOPLAY by October 1. Votes received after that date will not count.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the only award in the world of motion pictures which goes directly from the film fans to the producer.

Each year PHOTOPLAY presents a gold medal to the producer of the motion picture deemed the nearest ideal by its readers. Back in 1920 the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal was devised by James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY, as the best method to encourage the production of better films.

Like motion pictures themselves it has grown in importance in the industry as a mark of distinction and merit. Each year the medal has come to be a milestone, marking the steady progress of pictures. Its ten years of existence has marked a decade of moving picture achievement, and its presence is a stimulant to producers, encouraging them to better things on the screen.

Since its inception revolutionary things have taken place in the industry. The most revolutionary, of course, was the change from silent to talking pictures. With this achievement a whole new world of entertainment was opened to moving picture audiences, and an entirely different technique was presented to producers.

As in the silent days, the PHOTOPLAY Gold

Medal was there to encourage finer things with this new medium of screen expression; to bring to the audible screen the same fine efforts with which producers sought perfection in the pre-sound era.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal has always stood for the approval of picture goers themselves for a producer's best efforts to add something to screen progress.

Today it is the most coveted award in the film industry.

The pictures which have been awarded this honor in past years make a distinguished and notable list. Just consider them: 1920, "Humoresque"; 1921, "Tol'able David"; 1922, "Robin Hood"; 1923, "The Covered Wagon"; 1924, "Abraham Lincoln"; 1925, "The Big Parade"; 1926, "Beau Geste"; 1927, "7th Heaven"; 1928, "Four Sons," and 1929, "Disraeli," the first talking picture to be awarded the medal.

Every one was a fine contribution to the screen. In casting your vote take these into consideration and be sure that your selection is a picture worthy of standing beside these ten illustrious winners.

Remember that the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward for the producer making the best picture of the year in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

More than all else, PHOTOPLAY wishes its readers to consider the ideals and motives behind its production. Forget personalities and favorites in favor of the broader phases of the picture.

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 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| Abraham Lincoln | Free and Easy | Old English |
| All Quiet on the Western Front | General Crack | Outward Bound |
| Animal Crackers | Green Goddess, The | Rogue Song, The |
| Anna Christie | Grumpy | Romance |
| Big House, The | Hell's Angels | Sarah and Son |
| Big Trail, The | Holiday | Seven Days' Leave |
| Case of Sergeant Grischka, The | Journey's End | Song o' My Heart |
| Caught Short | King of Jazz | So This Is London |
| Check and Double Check | Ladies of Leisure | Street of Chance |
| Common Clay | Laughter | Tom Sawyer |
| Dawn Patrol, The | Let Us Be Gay | Unholy Three, The |
| Devil May Care | Lummock | Vagabond King, The |
| Devil's Holiday, The | Manlaughter | White Hell of Pit: Pahu |
| Divorcee, The | Men Without Women | Whoopee |
| Doorway to Hell, The | Min and Bill | With Byrd at the South Pole |
| Fet Feet | Moby Dick | Young Man of Manhattan |
| | Monte Carlo | |
| | Office Wife, The | |

Granddaughter of an Empress

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Sophia or someone else. Elizabeth was already the mother of three, one of whom, the Crown Prince Rudolph, was later murdered or committed suicide. History has never been able to decide which.

Court intrigue sickened Elizabeth and so she decided that her fourth baby, Caroline, should be hers and hers alone. This child was, therefore, entrusted to the Kaisers where her childhood was punctuated by the brief, exciting visits of the Empress mother.

CAROLINE has never seen Emperor Francis-Joseph, husband of Elizabeth. One day he was to make a public appearance and Caroline thought it cruel that she should see the man whom she was led to believe was her father, from a distance and with a group of impersonal onlookers. But her mother saved her this indignity by having her sent away the day the Emperor was to appear.

Empress Elizabeth often talked to her daughter about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. He had died when Caroline was a child and in speaking of his death Elizabeth said, "In him I lost more than anyone can ever know. And in him, Caroline, you lost your best friend." Elizabeth carried a small portrait of Ludwig wherever she went.

Caroline was allowed only the secret visits and occasional glorious vacations with her mother, for the Emperor was absolute and the child was not brought to court. But one day when Caroline was almost grown, her mother told her that she was to come into her birthright, that Francis-Joseph had consented to her being presented. Tragically and ironically, a few months later the Empress was assassinated. This was in 1898.

Stricken by grief, Caroline began an attempt to piece her life together. She had loved her beautiful mother and she was heartbroken when Mrs. Kaiser said to her one day, "Your mother and the Emperor never agreed. Is it any wonder, then, that they went separate ways, and, as far as possible, sought consolation elsewhere?"

Was it fear of scandal and the remembrances of Elizabeth's friendship with King Ludwig that kept Caroline away from the court of Austria?

Her mother dead, things were difficult for Caroline. She was forced into a marriage with Richard Kühnelt, son of the Court Councillor Kühnelt. She thought that he did not know her parentage when he married her, but she found that he had known all along. For a time she was comparatively happy and then Richard speculated with the money her mother had left her and lost it all.

They moved to a small place near Vienna and it was there, according to her mother's story, that Elissa—who was christened Elizabeth-Marie-Christine—was born, December 6, 1904. (There was already a son, Francis, born November 17, 1902.) The discrepancy here is that Elissa says she was born in Venice, but you will note that the birthdays are given as the same, except Elissa omits the year.

SO Elissa is the daughter of Caroline and Richard Kühnelt, both Austrian. She is English only by the fact of her marriage to an Englishman.

Now Caroline, Elissa's mother, recounts that in May, 1906, she left with her husband, Elissa, Francis and a nurse for Canada. In March, 1908, Richard left her to go to New York and thence to Austria. Caroline went to British Columbia and settled in Vancouver.

What Caroline suffered, alone in a strange country, without funds and with two small children to support, only she knows. She

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served as a cook at the Yale Hotel and then opened a small shop to sell Viennese candy. This shop she sold at a profit and, by lucky speculation in land, she amassed a small fortune. She also gave music and language lessons.

IT was in Vancouver that she met Count Zarnardi Landi and married him (she was by now separated from Richard).

Deciding that it was wrong to deny Elissa and Francis their birthright, she went with her husband to Austria in 1911. There she met her mother's sister, Queen Marie-Sophia, of Naples, who, when she was shown the pictures of Caroline's children, Elissa and Francis, was struck by the little girl's resemblance to Empress Elizabeth and by the Hapsburg expression on the little boy's face.

But all of the lawyers' entreaties to the court—the Emperor was very ill at the time—brought Caroline nothing but an offer of money.

She did not want money, only recognition, and it was for that reason that she wrote her book to present her case before the public.

Suppressed in Italy and France, it was at last published in England in 1914.

In the meantime, Elissa and her brother were brought to London, and from then on you know the story of Elissa, her success as a novelist, her sudden rise to fame upon the stage, her marriage to John Lawrence, an English barrister, her coming to America to play the lead on the stage in "A Farewell to Arms," and her being signed to star in films.

Elissa's mother, who is still alive, says in her memoirs that she looks forward to "the day when my book will be in the hands of the reading public which will be, I am sure, an impartial judge towards me and a generous protector of my children."

But Elissa, instead of being admitted to the court of Austria, her rightful place, according

to her mother, was admitted to the court of Hollywood. An interesting sidelight is that her grandmother, the Empress, was related to the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand whose assassination at Sarajevo began the World War.

And thus is Elissa explained. Thus are her great charm, her poise, her beauty and her subtle arrogance more understandable.

I shall never forget my first meeting with her. She had come in from horseback riding, which she loves, and was lounging in a suit of green pajamas against a divan across which a large beige fur rug had been thrown. I felt immediately the strange vitality of the woman—I felt more than our conversation warranted, for she did not talk a great deal and she was reluctant to admit her great passion for music and her lust for beautiful words.

Since writing was first with her, it is that she loves more than acting. She spoke dramatically of the glory of living in a secret world, of one's own creating, a world the doors of which may be locked from the inside without fear of there being a duplicate key.

ELISSA has a great many things to do. She must be a good actress, since she has chosen that, but she must also write, since she must. Seven hours sleep is enough for her because she takes plenty of moderate exercise. She stores up her health for the jobs ahead of her.

Because she does not like people in crowds and she is bored by big parties, she is fearful lest she become a crank. She likes people singly or in twos. Hers is a rich and full life because it is the life of the mind.

It is impossible to give a picture of so complex a woman. But certainly she does not belie her noble birth. Sure, calm, poised, intelligent, beautiful, glamorous, altogether lovely, Elissa is, and I feel that her grandmother, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria would, had she lived, have been proud to claim her as her own!

The Man Who Tried to Elope With Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

these things as Greta's friend. That Greta, the most exotic star of them all, lived a life apart from the film colony—an existence quieter than the most obscure shop girl. I learned that if I wanted to continue being Greta's pal, I, too, must live a life apart. That I must not allow outsiders to know that I even existed. It would be suicide for me if the world discovered that Greta Garbo had a boy friend.

"But being with Greta was worth it, and I forgot everything and everybody for her!

"As time went on Greta occasionally introduced me to an acquaintance. I urged her to be nice to them. To invite them to her house. To go with me to call upon them. I particularly liked Jacques Feyder, the French motion picture director. Greta and I often dropped in on him and his wife. Soon Greta commenced to grow very fond of them. She also took a great liking to Mr. Berthold Viertel, the German director, and his wife. It wasn't long before she was seeing more of them than she was of me.

"As time went on it seemed as though I was always waiting for Greta Garbo! Waiting for a chance to find her at home! Waiting for a chance to talk with her on the telephone!

"I SPENT long hours waiting in my little rented room. I commenced to think of my father and my mother and my home in Stockholm. I longed to shoulder a gun, call my dogs and go hunting in the forest on our estate north of Gothenburg.

"My mother was urging me to come home. News of my sister's engagement and approaching marriage decided me to go.

"It was very hard for me to leave Greta." I

saw tears fill his eyes as he turned his head away. "But I am going. It is the best way.

"Her contract will soon be up and then she, too, may come home. For she, too, is tired of Hollywood. Tired of making pictures that she does not want to make. Tired of living the life of a hermit!

"So I will keep on waiting for her. Hoping that when she returns, she will be the old mischievous, rollicking Greta I used to know."

Then Soren bade me goodbye. I had not expected to see him again. And here he was, asking if he could have a few words with me.

WE sat down on the couch. His words tumbled out in excited confusion.

Garbo, it seemed, did not like the picture about to go into production. Soren said it was a silly modern version of "Sappho." Greta did not want to do it! And she did not like Clarence Brown, the director. She was sick and tired of the whole picture business. Sick of Hollywood! She wanted to go home.

Soren said it now seemed quite possible that Garbo would sail on the same boat on which he had booked passage. Slip quietly out of Hollywood, taking only a few of her belongings so as to arouse no suspicion! Often she went away on trips. No one would suspect.

For thirty days no one in the world—except the few on shipboard—would know where Greta Garbo had gone. She would remain in hiding on the boat until they were far at sea. What a sensation there would be when the world discovered that Garbo had fled from Hollywood!

Long into the night Soren talked. I was to be the only person in Hollywood to know of

Greta's whereabouts. A day or so before her boat was due to land I could give the story to the world. And had Garbo actually slipped away on that boat, what front page news that would have made!

It was a fantastic dream!

Garbo's future plans in Europe were discussed.

Garbo, it seemed, had always longed to return to the stage. One of her fondest dreams is to play the *Maid of Orleans* in "Joan of Arc."

ONCE in Europe, Soren knew that Greta would have the theatrical producers at her feet. She could write her own ticket. Dressed in shining armor, mounted on a milk-white steed, Garbo, as *Joan of Arc*, would ride at the head of her army and capture the world.

The production would be the greatest spectacle ever seen. Imagine the divine Greta Garbo as the *Maid of Orleans*!

I never knew what happened to Soren's dream of Greta Garbo slipping away with him that night on the freight steamer bound for Sweden.

The day following his last call on me, I was called out of town. Upon my return Soren had sailed. A note on my desk told that he had phoned to say goodbye.

Garbo, I learned, was preparing to start work on "Inspiration." All seemed to be quiet on the Swedish front.

Whether Soren's plans were the fantastic dreams of a lovesick youth or actual plans gone astray, I never knew. No word has come from him since he sailed away on the Swedish freighter.

But again Hollywood knows that Garbo is dissatisfied with the picture she is making. "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox" was being considered months ago when Soren was here. Even then he said that Greta did not want to do the story.

"Why! Oh why! will they not allow her to

do one story she herself chooses?" he cried. "'Monna Vanna,' for instance? She would be marvelous in that."

Is this last picture one too much for the Swedish star? Will it prove to be her Swan Song? Has she at last determined to make good her threat that she will go home?

At any rate, the *Los Angeles Examiner* recently printed the following item:

GARBO WILL TAKE STELLAR RÔLE IN REINHARDT PLAY

Vienna, May 28—Greta Garbo has been invited by Max Reinhardt to play a star rôle at the opening performance of his new private open air theater in Leopoldskron, his residence near Salzburg.

Miss Garbo accepted the invitation and will pass part of the summer in Leopoldskron, later visiting Vienna and Berlin, where she is expected to play as a tragedienne under Reinhardt's direction.

If this item is authentic, will Garbo have time to make the long trip to Vienna, carry out such plans and return early enough to star in two more pictures scheduled to be made before the termination of her present contract? Or does she actually intend to go home and not return?

Could it be possible that the open air production in Reinhardt's private theater is to be "Joan of Arc" and that later this same production with Garbo as the star will be shown in the big cities of Europe?

IS Greta Garbo at last to realize one of her fondest dreams and at the same time get away from Hollywood and the "silly pictures" she does not want to make?

From her friend Soren's prediction, all this seems quite possible. If true, Hollywood and the screen will soon see the last of this mysterious, exotic northern star.

BEAUTY is not for Youth alone



George Comes to Earth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

from the studio that "Mr. Bancroft has a serious throat ailment and cannot be disturbed." But it was learned that not even studio officials who wanted to talk business with him had been able to get to him. Hollywood, frankly, wondered whether George's throat was in bad shape, or his head.

"I NEVER knew," says George now, "that my friends were trying to get in touch with me. I did have a bad throat—and I guess it was doctor's orders that no one should be allowed to see me, and that I shouldn't be disturbed with messages or business. At any rate, none of the calls ever got to me, and I never got any messages that people have since said they sent me at that time. Hell, I like people—why should I try to snub them?"

"What about the business affairs?" he was asked.

"Well, you know I'm a strange person," he explained. "I don't know much about business when it concerns myself. Now, if these people had been trying to put something over on a friend, and I saw it, I'd understand it as a third party looking on.

"But when they started those tactics on me, I just didn't know what it was all about. I'm not a business man. When things get too complicated for me—when they start coming at me too hard—I want to do one of two things. I either want to get mad and tell them to go to hell, or I want to walk out of it for a while until I get my bearings."

And that, Bancroft leaves you to understand, is what he did last fall—walked out of it, rather than tell the Paramount organization to go to hell. So first he sequestered himself in

his beach house, now private at last, and then he went East to New York for a while.

None of his friends could get to him, but George didn't realize that, he says.

"People don't understand me. They look at me—at this big body and this rugged frame—and they don't understand that I've got nerves. I'm of a very nervous, high-strung disposition. I get so, under strain, that I go completely tired.

"Why, after say thirty days' intensive work on a picture, I get so tired that I just don't want to do anything except sit. I don't want to see people, I don't want to go places. I just want to sit and be let alone.

"Normally, I'm not like that. I like people. I like to go fishing, say, with a bunch of fellows, whether they're big shots or not. Who a person is in pictures doesn't matter to me when I pick my friends—it's the kind of people they are, not who they are!

"They've said, too, that I'm temperamental at work. That I want to direct the director. Why, say, do I look like that kind of man? You know, this picture business is a funny racket. There are so many people involved in a picture. . . .

"FOR instance, the author writes a thing one way. Then the director comes along and he changes it. 'The guy that wrote this,' he says, 'is a damn fool.' Then the fellow that wrote it learns about the change and he gets mad and says, 'that director is a damn fool!'

"Then I, like a fool, try to act the mediator, the middleman, the peacemaker. The usual result is that they both turn on me and say: 'Aw, Bancroft is a damn fool!' And that's how

THE woman who still greets her mirror with a grimace—because sallowness mars her skin and obscures her charm—has only herself to blame. For probably she has neglected the first law of loveliness—that of keeping internally clean.

Lack of internal cleanliness—the presence of poisons and waste in the system—does more to spoil good looks, kill youthful alertness and charm, than any other thing. It puts many a woman in the "almost good-looking" class—unnoticed, unappealing.

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The original All-in-one Cream, which is an important part of my system. Remember, Ten Cents only, NOT fifty cents, of a dollar. But the dime *must* reach me, so wrap up the tin or the send stamps. But do it NOW. **MADAM WILLIAMS, SUITE 270, BUFFALO, N. Y.**



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I got my reputation for being temperamental or butting-in-y on the set—merely because I'd try to smooth things out between other people. You know, I could join their game and say: 'Well, they're both damn fools,' and let it go at that. But I always tried to help out, and never got thanked for it."

However, be that as it may, Bancroft is certainly not the man today he was last fall. He's geniality itself. He no longer snubs interviewers, callers, friends—instead, he welcomes them.

"I like making pictures, crazy as it is," he says. "When I work, I work hard. I want to make the best of a picture that there is in it.

"**M**AKING good pictures, making a success—that to me is happiness. Money is secondary. Yes, I've got a new contract. They say it makes me \$100,000 a picture; as a matter of fact, I'm getting only a few pennies—a very few pennies—more than under my last contract.

"But money isn't my primary concern. I've made a great deal of it but I've given a lot of it away. As a matter of fact, I have very little money left out of what I've earned. I don't save it. It hasn't brought me any great happiness. I'm not much happier, if any, than when I was just a vaudeville performer on a vaudeville salary—

"Both got me a place to sleep, and enough to eat. There's very little else that matters."



You're looking pretty grand, Kay Francis! That very formal velvet evening gown is all that it should be this Fall. From its slimly moulded lines to the bit of glittering trimming, it is stunning. Note the bracelets worn on either arm—a nice touch. The hemline would be a bit smarter if it missed the floor

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 931, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Don't Expect Too Much

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

for her to explain that they needed another Marie Dressler picture in a hurry and would appreciate her delaying the vacation due in July.

"I believe in coöperation, Mr. Mayer. If you want another Marie Dressler picture you shall have it."

This, in spite of the fact that her plans were completed for the annual mid-summer visit to Europe.

A little sleuthing on the part of your reporter unearthed the plan to give Marie ten crisp one thousand dollar bills as a bonus when she has completed this extra production!

PLEASE don't get the idea that not expecting too much is entirely a noble gesture on the part of Marie Dressler. When she left "The Lady Slavey," she demanded top-notch prices on her next production. When her contract has expired with Metro, she will undoubtedly refuse to sign unless the figure offered is a fair return on her box-office popularity.

"Not expecting too much from life is good business. You establish a reputation for fair play at one place and you get more money at the next. It is like good-will in business!"

Pride and fear often hoodwink the ambitious, she tells us.

She was the first to leave the legitimate stage for vaudeville when a manager offered her \$1,000 a week.

"Isn't it too bad that Marie Dressler killed herself by going into vaudeville? She's done for. She'll never get back on Broadway. Why won't she listen to advice?"

Marie laughed at her friends' mourning. "The Metropolitan Opera House didn't mean anything to me; one thousand dollars a week did. It gave my mother everything in the world she wanted; the Metropolitan would only give my pride a certain inflation."

She recalled the case of the pianist who could finger the ivories as few she has known. He had spent a fortune on his education but was starving because he could get no concert engagements. "If I could play the piano as you can, I'd haunt the saloons; I'd play in cabarets where people *must* hear me. You don't know who might hear you. You can't expect life to bring you an opportunity; you have to work for it!"

What—a pianist play in a saloon! He was shocked and insulted. But Marie had done it herself; she knew the experience-value. She had sung for ten dollars a night at the Atlantic Gardens; she had danced and sung at an old music hall for fifteen.

And she returned to Broadway from vaudeville.

"And I will take any part in any picture they give me today. It may be a bit but we need good bit players in pictures!" Incidentally, she proved this in "Anna Christie" and "Let Us Be Gay."

It takes courage not to expect too much from life; real courage.

PROBABLY the blackest part of Marie's career preceded her last entrance into pictures.

She had not worked for seven years. Seven years is a long time to be out of the show business. She had been living on her principal; her interest would not support her. She was down to less than \$25,000. She knew that without work that might not last to save her from a pauper's burial.

Yet, the world did not know; her most intimate friends only suspected.

She had kept her name in every newspaper in the country as though she were working daily!

"I knew that when my time came to return to the stage, the public must not realize I had

been away from it. I made use of my society friends. I'd go to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Ann Morgan or Ambassador Herrick and say, 'Well, I've got to have my picture in the paper. What do you say we pose together?'"

"I didn't expect the world to remember of itself; I knew I must make it think about me. I played politics but I played them on the level. My friends knew they were being used and did it to help me.

"Charity entertainments. Trips abroad. I went every year. The ship boys always wanted news. My friends in Europe were famous but I didn't depend entirely upon their names to help me. One year I told the boys how I loved Italy; would love to live there forever. When I returned, they asked me why I didn't stay in Italy if I loved it so. I answered: 'I came back to America to buy a cow.' It was true, the milk in Italy was poor then—but that remark covered the country with Marie Dressler's name attached to it."

AFTER "The Callahans and the Murphys," Marie again faced oblivion. She worked for approximately eighteen weeks in several pictures. The money saw her through but her face lay on the cutting room floor. It looked as though she might not get another engagement.

"Advertise," her friends told her. Marie had never paid for advertisement! She decided to risk \$2,000 of her dwindling principal. The day before she was to withdraw it, Edward Everett Horton came to her.

"If you would only play the *Queen* in 'One Romantic Night,'" he begged. "Of course, we know we can't pay you anything compared with your regular salary. But you have plenty of money—"

Marie's silence gave consent to the financial situation.

She believes in keeping her secrets.

She played the *Queen*; she put everything she had into it; she became the rage of Los Angeles. She saved the \$2,000 she had planned for advertising. She could never have bought what this part did for her.

Offers poured upon her like hail-stones in a deluge.

Perhaps, she could have signed for more than \$2,000.

But she had refused to lower her salary to get parts; she made no effort to raise it when parts came to her.

Of course, she has many more examples to prove her contention:

If you don't ask too much you will win your battles. But she specifically asked us to print this one.

"Never give up one job unless you have another. If a person cannot put up with unfavorable conditions on one job he doesn't deserve another. I have never done it. I have left one for a better one but never left without another!"

SHE was working in a company whose prima donna hated her. She found a way to get rid of Dressler.

"I needed that job. We were in Philadelphia when I got my notice. During breakfast the hotel proprietor saw me eating alone and asked why I looked so glum. I told him the situation. He hired the best lawyer in the city and the prima donna was given her choice of putting me back or paying my salary for the run of the play. She put me back. Imagine the conditions. I knew what they would be. She hated me. She was the leading lady—but I had no other job. When I could get a better one, I took it but I made the best of the one I had until that moment."

Marie admits it was difficult—admits life is difficult no matter what rules you follow.

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"Electricity is given to us. But we have to get up and press a button to use it. The power of success is given each one of us; we have to learn how to press our buttons.

"**MONEY** is one thing we cannot do without. But luxuries bring burdens. The larger the fortune—the larger the home, the position and the burden. In old age we do not want burdens.

"I do not wish to end my days with a household of servants. I want Maimie and Jerry who have been with me eighteen years and understand me.

"Why, since that paper came out with my salary as \$5,000, there have been moments when life was not worth living. Everyone has an idea where I should put it—to whom I should give it."

She shook her head. "Too many people expect too much. They can never get it—If they would only listen to old age—" She laughed.

"But I guess that would be expecting too much, too—to expect people to listen!"



Seymour liked this smart Fall suit that Dorothy Jordan wears. He says to note the deep armholes in the short black broadcloth jacket—it's a new touch. Astrakhan fur lavishly trims the jacket and also the skirt of the black silk frock beneath. Clever neckline. Seymour wasn't very enthusiastic about the hat, he would rather have had it one of those new eye-tilting affairs

Addresses of the Stars



Hollywood, Calif.

Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breedon
Chas. D. Brown
Ruth Chatterton
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Marjorie Gatscon
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes

Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allan Vincent
Charles Trowbridge
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymers
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald

Kenneth MacKenna
Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Malya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokle

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
John Halliday

Hugh Herbert
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves

Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard

RKO-Pathé Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
Junc MacCloy

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twilvetrees
Robert Williams

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Walter Huston

Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marion Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

When and how to

shampoo page 15

Once in two weeks is the average time . . . The ideal shampoo takes lots of water and soap . . . Rinse out and then go through the process again . . . removes the last traces of first wash . . . Gives the hair its sheen and gloss. The final rinse water should be . . .



for a clear skin . . . page 12

The fundamental need of any face is cleanliness. Choose a pure soap. Nothing else will reach down into the pores and cleanse them properly. Go to bed with a face really cleansed and relaxed . . . Keeps your face young and fresh. Some skins are . . .



for more attractive

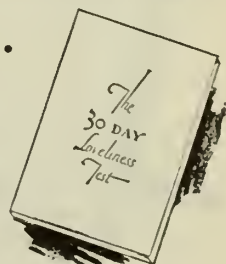
hands page 9

Both how and how often you wash your hands are important. Hands must be washed frequently . . . Dry them thoroughly. Finish with a quick run around under the nails with an orange wood stick. If your hands chap easily use . . .



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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

the lavender powder over your usual color of powder. Use a rosy rouge and the same color of lipstick. Under electric light, you will be interested to know, lavender powder fades out and gives the skin a delicate opalescent tone that is charming.

Greens, which give most skins a slightly sallow look, should be complemented by a natural make-up, that is, a creamy powder and a rouge that simulates a natural flush. The lipstick should be devoid of an orange cast. This same rule applies to black and white.

Girls with florid skins should be wary of reds. To wear reds, they should tone down the pink of their skins with a powder containing some tan or yellow. Little rouge, and a lipstick that either matches the natural coloring of the lips or subtly stresses the shade of the dress.

A PROMINENT beauty authority once related to me a very interesting make-up trick that she tried on a woman who refused to use rouge at all. This woman was a potential beauty, yet due to a rather violent prejudice for make-up, she had a drab, colorless appearance.

Finally she came in for several facials, and when she was being made up, the operator applied a light foundation of liquid rouge all over her face. It was so light that when the powder was added, it gave the appearance of a delicate, healthy glow. All the former sallowness disappeared. She was simply amazed when she looked in the mirror for she had been transformed into another personality, a vibrant, glowing one quite unknown to herself.

Mary Brian, who is pictured in two stages of her daily make-up, has some interesting theories of her own on the subject. She believes it is far better to be un-rouged than over-rouged. With that I heartily agree.

Then, in regard to eye make-up, which incidentally is very much on the up with all smart women, Mary believes it should be avoided for daytime. She says that the harsh light of daytime hours makes heavily made-up eyes appear bold and unattractive. A little for daytime, and enough to stress the eyes at night, is her theory.

She uses a powder three shades darker than her skin and brushes the surplus off with a soft brush as shown in the small photograph. She applies her lipstick with a stick but shapes the line with her fingers afterward.

Mary does not like the exaggerated cupid's bow effect.

Speaking of lip rouge and its deplorable habit of marking bath and table linens, I heard of a clever little red linen towel which is being found in the smartest boudoirs these days. This towel takes the red from your finger tips and lips without leaving an ugly trail behind,

one red just blends into the other, you see! A strip of red linen, and you can make them by the half dozen yourself.

It is impossible to go into all the tricks of make-up. Every person and every star has her own little tricks. But boiled down, the best theory is to make the most of every feature. Study yourself, and with various tips you have picked up from time to time, create an individual expression of yourself.

NINA:

You do not tell me how old you are, therefore I can not give you your exact weight. However, if you are around twenty years of age, your weight is almost perfect. Why do you want to lose weight? A curve or two is considered very attractive in these days of more feminine clothes. If you were really overweight I would recommend it, but under the circumstances it seems foolish.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, however, I will send you my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus.

PUZLED:

No one at twenty-two should look into the future and find it barren of happiness. I read your letter with great interest and I am glad that you gave some of your pent-up feelings an outlet. That is what you need. Much, too much of unhappiness and distress has been locked within you for a long time. It is not a healthy condition. Talking to a sympathetic person so often seems to clear phobias and fears away.

I hope that you won't feel that I am brushing your problem aside, for I am deeply interested, but I do feel that you should talk personally with someone who can help you more than I possibly can through a letter. May I urge you to go to a nerve specialist? The best one that you can find.

Tell him all that you have told me, frankly and freely. I know you will find sympathy and understanding.

Nothing is so detrimental to happiness as a disturbed mental outlook. You are young, attractive and seemingly endowed with more than average good fortune in your surroundings. You should have all the normal, happy reactions of a girl of your age. You are being cheated, not because of a superficial feeling of shyness but due to a deep mental distress which should not be fostered longer.

Develop your talent for art, too. It will prove a marvelous outlet for a sensitive person such as you. Put your soul and energy into making it something real in your life. A person who has a definite goal to work toward has less time to be introspective and lonely.

September Birthdays

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| September 1—Renee Adoree | September 13—Claudette Colbert |
| September 1—Richard Arlen | September 14—John Halliday |
| September 1—Marilyn Miller | September 14—Don Jose Mojica |
| September 1—George O'Brien | September 15—Larry Kent |
| September 1—Miriam Seegar | September 15—Fay Wray |
| September 2—David Rollins | September 17—Dolores Costello |
| September 3—Mary Doran | September 17—O. P. Heggie |
| September 4—John Mack Brown | September 17—Esther Ralston |
| September 5—Doris Kenyon | September 18—Greta Garbo |
| September 7—Roscoe Karns | September 19—Ricardo Cortez |
| September 7—Merna Kennedy | September 20—Elliott Nugent |
| September 9—Pauline Garon | September 22—Eric Von Stroheim |
| September 9—Neil Hamilton | September 23—Walter Pidgeon |
| September 10—Bessie Love | September 24—Julia Faye |
| September 11—Paul Muni | September 26—Antonio Moreno |
| September 12—Maurice Chevalier | September 30—George Bancroft |
| September 13—Edwina Booth | September 30—Ralph Forbes |

Her Own Best Enemy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

"Oh, isn't that sweet!" gurgles Lavina. "Won't you let me help you? My boy friends all say I'm great on writing cute pash notes." But Pink replies, real serious, "No, Ma'am, you couldn't. You're a mighty sweet girl, but I don't think you'd understand some of the sentiments I'm aiming to express."

AND with that, he's off to get writing materials and as soon as the Chink has cleared the supper things, he sits down at the table and takes pen in hand. But I guess he didn't find composing love notes so easy, for after half an hour of scowling and perspiring, he comes over to me for advice.

I sends him on to the scenario writer, who should be handy at that sort of thing, if anyone was.

The two of 'em put their heads together for quite a spell and late that evening, I finds Zoebeck examining some words the Chink is wiping off the oilcloth table cover.

"Isn't that terrible?" demands the manager, pointing out "grand passion" and "eternally yours."

"Plumb fierce!" I says, having always believed that if a man must unloose such sentiments, it shouldn't be done in writing.

"I'd fire Lavina, if I could, but it would ruin the picture."

Zoebeck grits his teeth, 'til I was afraid his upper plate would crack.

"Why?" I asks surprised. "She's just trying to be helpful to your financial assister in his love affair."

"A helluva help she's been," he snarls. "What would you say if I told you there was no such person as Vilma Roselle?"

"I'd say you was crazy. I've seen her myself."

"You've seen her in films, but you haven't seen her in person and you won't, ever. Mr. Cottonwood, I'm going to tell you something that I threatened my troupe they'd be fired and blacklisted for, if they ever let on around this ranch. When I started the All Arts Film Company, my shoe-string wouldn't have threaded a baby's bootie—"

"That's no surprise to me," I cuts in, "any more than that the check you talked of when you first came, never seems to have got dug out of that blizzard."

But Zoebeck was too wrought up to take heed of my chaffing. "To speak facts," he continues, "during my first picture, I ran short paying what actors I had for the first sequence, and engaging a heavy woman for the *dénouement* was out of the question. So Lavina, who is smart though hellish, volunteered to disguise herself and play the rôle."

"She changed the shape of her mouth and eyebrows by make-up, put on brown powder, a black wig and high heels, padded her hips and called herself 'Vilma Roselle,' and with the help of a little double exposure camera work, she played the heavy woman herself, and so help me, if she didn't make such a hit, we had to continue the character through the rest of the series."

KNOWING how crazy pictures are made, I felt no surprise, but still I couldn't help wondering about what the scenario writer called "the human equation."

"What you're trying to tell me," I sums up, "is that Lavina is really Vilma, or Vilma is Lavina, or rather that one of them is both. That's all right with me, but why in Sam Hill should this two-person woman go to all the trouble she has just to plague a poor cowboy?"

"Don't you understand," replies the manager, "Mr. Hawkins has insulted her."

"How come? One thing I'll say for Pink, I've never seen him fall down in his etiquette with women."

"He insulted Lavina the first time they met and he's kept on insulting her by daring to show interest in another woman while she's around."

"But that other woman happens to be herself," I puzzles.

"That makes no difference," cries Zoebeck. "Being a picture producer, I understand psychology, especially feminine psychology, and I know that nothing short of earthquake or pestilence is going to keep Lavina from vamping that cowboy away from her shadow self, and meantime she'll punish him plenty."

"I reckon she will," I assents, "but what mostly interests me is how Pink's going to act when he finds out the deception."

"That's what interests me, too," admits Zoebeck, worried like. "Do you think he'll consider it comes under the head of 'funny business?'"

"I reckon he will," I assents. Then enjoying the pained expression on the manager's face, I invents a pleasing yarn of how Pink had come to the ranch, after killing a man in Texas and how he come to Texas after smashing a marshal's jaw in Montana, but by the time I gets to why Pink had come to Montana, Zoebeck has faded.

NEXT evening, as we ride in from the range, we find Lavina waiting perched on the corral gate and waving a slip of paper.

"Well, my handsome hero," she cries to Pink, "here's a telegram in answer to your letter. It came over the 'phone, but the Chink couldn't understand, so I took down the message myself."

And before Pink could make protest, she starts reading out loud:

"Darling Pink, your letter wonderful. Crazy meet you and would come to ranch immediately but kid brother sick and must stay nurse him. Write often. Love, Vilma."

Then, almost before Pink could get the full effect of those loving words, Lavina snuggles up close to him and coos:

"That surely must have been a wonderful letter you wrote Vilma."

"It was, Ma'am, it was," assents Pink, solemn like.

"I wish I could get a letter like that. Couldn't you write me one sometime?"

"I'd like to, Little Lady, but I'm afraid I haven't got more than one of 'em in me."

After that, every evening, Pink composes a letter to Vilma, and every afternoon, Lavina arranges for him to get some kind of message in reply.

Each one, from the way Pink's eyes would pop when he read it, must have been hotter than the last.

Yes, it was evident that as Vilma, Lavina was doing all she could to rivet that cowboy's affections.

On the other hand, as herself, she didn't miss out on any tricks, either. It was like a man playing solitaire and being firm set on not cheating himself.

CAME along the last night before the last day the troupe was to be with us. All through dinner, I noticed Lavina didn't sound off as much as usual. Just sat still, studying Pink with a squint in her eye like a cowboy looking over an outlaw bronc that had thrown him in a rodeo.

And Pink had sure throwed Lavina.

But the girl was game. In spite of all the times she'd bit dust, she still came back for more punishment.

Late that evening, as I was coming up from the tack shed, I chanced upon them as she was

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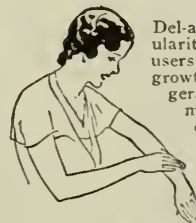
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making her last play. They were in a far corner of the stoop, Lavina snuggled on a pillow at Pink's feet and making music at him with a steel guitar. Her voice wasn't robust enough for my fancy, but she put a heap of hankering into it and what with the moon just edging over the mountains and the coyotes yelping in the distance, the scene was sure set for romantics.

In spite of myself, I got to thinking of a Harvey Lunch Room waitress I'd known at Phoenix and I hung around in the shadows, when, by all rights, I should have been moseying.

SUDDENLY in the midst of Lavina's crooning, Pink puts his hand over hers on the bridge of the guitar.

She looks up expectant.

"Ma'am," he starts, soft like, "there's been something I've wanted to ask you all evening long."

"Ask me anything you want and I'll answer real pretty," she returns.

"Do you think Vilma would find objection if I made her a present of a guitar like that?"

For a moment, the girl stares at him, mad as a heifer stung by a bee.

"Why not give her this one?" she cries, and lifting up the instrument, she smashes it down across the railing and hands the broken pieces to Pink.

"Why, Miss Lavina?" he inquires, startled, "whatever are you up to?"

"There's always a time," she comes back, "when even the best joke has gone far enough."

"Joke? What's your busting a good guitar got to do with a joke?"

"No use my keeping that guitar when I'd never be able to play it again for laughing."

"Laughing? Why for and what at?"

"You and your hot sweetie, Vilma."

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am," reproves Pink, "but I don't consider my affection for that lady a fit subject for scoffing."

"Of course you don't," cries Lavina. "That's what makes it all such a scream. Oh, if only I could show you some of the letters I've got from Vilma!"

"You've been corresponding?"

"Every day. She sends me copies of all your letters. I can quote some of the mushiest spots by heart, like—"Little Lady, I crave for you like the desert craves for rain!"

"Good evening, Ma'am." Pink was rising to go, but Lavina stopped him.

"Remember this one?—"You're as remarkable as a woman as my Pinto is as a horse?—" Vilma said her husband was crazy about that."

"Her husband?"

"Yes, Vilma's got a husband, only it's not talked about for professional reasons, any more than her three kids."

And with that she runs off laughing, while poor Pink stands looking as foolish as a tenderfoot, who's put the wrong foot in the stirrup and ended up on the horse facing backwards.

NEXT morning, we all ride out to where the last and biggest scene of the picture is to take place.

It had been thought up by the scenario writer and was just about what you'd expect from a fellow to whom the word "horse" meant only half of the name of a drink.

He'd fixed it so the hero, disguised as a bandit, was escaping a gang that he thought was officers, but really was outlaws. The poor heroine, thinking the hero had been responsible for her brother's death in a card game, had set out to trap him, but had got trapped herself by the heavy.

Evading this *hombre*, she had flung herself over a cliff that was too steep for him to get down to her, but by the same token, too steep for her to get up.

In fact, the whole ledge was supposed to be slipping and all that stood between her and destruction was a parcel of greasewood roots that was really ropes painted up by the All Arts people.

Now, it was the hero's privilege to ride

down an almost straight cliff and taking off from a narrow ledge, leap his horse across to that crumbling landslide and finally scramble to safety, dragging the heroine with him.

Not wishing to endanger the neck of his star, Zoebeck had sent for a stunt man to double. But when time came to shoot the scene, 'twas found the agency had made a mistake and sent a parachute jumper instead of a horse jumper. The fellow had plenty of nerve and was willing to try, but we soon found he couldn't even mount one side of a horse without falling off the other.

THIS started a terrible ruckus, the director claiming the story was punk and needed the punch to bolster it up, and the scenario writer declaring he'd put the stunt in because he knew the director was falling down on his job. Meantime, Zoebeck was running from one to the other, wringing his hands and sweating and crying out that costs was mounting up and to keep the troupe waiting a day or two, 'til they could send for a new stunt man, would plumb ruin the company.

The boys were all gathering around to be in on the calamity except Pink, who had been keeping aloof, quiet and frosty as a winter's night.

Finally, as though disgusted and wanting to put an end to all the jabber, he eases himself into the circle around Zoebeck and pronounces, quiet like, "I reckon Pinto and me might make that leap, if called on."

The manager falls right on Pink's neck and for a moment I was afraid he was going to kiss him, which would have produced untoward results.

Then, as they are rigging Pink up in the hero's sombrero and chaps, Lavina, who all morning has been keeping mighty quiet for a woman, butts in.

"Mr. Zoebeck," she inquires, "don't you think the All Arts Troupe has done enough to this cowboy without taking his life in the bargain?"

"The risk is negligible for so fine a horseman as Mr. Hawkins," returns Zoebeck, "and as he has money involved in the picture, I feel I am only giving him an opportunity to protect his investment."

"Since when was money sunk in All Arts Films an investment?" shoots out Lavina, and I could hear some of the troupe snickering back of their hands.

Anyway, Zoebeck is silenced for the time, and Lavina turns on Pink. "Look here, Simple Simon," she says, "there never has been and there never will be another one like you. All the more reason why I am not going to stand by and witness the type become extinct. If you weren't such an idiot, you'd realize that picture stunts are contrived for stunters—specialists, who have not only spent all their lives learning how to ride horses, but also to fall off 'em without getting hurt."

"I don't aim to fall off," Pink bridles.

"Listen, Bozo! You'll fall because your horse will fall. An animal can't jump without a decent place to jump from and where's one on that gravelly cliff, I'd like to know?"

"But my Pinto's got spider feet."

"And you've got a gnat's brain!"

THE cowboy swings up in his saddle and would have made off, but Lavina anchors herself to the Pinto's bridle and looks up at Pink more earnest than I'd ever seen her before.

"Say, Big Boy, will you tell me just one thing? Are you set on this neck breaking simply because you're sort of low and desperate over that Vilma woman?" Then, as Pink makes no answer—"Because if you are, I want to tell you from the bottom of my heart that girl's not worth it, and what's more, I'm going to spill the whole truth about her—"

"I don't want to hear nothing about her from you," interrupts Pink. "She's been my ideal woman and she'll always be my ideal woman, but she hasn't got anything more to do with my making this leap than you have. I've

got five hundred bucks pledged in this picture and I'm doing this stunt for the sole purpose of saving 'em."

Lavina drops the Pinto's rein like it was a live snake.

"Well," she gasps, "you're nothing if not practical. Go ahead, break your neck if you want to. I'd almost wish you would, if I wasn't afraid of your horse getting hurt."

With that Pink gallops off and Lavina, aided by three prop boys, starts scrambling across the arroyo where she's to do her root hanging.

THE Pinto starts out nobly, squatting back on his haunches like a dog in front of a fire, while Pink's long legs dangle in the dirt on each side, enabling him to assist in the braking.

They must have slid that way for thirty feet in a line that couldn't have been more straight if it had been drawn by a ruler. Then they come to the ledge where I know Pink's future is going to be decided. That is, whether he's going to have one or not.

As the Pinto is gathering himself for the leap, a slide of pebbles dislodges under his hind feet, but as he has no place else to go except forward, he takes off anyway on what can't be more than a scrag of coffee fern. At that, I don't know whether it was the horse's strength or the whoop Pink lets out that carries 'em over.

Anyway, a second later, they're up the other side of the ditch with Lavina in Pink's arms as per schedule. She holds him tight and starts kissing him, which is part of the picture, and after a moment, he goes to kissing her back, which isn't.

"Cut!" screams the director. "Cut!" And the cameras stop grinding.

"Cut it out!" I seconds, for to witness such violence of affection was embarrassing, even across an arroyo.

Late that evening, when Zoebeck was herding his troupe into the bus so as to save another day's board, I noticed that Lavina seemed to be missing.

I was just wondering, when the manager comes up and hands me five hundred bucks, which he says was left for him by Pink, and shows me a letter from Lavina, that runs something like this:

Dear Mr. Zoebeck:

Pink and I are just leaving for Agua Caliente to get married.

As the picture is finished, I feel I owe you nothing. However, you owe me five days' salary, which you can send—care of U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, but probably won't.

Pink and I are going to spend our honeymoon on his parents' ranch near Amarillo, Texas. It seems they struck oil down there and Pink hasn't been home for three years for fear the derricks would interfere with his riding. I think that's silly.

Goodbye to all the company, including Vilma.

Yours,

Lavina.

"**T**HERE'S a girl who's going to get along," says Zoebeck.

"That's evident," I agrees, "but how about when Pink finds out her deception regarding Vilma?"

"He won't ever find out. Lavina's too smart to permit that."

"But if he doesn't find it out," I asks, "won't he always have a secret hankering, thinking that Vilma was his ideal woman and Lavina came to him as second best?"

"Exactly," accords Zoebeck, "but you don't understand psychology. I do, and that's what makes me a picture producer."

"Now, every man's got to have at least two women in his life and Lavina's smart enough to know it."

"And what a break that girl's got, having a rival who's really herself!"

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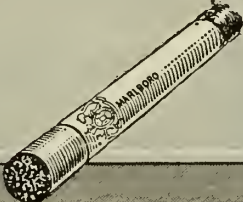
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

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

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

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March)

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 rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

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

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

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March)

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

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

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March)

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

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

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March)

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

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

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

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March)

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

NOLIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

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

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March)

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

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March)

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

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

★ **PRODIGAL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Southerner")—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

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

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

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

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

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

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

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

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

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submariners during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

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

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

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

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

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

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

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March)

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

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures. Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in c'd swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horsel (Aug.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

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

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

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

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

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

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

WHITE THUNDER—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland (March)

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

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

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

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

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

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALIAS, THE BAD MAN"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Ford Beebe. Continuity by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Ken Neville*, Ken Maynard; *Mary Warner*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Rance Collins*, Frank Mayo; *Mr. Warner*, Robert Homans; *Simpson*, Irving Bacon; *Black*, Charles King; *Clem Neville*, Lafe McKee; *The Sheriff*, Ethan Allen.

"BAD GIRL"—FOX.—From the novel by Vina Delmar. Continuity by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dorothy Halsey*, Sally Eilers; *Eddie Collins*, James Dunn; *Edna Driggs*, Minna Gombell; *Radio Proprietor*, Frank Darien; *Jim Halsey*, William Pawley.

"BLACK CAMEL, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Hugh Stange. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Julie*, Sally Eilers; *Tarnerro*, Bela Lugosi; *Shelah Fane*, Dorothy Revier; *Robert Fyfe*, Victor Varconi; *Jimmy Bradshaw*, Robert Young; *Mac Masters*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mrs. Mac Masters*, Mary Gordon; *Anna*, Violet Dunn; *Alan Jaynes*, William Post; *Smith*, Murray Kinnell; *Native Girl*, Rita Rosell; *Kashimo*, Otto Yamaoka; *Jessop*, Dwight Frye; *Ballou*, Richard Tucker; *Rita Ballou*, Marjorie White; *Von Hari*, C. Henry Gordon; *Chief of Police*, Robert Homans.

"BOUGHT"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Jackdaws Strut" by Harriet Henry. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Stephany Dale*, Constance Bennett; *Nick Amory*, Ben Lyon; *Dave Meyer*, Richard Bennett; *The Mother*, Dorothy Peterson; *Charles Carter, Jr.*, Raymond Milland; *Carter, Sr.*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Natalie Ransome*, Mae Madison; *Mrs. Chaucey*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Sprig*, Clara Blandick.

"BRAT, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Maude Fulton. Adapted by Sonya Levien and S. N. Behrman. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *The Brat*, Sally O'Neil; *MacMillan Forester*, Allan Dinehart; *Stephen Forester*, Frank Albertson; *Angela*, Virginia Cherrill; *Jane*, June Collyer; *Timson*, Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Forester*, Mary Forbes; *The Bishop*, Albert Gran; *Lena*, Louise Mackintosh; *Judge*, William Collier, Sr.; *Housekeeper*, Margaret Mann.

"CAUGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Agnes Brand Leahy and Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Slocan. The cast: *Lieut. Tom Colton*, Richard Arlen; *Calamity Jane*, Louise Dresser; *Kate Winslow*, Frances Dee; *Jard Harmon*, Tom Kennedy; *Curly Braydon*, Martin Burton; *Goldie*, Marcia Manners; *Serg. Weems*, Sid Saylor; *McNeill*, Guy Oliver; *Haverstraw*, E. J. LeSaint; *Bradford*, Charles E. French.

"EAST OF BORNEO"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dale Van Every. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Linda Randolph*, Rose Hobart; *Dr. Allan Clark*, Charles Bickford; *Prince Hashin*, Rajah of Marudu, Georges Renavent; *Nida*, Lupita Tovar; *Osman*, Noble Johnson.

"ENEMIES OF THE LAW"—REGAL PROD.—Directed by Lawrence C. Windom. The cast: *Florence Vinton*, Mary Nolan; *Larry Marsh*, Johnny Walker; *Eddie Swan*, Lou Tellegen; *Jack*, Harold Healy; *Lefty*, Alan Brooks; *Tony Catello*, Dewey Robinson; *The Big Shot*, John Dunsmuir; *Joey Regan*, Danny Hardin; *Babe Ricardo*, Bert West; *Blackie*, Gordon Westcott; *Booker T*, Doc Doc Green.

"FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Continuity by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Bob Terry*, Buck Jones; *Mary Smith*, Loretta Sayers; *Flash Halloway*, Robert Ellis; *Calice*, Harlan E. Knight; *Jack Smith*, Paul Fix; *Florabell*, Lillian Worth; *Tiana*, Nena Quartaro; *Curfew*, Clarence Muse; *Aunt Sally*, Lillian Leighton; *Sam*, Tom Bay.

"FIRST AID"—SONO ART.—From the story by Michael L. Simmons. Directed by Stuart Paton. The cast: *Ralph Ingram*, Grant Withers; *Lil*, Marjorie Beebe; *Mike Rush*, Wheeler Oakman; *Buddy*, Donald Keith; *Chief of Police*, William Desmond; *Whitey*, Paul Panzer; *Swank*, George Cheesborough.

"FIVE STAR FINAL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Louis Weitzenkorn. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Randall*, Edward G. Robinson; *Jenny Townsend*,

Marian Marsh; *Nancy Voorhees Townsend*, Frances Starr; *Michael Townsend*, H. B. Warner; *Phillip Weeks*, Anthony Bushell; *Hinchcliffe*, Oscar Apfel; *Kitty Carmody*, Ona Munson; *Miss Taylor*, Alene MacMahon; *Isopod*, Boris Karloff; *Ziggie Feinstein*, George E. Stone; *Mrs. Weeks*, Evelyn Hall; *Mr. Weeks*, David Torrence; *Miss Edwards*, Gladys Lloyd; *Branegan*, Robert Elliott.

"FULL OF NOTIONS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas MacLean. Screen play by Ralph Spence. Directed by William Sciter. The cast: *Tommy Tanner*, Bert Wheeler; *Egbert Higginboham*, Robert Woolsey; *Peggy Morton*, Dorothy Lee; *Mother Tally*, Lucy Beaumont; *Walters*, Jason Robards; *Chief Morton*, DeWitt Jennings; *Flint*, Charles Middleton; *Clarke*, Bill Scott; *Miss Loring*, Nora Cecil; *Miss Newton*, Josephine Whittall.

"GREAT LOVER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Continuity by Gene Markey and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Paurel*, Adolphe Menjou; *Diana*, Irene Dunne; *Sos*, avErnest Torrence; *Carlo*, Neil Hamilton; *Potter*, aaBaclanova; *Fanny*, Cliff Edwards; *Stapleton*, Hale Hamilton; *Rosco*, Roscoe Ates; *Losseck*, Herman Bing; *Mme. Neumann Baumbach*, Else Janssen.

"GUILTY HANDS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bayard Veiller. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Richard Grant*, Lionel Barrymore; *Marjorie West*, Kay Francis; *Barbara Grant*, Madge Evans; *Tommy Osgood*, William Bakewell; *Rev. Mastings*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Aunt Maggie*, Polly Moran; *Gordon Rich*, Alan Mowbray; *Spencer Wilson*, Forrester Harvey; *H. G. Smith*, Charles Crockett; *Harvey Scott*, Henry Barrows.

"HONEYMOON LANE"—SONO ART.—From the story by Eddie Dowling. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: *Tim Dugan*, Eddie Dowling; *Mary Baggot*, June Collyer; *"Dynamite"*, Raymond Hutton; *Gerty Murphy*, Ray Dooley; *Tom Baggot*, Noah Beery; *Mother Murphy*, Mary Carr; *King of Bulgrovia*, Adolphe Milar; *Paulino*, Major Domo, Gene Lewis; *Col. Gustave*, Lloyd Whitlock; *"Noisy"*, George Kotsonaros; *Betty Royce*, Corliss Palmer.

"I LIKE YOUR NERVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Roland Pertwee. Adapted by Houston Branch. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Larry*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Diane*, Loretta Young; *Clive Latimer*, Edmund Breon; *Pacheco*, Henry Kolker; *Lesler*, Claud Allister; *The Butler*, Ivan Simpson; *The Patron*, Paul Porcasi; *Franko*, Andre Cheron; *Luigi*, Boris Karloff; *The Colonel*, Henry Bunston.

"LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the poem "Lasca" by Frank Desprez. Story by Tom Reed. Screen play by Randall Faye. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Jose Santa Cruz*, Leo Carrillo; *Miles Kincaid*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Lasca*, Dorothy Burgess; *Crabapple*, Shm Summerville; *Jehosophat Smith*, Frank Campeau.

"LULLABY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Madelon*, Helen Hayes; *Carlo Boretti*, Lewis Stone; *Larry*, Neil Hamilton; *Victor*, Cliff Edwards; *Rosalie*, Marie Prevost; *Suzette*, Aileen Pringle; *Jacques*, Robert Young; *Rogert*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Salignac*, Bradley Page; *Angeline*, Claire McDowell; *Claudet*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Grandmother*, Margaret Seddon; *Emil*, Tenen Holtz; *St. Jacques*, Lennox Pawle.

"MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Laurels and the Lady" by Leonard Merrick. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Polli*, Ruth Chatterton; *Bill*, Ralph Bellamy; *Elmer*, Stuart Erwin; *Rosa Duchene*, Francoise Rosay; *Larry*, Sam Hardy; *Jacques*, Charles Boyer; *Pierre*, Tyler Brooke; *Clarence*, Tyrrell Davis.

"MEN OF THE SKY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Madeleine*, Irene Delroy; *Jack Ames*, Jack Whiting; *Eric Von Coburg*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Madeleine's Father*, John Sainpolis; *Oscar*, Frank McHugh.

"MERELY MARY ANN"—FOX.—From the story by Israel Zangwill. Screen play by Juies Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Mary Ann*, Janet Gaynor; *John Lonsdale*, Charles Farrell; *Mrs. Leadbatter*, Beryl Mercer; *Peter Brook*,

G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Draymen*, J. M. Kerrigan and Tom Whitley; *Rosie Leadbatter*, Lorna Balfour; *Vicar Smedge*, Arnold Lucy.

"MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE"—SUPER FILM.—From the scenario by Walter Reich. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: *Augustin Tuschinger*, Willy Forst; *Anselme Leüner*, Commissioner of Monuments, Paul Hoerbiger; *Alois Stanigi*, Ernst Wurmsler; *Grell*, Lee Parry; *Mis Excellency*, Waldmüller, Oskar Sima; *Therese Zelenka, known as Flotte Motte*, Cordy Millowitsch.

"MURDER BY THE CLOCK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rufus King. Play by Charles Beahan. Adapted by Henry Myers. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Lieut. Valcour*, William Boyd; *Laura Endicott*, Lilyan Tashman; *Phillip Endicott*, Irving Pichel; *Officer Cassidy*, Regis Toomey; *Jane*, Sally O'Neil; *Mrs. Julia Endicott*, Blanche Yedercic; *Herbert Endicott*, Walter McGrail; *Miss Roberts*, Martha Mattox.

"MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE"—CLASSIC.—Explanatory lecture by Clarence Darrow and Dr. H. Parshley. Directed by George Cochrane.

"POLITICS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Zelda Sears and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Hattie*, Marie Dressler; *Ivy*, Polly Moran; *Peter*, Roscoe Ates; *Myrtle*, Karen Morley; *Benny*, William Bakewell; *Curango*, John Miljan; *Daisy*, Joan Marsh; *Mayor*, Tom McGuire; *Nifty*, Kane Richmond; *Mrs. Evans*, Mary Alden.

"PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by George Goodchild. Screen play by Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Pike Winslow*, Richard Dix; *Barbara Gerry*, Shirley Grey; *Wells*, Edmund Breese; *Doctor*, Paul Hurst; *John Burns*, Purnell Pratt; *Inspector O'Neil*, Alan Roscoe; *Professor*, Boris Karloff; *Rose*, Ruth Weston; *Aunt Matilda*, Nella Walker; *Auctioneer*, William Harrigan; *Charles Harmer*, Frank Sheridan; *Cyrus Pringle*, Carl Gerrard.

"SALVATION NELL"—TIFFANY-CRUZE.—From the play by E. R. Sheldon. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Jim Platt*, Ralph Graves; *Nell Saunders*, Helen Chandler; *Myrtle*, Sally O'Neil; *Major Williams*, Jason Robards; *McGovern*, DeWitt Jennings; *Maggie*, Charlotte Walker; *Mooney*, Mathew Betz; *Madame Cloquette*, Rose Dione; *Jimmy*, Wally Albright.

"SECRET CALL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Woman" by William C. De Mille. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Tom Blake*, Richard Arlen; *Wanda Kelly*, Peggy Shannon; *Neligan*, Eugene Pallette; *Bert Benedict*, Ned Sparks; *Jim Blake*, William B. Davidson; *Phillip Roberts*, Charles Trowbridge; *Frank Kelly*, Harry Beresford; *Gwen*, Frances Moffett; *Maisie*, Claire Dodd.

"SECRETS OF A SECRETARY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Brackett. Adapted by George Abbott. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Helen*, Claudette Colbert; *Frank*, Georges Metaxa; *Paul*, Herbert Marshall; *Sylvia*, Betty Lawford; *Mr. Merritt*, Burton Churchill; *Mrs. Merritt*, Mary Boland; *Dan Marlow*, Avril Harriss; *Dorothy*, Betty Garde; *Charlie*, Hugh O'Connell; *Daly*, Barry MacCullum.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR"—WARNERS-FIRST DIVISION.—Adapted from "The Final Problem" and "The Empty House" by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Directed by Leslie S. Hiscott. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Arthur Wontner; *Doctor Watson*, Jan Fleming; *Mrs. Hudson*, Minnie Raynor; *Ronald Adair*, Leslie Perrins; *Kathleen Adair*, Jane Welsh; *Colonel Henslowe*, Norman McKinnell; *Thomas Fisher*, William Frazer; *Tony Rutherford*, Sidney King; *Inspector Lestrade*, Phillip Hewland; *Marston*, Gordon Begg; *Colonel Moran*, Louis Goodrich; *No. 16*, Harry Terry; *J. J. Godfrey*, Charles Paton.

"SIDE SHOW"—WARNERS.—From the story by William K. Wells. Adapted by Arthur Caesar and Raymond Enright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Pat*, Winnie Lightner; *Sidney*, Charles Butterworth; *Irene*, Evalyn Knapp; *Joe*, Donald Cook; *Pop*,

the Circus Owner, Guy Kibbee; *Whalen*, Mathew Betz; *Santini*, Luis Alberni; *Bearded Lady*, Louise Carver; *Fat Lady*, Ann Magruder; *Jimmie*, Edward Morgan.

"SKIN GAME, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by John Galsworthy. Adapted and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Mr. Ill-crist*, C. V. France; *Mrs. Illcrist*, Helen Haye; *Jill*, Jill Esmond; *Mr. Hornblower*, Edmund Gwenn; *Charles*, John Longden; *Chloe*, Phyllis Konstam; *Rolf*, Frank Lawton; *Mr. Jackman*, Herbert Ross; *Mrs. Jackman*, Dora Gregory; *First Stranger*, R. E. Jeffrey; *Second Stranger*, George Bancroft; *Dawker*, Edward Chapman; *Auctioneer*, Ronald Frankau.

"SPORTING BLOOD"—M-G-M.—From the story "Horseflesh" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Adapted by Willard Mack and Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Rid Kiddell*, Clark Gable; *Jim Rellence*, Ernest Torrence; *Ruby*, Madge Evans; *Tip Scanlon*, Lew Cody; *Angela*, Marie Prevost; *Ludeking*, Hallam Cooley; *MacGuire*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Uncle Ben*, John Larkin; *Sammy*, Eugene Jackson; *Tommy Boy*, by himself.

"STAR WITNESS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lucien A. Hubbard. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *D. A. Whitlock*, Walter Huston; *Gran'pa Summerville*, Chas. Chic Sale; *Ma Leeds*, Frances Starr; *Sue Leeds*, Sally Lane; *Brown*, Tom Dugan; *Campeau*, Ralph Ince; *Thorpe*, Russell Hopton; *Dopey*, Fletcher Norton; *Williams*, Robert Elliott; *Jack Short*, Guy D'Ennery; *Mickey*, Mike Donlin; *Horan*, Noel Madison; *Sackett*, Ed Deering; *Big Jack*, Nat Pendleton; *Ned Leeds*, George Ernest; *Donny Leeds*, Dickie Moore; *Pa Leeds*, Grant Mitchell; *Jackie Leeds*, Edward J. Nugent.

"SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE"—M-G-M.—From the story by David Graham Phillips. Adapted by Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Susan Lenox*, Greta Garbo; *Rodney*, Clark Gable; *Ohlin*, Jean Hersholt; *Burlingham*, John Miljan; *Mondstrum*, Alan Hale; *Ike Kelly*, Hale Hamilton; *Astrid*, Hilda Vaughn; *Doctor*, Russell Simpson; *Madame Panoramia*, Cecil Cunningham; *Herr Kemper*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Vera*, Marjorie King; *Mrs. Rodney Spencer*, Helene Millard.

"TRANSATLANTIC"—FOX.—From the story by Guy Bolton. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Monty Greer*, Edmund Lowe; *Judy Kramer*, Lois Moran; *Henry Graham*, John Halliday; *Sigrid Carlina*, Greta Nissen; *Rudolph Kramer*, Jean Hersholt; *Kay Graham*, Myrna Loy; *Handsome*, Earle Foxe; *Hudgins*, Billy Bevan; *Burbank*, Ruth Donnelly; *Peters*, Goode Montgomery; *Buyer*, Jesse De Vorka; *The Bride*, Rosalie Roy; *Captain*, Claude King; *First Officer*, Crauford Kent; *Gamblers*, Henry Sedley, Bob Montgomery and Louis Natheaux.

"WATERLOO BRIDGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by Benn Levy. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Myra*, Mae Clark; *Roy*, Kent Douglas; *Roy's Sister*, Bette Davis; *Kitty*, Doris Lloyd; *Mrs. Hobley*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Wetherby*, Enid Bennett; *Mr. Wetherby*, Frederic Kerr; *Old Woman*, Rita Carlisle.

"WILD HORSE"—ALLIED.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Jack Natteford. Directed by Richard Thorpe and Sidney Algier. The cast: *Jim Wright*, Hoot Gibson; *Alice Hall*, Alberta Vaughn; *"Stepin"*, Stepin Fetchit; *Colonel Ben Hall*, George Bunny; *Sheriff*, Edward Peil; *Gil Davis*, Edmund Cobb; *Hank Howard*, Neal Hart; *Deputy*, Joe Rickson; *Wally*, Fred Gilman; *Trained Horses*, Hoot Gibson's "Mutt" and Jack Boyle's "Reno" and "Ghost."

"WOMEN GO ON FOREVER"—TIFFANY-CRUZE.—From the stage play by Daniel N. Rubin. Adapted by Ralph Murphy. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Daisy Bowman*, Clara Kimball Young; *Betty*, Marian Nixon; *Eddie*, Paul Page; *Jake*, Morgan Wallace; *Pearl*, Yola D'Avril; *Willie*, Lorin Raker; *Daly*, the detective, Thomas Jackson; *Mr. Givner*, Eddie Lambert; *Mrs. Givner*, Nellie Nicholls; *Pete*, Maurice Black; *Tommy*, Maurice Murphy; *Lucy*, Madame Sultana.

"WOMEN MEN MARRY"—HEADLINE PROD.—From the novel by John Natteford. Directed by Charles Hutchison. The cast: *Dolly Moulton*, Natalie Moorhead; *Rose Bradley*, Sally Lane; *Steve Bradley*, Randolph Scott; *Fred Moulton*, Kenneth Harlan; *John Graham*, Crauford Kent; *Pierre Renault*, Jean Del Val; *Jimmy*, James Aubrey.

Pin Money

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816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* and *Sam* come to life on the screen! Looks like this will be one of those breakfast table scenes, with *Penrod*, in the person of Leon Janney, concocting some new mischief from his parents' conversation. That thing at the left disguised as a mattress is really a sound camera

Studio Rambles

WE'RE visiting the "Personal Maid" set at the Paramount Eastern Studio. The first scene is "below stairs" where ten servants are having dinner.

By Frances Kish

He does tell us about his first job in New York, in the musical comedy, "Adrienne." "George Bancroft will probably be out gunning for me for squealing on him," he says, "but none other than the gusty George was the singing and dancing comedian of that show!"

Another visitor, new to the methods of movie-making, expresses surprise over the light blue tablecloths and napkins, the blue shirt fronts of the butlers, the chef's suit and cap, all of pale blue. Monta Bell, the director, explains to him that this blue photographs white, but doesn't reflect the light as white does, making the photographers' work easier.

Later, we watch Nancy Carroll and Pat ("Front Page") O'Brien do a scene together. Nancy's red hair is in attractive contrast to the black of her uniform, with its lacy white apron, cap and cuffs. Nancy is the "personal maid" of the title.

She is saying to Mr. O'Brien, who plays the rôle of *Peter*: "Peter, I want to tell you something. Something about Dick." *Dick* is the son of the house, played by the very blond Gene Raymond, formerly Raymond Guion of the New York stage.

Peter is silent and grave. As she goes on with her recital, he interrupts: "I don't think you need to tell me the rest. I think I understand."

A buzzer rings. "That's for me," Nancy says. "Back to my job. I guess the clock has struck for Cinderella."

We're surprised to see Pat O'Brien in make-up. Word had gone around that Mr. Bell preferred his actors to work without make-up, in contrast to the women in the cast.

"I'm no Buddy Rogers," snorts Pat. "A mug like mine has to have make-up. This broken nose, souvenir of my football days, demands it. And I look like Rasputin unless I shave three times a day. How could I face the camera without a camouflage?"

Resting between scenes, Pat tells us what a "swell break" Howard Hughes gave him in "The Front Page." How Mr. Hughes sent for Pat's fiancée, Eloise Taylor, a stage actress, to keep Pat happy in Hollywood. Pat and Eloise were married out there, and you have an awful time getting him to talk about himself, once you've brought up the subject of his wife. He raves on and on about her, as is the age-old habit of bridegrooms.

OUT in Burbank, on the First National lot, we watch a courtroom scene in "The Star Witness" and discover that Walter Huston is working without any make-up at all. Unlike Pat O'Brien, he thinks he photographs better without it, and uses only the minimum of make-up even in character rôles.

Sally Blane is in this picture, her first rôle on sister Loretta Young's home lot.

OVER on the M-G-M lot in Culver City, there's another courtroom scene. (As a nation, we're getting legal-minded. No picture complete without its murder trial.)

The picture is "Sidewalks of New York," starring Buster Keaton. A juvenile case is being tried, and dozens and dozens of ragged youngsters are piled onto the witness chairs, in the jury box, on the floor—anywhere the court attendants could find a place for them.

There's no lack of animation or make-up here. One little lad keeps dragging a lipstick from his pocket when no one is watching, and giving himself a few badly aimed daubs with it. Another, finding it necessary to leave the room for a moment, admonishes the youngster next to him: "You yell for me when they shoot. And hold my seat, or you'll be sorry you didn't!"

Behind the scenes, at the far end of the room, are long tables and benches. Around them sit more children—Japanese, Mexican, colored and white—doing readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. One teacher for every ten children is furnished by the Los Angeles Board of Education, and paid for by the studio employing the children. We learn that more than one hundred teachers are on call daily at the Board offices for studio classes, with one teacher stationed permanently at each studio.

Every child who plays in pictures must be in the classroom at least four hours each school day although the hours do not have to be consecutive. That's why classes are held right on the set.

SALESPEOPLE EVERYWHERE

told me: "IVORY is safest for washing fine things"



Whether you live in the East or the West, you can learn in the fine shops of your own city what I traveled 4500 miles to learn.



From coast to coast, salespeople recommended Ivory for silks oftener than all other soaps together.

MILES and miles of traveling . . . hundreds of smart shops to visit . . . So many lovely garments to admire . . . and *thousands* of interviews with expert saleswomen. That's been my life for several months!

Interesting, yes. And very informative. For I confirmed again one very important fact. Fashions may change . . . Lovely new fabrics appear . . . And new soaps make their bow . . . But salespeople in the finest shops say more enthusiastically than ever . . . "Ivory gives the safest care to all fine things."

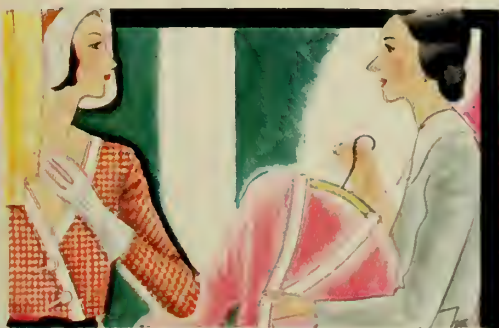
"Use Ivory to wash fine silks, woolens, delicate cottons and rayons." I heard this not only in one city. And not only in a few stores. But in every store, in every one of 30 leading cities.

Salespeople in every city I visited advised Ivory oftener than all other soaps together. Ivory in one of its various forms—in the cake, or in the flake form, or in the new instant-dissolving form—Ivory Snow.

And isn't it natural? The most important virtue a fine-fabric soap can have is purity—gentleness. *And Ivory is pure and safe without question.* Pure and gentle enough to protect the rosy-posy skins of the five or six millions of babies it bathes every day. So pure and safe that salespeople recommend it above all other soaps for your finest and most delicate fabrics.

HOPE ANDREWS

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Place your finger on your Adam's Apple. You are actually touching your larynx — this is your voice box — it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat — your vocal chords.

What is the effect of modern Ultra Violet Rays upon tobacco? Dr. E. E. Free, one of America's well-known scientists, who was retained by us to study Lucky Strike's manufacturing process, addressing the Illuminating Engineering Society, said:

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OCTOBER

25 CENTS



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**How Ten Stars
Overcame Self-
Consciousness**

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



TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM

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



TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM

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



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CECIL B. DE MILLE



WARNER BAXTER IN

THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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Paramount  Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 5

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

October, 1931



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

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



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Brickbats & Bouquets



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

HELENE A. HALL,
Yankton, S. D.

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

LILLIE MAE JENKINS,
Chicago, Ill.

The \$25 Letter

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

In answer to my interested inquiries, my friend said that the movies, especially the talkies, have had a tremendous influence in acquainting people with famous books. She had noticed that persons who evidently had never before been interested in good reading, were coming to the library to ask for such books as "Tom Sawyer," "East Lynne," "Moby Dick," and "Resurrection."

It is rather nice to think that the much maligned movies can be such an open sesame to the marvelous world of books to those who have never before known their magic.

MARIAN BATES,
Albany, N. Y.

The \$10 Letter

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

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

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

The \$5 Letter

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

1. Fix hair off forehead like Carole Lombard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Barbara Stanwyck

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

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

HELEN NEWSCHWANDER,
Newark, N. J.

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

MICHAEL DANIELS,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Metamorphosis

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

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

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

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

MRS. ROBERT ALLEN,
Weiser, Idaho
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



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

Directed by
MERVYN LeROY



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with the most versatile actor
on the screen today..

Edw. G. ROBINSON

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Overnight He Became a Star!

We'll have a great yarn for
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The Good Boy of "Bad Girl"
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Out everywhere October 15

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

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

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

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

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

UP YOUR STREET...



... a woman unfaithful

... tongues wagging neighbors pointing

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

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

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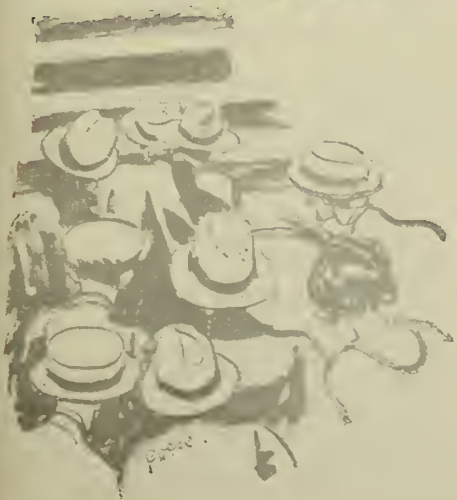
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Directed by King Vidor from Elmer Rice's play of the same name

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

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Remove film...eat right

See your dentist



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

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

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

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

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

Safe! Supremely gentle

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

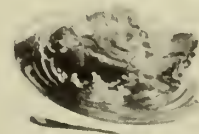
So if you seek glorious health in teeth and gums as well as loveliness — eat right, use Pepsodent, see your dentist twice a year.

INCLUDE THESE IN YOUR DIET:



One or two eggs, depending on your age.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

Plenty of milk every day.



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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

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

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

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

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

Picture Puzzle Fans

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



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

(Body Odor)

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

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

We offend unknowingly

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

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

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

Want a good complexion?

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

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

NEW!



Lifebuoy
SHAVING CREAM

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

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

A New "Sheik"?

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

V. LAMAR GRESHAM,
Crowley, La.

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

ROSE BERLINER,
New York City, N. Y.

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

J. MASTERPOLE,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Table Chit-Chat

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

MARY A. DORAN,
Miami, Arizona

Teachers Say:

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

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

H. COLEN COWELL,
Pennsboro, W. Va.

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

Films of this sort make teaching easier.
LAURABELL SCHUTT,
Champaign, Ill.

Constance Bennett

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

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

ELEANOR STEWART,
Braintree, Mass.

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

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

JOAN MALEY,
St. Louis, Mo.

Here and There

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

FRANCES THOMPSON,
Montgomery, Ala.

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

DIXIE HUNTER,
River Edge, N. J.

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

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

Dennis King in pictures with romance and beauty.

D. I. SPARKES,
Verdun, Canada

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

MRS. BOREN,
Dayton, Ohio

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

JANICE ALLEN,
Opelousas, La.

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

E. ROSSMANN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

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

WINIFRED GIBBS,
Thornton Heath, Surrey, England

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

HELENA BOND,
Tacoma, Wash.

Make-Believe

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

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

MISS E. WHITE,
Oakland, Calif.

Newsreels

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

JOAN W. PARKS,
Miami, Fla.

Talkie Distractions

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

A. L. BURTON,
Rock Island, Ill.

Joan Crawford

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

JOY MILLER,
Wenatchee, Wash.

Chiding Norma

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

MRS. E. CAMPBELL,
Troy, Ohio

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



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



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



ON THE THRESHOLD

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

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

EATON'S
HIGHLAND
Linen and Vellum
WRITING PAPERS



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

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX



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



Lady-Like Ways Come Back Into Vogue

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

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

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

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

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

Your hair will be longer. You can't wear some of the new hats becomingly if it isn't. It will have a soft look, with a knot or curls at the back of the head. Your make-up will be delicately done. No splashes of rouge and lipstick, no heavily blackened eye lashes.

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

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

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

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.

..... a timely

Announcement

to every family in the United States



Never in all of their existence have Sears, Roebuck and Co. bought merchandise at *such favorable price levels*. We know that the real value of our goods is greatly in excess of our selling prices and that you will make *substantial savings on every purchase*.

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

And now our great new catalog—The Thrift Book of a Nation—is ready for you. We think

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

From its 1100 pages, offering 48,000 articles, you may select everything you need in the quiet of your own home. Ordering by mail is most convenient. Try it once, if you would learn the truly modern way of shopping.

Ask for your copy of this book today. Just fill in and mail the coupon to our mail order store nearest you.

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This Woman made ONE Mistake

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

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

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

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

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

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

drinking, and smoking.

Surely, then, any toilette, to be

complete, must include a precaution against it.

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

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

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

ply amazing.

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

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

BEFORE MEETING OTHERS — PUT YOUR BREATH BEYOND REPROACH



Eugene Robert Richee

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



ALEXANDER PHILLIPS

Alexander Phillips

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



Elmer Fryer

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



John Miehle

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

the GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



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

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

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

Model 6690

MisSimplicity

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

“Men fall in love
with the Womanly
WOMAN”

says



DOROTHY DIX

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



“Dear Miss Dix:

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

keep fragile things lovely a long, long time.

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

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



A Secret of Femininity

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

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

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

October, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again the dice came out as a natural.

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

Another natural.

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

Another picture gem and a box-office wow.

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

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

All Quiet on the Western Front
LOVE IN THE TRENCHES

Dracula

THE DEMON LOVER

Seed

MUST MOTHERS WEEP?

Waterloo Bridge

THE BRIDGE OF PASSION

Strictly Dishonorable

SPEAKEASY LOVE

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



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

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



Long Hair or Short?

By
Harry D. Wilson

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

LEADING hairdressers of Hollywood, both in the studios and on the boulevards, declare definitely that women are not letting their hair grow long. A longer bob, but not long hair, rules the day and is here to stay, they claim. In the face of this ultimatum, a small group of highly successful women, both professionally and socially, have defied fashion's edict and dare to be individual.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why *One* Marriage Failed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Leonard Hall

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

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

What a pair! Jack was enthralled by the discovery of a brilliant, sword-keen mind in a beautiful woman. Ina was fascinated by the spirit of a lad in the handsome body of a more or less mature man.

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

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

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

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

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



International

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



Photographs by Stagg

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

He's Not So Dumb

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

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

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

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

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

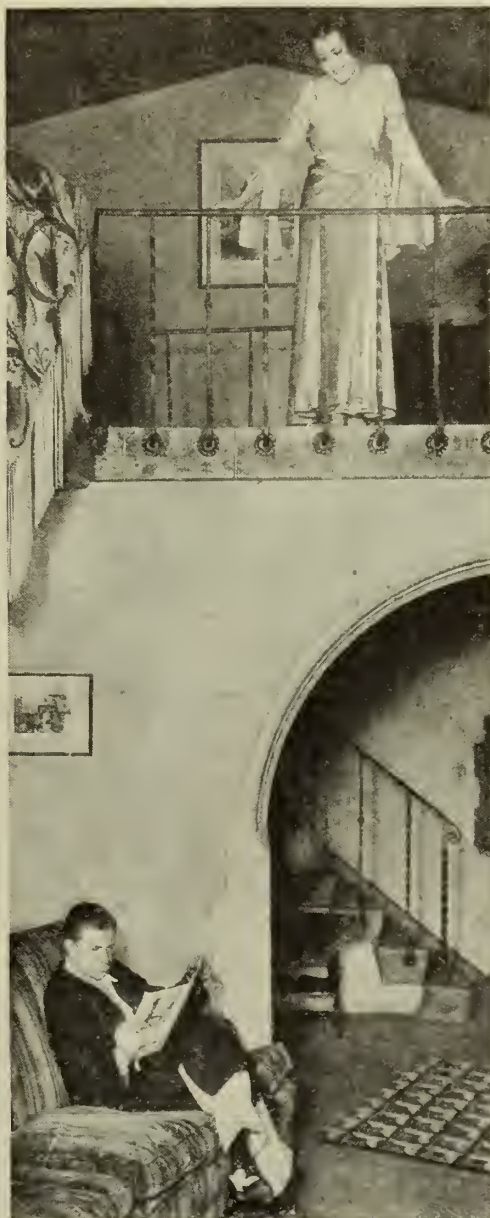
MAYBE this is the reason: when two Hollywoodians get "that way" they usually let the whole world know it, if not in words, then in actions. Among players, acting of emotions has become so much a part of their life that when it comes to the real thing, they just can't seem to forget to act it out in public—on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

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

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

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

By Tom Ellis



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



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

“What A

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

By Harry Lang

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Man!"—Clark Gable

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

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

Besides, he's got two of the most intriguing dimples women ever laid their eyes on. He has a strangely frank, disarming smile, that's appealingly ingenuous.

He has an air of sincerity which women suspect isn't true, so they're interested in finding out what he's covering up with that air of sincerity. His personality is a strangely paradoxical combination of the "lady-killer" women ought to run away from, and the "little boy" type women love to mother, as they call it.

He's not handsome, in the conventional meaning of the word, but he challenges a woman's interest at sight.

Hedda Hopper, for instance, put it neatly when she saw a picture of Gable astride a splendid thoroughbred steed. "When you can look at a man on a thoroughbred," she remarked, "and not say 'what a good-looking horse,' then the man has 'It'!"

CLARK GABLE hasn't got a swelled head by all this excitement about Clark Gable. At least, not yet—and those who think they know the man feel sure he won't ever get one. He's been through too many hard knocks on his way to where he is today.

He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, three decades ago. His stock is that lusty, sturdy clan known as Pennsylvania Dutch. His father was an oil-field contractor, and Clark—they called him Bill then, because William is his real first name—put in his licks at oil wells himself. He worked on Oklahoma derricks, but always wanted to be something more than an oil well worker. He says it's just luck—just one of the breaks—that he's a screen star today. As a matter of fact, Gable worked unceasingly toward it.

The story of how he joined a barnstorming stock company to get away from oil wells is already an oft-told tale, and there's no sense in boring you with it here. You know, too, probably, of how he froze his hand to get to the Coast—riding blind baggage on a freight train in midwinter.

He knew what he wanted, and he aimed at it.

WITH the first \$2,000 he saved from his stock experience, he went to New York and polished himself up. He spent the whole \$2,000—and more—on voice culture, English training, diction correction. Gable has never had much schooling; beneath his carefully cultivated exterior, there's still much of the oil-derrick worker. His manners are polite, but they're studiously so. His language is excellent, but he watches it carefully. Clark Gable, as you meet him today, is the Clark Gable that Bill Gable has learned to be.

As has been remarked before, Gable isn't handsome. But he's considerably less unhandsome than Nature originally made him.

One of the things people notice about him when he smiles that dimply smile of his are his exquisite teeth. They ought to be—they cost him enough. It was Pauline Frederick's personal dentist who made Gable's dental equipment what it is today.

Gable played a small part in one of Pauline's companies some years ago, when he became aware that his teeth would certainly be a handicap against screen close-ups. So Polly arranged to have her own dentist fix them up.

Gable's ears used to stick out a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



One of the mountainous milestones on Clark Gable's forward march to talkie fame—the part in Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul." Dastardly villain though he was, thousands of girls rubbed their eyes, felt their own pulses race into high and murmured dazedly, "How long has this Gable person been going on?"

The Unknown Hollywood

I Know

By

Katherine Albert



The author, now one of Hollywood's celebrated scribes and a member of PHOTOPLAY'S editorial staff, at the time she first went to see D. W. Griffith, and narrowly escaped a picture career

Who tells for the first time the inside story of twelve years spent in the film colony

If my mother had known that I was going to write my memoirs some day she, no doubt, would have strangled me at birth, and rightly too. But perhaps memoir writing is no worse than my early ambition—movie starring. Let's begin at the bitter beginning.

I bore down upon Hollywood equipped with sixteen years of a dull life, an absolute vacuum in the place where my brain should have been, a letter of introduction to D. W. Griffith, an adoring mother, a picture hat and a sickly smile. I thought that was enough to assure my success as a movie star. Many a girl has arrived in Hollywood with less and climbed those slippery stairs.

Griffith was the undisputed genius of the cinema at that time. He had just completed "Broken Blossoms," not at that moment released. "The Birth of a Nation" was still a vivid memory. "Intolerance" had cost him his fortune but had set him up among the artists. He was beginning a new picture—which was to reach the screen as "The Greatest Question."

THE letter of introduction was a very personal one, for he was born and bred in my part of the country—Kentucky—and we'd known his family always. The letter duly mailed, his secretary answered and made an appointment for me and my mother.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of him. His studio was that rambling green one where Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards meet. It is now the Tiffany Studio. He was standing in a set that had been used for "Scarlet Days," an enormous Western saloon, and in that rough room he presented an incongruous figure, in his immaculate clothes, his soft pearl gray hat, his perfect tie.

As I approached him I felt the terrific force of the man and when, during his conversation with my mother—who did the talking for me—he suddenly looked down at me my knees went limp, my mouth was dry. No man has ever had such a scrutinizing gaze as D. W. Griffith. It seems as if he ferrets out all the inner recesses of your soul. At that time (I was just turned sixteen) there was not much to ferret out of my soul. And I think Griffith realized it, for he gave up looking at me and turned again to my mother.

Suddenly, he said to me, "Why do you want to go in pictures? Why don't you marry or something?"

Speechless, I shook my head.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he drawled—he still kept his Southern voice—"I suppose there's as much unhappiness in marriage as in anything else." Poor Griffith—he knew about that!

"Come along," he said, and led the way through a maze of sets and into a small room which I was later to learn was a projection room. A score or more of people were already seated there and my eyes suddenly popped out on stems. Mind you, I'd never seen a movie star, except upon the screen, and there before me were—Lillian Gish, Carol Dempster, Clarine Seymour, Ralph Graves, Bobby Harron, George Fawcett, Richard Barthelmess, Eugenie Besserer, and others whose faces were familiar but whose names I did not know.

WHEN I stepped off the train in Los Angeles twelve years ago I was the dumbest, most ga-ga girl who had ever come to Hollywood to be a movie star.

Yesterday I made this remark to a friend who answered, "That's a pretty large order, my good woman, and you'll have to show credentials to prove it." Well, if my story which is now about to unfold doesn't prove that first statement I'll give each and every one of you a nice set of slightly used sound sequences.

People broke down in tears when I said I had some stories about Hollywood that had never been printed. "It isn't possible," they said, "the town's been drained dry of copy."

But that isn't so. In those twelve years that I've lived in the most bizarre town in the world things have happened that are incredible. Do bear with me while I set them down and do forgive my being personal. The purpose of these stories is to tell you things about the stars you have not known before, but in order to do that I must keep myself in the story, since it is part of my own life.

Two of this vivid company — Clarine Seymour (one of the most sparkling, avid women who ever lived) and Bobby Harron are dead. Various fates have pursued the rest. They are scattered now across the face of the earth.

There was a stir, as if a god had suddenly appeared, when Griffith entered the room — a sort of general awareness, a brisk sprucing up. He motioned my mother to a chair among the great and beckoned Bobby Harron to come to us. Briefly he introduced us and then he turned to me: "Now, you're supposed to be a little country girl in Kentucky, let us say, and this boy is your sweetheart. You and Bobby are walking down the road hand in hand. I'll tell you what to do as we go on."

He sat down, leaving me to face all those famous eyes, Bobby Harron standing beside me. My first day in a studio, my first glimpse of a director and film stars, and I found myself enacting a part.

Always ahead of his time, it was Griffith's habit, I later discovered, to rehearse an entire production in the projection room, without props, without costumes, before a single camera was turned. Unheard of in those days, this is now the procedure with every big production.

I thought for a brief second that I should die right then, but I had read interviews about what being a trouper meant. "The show must go on," said I to myself, and, as if I were a robot, I felt Bobby Harron take my hand and somehow my legs seemed to move, I don't know how, across the floor of the little projection room.

Then, suddenly, a strange thing seemed to happen. Griffith's voice, a rich, deep, very beautiful voice, droned on, telling us what we were to do. "Now you stop by a tree. It's an apple tree. You pick up an apple, Bobby, and hand it to her. Don't forget you love her very much," etc., etc., etc. And the room and all those people seemed to fade away and I found myself actually on a Kentucky road, actually under an apple tree, not acting a part, not being spoken to by the great Griffith but living, really being, the girl I was playing. (What a fool I was!)

BOBBY stooped and handed me the imaginary apple. He took an imaginary knife from his pocket and peeled it. I took the peelings from him and threw them over my left shoulder. Griffith suddenly stopped me: "What are you doing?" "Why, you see," I explained, "you throw the apple peeling over your left shoulder and it falls in the shape of an initial. That's the initial of the man you're going to marry."

Griffith smiled. He turned to Lillian Gish, who sat on his right, and my mother heard him say, "The kid's got it."



Bobby Harron, "the sweetest of them all" and Clarine Seymour, "who had the most to give," both of whom passed away in youth, in Griffith's "True Heart Susie" produced twelve years ago

The self-told story of a little girl who won a master director's notice but nevertheless got lost in the mad Hollywood shuffle



Richard Barthelmess, "much too big for his breeches," and Dorothy Gish, who had a temper, in "Peppy Polly," a Griffith comedy made around a dozen years ago

Presently, during the course of rehearsal, Eugenie Besserer was called in to play the part of my mother. During our impromptu conversation—we made up our own lines as they came to us—she asked me a question and I answered, "Yes'um."

Clarine Seymour laughed, "What did she say?" she called out.

"She said," answered Griffith, "what any well brought up Southern child would say. She said 'Yes'um.'" They all laughed. From then on I was "Little Miss Yes'um" around the studio.

When the picture was released—Lillian Gish played the part in which I had rehearsed—it was called "The Greatest Question, The Story of Little Miss Yes'um." Griffith, with the octopus-like quality of every

great artist, would take from the humblest. He wanted, above all else, naturalness. The apple peel stuff was in the picture, too.

Well, that was my introduction to Hollywood. That was my baptism of fire.

The Griffith studio, I was later to discover, was the strangest of all. There was a quiet dignity about it. People were called by their last names—a habit which Hollywood scorns—and a Miss or Mister was put before them. We rehearsed for weeks with Clarine Seymour, Carol Dempster and I taking turns playing the leading rôle.

Lillian Gish always sat by. She wore simple organdie frocks and a big white hat through the crown of which a ribbon was run. She wore the same hat but changed the ribbon to match each frock. She always sat, with that strange absorption which characterizes her, never moving, never taking her eyes from the girls who played the part.

I DO not know whether Griffith knew the part was to be Miss Lillian's and was only seeing what the others did with it to take the best of each performance, or whether he was actually contemplating one of us. At any rate Miss Lillian did not rehearse. She simply sat watching, her pale blue eyes absorbing every gesture that the other girls made.

If Griffith arrived at nine o'clock to begin rehearsals we knew that we would stop for lunch at half-past twelve. If he did not arrive until eleven it meant that we'd work until three before stopping, because he had had his breakfast late and was not hungry. When he was hungry he turned to his assistant director (his name was George Beranger then, he is now Andre Beranger and plays character rôles) and said, "Tell them they may eat."

Often, in the middle of a scene, Griffith would leave the set and be gone — no-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



A lovely, calm lady, Corinne Griffith — because she has *taught* herself to be calm



Gary Cooper, from the Montana plains, had to adjust himself to drawing-rooms



Before Mary Astor became the mistress of herself her very career was threatened

How *Ten Stars Overcame*

NINETY-NINE out of every one hundred women suffer from self-consciousness! And I use the word "suffer" advisedly for besides torturing us mentally—and goodness knows it does that—self-consciousness obscures both grace and beauty and is an implacable foe of poise. Therefore it becomes obvious enough that no one can be self-conscious and achieve anything like their highest development as an individual.

In all the world there is no group that has developed their potentialities for beauty and charm to a greater extent than the motion picture people.

However, before any of the stars achieved the attractiveness for which they are famed today they had the bugaboo of self-consciousness to combat.

How did they do it? Generally speaking, with thought and effort and courage, essential qualities for whatever we undertake.

Norma Shearer used to be frightfully self-conscious. It is, I think, quite safe to say that Norma's career once was jeopardized by her incessant fear that she wasn't appearing to the best advantage. You may remember after her first marked success in "The Stealers," Norma chucked everything and went home

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

to Canada. Managers had delivered something of an ultimatum with their "Thumbs down on Shearer. She's too high-hat."

HAUGHTINESS A GREAT MISTAKE

For Norma, like thousands of other girls, had sought a hide-away for her self-consciousness in a defensive, upstage attitude. Nothing could be more ill-advised, as a matter of fact, for haughtiness antagonizes people, and if we weren't hungry for friendship and approbation and understanding it wouldn't matter to us what others thought of us and we wouldn't become self-conscious in the first place. The surest way to have people like you is not to be afraid to let them see that you like them.

But to get back to Norma. She undoubtedly has self-conscious moments still, but there is a difference. Now she is mistress of herself.

And her new defense of perfect grooming is infinitely sounder than any sophomoric high-hat attitude.

WE all know the acute discomfort experienced because of a run in a stocking. We all know how an entire evening can be ruined because a dress doesn't fit properly. By the same token a meticulous grooming lends a beautiful assurance.

It isn't simply that Norma now has money to spend on clothes. It is more than that. It is that she plans her wardrobe carefully and then sees to it that shoes are polished, clothes pressed, lingerie dipped, hats brushed, etc., etc. After all a spot on a hundred dollar gown is quite as conspicuous as a spot on any cheaper dress.

Norma appears to have borne all this in mind until she has attained a peak of grooming where if she finds anyone looking at her she knows beyond any shadow of a doubt there is nothing to be criticized in her appearance except on the grounds of personal taste.

She has the comforting knowledge that she is neatly and correctly dressed, that her collar and cuffs are spotless and crisp, that her stocking seams



It was Cecil B. De Mille who cured Lois Wilson of her embarrassment over her hands. He showed her how to make them an asset



Gloria Swanson had social ambitions. Nothing makes you more self-conscious



Richard Dix was "all-hands-and-feet" until he learned a lot about human nature



The fact almost everybody is self-conscious helps Claudette Colbert fight it

Self-Consciousness

Before any of the stars achieved the attractiveness for which they are famed today they had the bugaboo of self-consciousness to combat

are straight, that her heels aren't even a trifle run down, that her hair has been well shampooed and brushed and arranged, that her make-up has been evenly and smoothly applied, and that her nails are everything nails should be.

And, because of the effort she spends in this direction, Norma always may enjoy the utmost confidence in her appearance.

And anything we can do to acquire confidence in ourselves makes self-consciousness that much more unlikely and just that much less devastating.

Which reminds me of a school-girl I know. She is sixteen, a most fertile age for self-consciousness. Parties, even though she is eager for a gay time, loom as nightmares to her. Yet again and again I've known this girl to be covered with confusion while she apologized for her nails or her shoes or some other neglected detail of her appearance. And I've thought, more than once, if she would spend half the time and energy keeping up her appearance that she spends mortified because she has been careless she would have a much happier time and remove what is one of the chief causes of anyone's self-consciousness.

WHERE A COMPLIMENT WORKED A MIRACLE

Different people, of course, display their self-consciousness in different ways. Lois Wilson remembers how her hands grew rapidly until she became over-sensitive about them and spent the best part of her life trying to keep them inconspicuous.

"Cecil B. De Mille found me out, however,"

says Lois, "and proceeded to tell me that my hands were beautifully formed and that I used them gracefully. It was, of course, the greatest kindness he could have done me. I began to take better care of my hands than I ever had before. And, no longer embarrassed, I stopped being awkward and used my hands with pride. In time 'C. B.'s' compliment came that much closer to the truth.

"Actually, by that timely observation and his wise, understanding flattery, 'C. B.' turned my hands from a handicap into an asset."

There is a similar story told about the late Roshanara, the dancer, world-famous for her grace. Once upon a time Roshanara, like Lois, was self-conscious over her hands.

"Let your hands drop naturally in your lap—like lotus buds," an old Buddhist priest told her. He made Roshanara see her hands as flowers so vividly that thereafter whenever she relaxed she let her hands drop to her lap, her wrists lightly crossed, palms facing upward, and her fingers curled.

And thanks to that old priest who gave her a beautiful vision of something she had formed the habit of thinking about as awkward and clumsy, Roshanara lived to see sculptors strive to



Norma Shearer used to be short-sighted enough to hide behind an upstage manner. Today, Norma has a much better defense

What These Stars Did You, Too, Can Do

catch the eloquence of her hands in their marble, while poets never wearied of singing of their beauty.

WHAT MAKES US SELF-CONSCIOUS?

It is, I think, very important to understand what prompts us—the ninety-nine out of every one hundred of us—to be self-conscious in the first place. Then we will be that much more efficient about correcting it. Psychologists tell us that we all are naturally eager to fit into an approved pattern. Therefore any departure from type worries us, causing us to become unduly conscious of ourselves.

Perhaps we are a little too fat. Or a little too thin. Too tall. Too short. Perhaps we have a prominent nose. Crooked teeth. Or perhaps when we were very young our mother used to dress us differently from other children. It even might be that just once we had to wear a dress or a hat or a coat that we despised and in which we were unhappy about our appearance.

In the deep and usually unexplored forests of our minds, psychologists find it often is what might seem a trifling experience to the lay mind that makes the deepest, most lasting impression. And naturally enough, the more sensitive we are the more any chance of adverse criticism or adverse opinions concerns us and, wretchedly enough, the more self-conscious we become.

Taking all of this into consideration it ceases to be surprising that only about one person out of every hundred escapes self-consciousness. We are none of us perfect and we are none of us as serene and confident as everybody else appears to us when we're in the throes of self-consciousness ourselves.

BOILED down to their essentials you will find that all antidotes for self-consciousness are something that will reassure us about ourselves, something that will give us some degree of superiority.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND SOCIAL AMBITIONS

Gloria Swanson is an excellent case in point. Gloria used to be haughty. Oh, so haughty. Let's consider the predicament in which Gloria found herself.

From a little bathing girl she had evolved a great and famous star. It is reasonable to suppose she felt everyone remembered her cutting capers on the Sennett sands. And Gloria had a bright new image of herself as a brilliant, cultured cosmopolite and a finished dramatic actress, and this image she wanted everyone else to share.

I don't doubt that Gloria had social ambitions, too. Most people do who get anywhere. However, nothing will make anyone more painfully self-conscious. The very fact that anyone is ambitious socially admits that they find some people more desirable than others. And immediately, of course, in making their comparisons, they become aware of the things these superior people possess and some of which they themselves lack.

FACED with this situation, Gloria was one hundred per cent honest with herself.

She didn't pretend that whatever it was she lacked wasn't important. She didn't go around boasting, by one means or another, that she was as grand as anybody else. Instead, she set out to acquire all the things she believed to be desirable and important.

She began to study assiduously. Dancing. Singing. Voice culture. French. She read a great variety of things. She was "choosy" about her personal friends. Through years of intense application Gloria concentrated upon her studies until she acquired her share of all the things she believes to be worth while.

With the result that today Gloria has an assurance, and the old self-consciousness which she sought to disguise by her haughty manner has been pretty well banished. At any rate, Gloria is haughty no longer but warm and gracious and friendly. She may have bad moments now and then but certainly this miserable emotion no longer menaces her beauty, her grace, or her poise.

POISE SOMETIMES IS ONLY CAMOUFLAGE

Often enough the very person you believe to be particularly calm and confident is the most self-conscious person of all. Take Alice Joyce, long looked upon as the most poised lady in the film colony. Alice—having known her intimately for years I know whereof I

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"If others can be confident and poised so can I," insists Lilyan Tashman, calling her sense of competition into play



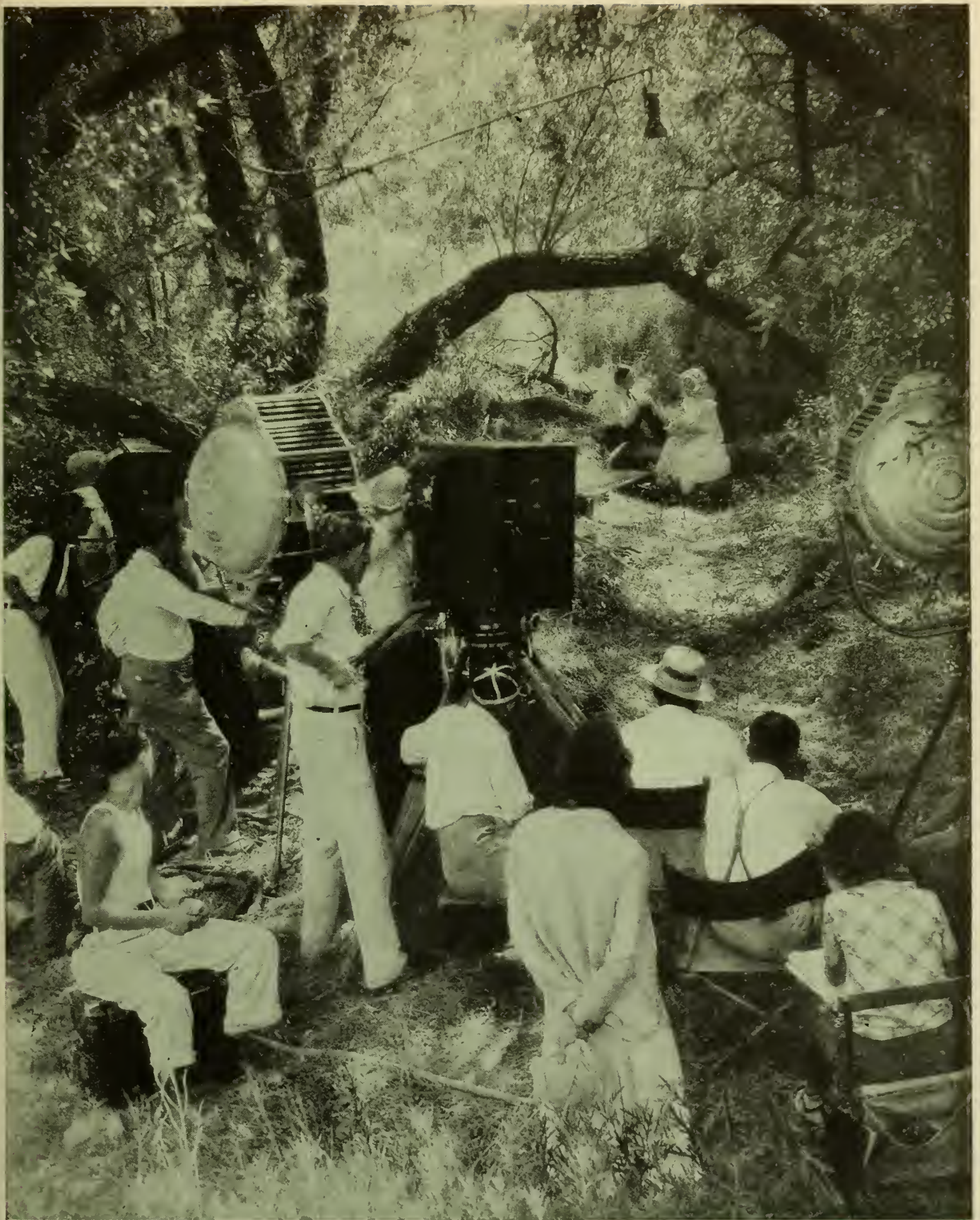
Estelle Taylor, panicky as she was about to address a group of writers one evening, had an inspiration. It has helped her very greatly ever since



A teacher in high school taught Ricardo Cortez that self-consciousness is closely related to cowardice. That cured him of the habit



Alice Joyce has a little trick which serves as a conversational spring-board when she is timid about beginning. It never fails to register for her



Gordon

HUCK FINN would have used that long pole at the top of this picture to go fishin' with and left *Tom Sawyer* and *Becky Thatcher* alone, in this sylvan retreat. But Paramount uses it to hang

the ever-present mike on and moves right in with a crew of 14—count 'em—14, so you can hear what Jackie Coogan is saying to Mitzi Green in this tender "shot" from "Huckleberry Finn."

Cal York

Announcing-



Daily Express

Heigho, cheerio and what ho! You're used to the calm Norma Shearer of Hollywood. Free and gay, she is waving bye-bye to a London crowd at Waterloo station

CLARA BOW is back in Hollywood because she wants to be near Rex Bell, who is plugging along in his picture career. There's loyalty for you. When Clara was in trouble the cowboy-sweetheart was right by her side in every emergency.

Clara is having daily sessions with the dentist. She is also permitting her hair to go back to its natural red. Every writer on PHOToplay is betting that when Clara Bow comes back to the screen it's going to be a real comeback. The girl has been a bundle of nerves for over a year, and although the talkies have not been kind to her as yet, we feel that the company that secures Clara has a great chance to make a reputation for itself. Right now it looks as if Junior Laemmle will sign her for Universal.

Another star that plans a comeback and for whom everyone in Hollywood is rooting is that daring and flashing youngster, Tom Mix.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S friends are ribbing him over a story which leaked out of New York since Bob visited the big town a few months ago. According to the story, Tallulah Bankhead had asked to meet Bob, who was flattered and got a mutual friend to introduce him.

"Bob! You darling!" the impulsive Bankhead greeted him. "Tell me about Garbo."

A FEW months ago Marlene Dietrich stated in an interview that her husband had no intention of coming to America immediately. It was her intention to spend six months in this country and six months in her home in Germany. Friend husband arrived last month. He arrived just before the news broke in the newspapers that Director Von Sternberg's ex-wife was suing Marlene for libel and alienation of affections, and what-not.

Hollywood is loyal to Miss Dietrich in all this legal rumpus and while the director and the star he discovered and developed into one of the first luminaries of the screen have been seen in each other's company in public places



Wide World

Three screaming cheers! Here's Lila Lee, home in Hollywood after two years of illness. Never looked better! The lad is John Considine, the producer

of Hollywood, even the gossip hounds admit that it is perfectly reasonable and proper that they should. It is simply a case of *Svengali* and *Trilby*, they say.

POOOR Charlie Chaplin!

Just before he sailed for Europe, he was telling a group of friends who were seeing a preview of his picture in a private projection room, how anxious he was to get to Spain and see a bull-fight. He had been reading

bull-fight literature by the volume. It had become a mania with him.

During his telling, he got up and put on an impromptu bull-fight pantomime for his guests.

"It is the epitome of grace," he exulted, dancing as only Chaplin can dance ideas. "It is beautiful, not gory." Etc., etc., etc. . . .

AND then he went to Spain. And attended a bull-fight. Eight bulls were killed; nearly a score of horses were maimed, gored.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings - On!



Keystone

"Well," says Gary Cooper, swinging his summer felt, "I found some hot spots abroad, but none to equal New York harbor!" On ship-board, coming home

Chaplin looked at it for a while. Then he let his head droop.

He covered his eyes with his hands. When the crowd roared for blood, he stuck his fingers in his ears.

He shuddered a bit now and then.

At the end of the performance, the leading matador, one Marcial Lallanda, honored Chaplin by presenting him with the ear of one of the slain bulls, neatly sliced off and wrapped in a bloody silk handkerchief.

Charlie accepted it as gracefully as he possibly could.

And with a final *beau geste*, the comedian remarked: "It was a great and beautiful spectacle."

Then he went home.

THE little lady who has been reported as Charlie Chaplin's next is just his secretary. We know it is true because his press-agent says so.



Keystone

It's National Good News Month! All well after three years recovering from a broken hip, our friend Anna Q. Nilsson greets New York. She convalesced in Sweden

VIRGINIA VALLI and Charles Farrell have completed their beach home at Escondido, the new movie colony four miles north of Malibu.

And now we learn that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have purchased a lot just a stone's throw away and are going to build immediately.

Just another proof of the friendship of the two families.

GLORIA SWANSON attended the opening of her picture, "Indiscreet," in London, accompanied by no less a personage than ex-King Alphonso of Spain. They were properly chaperoned by Lady Mountbatten.

WHEN Gloria Swanson returned to America from Europe, these were the startling things that happened:

Aboard the Aquitania with her was Michael Farmer, ex-boy friend of Marilyn Miller and gay blade who once broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Neither would admit an engagement.

Gloria did not wear an Empress Eugenie hat (but don't let that worry you—she will and like it before this season is over).

She admitted that she'd seen Constance Bennett and the Marquis accidentally at a tea. And she added (with nonchalant shrug of shoulder), "It's her life."

GLORIA brought back dozens of Paris gowns for her next picture.

But she did not dress for dinner once on the boat (maybe Mike likes sports clothes better).

Everything was all very gay and if you think she crossed the ocean with an attractive man to spite Connie and the Marquis—who crossed together—that's your own business.

IN "Murder by the Clock," Irving Pichel plays a moronic murderer.

Pichel has three children.

He has forbidden them to see the picture.

Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!

HERE'S a brand new and amazing Mary Pickford story. And it goes to show that even queens sometimes have a change of heart. Pickfair is on a neighboring hilltop to the Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor home but during all the time that Eleanor has lived there Mary has never been visiting. But one of those sweltering mornings Pickford called Eleanor on the phone and asked what she was doing.

Eleanor replied that she was trying to keep cool. Mary said so was she.

"Well," said Eleanor, there seeming to be nothing else to say at the moment, "come on over and we'll keep cool together."

And Mary did and stayed to lunch and spent the afternoon—just chatting in a friendly, neighborly fashion.

THE Love Parade—

George Webb passed the cigars around. Wife Esther Ralston presented him with a baby daughter. She was named Mary Esther. . . . There's a rumor around that Dolores Costello is expecting the second Blessed Event. . . . Karen Morley and Buddy Gillespie, a studio art director, are among the newer romancers. . . . Lady June Inverclyde has gotten her divorce. . . . Wedding bells for her and Lothar Mendes (Dorothy Mackaill's ex) soon. . . . Jillian Sand, English actress who made just one picture in Hollywood and is now in



Wide World

Flat on her back, recovering from a broken hip, poor Joan Bennett gazes at a picture of daughter Adrienne, three. She'll be away from us four months. Note the monogrammed bed linen



Wide World

Who on earth can these quaint folk be? You *must* believe us when we tell you they are Connie Bennett and her Marquis "Hank" de Falaise, on shipboard, Paris-bound!

New York, will be married to Hampton Robb, vice-president of a big food importing company. . . . What about Jack Gilbert and Marjorie King? There are those who say they're exchanging that kind of glances. . . . Ivan Lebedeff took Frances Dee to the opening of "An American Tragedy" in Hollywood. . . . And Joe Von Sternberg took Marlene Dietrich and her hubby. . . . Mary Doran and press agent Joe Sherman told it to a judge, but not what you think. It was a judge who married them. . . . Baton-wielder Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingston were married in Denver—the romance has been hot for a long time.

ANITA PAGE celebrated her twenty-first birthday by losing fifteen pounds. Dad Pomares sprung a surprise party on her, inviting twenty of her non-professional friends and presenting her with her grandmother's diamond ring.

The only vacant place was one marked "Junior Laemmle," who is very fond of Anita and who was too ill to be there.

LOVE and Things Like That—

Lila Lee sails for Tahiti for a vacation before undertaking screen comeback . . . and Johnny Farrow, her fiance, sailing later on a

world tour, lets it be known he will stop at Tahiti. . . . Yola D'Avril is sued for divorce by composer Edward Ward who says she went out with other men. . . . Wesley Ruggles gave Arline Judge a wrist watch inscribed "To Arline With My Love. Wesley." . . . Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle and twenty-four-year-old Addie McPhail plan European honeymoon after their marriage. . . . Don Alvarado and his wife, Ann, trying a trial separation before deciding whether to divorce or try again. . . . Creighton Hale weds society woman Kathleen Bering. . . . Edna May Oliver (now don't laugh) gets a divorce and all Hollywood is surprised that she was ever a Mrs. . . . Edna's only comment was a sniff. . . . Ralf Harolde's wife gets divorce because hubby's parties kept her awake. . . . It's a boy at the Lester Vails. . . . Jack Dempsey filed his divorce complaint. The next day Estelle Taylor countered. Both charged mental cruelty. . . . Claire Windsor went to Atlantic Beach—only for the day—with Gilbert W. Kahn, son of banker Otto. . . . Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt have decided to stay married. And were they the loving couple at a recent Embassy party!

THERE are rumors that Norma Talmadge plans a screen return this fall under the M-G-M banner—and with Clark Gable as her leading man.

What makes it fairly credible is the extreme vigor of the official denials from all sources.

STRANGE coincidence, isn't it?

In the very week when Anna Q. Nilsson returned to Hollywood for a picture comeback, after a long, long time in hospitals and rest homes that followed a broken hip when she fell from a horse, Joan Bennett should fall from a horse and suffer a broken hip!

And while Anna makes plans to play in pictures again, Joan prepares for "at least four months" in plaster cast and hospital, and her doctors refuse to say how long before she can

Hollywood Life *is* Stranger *than* Pictures!



Acme

Recognize the baby? It's the daughter of Nils Asther, heart-thumper of silent days, in the arms of her mother, Vivian Duncan. Mamma and Evelyn are home from Germany

work in pictures again. They point, strangely, to the very case of the Nilsson long absence as a warning of trying to return to work too soon.

INCIDENTALLY, Hollywood marvels at Joan's courage. Because of telephone directions getting mixed up, it was two hours before an ambulance arrived at the location scene where Joan was injured. For those two hours, she lay on the hard ground, not complaining or crying or fainting, but wisecracking and joking with the rest of the company who were afraid to move her before doctors arrived.

VARIETY spins the yarn about the writer who was reading his story to the boss. The exec suddenly stopped him.

"Now explain why the hero goes to the South Seas," he said.

"That's not important," said the writer. "The guy's young—he wants to get away, to travel—why, there are a thousand reasons."

"Name one! Name one! You gotta give me a reason."

"Okay," said the writer, pretty mad by now. "He wants to camp out!"

IT'S the sweet and simple life for Nancy Carroll. And maybe I'm getting sentimental in my old age but I think it's all pretty nifty. She and husband Bolton Mallory took a small apartment in New York—living-room, bedroom and tiny kitchen. It's just across the street from Bolton's office.

What's more, Nancy refused to have a maid. "Who wants anybody else around on a honeymoon?" said Nancy. But that isn't all. She gets up early in the morning and cooks Bolton's breakfast! "And I can give you the grandest recipe for scrambled eggs with onions you've ever tasted," she said. It must be love all right, all right, between Nancy and that handsome husband of hers.



International

Romancers, or just good pals? Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer on their way home from Europe. Farmer was once reported engaged to Marilyn Miller. And now—?

YOUNG Douglas Fairbanks was playing chess with his pal, Allen Vincent, handsome New York actor, one night while Joan was working at the studio. The next day Joan was tipped off by her maid that a black widow had been seen playing around the house. Joan immediately packed her bags and moved to the Ambassador. Wait a minute. Let us finish this. Doug. went with her.

The following day the house was full of fumes and five or six men running around in gas masks. It wasn't the kind of a black widow you go into court about. It's the kind of spider that isn't such a pleasant house guest

to have around. Termites also had gotten into the beams of the house. These little fellows, a species of insect, bore into the timbers. Unless they are checked they will destroy the foundations of any structure. These little insects caused an item to be published in the paper that the young couple were on the verge of a split. That's all there was to the rumor—black widows and termites.

INA CLAIRE asked a number of people to spend the week-end with her at her beach house. When one of the guests arrived he was accompanied by six people, all strangers to Ina.

"I'm very sorry," Ina greeted them, "but I've prepared for a certain number of guests and I'll have to ask you to come another time."

For which all Hollywood will give Ina three rousing cheers. That is, all except the six uninvited guests.

ON the same day Ina Claire got her decree from Jack Gilbert, Bull Montana was sued for divorce by his wife.

"Ah, well," sighed Bull, "I guess I'm no better than Jack!"

HHEY, there, El Brendel—move over. Make room there, Miss Garbo. There's another Swede crashing in—no, *two* more!

It seems that Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils

Asther to you, Mister Immigration officer!) has to return to America as a Swedish subject, because of her marriage to Nils Asther and the birth of their baby daughter. The baby—Evelyn, a half year old now—was shunted about from consulate to consulate in Paris when Mamma Vivian tried to get passports to return to America. The mess was finally straightened out by registering the baby as Swedish, and mama, too. The complications arose in France because the baby was born in Germany of an American mother and Swedish papa—oh, what a League of Nations!

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An intimate peek inside the home of the Stock- holm Sizzler and the Possible Spouse

By Leonard Hall

table, or a horse and buggy, or a new Fjord? I *do* so want to make you happy, my *sweet*!

MRS. ANDERSSON (hurling herself into a chair and hurling her hands to her brow in Posture VI)—Garbo iss so cold!

MR. ANDERSSON—My poor dear girl! We'll start for the South of France tomorrow! The match business will just *hjave* to look out for itself, that's all. Will you be glad to be in that nice Nice?

MRS. ANDERSSON—South of France? It iss so hot!

MR. ANDERSSON—Oh, I know what it is! You miss dat Hollywood! I build you the only house in Svolljs—whatever the name of this *djamn* place is—with a solarium, an indoor swimming pool and a quarter-mile running track, and this is the thanks I get! It gets a *gjuy* sore, Greta!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Ach, Olaf—you *are* *sweet*! But Garbo iss always alone—alone—*alone*!

MR. ANDERSSON—Alone, *ejh*? Well, I must say I like that! Here I am neglecting the match factory until business is practically shot to *hjell*, so I can be with you! And how about that *bjridge* club I organized just for you? Don't you enjoy playing *cjcontract* with Mrs. Peterssen and Mrs. Rasmussen and Mrs. Smijth-Jjones? I *must* say you're a little hard on me!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Hard on you, Olaf, it iss you dat is hard on me! Peehaps you do not realize dat de world is waiting for de sunrise and Garbo. I am a world *figger* and iss it my fault dat you are *yust* Garbo's mate, my *sweet*?

MR. ANDERSSON—Ye gods, dat is just it! I am just Mr. Garbo, the feller dat hitched his wagon to a star, and believe you me, darling, if the harness broke it would be just too bad for you and me! But maybe you would be happier back in dat Hollywood where you were de big mystery?

MRS. ANDERSSON—De big mystery! Dat is what dey said in de magazines in America! Garbo a mystery—dat iss a big laugh. Garbo is hungry and sleepy and bored and tired and full of pep when de rain comes down but de Americans dey do not understand dat! But if Garbo was not a mystery what would de fan magazines do for stories? So it iss better dat Garbo is a mystery and den great writers like Len Hall can make a living. But dey do not know dat poor Garbo iss alone—always alone.

MR. ANDERSSON—There you go again my *pjet* with that alone business. Goodness knows you have many more friends here in whatever the name is than anyone else heaven forbid.

MRS. ANDERSSON (hurling herself out of the chair and hurling herself up and down the room in Posture XXIII)—You don't understand, Olaf—it iss my soul dat iss alone! If I could only

UNITED Press dispatch printed in a thousand American newspapers:

COPENHAGEN, Denmark, June 22—Greta Garbo, the alluring screen star, is proceeding to Europe to marry a Swedish merchant named Andersson, the *Svenske Dagbladet* said today.

SCENE—The living-room of the new Andersson home at Svolljskjff, Sveden. Mrs. Greta Garbo Andersson is pacing up and down the room. Mr. Greta Garbo Andersson, the groom, is sitting by the fire, in *djressing* *gjown* and *sjlippers*, trying to read his evening paper, The Svolljskjff *Gjazette-Tjimes-Stjar*.

MR. ANDERSSON (looking up from the *sjports* page)—Please, my darling, *can't* you sit quietly for a little while? How can I read my paper when you're hopping dis way and dat way? This eternal stamping up and down is driving me *bjughouse*!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Ach!

MR. ANDERSSON—*Please*, as a favor to me, sit down! Are you happy? Do you *ljove* me? Do you want a ping-pong

If Garbo Marries

be on a high mountain top, with only de sea and de wind for company. Dat ole davvil sea—dat's from "Anna Christie," Olaf! Den Garbo would not be so lonely!

MR. ANDERSSON—Now it's the sea! Well, Sveden has plenty of sea! I'll buy you a mountain on the sea, or I'll buy you two mountains and let you yump from one to the other. Now tell me straight out, Greta—you're not thinking of some other man over there in Hollywood?

MRS. ANDERSSON (laughing mirthlessly with Mirthless Laugh CIVX, Clarence Brown type)—Ach, men, men, men!! Always men t'ink it iss udder men! No, my Olaf—it iss yust de sea, and de wind, and my beloved rain!

MR. ANDERSSON (hurling his paper into the fire)—It's too much for me, Greta! Every woman in Sveden is envying your wealth, and position, and this beautiful house, and you moan and groan and whine about the sea! I'll ring up Dr. Bjrrnffkjjs—what you need is a djarned good tonic, my lady!

MRS. ANDERSSON—Iss dere a tonic for de hungry soul? Ach, if it would only rain, and rain! Den I could walk and walk in de rain! Tell me, my Olaf—can all your money from de match factory make it rain for Garbo?

MR. ANDERSSON (leaping from his chair and landing practically beside himself)—Hjell's bjells! So it's rain you want, my beauty? Twit me because my matches won't pay for rain, ejh, my pjjet?

(He picks up a two-gallon bowl of Swedish punch from a nearby table, hurls it into the fire, squirts a seltzer bottle at the portrait of Grandpa Andersson above the mantelpiece, and dashes off a large tumbler of Skoal, the native schnapps of Sveden. His white-faced bride stands aghast in Aghast Posture XXXVII.)

MR. ANDERSSON—Is that wet enough for you?

MRS. ANDERSSON (reaching for her umbrellas and gum-boots)—Ach, Olaf, how I luff you—so strong, so cruel! Now I t'ank I go home to Mamma!

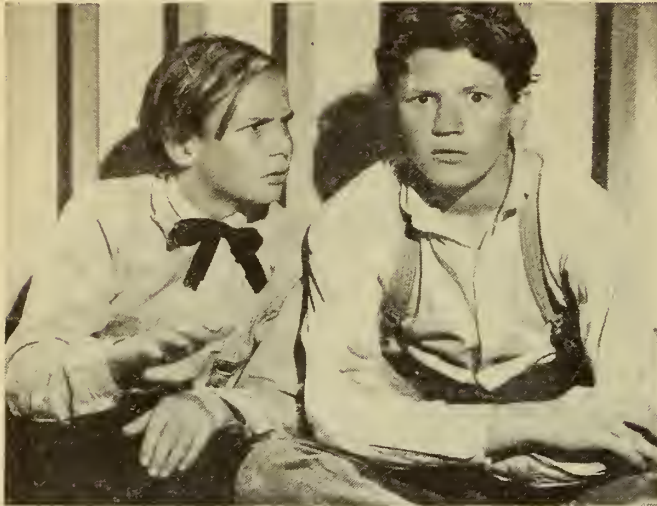
(Merciful Curtain.)

Illustrated by
Van Arsdale

"No rain, ejh?" howls Mr. Andersson, letting go with the seltzer at Grandpa Andersson lurking over the mantelpiece. "Is that wet enough for you?" And dashes off a tumbler of Skoal



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *HUCKLEBERRY FINN*—Paramount

ANOTHER of Paramount's delightful series of kid pictures. Not as great as "Skippy," not quite as good as "Tom Sawyer," but withal a splendid successor to both.

Mark Twain's grand old tale has been carefully handled, and comes alive with loads of laughs and a tear or two for the sentimentalists. Junior Durkin, as *Huck Finn*, turns in the finest performance of his screen career; he doesn't act *Huck*, he just is *Huck*. Jackie Coogan makes good again as *Tom Sawyer*.

Mitzi Green is in the cast, but her fans will complain at the smallness of her part. The same holds true for Jackie Searl. The supporting cast of adults turn in excellent performances. Young and old alike will enjoy this.



★ *BUSINESS AND PLEASURE*—Fox

IF it weren't for Will Rogers, this would be just another movie, and not so much of a one at that. But thanks to the man's inimitable drolleries, it's lifted into the worthwhile entertainment class. The story is from Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat."

It concerns an American razor manufacturer who is captured by a tribe of warring Arabs. How he calls off their war by shaving them clean-faced is the crux of the plot, such as it is.

Somewhere in its unfolding, Jetta Goudal essays a screen comeback as a vamp. She's interesting, but a bit too old-fashioned in her siren technique.

When Rogers is talking, the film is a riot. Particularly when he makes up as a swami and tells his wife's fortune.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *PALMY DAYS*—United Artists

TEN-TO-ONE, this will bring back film musicals in a veritable inundation. It's *that* good!

"Palmy Days" is a typical Cantor-and-nonsense show. What plot there is becomes merely the skeleton on which the comedy, the gags, the songs, the dances, the beauty, the action of this film have been hung.

It moves with zip from start to finish, with never a dull moment.

It's mostly Eddie Cantor, of course. He's never been funnier than as the sap in the trick bakery—an amazing cruller factory that's run entirely by gorgeous girls who wear as little as possible whenever possible. Ah, me . . .!

Cantor's gags are hilarious, whether old or new. Charlotte Greenwood is another grand funster.

Barbara Weeks, lovely and snappy, makes a sensational screen debut.

There are several songs, at least one of which—"Yes, Yes"—may prove a big hit. Eddie and Charlotte revive the chiropractor gag, and if that sequence doesn't tie audiences in knots, then nothing's funny. And in spite of the fact that the girls present extensive epidermic displays, the fun always manages to remain clean.

If they can make musicals like this, then there's no reason at all why they shouldn't come back.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

PALMY DAYS
HUCKLEBERRY FINN
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

STREET SCENE
LARCENY LANE
THE GUARDSMAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Eddie Cantor in "Palmy Days"
Charlotte Greenwood in "Palmy Days"
Barbara Weeks in "Palmy Days"
Junior Durkin in "Huckleberry Finn"
Jackie Coogan in "Huckleberry Finn"
Alfred Lunt in "The Guardsman"
Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman"
Will Rogers in "Business and Pleasure"
James Cagney in "Larceny Lane"
Joan Blondell in "Larceny Lane"
Beulah Bondi in "Street Scene"
Edmund Lowe in "The Spider"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ *STREET SCENE*—United Artists

AN almost perfectly produced and acted picture. Not a flaw has slipped by the eye of director King Vidor. It's the pinnacle of his directorial career.

Just one question worries us. Will it be box-office? Does the public really want a true cross-section of life presented as it actually happens? We hope it goes big; big money on this would encourage more really excellent pictures.

Here are the humor, the pathos, the gripping drama which comes to just one street of one city. You've seen it again and again; you've read it as reported in your daily paper.

The picture moves rapidly, adroitly and dramatically. If you saw the stage play, which was a Broadway hit, you will be amazed to see the advantages of sustained interest given by the picture presentation.

There are thirty-four main characters—mostly from the original New York cast. Sylvia Sidney, Estelle Taylor, William Collier, Jr., and Lawrence Wagner are the main screen contributions. Each of the thirty-four does his share so aptly that all must share honors.

However, Beulah Bondi, as *Mrs. Jones*, has the advantage of more lines than the average player. She makes the most of it. She almost steals the picture! Estelle Taylor is good as Sylvia's mother.



★ *LARCENY LANE*—Warners

ANOTHER "crook picture"—but even the most militant crusader against that type of story won't be able to say that it isn't tremendous entertainment. And, after all, isn't it entertainment you ask for in the theater?

It's the rocket-speed tale of a smalltown bellhop and his chambermaid girl friend, and their ambition to become bigtown, bit shot racketeers. They try, and the mechanics of various gyp-games, polite and otherwise, are laid bare for you.

Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell are really great in the rôles. Here's a new kind of cinema team. They're destined to go far—teamed, or singly. Cagney is a great laugh-getter and Miss Blondell shows she can do a serious rôle.



★ *THE GUARDSMAN*—M-G-M

ONE of the most delightful pieces of satire yet brought to the talking screen. It's filled with chuckles for those who enjoy sophisticated comedy. An actor who feared that his wife, with a *penchant* for soldiers, was untrue to him set himself the difficult task of impersonating a guardsman in order to see for himself if anyone could consummate a flirtation with her.

Alfred Lunt, as the actor who never forgets to act, who quotes lines from plays to suit his moods, and Lynn Fontanne, as the doubted wife, are a constant delight and offer abundant proof as to why they are referred to as the foremost acting couple of the present-day stage. Roland Young and ZaSu Pitts give their customary excellent performances. Not for children.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

**THE GAY
DIPLOMAT—**
Radio Pictures



IVAN LEBEDEFF, favorite with Hollywood women, pursues women in this picture in an easy, attractive manner. He is responsible for the story and it presumably records some of his own experiences. Men will like the plot, which concerns Balkan intrigue, and women will be charmed by that Lebedeff manner. Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin give him fine support.

**SIDEWALKS
OF
NEW YORK—**
M-G-M



ALAUGH a moment and just the right number of moments! Buster Keaton is a wealthy man-about-town who goes to the tenements he owns to show his manager how to handle tough youngsters. It's Buster who gets handled! Not much of a plot, but not much is needed. Norman Phillips, Jr., kid actor of ability, almost steals the show. Anita Page and Cliff Edwards do good work.

WICKED—
Fox



HEAVY dramatic fare about a bank robber and his wife, who go to jail. She's allowed out, temporarily, so her baby may be born outside prison walls—but then she goes back. When her term is ended, she has a tough time getting baby back, because it's been adopted. But she does, and sails for Australia with her lover. And that's it. Elissa Landi, McLaglen, Von Eltz are good, and the direction is excellent.

**THE ROAD
TO
SINGAPORE**
—Warners



BILL POWELL makes his Warner debut in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. There's a great deal of talk in the story of the wife of a dull doctor, who seeks love from the notorious devil Powell is supposed to be. But Powell goes heroic and before it's all over their illicit affair goes respectable, with the doctor stepping out of the picture. Doris Kenyon, as the wife, is splendid.

SILENCE—
Paramount



"SILENCE" comes out of the silents into a talkie re-make—and it's still sure-fire melodrama with a punch. The story of the crook who dares the gallows rather than sully the name of his daughter is a situation that cannot help but offer chances for thrill entertainment. In this, Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau, Peggy Shannon and others make the most of it. Shannon, a new "It" girl, is interesting, but no Bow.

SKYLINE—
Fox



GOOD entertainment. Thomas Meighan, representative of this age of steel and magnitude, builds skyscrapers. He becomes interested in one of his youthful laborers, played by Hardie Albright, and saves him from the wily clutches of vamp Myrna Loy. The lad returns to sweet Maureen O'Sullivan. The entire cast is good. There's a sad but different ending to this picture.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—
Radio Pictures



THE UNHOLY GARDEN—
United Artists

HERE'S Edna May Oliver's first starring film, and you're sure of a row of laughs. But—don't be surprised, now!—you'll come mighty close, too, to shedding a tear. It's about a vaudeville player's fight for her daughters against her rich papa-in-law. A nice, homely, laugh-and-cry story. We're certain that you are going to like it. The whole thing is in Technicolor.

HERE'S a new kind of gang picture—a gang of international crooks, hiding from justice in a half-ruined Sahara castle, cutting each others' throats over a hidden fortune. Ronald Colman, playing a fugitive murderer, finally saves the fortune for a beautiful young girl. It's all far-fetched and romantic beyond wildest dreams. A splendid cast works hard, but the picture never reaches great heights.

WEST OF BROADWAY—
M-G-M



SMART WOMAN—
Radio Pictures

JOHN GILBERT'S voice is quite low—but so is the value of this picture, as far as Gilbert's popularity-comeback is concerned. Too bad that ill luck seems to dog his efforts. This yarn of the war veteran with six months to live, and how he does it, is just another of those things. John Gilbert strives valiantly to make it all come alive, but good as his efforts are, it just doesn't click. Lois Moran plays a new type of rôle.

MARY ASTOR wins her erring husband (Robert Ames) back by old movie tactics but in such charming fashion that this almost rates as one of the month's best. Sophisticated comi-tragedy, of the "Holiday" and "Rebound" genre, it makes a star of talent of Mary Astor and reveals Edward Everett Horton in his best funny rôle. Beautiful gowns and excellent photography are a treat to the eye.

MONKEY BUSINESS—
Paramount



THE SPIDER—
Fox

MESSRS. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. It has no beginning and no end, as far as any real plot is concerned—but if you're of that group who like gorgeous nonsense, then by all means split your sides over the latest Marxian antics as herein manifested. Groucho's absurdities rattle off his tongue; Harpo is silent but mad; the other two are Marxes, too.

HERE'S a shivery-thrilling mystery yarn about a murder in a theater while a magician is staging a mind-reading act. The suspense is kept at high pitch. Eddie Lowe does grand work as the prestidigitator. The photography is particularly effective. You may not sleep well after this, but there are too many pictures that put you to sleep!

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 104]



FALLING STAR

By Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

IT was raining the morning Segne Cleve read Sam Alwein's letter, as she lolled in her negligée in the luxuriously furnished bedroom of her secluded Beverly Hills home.

Mr. Alwein, president and general manager of Mammoth Films, was vaguely anxious about the threat of Lili Hajos, the new Hungarian star, to Segne Cleve's prestige as the screen's greatest emotional actress. He was pleased, however, to be able to inform Miss Cleve that Mammoth had secured "Lovers and Sons," the year's best seller, as a vehicle for her. It was now being adapted, and Mr. John Broadwell would direct her, as usual.

She was not at all impressed, scarcely interested. She tossed the letter aside. Then a faint curiosity stirred in her about the Hajos woman. She had been "discovered" in Vienna by Adolph Schnitzler, the Austrian director, and had done two pictures under him there. These, shown in this country, had won her a contract with Mutual and she had done one picture since her arrival in Hollywood.

She was twenty, four years younger than Segne. But what stirred Segne's interest was the fact that Lili Hajos was said to resemble her, not only artistically, but physically.

Segne Cleve had long had a faint desire to see if this was so, and now she turned the pages of a magazine quickly to a picture of the girl. She might, she immediately admitted, be looking at a very inaccurate picture of herself.

Before the startled eyes of the director, Segne Cleve and Robert Yore played that scene so amateurishly and grotesquely that it looked and sounded like a cruel burlesque



A story of Hollywood's most mysterious and enigmatic actress, who learned the ways of this thing called Love

Miss Hajos was a tall, blonde girl with light eyes—Segne had heard they were blue—set far apart beneath a forehead broad and low. Her mouth was full-lipped, her well-modeled head set on a slim neck. Her figure, though slender, was voluptuous—full breasted, slim of waist, broad of thighs. Her legs, exposed above the knees by her pose, were slender and straight.

Yes, Segne thought, she is curiously like me. Yet, no one could mistake her for me or me for her. She turned to search out that difference in the full-length mirror, throwing back her negligée so that her figure was clearly silhouetted under her sheer nightgown.

IT might have been the girl's in the picture. But, she saw, it was firmer, longer, settling away from the mold. She would not have to cut down her hearty eating habits to keep it. The Hungarian, at any time, would have to watch her diet, to fight fat.

Looking at her own lips, the difference became more apparent. Her mouth, like Lili's, was petulant, the lips full. But her own lips could thin to a pencil line of ruthlessness. Lili Hajos' were generous, too generous for her own good.

But it was the eyes that finally decided their total dissimilarity. The eyes of the other girl smoldered. In them were passion and hot response to life. Her own eyes, staring coldly interested at themselves in the mirror, glinted. In them were aloofness and an icy calculation.

She dropped the magazine from her hand to the floor. Her faint curiosity about her rival had already faded to join the embers of her interest in everything else except her appetite and her bank balance and her various property holdings. They were the only things that mattered.

This young fool, Hajos, didn't know that yet. You could see she was one of the kind that would let life and love play

upon her till they burned her out. She, Segne Cleve, knew how it would be, because she knew how it had been with herself.

What she knew now made her the screen's greatest emotional actress. It was all so simple, she could sum it up in a sentence. In order to be able to portray all the emotions, one must be incapable of feeling any emotion—especially love. As simple as that when it was learned. But, oh, what a price she had paid to learn it!

Suddenly she found herself thinking of Padraic Westbrook, the only thing she had ever loved or ever would love. It was he who had taught her that in order to be able to portray all the emotions, one must be incapable of feeling *any* emotion. Made her the great emotional actress she was. How she hated him! And loved him! For he had given her everything only when he had taken away from her everything she had to enjoy it with. Even himself.

She had never known anyone like Padraic Westbrook. She never would. "It doesn't matter what happens to you or me as long as we get the message of beauty across," he had said to her many times. It summed up his personality.

HE was the director who had hired her for "walk-ons" and small bits in a midwest city's stock company, and she had been in love with him a long time before he noticed her. And, even then, he saw her only as a potential artist.

"I believe," he said to her one day, "that I can make a great actress of you. If you don't get a swelled head. Or fall in love with some silly boy. You're pretty. You respond well to direction. You work hard. You don't know anything and you know you don't. That attitude and your looks will bring you to the top, I think. Anyhow, I'm going to try it."

She thanked him, smiling uncertainly into his hard brown eyes. She had thought to herself, "What a fool the man is! How can I fall in love with anyone when I am already in love with him?"

She was in love with him and he took everything away from her. He took away her belief in her own beauty and attractiveness by ignoring them when they were turned full on him. He took away her belief in her ability by telling her ten thousand times a day that she couldn't act and never would be able to act. And even if she did, it wouldn't mean anything.

"An actor," he would snarl, "is nothing but a sounding board, a monkey-on-a-stick, going through the sounds and motions of a thought some person with brains has had. Don't try to think. Wait till I pull the string and then dance the way I tell you to. That's all an actor or actress is good for."

But he made her into an actress. For the emotions he took from her, he substituted their mechanics. Even when Sam Alwein of Mammoth Films signed up Padraic Westbrook on a three-year contract, she was far above ordinary. Within six months, she followed him to Hollywood.

Under his direction, she had strolled to stardom in her first picture. And Padraic Westbrook, in that picture, gave to the movies not only a star but a new director, John Broadwell, who was his assistant. Broadwell, now, was recognized as one of the best. He had directed her in all of her pictures after the first four. She knew his greatness lay in the fact that he slavishly followed Padraic Westbrook's methods.

Padraic had been dead three years. His frail body could not stand the deadly combination of overwork and dissipation. When he lay dying in the hospital, he sent for her.

"Segne," he grinned as she held his hand. "I'm checking out. I wanted to tell you before I go that I know you love me. And I love you. I have always loved you."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" she moaned.

And then, for the last time, he voiced his creed.

"It doesn't make any difference what happens to you or me as long as we get the message of beauty across! I've made a great actress out of you!"

* * *

SEGNE emerged from her reverie as her maid, a grim-faced, emotionless Swede of middle age, came in with her breakfast. While she arranged it on the table, Segne Cleve went to the window and stared out at the rain. It was no

ordinary storm of gusty fitfulness. It was a deluge, an infrequent, fierce seasonal rainfall of the semi-tropics. Water poured down from gray-black clouds in sheets.

A faint glow began to smoulder in her eyes. She loved rain almost as much as she loved solitude and the sea. She loved to walk in it. She enjoyed its beat upon her face, its soaking and weighing down of her garments, its cold, stinging caress of her body. Like the parched soil, she drank it in through every pore.

"HILDA," she ordered in her low, soft voice, "I want my walking skirt, a light sweater and the heavy brogues. And the old felt hat."

Segne Cleve in Hollywood, perforce, traveled much incognito and in disguise to keep from being mobbed by enthusiastic fans. On her infrequent shopping trips she wore a uniform consisting of an old tweed suit, heavy walking shoes, wool stockings, a nondescript blue beret and a pair of tortoiseshell glasses.

She was aloof. She did not entertain. She attended few parties and fewer formal picture openings, the latter in disguise. She spent her leisure time reading, swimming, walking, riding or sitting on the beach, staring for hours at the rhythmic sea.

She had few friends. No confidants. When, in refusing a reporter an interview, she once said, "I am neither interesting nor interested," she was entirely sincere. Nothing human interested her. She was a harp lying mute, whose strings only one man could bring alive. And that man was a dead man whose fingers would pluck no more.

This was Segne Cleve in person. Aloof. Sullen. Mysterious. The heroine of a thousand legends. And Segne Cleve, the great screen siren, was much the same.

Her conscious attention was centered on the mastery of her lines and their delivery, and the minute and graphic instructions of John Broadwell, her director. She made no suggestions. Hers was not an original mind.

The cast playing with her in "Lovers and Sons" were not personalities to her. They were animated manequins that danced when John Broadwell pulled the strings. She had been playing three weeks opposite [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Schoenbaum

Pola Negri, 1931 Model—no temperament, no swank, no carrying on. Some change from the Warsaw Rose of five years ago, who clawed and snarled at life. Today, in Hollywood, she's leading a quiet life. No mansion—just renting the smaller of Bebe Daniels' Santa Monica beach homes. Hard at work on her RKO Pathe film, "A Woman Commands," her first talkie. Some girl! We'll take a little bet that Pola is in for a grand comeback!

He Is *Her* Man!

Barbara Stanwyck,
an old-fashioned
one-man woman,
would sacrifice
a brilliant career
for Frank Fay



When Barbara Stanwyck is sittin' on top of her Frankie, it's just the same as sittin' on top of the world—for Frank Fay is Barbara Stanwyck's world—her whole world—and Hollywood can go chase itself!

THERE are all sorts of love in hectic Hollywood—Malibu Madnesses, Publicity Pashes, Good Clean companionships, affairs usually labeled “just one of those things”—

And then there's the love of Barbara Stanwyck for Frank Fay! Boy, that one has the movie colony winging!

It's so true it can't be real, and *vice versa*. It's so complete, so sacrificing, so self-effacing, and so dad-burned startling in this day of sneering sophistication that half of Hollywood cheers, half snorts and half just doesn't believe a word of it.

As this is tapped, Barbara has jumped the Columbia corral and is galloping loose, while the bosses moan and howl. Fay, washed up at the Warner plant, wants to go home to his beloved Broadway. And the lovely Stanwyck lassie, with uncounted thousands hers for the mere reaching, will kick over contracts, careers and kopecks to be at the side of her man!

It's right out of the story book.

There's white-hot drama in this love story—yes, and even spiritual tragedy, if you read behind the lines.

There's only one love like it in Hollywood, and that's the love of Ann Harding for Harry Bannister, her big actor-husband.

Ann has never been put to the biggest test, however—the yearning of the loved one to Get Away From It All.

Barbara has. And she's met it without a jitter.

From the day Babs laid an eye on Fay, and felt that first internal tremor that signifies the deadly assault of the tender passion, there's never been another man but the red-headed vaudeville actor.

She was Ruby Stevens, then—the prettiest, sweetest little tap-dancer that ever titivated the bald-headed patrons of Texas Guinan's deadfall.

And Fay—oh, he was a big shot! “Broadway's Favorite Son,” the electric lights called him. Hadn't he ambled and drawled around the stage of the Palace Theater, vaudeville's heaven, for ten or a dozen weeks on end? Yes, indeedy—and it was “Hi' there, Frankie!” and “Hello, Mr. Fay!” from every corner on Broadway.

BARBARA turned, overnight, from Stevens to Stanwyck and was a sensational success opposite Hal Skelly in the play “Burlesque.” But that made no difference. To her, Fay was still the king of hearts, and she wasn't even a face-card.

It was terrible, somehow, and beautiful, and goshawful.

I used to see them together, in the earlier days of The Big Love Stuff—lunching together sometimes at Sardi's, noonday filling station for a large segment of the Broadway mob.

Fay taking bows, Fay saying howdy, Fay holding small-time court in a little world of not-quite-greats. Barbara looking at him with her heart in those blue eyes—and she might have been eating curried-sawdust-on-shingle instead of chicken *a la* king for all she knew, or gave a darn.

Honestly, it used to give me the quakes, even then. Now I'm afraid it's the horrors.

Because it's that love that may rob pictures—and us—of one of the freshest young talents and beautiful young persons to come our

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

B y C a l Y o r k

Lily's Coming Back



Will this be the Lily Damita of 1931 in Hollywood—hot, hoydenish, hectic and starry-eyed? Fate alone knows!



Or will the new Damita be cool, calm, contained and bursting with pent-up drama, as she looks in this picture?

WHAT personality will Lily Damita wear when she returns to Hollywood this time?

We are all gambling on the answer as this is written, a month before her return date. Of course, the Radio Pictures officials would pay most for the correct answer. She's under contract to them and they must choose her next picture.

Dare they choose before she puts in her appearance? Will it be safe to pick a story for the Lily who left or shall they wait and fit the story to the one who returns?

For Hollywood has already had two Lilys—women as different as the 1928 and 1931 stock markets. Will there be a third, or if not a third which one of the two former women will return to us?

I always smile when I think of the last return of Lily Damita! It was on Labor Day, 1930. Incidentally, her return is now slated for Labor Day, 1931! Coincidence? Perhaps. But I doubt it. Labor Day last year proved a good stage setting; why not use the same day for another?

The United Artists lot was so excited. Their French whirlwind was returning. Now, the lot would pep up. Now there would be color, excitement, sex-appeal vaunted to its zenith!

The publicity department was in seventh heaven. They had been forced to be so careful of what they said of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson—even Charles Chaplin. These veteran blue-bloods of the business must always be handled with the smoothest kid gloves; nothing must seep into ink which is not homage to royalty—censored as are the stories written of royalty in all nations.

But Lily! The publicity department rubbed its hands in glee. It looked at the big red heart on its white calcimined wall and put new ribbons in the typewriters. Lily had drawn that heart. With her own pouting, sensuous lips she had outlined it! There had been so much red paint on those lips

And what will *La Belle Damita* have to offer this time—dignity or dynamite? Hollywood is all agog to know!

that no red pencil had been needed. True, she had scratched her nose a bit as she mouthed the rough plaster but what was a scratched nose when Lily was telling an entire department of men that she loved them in her own inimitable fashion?

Ah, to have her back! To be able to write stories comparable to those they had written about Prince Louis Ferdinand, the second son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, working in a Ford factory that he might be near his Lily! To have Prince George

as part of their regular press-agent copy!

They got out their files, those press boys. Not because they needed to read what they had written. They remembered every word. They got them out so they could brag to each other.

There was the long story of how the former Kaiser had secured the help of Henry Ford to return the wandering Hohenzollern to him! A Hohenzollern earning money by labor for the sake of a movie girl.

THERE was the yarn about Prince George in Santa Barbara dancing with Lily Damita. They chortled. That was the time the big boss—Samuel Goldwyn—had been really impressed!

There was the follow-up. Prince George was defying the royal orders of Papa-King-of-England and coming to Hollywood. Papa had said no. He was afraid of the effect Hollywood publicity and—sh, they had soft-pedaled that part of the story!—beautiful Hollywood girls would have upon him. But papa was in London and Lily was in Hollywood. Lily had won. The Prince was arriving.

The boys read that adroit story and winked at one another. Blue-blood Douglas Fairbanks had been most annoyed. He was entertaining for Prince George at the royal court of Pickfair. Was it not better to say that the Prince was coming to Hollywood to be entertained at the local court than to say he was coming

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Ruth Biery

Seymour's Fall Newsreel of Fashions

I'M going to take the role of the newsreel talking reporter this month, just to give you the current events in fashion as they are happening at the moment. I'll reel off the news for you but you will have to see the new pictures to know what I mean. To help you, however, I have picked some of the latest stills for you here.

The idea this year in fashion is to look as elegant and romantic as possible. You hark back to those fragile ladies of the 1880's or to those dashing belles of the gay '90's. You have that same broad-shouldered, taper-waisted look, except that clothes are suited to modern times. You wear an Empress Eugenie hat tilted coyly, but with dash. You actually dress up. You put swagger boyishness aside for an almost demure, lady-like manner.



HERE is Nancy Carroll dressed up for a brisk Fall day. She wears a short black caracul jacket over a trim but feminine gray woolen dress. Note the three-quarter sleeves and collarless neckline on the jacket. The dress is coat-like in style as it buttons to the side and is carefully tailored. The high-necked vestee is very smart. Long black suede gloves and a suede bag in the new style with concealed frame are perfect accessories.



— Seymour —

Screen Clothes Have the



LORETTA YOUNG wears one of the new hats jauntily. It's a sailor type with shallow crown and brim rolled into a dip over the right eye.

WHEN you see "Sporting Blood," I want you to notice this costume of Madge Evans. Its most important detail is the sleeves. Made in dolman effect, they taper from a wide armhole to a narrow wrist.

DON'T miss a detail of this Dolores Costello costume in "Expensive Women." The high points are—a black and white lace tweed fabric contrasted with black wool crepe, three-quarter sleeves and a trick white bolero in ermine.

— Seymour —



New "Dressed-Up" Look



YOU must pay a lot of attention to little things this Fall. I think Tallulah Bankhead is the picture of a perfectly groomed lady in this costume from "My Sin." Her hair is sleekly, but softly dressed. She wears simple but elegant jewelry in her pearl earrings and pearl and diamond pin. She tops her chic white satin frock with a silver fox trimmed metal cloth jacket.

— Seymour



PEARLS are smart in this new length. Adrienne Ames wears them in "24 Hours."

Did you know that slipper length is new for evening frocks? And that dresses are not so full and much straighter? Let Loretta Young show you her new velvet frock and you can see for yourself.



Here's How the Stars Wear

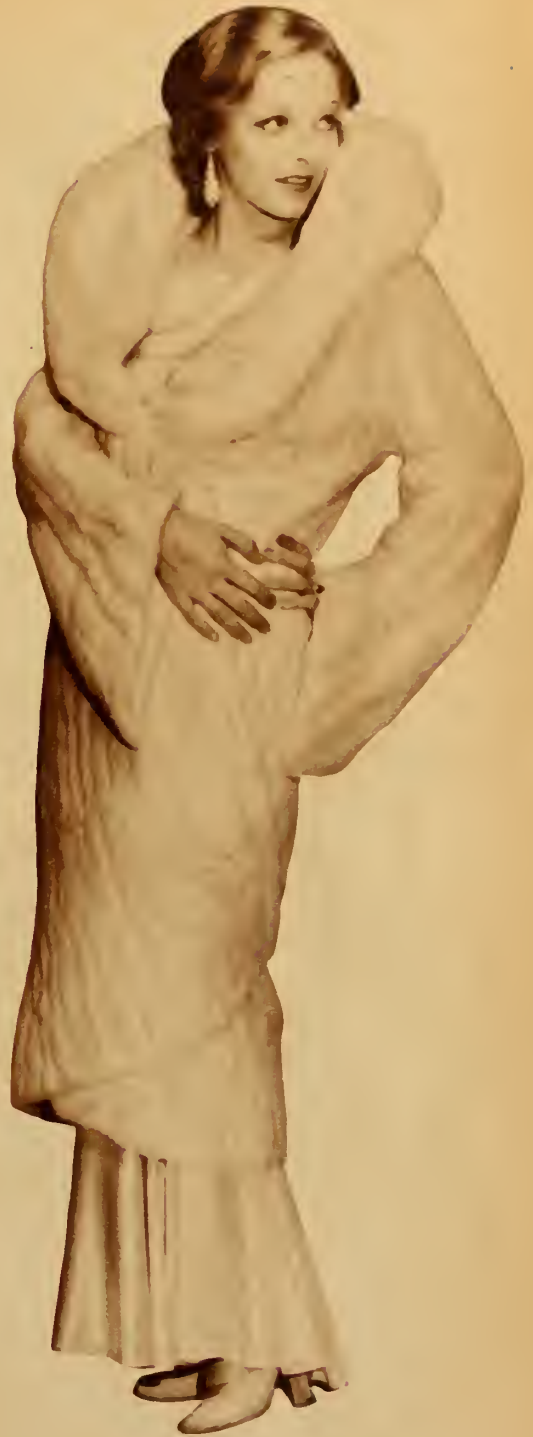


DON'T think there is a star's wardrobe which does not boast at least one stunning fur wrap, especially for evening. Marion Shilling, for instance, favors a beige ermine wrap lavishly trimmed with beige fox for her newest formal one. The three-quarter length is very smart and new. Note the softly tied, cravat-like collar and the shorter sleeves. You girls could duplicate this in the more inexpensive lapin—it would be just as good looking, if not so luxurious! Marion's gloves are the color of the fur which is a very nice idea.

IN-BETWEEN furs are mighty useful in anyone's wardrobe. The fur scarf is always good. Lilyan Tashman wore her beautiful sables in this unusual manner in "Murder by the Clock." Remember them? Triple skins of sable wrapped around the neck and shoulders. Sable edged the sleeves of her gown, too. Very grand altogether.

Loretta Young wears a youthful jacket that any of you could copy. It is gray squirrel trimmed with white ermine on wide lapels, sleeves and pockets.

Their New Furs — Seymour



SHADES of our grandmothers! How do you like this little white ermine tippet? I think it's great, takes you right back to the furbelow days. Alice McCormack wears this over a quaint black taffeta, bustled frock in the fashion show sequence of "Bad Girl."

And here is Loretta Young again in a smart fitted jacket of white broadtail. The trimming on the revers is old-fashioned gray moleskin. This jacket is nipped at the back and gives a cutaway effect in front.

THERE never will be any wrap that can displace the all-white ermine one for sheer feminine elegance. Look at Sally Blane in this stunning coat she wears in "The Star Witness." It is complete luxury personified. The length is good for very formal costumes. The high, rolling collar, the wrapped effect, and the wide-armholed, deeply pointed sleeves are other style points. Again this is the sort of wrap you could duplicate in white hare and look very swank at a fraction the cost of ermine.

When Loretta Goes Shopping

SEYMOUR SNAPS
A YOUNG STAR
ABOUT TOWN



If you should happen along Hollywood Boulevard some morning it's more than likely you might see Loretta dashing along like this. Her trim polo coat is a brown and beige checked tweed. The hat and scarf are right!

In the afternoon, you might find Miss Young lingering over a window on her way to tea. Her frock is black silk crepe trimmed in white galyac. New in line and smartly accessoried. Your hat should tilt, Loretta.





Hal Phylfe

HAL PHYFE, famous New York photographer, coaxed Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell before a lens on the Fox lot. "Give me that '7th Heaven' look!" he pleaded. "Be *Diane* and *Chico* for Uncle Hal!" They gave all—and isn't the result a stunning picture?



Erving Lippman

HIS uncle is a Knight of the Bath—but when David Manners was a cowboy guide he took his on Saturday night in the good old Western way. Nor is the Americanization of this handsome young Englishman a pose. On the opposite page Harry Lang, in a brilliant word picture, tells you why.

This scene from "The Miracle Woman" with Barbara Stanwyck proves that not all Englishmen are cold-blooded. David Manners is the aggressive lad and the girls say they like him when he acts this way



Spurning Hollywood's snooty British colony, David Manners is just a regular fellow. He can take his art or leave it alone, although he is serious about his acting and hopes, some day, to be an author

Manners—He Has Them

OLD John W. Heredity and Oscar Q. Tradition must have perfectly ghastly headaches over the case of young Mr. David Manners. For young Mr. Manners has thumbed his nose at them right rudely!

You see, by all the hoary old rules of Tradition and Heredity, young Mr. Manners should be an up-nosed, broad-A-ing, family-tree-flaunting, superciliously-ultra-Englishman. For he's a direct straight-line descendant of William the Conqueror, and is a cousin and nevvew of Earls and Dukes and things like that all over England.

And instead, dash it all, he's turned out to be a blooming American, my word!—and a cinema performer, at that! And a good one.

I say now, cawn't you just see old William the Conqueror turning over in his grave like a whirling dervish at the very idea of it?

"Very well; let him, then," shoulder-shrugs young Mr. Manners, his descendant; "only the silly ass must make a frightful clatter turning over with all that armor on him!"

That's what Dave Manners' attitude toward this family-tree thing amounts to. Born of the ultramarine blue blood of

A descendant of William the Conqueror conquers Hollywood—and in a big way, too

England, destined to carry on the family name and line in the best old British tradition, Dave instead has turned out to be as American as a quart of two-dollar "imported" gin.

And for a final finger-flick at it all, he has taken out his first naturalization papers. He frankly prefers America to England.

"I like the spirit of America. I like its democracy and its great distances. Besides, I make my living here, and somehow, I think I ought to belong here. It's a matter of conscience as well as preference."

Of course, you filmgoers know David Manners as the very handsome young chap who has been appearing in Warner Bros. pictures. Or, perhaps, he stands out particularly in the splendid rôle he did opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "The Miracle Woman"—the blind young war aviator—remember? You'll see him again, opposite Marian Marsh, in the leading male rôle in the photoplay to be filmed as the result of the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. picture story contest.

David Manners' rise in pictures has been rapid, since his first memorable performance as *Raleigh* in "Journey's End." He's destined for the top, intelligent screen observers say. And that's how you know him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

By Harry Lang

By
Michael
Woodward



Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," in which he made a minor part important by the sincerity of his playing

A Nervous Wreck!

HERE'S a secret— That calm suavity for which you admire Leslie Howard is just a "front." It's part of his splendid stock-in-trade, but it's 100 per cent fake. Leslie Howard himself is as nervous as a couple of hundred Mexican jumping beans.

After a day's work on the set, for instance, he has to go home and lock himself in. He doesn't dare go out among people, he confesses, because he's afraid he'd make a fool of himself by suddenly letting go, shrieking and bashing a grand piano over some bore's head.

It seems that ever since his war experience—he went through four years of that hell as an English soldier—he's been more or less jittery. Because of the type of stage and screen characterizations he has done, his day's work consists mainly of repression of his naturally nervous temperament—repression, restraint, repression, restraint, all day long. So by the time the end of the day's work arrives, he's just all bottled up inside, and sometimes feels as though he'd like to sort of explode all over the surrounding scenery.

If he ever did let go, he realizes, people would think he was this and that kind of nut. So he just goes home and behaves. He's got a nice wife—and as she's neither stage nor screen, they don't talk shop.

Leslie can't understand how screen stars go on working continuously without going cuckoo. His own contract calls for getting away from pictures at least once a year—to do a stage play. Picture-making and its mechanics harass and confuse and bewilder him.

The interminable business of adjusting lights, setting cameras, rehearsing, and the innumerable takes and retakes and re-retakes are not Leslie Howard's meat. He prefers the

Don't be fooled by Leslie Howard's famous suavity—he's really as jittery as a stampeded herd of jumping beans

stage—where a man learns his part, then goes on and does the play consecutively from one end to the other. Then, at the end of the performance, his work is done for the day and he can forget it until, next day, he starts it over again.

But in pictures—well, the hubbub and the illogical lack of consecutiveness in the way they shoot a story, are just too much for him. He stood four straight years of war, but he's quite sure he couldn't stand a

consecutive year of picture-making without being quite mad at the end of it. Right now he's planning to appear in a Broadway stage play during the winter.

HOWARD'S a quite unobtrusive person off-stage, or off-screen. You'd probably not recognize him if you met him "as is." For one thing, he wears glasses—not these phony dark glasses so many stars wear because they, like ostriches, think people won't see the star behind the specs. Leslie Howard's glasses are horn-rimmed lenses, and he wears them all the time off-set.

Too, in contrast with his screen characterizations, he's a bit careless about his clothes. Anything but a sartorial fop. And you're as like as not to find him puttering around somewhere with a camera, taking snapshots or amateur movies. He's more of a camera addict than a Japanese tourist is, and does his own developing and printing. He likes to get behind his home movie projector and show his friends films he took of his homeland—England, of course.

Offhand, you'd hardly know he was English. He has no more of that "Oxford accent" than your corner grocer. In fact, he has much less of it than most American-born stars who think a broad-A and a rising inflection constitute good English. Which reminds one of the platinum [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

She's Not A Parrot

That silly "parrot" story makes the red hair of the German screen sensation redder than ever, and is entirely untrue

By Ruth Biery



If Marlene Dietrich looks angry in this picture, it's because she's mad at writers who misquote and malign her

MARLENE DIETRICH is angry. This charming, cultured woman of Europe is burned up in a wholly American, plebeian manner.

She is on the verge of saying "to h— with it all" (or the German equivalent) and turning her back on everything over here but making pictures and caring for her baby.

Hollywood can go to; society can choose an equally warm place, and writers—well, there isn't a place hot enough for her to send them.

And it is not because of that unfortunate fuss in the newspapers started by the wife of Josef Von Sternberg, the director who has guided her to success in American pictures.

That matter is referred to in Cal York's column in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Hollywood's sympathy, the friendly attitude of the newspapers and the generous reaction of the motion picture public all over the country give her sufficient assurance on that score.

No, it's all because she has been misquoted; deplorably misquoted.

That's the penalty of fame, and Marlene hasn't become inured to that yet.

For example, Ruth Chatterton was kind to the Paramount newcomer. They interchanged daily visits at the studio; became mutual admirers. Marlene thought—so did Ruth—that they were two who might be screen rivals but could be personal cronies.

While Marlene was in Germany she read disgusting things Ruth was supposed to have said about her. She also read that Ruth refused to speak to her at the opening of "Morocco."

"I COULD smile at that. Nobody spoke to me but Mr. Zukor and Mitzi Green. They said it was a good picture."

Fortunately, neither Ruth nor Marlene believes everything that is printed. They are so friendly that Ruth went to a writer and begged her not to print any more unkind things about Marlene! But word has circled the globe that they are mad-dog about one another.

On the way back to Hollywood, Marlene was asked if she would like to make a picture with Ernst Lubitsch. She said she did not know enough to leave the tutelage of her master—Josef Von Sternberg. The story was printed that Miss Dietrich did not wish to make a picture with Lubitsch because he could not speak good English.

Marlene sent messages galore to her countryman, explaining she had been misquoted.

He understood; but she could not send messages throughout the world to insure the same understanding.

And the day after her return—with the fires of anger already sizzling—she picked up a magazine (not PHOTOPLAY, decidedly not PHOTOPLAY) and read she was a "parrot." Von Sternberg put words into her mouth. She repeated them. "A red-headed parrot," said the article.

Whoops, Agnes! She's red-headed all right, but she's not a parrot. Although a parrot might have used equally expressive language, it could never have expressed the same depth of feeling. Never!

The next interviewer who saw Marlene, walked out. "I walked out on her," he said. Don't let a reporter's pride mislead you. Marlene staged that exit. She acted so dumb she didn't even pull a parrot-line on him.

And the next scribbler said, "Well, if you can get anything out of her—" Clam is an old simile, but it explains perfectly the silence of Dietrich.

Enter: this writer. I thought I had an advantage; I already knew Marlene. But I didn't know *this* Marlene. When Von Sternberg came in, for example, she said, "Your parrot will now put on her hat," and did a fade-out, leaving the director to carry on the battle.

Friends have told her she should not pay so much attention to misquotes. "I suppose I should laugh!" She shrugged. "Then what is the use of giving interviews at all—if I pay them no attention. I wish I could do my work and say nothing."

But that means she is copy-cutting Garbo. And she's as anxious to live that down as she is to be quoted correctly.

It's really a serious problem to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



PORTRAIT of an actor's mind. Here's what Eddie Lowe thinks about as he reads the script of "The Spider," his new picture: "Gee, they've made me a tough guy in this one. I'm supposed to give the boys and girls the creeps and a couple of



Photo by Stag

thrills. I'm the bozo who solves the murder mystery by feats of magic. I'm mean! I'm hard-boiled! Well, I get paid for it and Lil needs shoes. Wonder what Lil will think when she sees me in this. Bet she'll laugh. That gal knows me too well!"

To *An Unknown Actor*



At the left, Pedro Leon, one of the greatest of all film cowboys, as he looked during his riding and roping days in Hollywood. Right, Pedro in a scene with William Farnum, for whom he sometimes doubled. Pedro worshipped Farnum, and in turn had the affection of all moviedom

FOREWORD taken from the *New York Times*, July 18, 1931, with text by Will Rogers. His beautiful tribute to a real Hollywood actor:

Beverly Hills, Calif., July 17.

He had been in the movies for years, just about the best real cowboy out here, the most graceful roper I ever saw. You fans didn't know him, for he didn't get to do much but the rough stuff and the skilled stuff, but when any director wanted anything done right on a horse it was "Pedro, do this for this high-priced 'dummy' and he can take the close-up." Great smile, great teeth, great disposition.

You have gone now, Pedro, to where when you do something your name will be on the bills. "Pedro Leon, *en persona, un muy bueno hombre.*" You was a Mexican *vaquero* to some. but a real man to those who knew you. *Adios, mi amigo.*

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

THE first time I ever saw Pedro Leon was in 1920 at Palm Springs, California, where he was doubling for William Farnum in heavy riding of "The Orphan." I was handling the company publicity. Bill didn't, until the year before, employ a "double," but an accident while making a sea picture in which he was nearly drowned and the pleurisy which followed a night of exposure on Santa Cruz Island made this necessary.

We all stood watching Pete, as we called him, riding hell bent for leather down a steep canyon, make a flying leap over a ravine and then for the open desert. He was a magnificent figure, tall, powerfully built, with black curly hair and flashing teeth—the thing you were not prepared for was the tenderness in his eyes.

Pete was a cowboy and one of the finest ropers in California. He broke his own record at a rodeo that year

He never had a story written about him while he lived. Read this one now. He was a man and a gentleman

by lassoing thirteen horses running abreast. To a motion picture company he was invaluable, it was "Pete, do that leap, will you?" "Where's Pedro Leon?" and so on.

I remember a scene taken near a waterfall in the mountains high above the desert. A hut had been built by the company in which several scenes were to be taken. In that country there was danger of centipedes and rattlesnakes and Pete searched the cabin carefully before anyone entered, to see whether, during the night, some reptile had taken

the place over. He made a little lasso from one hair of a horse's tail and emerged with a five-inch centipede hanging from the end of it!

I'VE seen him pick up rattlers as though they were puppies, extract their fangs and put them in a cage. He'd take them by the back of their necks, thumb and index finger held strongly just at the hinge behind the jaw. He often lassoed them with a horsehair lariat of several plaited strands, though I never happened to see him do that.

Farnum rode an excitable horse and one day a scene was to be taken on a plateau overlooking a plain. Indians and cowboys were fighting it out down there, guns popping in every direction. Bill's horse danced on the edge of a two-hundred foot drop during the taking of the scene. Pedro stood in back of Farnum but out of camera range. He had a lariat over his arm, this time a stout leather one.

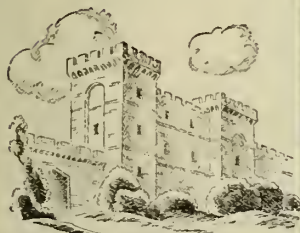
I noticed that he watched Farnum like a hawk. When the scene was over I said, "Pete, were you standing by in case-Mr. Farnum's horse plunged over that drop?" He turned quickly and his eyes, to my surprise, filled with tears.

"You see that, Miss?" he asked. He adored the ground Farnum walked on. "Yes, the horse, she would have to go. But I save Mista [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By Helen Ludlam

A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven



LADY MILFORD HAVEN, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, a son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg.

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?" . . .

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

Lady Milford Haven's pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

"You know it, too?" . . . Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained.

You, too, should follow these four steps to loveliness:



1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because softer, so much more



absorbent. White or peach. "The best way to remove cold cream," Lady Milford Haven says.

3. With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish lingering oiliness, close and refine pores, and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.



4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a cool, well-bred finish . . . Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvel-



ous to keep hands soft, smooth and white—use always after having your hands in water.

Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening at 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

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photo by
RAY HUFF
Los Angeles, 1931

*Fascinating stage
and screen star has a
Complexion Secret
you, too, can share!*

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen*, I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my

LUX Toilet

“I’m
over 40!”

Pauline Frederick

face feeling fresh and invigorated. I have used this soap regularly for a long time and find that it does wonders for my skin.”

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree on the soothing qualities of this white soap.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*. It is official in all film studios. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it.

Surely *you* will want to try it for your skin!

Soap — 10¢



PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*. With amazing versatility she transforms her face into a remarkable likeness to the famous queen!

Girl, Wife, Grandmother

When "Over the Hill" was first made, thousands of old folks were taken from almshouses by children who had neglected them. And now—



Mae Marsh plays the rôle that made Mary Carr famous. The new version retains the tears and heart throbs. Here's Mae as the grandmother

*Photography
by
Hal Phylfe*



Just as lovely as she was in the Griffith era, Mae Marsh makes a comeback in "Over the Hill." She's like this in early scenes of the picture



Herself a wife and mother, Mae has lost none of her captivating wistfulness, as you can see by this portrait of her as the wife. Good work, Mae

This seal answers the question:

“what toothpaste should I use?”

What is this seal?

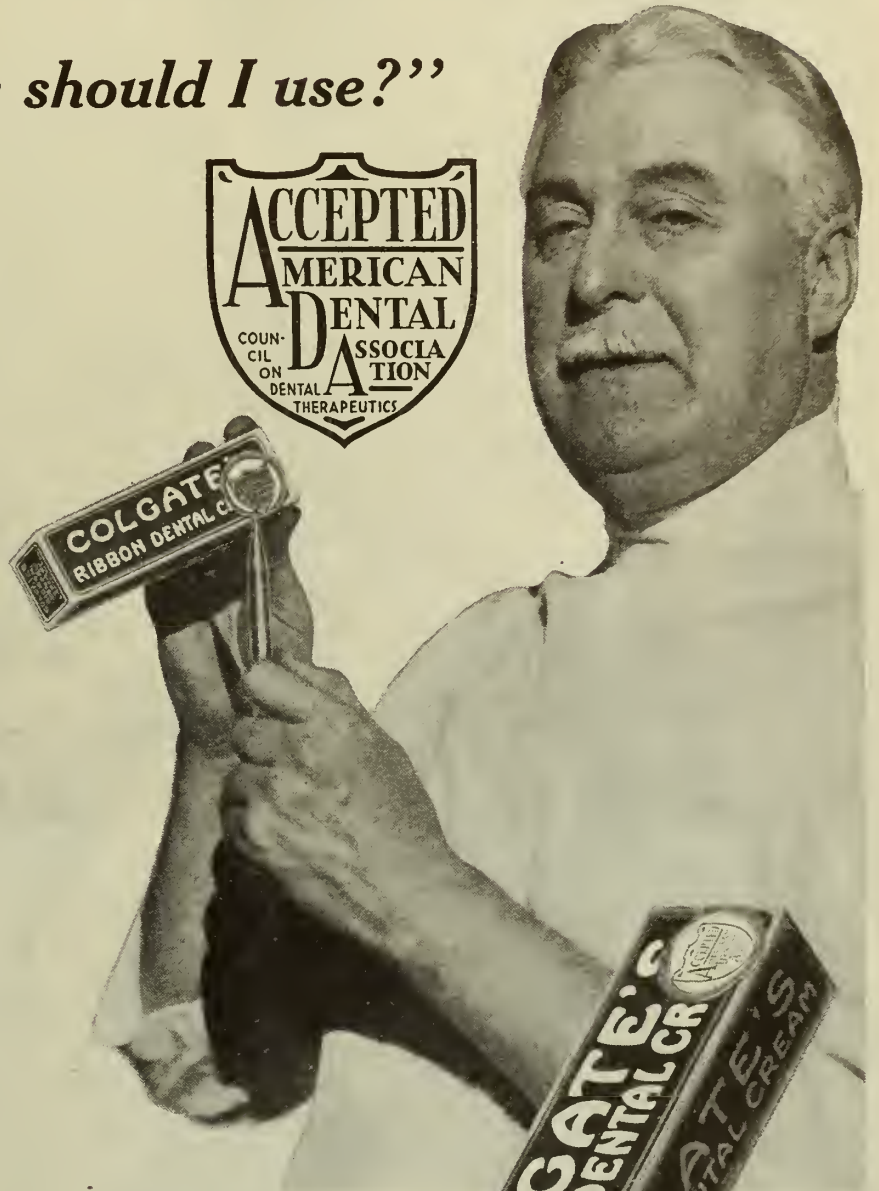
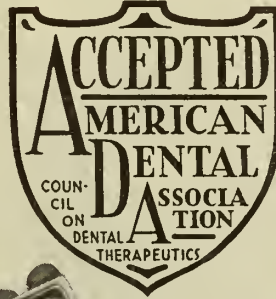
It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

What is the meaning of this seal?

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.



Colgate's bears this seal

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more peo-

ple's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.



Colgate's
costs only
25c



ONE of the greatest stars of yesteryear plays movie mamma to one of today's brightest sparklers! Pauline Frederick and Joan Crawford as they appear in "This Modern Age." They are real-life pals—and there's even a resemblance! By this time, Joan has her natural red-brown hair again—she went platinum for one picture. Incidentally, though Miss Frederick replaced Marjorie Rambeau in the cast, it remained something of a family affair. Both ladies had tries at matrimony with the marriage-minded playwright, Willard Mack



"Palmolive is a delightful soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle, yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties."
Marguerite Hoare
of London

"Don't use just any soap . . . particularly if your skin is irritated! Use Palmolive. It is made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm."
Niraus
of Madrid

"Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine soothing cosmetic oils—will do for your face. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."
Pessl of Vienna
and Budapest

"Palmolive Soap improves your color and tones up your skin. It is bland and neutral. Use this fine facial soap twice a day."
Dahlstrand
of Stockholm

"Ordinary soap may irritate the skin and hurt the tissues. That is why I insist upon Palmolive, a true beauty soap."
Pezza
of Naples

"Thorough cleansing must be obtained by daily use of soap and water. I recommend the vegetable oil soap—Palmolive."
Sterck-Schinz
of Cologne



"It doesn't pay to experiment—when beauty is at stake use Palmolive. Nothing equals its stimulating, soothing cosmetic oils."
Paul
of Fifth Ave.

"Use Palmolive, a soap that is effective but gentle in its action. The vegetable oils of olive and palm make Palmolive soothing."
Hoefler
of Chicago

These famous names
are among the
20,000 beauty experts
who recommend
Palmolive



"Repeated experiments have convinced me that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why I say use Palmolive."
Mrs. McGavran
of Kansas City

"Don't mistreat your complexion by using the wrong soap—use Palmolive. Its vegetable oils make a soap that is safe."
Jessie Henderson
of Los Angeles

When soaps claim beauty results ask first what they are made of

**Palmolive tells you—willingly—
it is made of olive and palm oils**

TODAY there are many soaps on the market. Some make extravagant claims. You are often confused—don't know which soap to choose. You take great chances, endanger your complexion, unless you know what is in the soap you use on your face.

Choice of experts

Palmolive Soap is the choice of over 20,000 beauty experts. They know what's in this soap. They know it is made of olive and palm oils—the world's supreme cosmetic oils.

Don't let anyone convince you that soap which merely *claims* beauty

results will do for you what Palmolive does. Palmolive results come from Palmolive only.

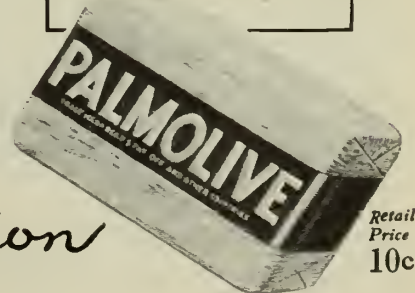
Palmolive is a pure soap. Its delicate, natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. It is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

It gives a creamy, fine-textured lather that removes accumulations of dirt, oil, powder, which otherwise cause coarse pores, roughness, muddiness—a dozen and one blemishes to skin beauty.

Youth captivates . . . youth charms. Use Palmolive—only Palmolive—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

*Consult your
beauty specialist*

There is just one person whose business it is to help you keep good looks. That is the trained professional beauty specialist. Put your beauty problems in her hands. She will help you solve them.



Retail
Price
10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



We just had to reprint this picture of Mae Murray and her husband, David Mdivani, taken after the wedding in 1927. Recently, after a spat, they made up—just like this!

IS Lilyan Tashman going to have a baby? When asked about the report, Lilyan replied "We're having beautiful weather in California this summer."

And Eddie says, "Well you know Hollywood. Rumor hounds know about it ten months before the father and mother."

MRS. EDITH SHEARER, Norma's mother, took a trip to Reno recently and when she came back to Hollywood Pa Shearer was a matrimonial discard.

Ma didn't make any sensational charges about Pa. It seemed to be very agreeable all around.

Just a few years ago Ma and Pa were happy

and ties. Pa entered into the spirit of Hollywood with great zest.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest trick—a Hawaiian-style lei of tuberose, instead of a corsage of orchids or gardenias.

Colleen Moore introduced the new idea at the opening of the Embassy Roof Garden.

EVERY time that Lupe Velez goes out on a party she carries along a little square card on the chance that she will meet Greta Garbo and get her autograph. Lupe is an out and out Garbo fan and when that vivacious little Mexican girl likes them, she likes them—and when she doesn't they know it.

Lupe would never become a diplomat. But she is so downright honest that everyone of her acquaintances knows just where he stands in her likes and dislikes. In her home she has a scrap-book of Greta Garbo which contains every picture of her that has ever appeared in a magazine. "That girl Greta," said Lupe, "she is the best of them all."

And the strange thing is that their paths have crossed but once. Lupe confesses that she was so awed at that meeting that for once she didn't have much to say. There is one star in Hollywood for whom Lupe has no love whatever.

The reason for her dislike is that the star tries to imitate her idol.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



The Chinese maid at the top is, of course, an old pal of ours, Anna May Wong. The other is her sister Mary, or Hueng, who appears with Anna May in "Daughter of the Dragon"

MORE Love, etc.—

Crane Wilbur and Lenita Lane plan to do the wedding march. . . . Olive Borden and husband Teddy Stewart have separated. . . . Hoot Gibson agrees with ex-wife to pay her \$4,000 more alimony and undertake education of their daughter under his own direction. . . . Hoot and present wife, Sally Eilers, still among Hollywood's happiest. . . . Lillian Gish returns to America from having heart trouble treated in Europe and is kissed on the dock by George Jean Nathan. . . . Bob "Is Zat So?" Armstrong wins divorce from dancer-wife, Jeanne Kent Armstrong. . . . says she got letters from other men at other addresses than home. . . . Miriam "Smiling Lieutenant" Hopkins separates from Austin (Playwright) Parker because their lives "just wouldn't blend." . . . Gary Cooper comes back from European tour and is seen banks with Tallulah Bankhead in New York, Bankhead having returned from Hope Williams' ranch in Wyoming. . . . Janet Gattis McCormick Reno-tifies the world that she's divorcing John ex-Colleen McCormick because he can't get Colleen out of his mind and goes into the silences when he sees pictures of her. . . . Jack Divorced-From-Pauline-Starke White at opening of Embassy Roof with Renee Torres, Raquel's sister. . . . Mary Duncan kept her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr., a secret for three months. He is a New York business man.

in Montreal. Pa was a building contractor. When Norma came to Hollywood, Mother Shearer was right along to take care of the budding star. We must say that she has done very well with her child.

Pa got ailing and followed to get some of the bracing California sunshine. After a session with the doctors and several operations, they fixed him up so well that he immediately blossomed out, became a member of a golf club and no handsome young leading man ever wore better togs. The haberdashers always smiled when Pa Shearer came through the door because he was a good customer and would invariably choose himself nifty socks



This pensive infant, by his work in one picture, pushed right up to the front rank of child actors. It's Dicky Moore, who was seen to such good advantage in "The Star Witness"

Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

—and results as amazing as the price!

Few people are innocent enough, these days, to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. But many a couple has found that even if the old theory is not true of any other expenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month.



Saving 25¢ twelve times, means \$3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

A pair of golf hose for you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save \$3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

Today's styles are a tribute to youth



JOAN CRAWFORD, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, for luncheon wears all-black relieved by touches of white, with hat back from the forehead, and sleeves away from the wrist. For morning, she has a clever little sports-suit, with brown skirt and plaided jacket. For formal evening, she wears a molded satin gown.

NEVER have fashions been so individual. Dresses must be fitted and refitted until they become a part of you. Slimness and curves must be accentuated to achieve the smartest effect.

Those fortunate few who have a perfect figure are captivating in these new creations. The rest of us must give our figures as much attention as our complexions.

But, in dieting, we must be so careful to include plenty of "bulk."



Without this vital food-element, elimination soon becomes faulty. Poisons spread over the body. Cheeks lose color. Eyes their liveliness. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy are other consequences. Health is undermined. Beauty vanishes.

Why risk this danger when improper elimination can be overcome so easily? Just include one delicious cereal in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two tablespoonfuls daily will guarantee proper elimination. Isn't this safer, and more pleasant than abusing your system with pills and drugs?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is one product you can enjoy day after day with unfailling appetite. Try it with milk or in fruit juices. Use in cooking, too. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It provides iron, needed

for healthy complexions. There's only one ALL-BRAN, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. A-10, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____



Three guesses who this smiling young chef is. You're right, it's Jackie (Skippy) Cooper putting a finger in the pie. The pleased look is anticipation, we suspect!

Jackie's Halloween Party

HERE is going to be a Halloween party at Jackie Cooper's house. There probably will be lots of stunts— weird, flapping ghosts and strange, creepy noises everywhere, but when everyone is hungry, there will be plenty of goodies waiting close by. That rascal Jackie will have more than a hand in the pranks played on his guests, but not many of them will guess that he had a hand in the cooking, too! Jackie thinks the best way to be sure of getting that last lick of the spoon is to lend a helping hand at beating the cookie batter or stirring the ingredients for a pie. He certainly looks as if he were expecting miracles from that bowl. Three of those miracles have been jotted down so that your Halloween feast can include the very same recipes that will be found that night at the Coopers'.

Pumpkin Pie

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup cooked pumpkin | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup brown sugar | 2 eggs |
| 1 teaspoon ground ginger | 2 cups milk |
| 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon | 2 tablespoons melted butter |

Add the seasonings and the sugar to the pumpkin and mix well. Then the lightly beaten eggs and the milk, and last of all stir in the melted butter. Turn into a pie plate lined with pastry and bake in a hot oven for five minutes. Then lower the heat to moderate and bake until the filling is set.

PEANUT cookies are a delicacy that will tempt any young or old taste. A generous supply of them are kept in the Cooper cookie jar all the year 'round. And Jackie treats himself as generously to them.

Peanut Cookies

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| 1/2 cup butter | 1/2 cup flour |
| 1 cup sugar | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 egg | 2 cups chopped peanuts |

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and beat in the well-beaten egg. Sift the flour and salt together and add with the peanuts. Drop from a spoon on a well-greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

NO party is a real success without candy. And when it's home-made candy, there is never a piece left!

Chocolate Caramels

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 cups sugar | 1/2 cup milk |
| 4 squares chocolate, grated | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | |

Put all the ingredients into a saucepan, stirring until the sugar is dissolved and the chocolate melted. Then let boil without stirring until the firm ball stage is reached. Remove from the fire and turn at once into a lightly buttered square pan.

No party of the whole year offers more exciting possibilities for entertainment and decoration than Halloween. Eerie lights, lighted pumpkin faces that grin in wide, toothless fashion, shocks of corn stalks, and fantastic shapes that brush by you as you pass from room to room are only a few of the thrills this ancient festival offers.

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.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]



Keystone

Addie McPhail, the prospective Mrs. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle No. 3, photographed with the happy bridegroom-to-be. We all know her as a film comedy girl. Roscoe will lead her to the altar when his divorce decree is made final

SOME "Yesses" and "Nos"—

Viola Dana utterly domesticated these days in a little apartment in Colorado Springs as wife of Jimmy Thompson, golf professional. . . . Otto Matiesen divorced by wife for "arrogance." . . . Rumors that Tom Mix's daughter plans annulment of marriage to Douglas Screen-Villain Gilmore. . . . Lloyd Hamilton escapes jail cell by paying overdue alimony three minutes before deadline set by hard-hearted judge. . . . Court slices knot between the Tim (Cowboy) McCoys. . . . Billie Dove gets her final decree from Irving Willat and Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes is seen out with Frances Dee. . . . Raymond Griffith is a papa; it's a boy. . . . Bert Comedian Roach says bric-a-brac tossing is okay on the screen but wants divorce because his wife does it at home. . . . Director William "Public Enemy" Wellman admits he plans to marry Aviatrix Marjorie Crawford when he gets his final from Mrs. Wellman No. 2. . . . Sylvia Breamer does the Mendelssohn trek with Big Business Man Edmund Bohan, Los Angeles. . . . Mae Clarke, ex-fiancee of John McCormick, won't say yes or no about marrying Henry Freulich, cameraman. . . . Never again, says Pev Marley, admitting failure of reconciliation with Lina Basquette . . . Lina rumored that way about another cameraman.

IT looked for two days as if there wouldn't be a prince left in Hollywood. Mae Murray started a suit for divorce in which she complained that Prince David of the house of Mdivani was not very gentle with her, that he had thrown her to the floor and knocked her unconscious. Two days later she regretted her hasty action and said that all was love and serenity, that after all she and the prince had to bear in mind the duty they owed their child. The Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray went bouncing abroad with Constance Bennett. The love light seems to be shining there brightly.

Pola Negri's now an ex-princess although she didn't ask the French court for permission to resume her maiden name. But Pola seems



Keystone

A jolly little fellow who is trying matrimony a second time! Paul Whiteman, king of jazz and emperor of ha-cha-cha, with Margaret Livingston, whom he recently married. They seem happy about it all

happy and there is no record of any great unhappiness on Gloria's part. After all we owe Mae something for hanging onto her prince, although titles do not seem to mean as much in Hollywood as they used to. A good job and regular meals are much more important than a royal moniker.

WHOSE Heart Is Whose:—

It won't be long now before Betty Compson is Mrs. Hugh Trevor . . . unless, of

course. . . . Molly O'Day and James Dunn, the boy who made the big sensation in "Bad Girl," seen together. . . . Incidentally Molly's lost fifteen pounds. . . . What love will do! . . . Pola Negri is going places with Charles "Four Sons" Morton. . . . But not exclusively. . . . Ethel Clayton files suit for divorce from Ian Keith. . . . She says he drinks too much. . . . Jean Harlow's suit against her husband was settled out of court. . . . AND! The biggest romantic news of the month—Jackie Cooper takes Mitzi Green to all the smart places.

IT seems that Roman Novarro's popularity down home in Mexico has gone flat—while Don Jose Mojica's is booming. And it's all because of music. Mexicans like their favorites to sing. They like music. While Novarro warbled, his countrymen liked him. In "Son of India," he didn't sing, and Novarro isn't so big a shot below the Rio Grande. But Don Jose Mojica, on the other hand, has knocked 'em dead with his work in the Spanish film "Hay Que Casar el Principe."

MARIE DRESSLER'S real name is Leila Koerber and Lil Dagover was christened Lilit Witt. . . . Hugh Herbert built a swimming pool at his Malibu BEACH house! . . . Douglas Fairbanks (papa, not junior) and Harold Lloyd are Hollywood's fiercest golf battlers . . . they shoot it out in the 70's several times a week. . . . George Arliss is so superstitious about his walking stick that when

he left it behind at the studio on his recent trip back to England he cabled to Hollywood and had it forwarded to him. . . . Duncan "Trader Horn" Renaldo has finally won his fight with the government on citizenship by proving he was born in this country. . . . Serge Eisenstein, Russian director, is going to make another try at picture making in Hollywood. . . . A Mexican producing company is building its own "Hollywood" in a suburb of Mexico City. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

"Congratulations!

*You've truly captured
youth's own color tints in this new
Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"*

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive*. The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. *But* compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate *yourself* on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.



Seventeen



*Youth-Tone tints in
Seventeen Rouge and
Lipstick give you—with
Seventeen Two-Tone
Powder—a complete
Youth-Tone make-up!*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Will Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, two of America's outstanding stage stars, click as heavily with the motion picture public? We'll soon see "The Guardsman," their first talkie, and know! ZaSu Pitts, true movie trouser, is saying, "You never can tell what a picture audience will like. The whole picture must be as good as the actors!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT has had the same maid for nearly ten years. . . . Carole (Mrs. Bill Powell) Lombard was seasick throughout her honeymoon return voyage from Honolulu. . . . Tallulah Bankhead's most recent brother-in-law (Edward Ennis White, sixth husband of Tallulah's sister Eugenia) was jailed in Los Angeles on check charges. . . . and Eugenia says she's through marrying forever! . . . For a wedding gift to the Bill Powells, the bride's mother gave them a Beverly Hills house. . . . Helen Twelvetrees loves corned beef and cabbage. . . . Ullrich Haupt, German character actor in films, was accidentally shot to death while hunting, just three days after a studio publicity item had reported that hunting was his favorite pastime. . . . Adolphe Menjou has never joined a club. . . . Will Rogers' pet name for Fifi Dorsay is "frog-zum." . . . In case you don't know, Lawrence Olivier pronounces it O-liv-yay.

THE fantastic studio pass system which allowed a bootlegger to enter a certain lot unmolested but keeps people with legitimate business out has brought with it a collection of swell stories.

A fifteen-dollar-a-week office boy kept Will Hays waiting for half an hour outside the Radio Pictures studios—because Hays didn't have a pass!

George Bancroft was being interviewed by a PHOTOPLAY writer, whose pass read only to the publicity department. The two decided to go to George's dressing-room. A policeman stopped them. George could go into his dressing room but his guest couldn't—without a pass! The two had to go back to the publicity department for one. And another reporter had to get a pass to go into the men's washroom.

ELISSA LANDI was called to confer with Winfield Sheehan at the studio one Sunday afternoon. Sheehan sent his Rolls-Royce for her. And, although the gateman recognized the car, he wouldn't let Elissa through the gates of her own studio. Getting a pass kept Sheehan waiting for her for twenty minutes.

A half hour's time, costing thousands of dollars to a production, was wasted because somebody forgot to give John Halliday, who was needed immediately for a scene, a pass.

And then there's the one about the publicity executive who couldn't go home one afternoon because he had forgotten his pass and the gateman wouldn't let him out.

IF you have been watching Frances Dee you will be amazed at the development of the girl in "An American Tragedy." Here was a young player who was supposed to be a somewhat colorless screen personality, and when Von Sternberg asked that she be cast in "An American Tragedy" there was much lifting of eyebrows around the studio. They felt he was making a mistake and that the character called for a sex-appeal that Frances did not possess.

Josef Von Sternberg, who used to be Joe Stern—a very good cameraman—proved that he could do with Frances what he did with Marlene Dietrich, directorially. Marlene, by the way, was no great shakes as a sex-appealer in her German pictures. It looks as though that lad could take Edna May Oliver and have the boys twittering.

WE asked Buddy Rogers if he had any news. "How can I?" he answered. "My girl married Stu Erwin so there's nothing left for me." Why, June, how could you leave Buddy flat like that? Well, maybe you're right. Stu is a great guy, too.

ALL the stars want Clark Gable for their leading man. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and even the imperial Garbo are squabbling over his flicker services. . . . Ronald Colman is mad at his boss Sam Goldwyn because Sam calls him to make screen tests with unknown actresses. . . . Mrs. Earle Williams—wife of the late star—killed herself, her two children and her eighty-year-old mother in San Francisco recently. Her poverty and the fear she'd be arrested as a forger were, no doubt, the reasons. . . . Pola Negri, who has been Gloria Swanson's rival for all these years and years, is occupying the dressing room built for Gloria on the Pathe lot. . . . In Paris, Nita Naldi rides around in the longest automobile on the *Champs Elysée*. . . . Jetta Goudal has been wearing those 1880 hats for the last six years. Now she's in style again.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Acme

Wouldn't you know her anywhere? Still simply dressed, still quiet and a bit wistful, Lillian Gish returns to New York from a happy summer spent in the Old World

Only this Nail Make-up

makes your fingers Sparkle so brilliantly...so long

Lovely Women in the 8 Fashion Cities of the world prefer Cutex Liquid Polish . . . "Makes fingers gay as sparkling gems," says great Beauty Editor of Vienna

BEAUTIFUL OLD VIENNA, gayest city in the world, is famed for its enchanting women. And this romantic city is one of many great world capitals where lovely ladies pay tribute to this new nail make-up . . . Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Chic Viennese women adore it," says Margarethe Pordes, famous Beauty Editor of the *Wiener Record Mode*. "Cutex has such a captivating sparkle... yet is economical, easy to use!

"Smoothly, evenly, this rosy shimmer flows over our nails. A wave of the hand and it's dry . . . brilliant as a precious gem. Then . . . for days our nails gleam without dimming . . . our polish does not crack, peel or discolor.

"We believe the lustre of Cutex Liquid Polish lasts so unusually

long because this polish contains no perfume." Perfume, many women have found, often robs a polish of its enduring brilliance, and the fragrance itself is gone in the twinkling of an eye.

Slim white hands... loveliest in the fashion cities of the world . . . are cared for by the simple Cutex method. A little booklet enclosed in each Cutex package explains this simple treatment in detail.

Give your fingertips a quick Cutex manicure once a week. Then a few minutes' care each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Northam Warren • New York • London • Paris



At left—SIX LOVELY TINTS—Natural, Rose, Colorless . . . Coral, Cardinal and Garnet—each one a crystal film of sparkling and long-lasting beauty!



Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

1. Dries in 30 seconds.
2. Never cracks, peels, turns yellow or white.
3. Lasts a whole week.
4. Sparkles always with smart lustre.
5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢.
Cutex Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.
Cutex Nail White Pencil now 25¢.

"IN THEIR FAMOUS CAFÉS . . . at their favorite operas and as gracious hostesses in their own homes . . . smart women of Vienna wear this American nail make-up. For they know that any woman's charm is increased by fingertips that glitter . . . jewel-like . . . with every gesture," says Margarethe Pordes, enchanting exponent of Beauty!

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q 10

191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance . . . ONLY 35¢

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes aren't really rushing the winter season. This scene is from "Confessions of a Co-Ed," their first talkie together

PHILLIPS HOLMES and SYLVIA SIDNEY share top honors in this month's batch of "please tell me" letters. Phil and Sylvia played together in "Confessions of a Co-Ed" and "An American Tragedy," and audiences are clamoring for more pictures of this new team.

Phillips was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1909. He received his early education in Grand Rapids and New York. Later he attended Trinity College, in England, and Princeton University, in New Jersey. When "Buddy" Rogers went to Princeton to make a picture titled "Varsity," Phil was given a part in it. He headed for Hollywood and, after some stormy experiences, made good in pictures. He is the son of Taylor Holmes, well-known stage and screen actor.

Sylvia is a product of New York City. She was born Aug. 8, 1910. After leaving the Washington Irving High School she began her stage work, appearing in a number of successful plays. The Fox company gave her a start in talkies, assigning her the rôle of *Valerie Briand*, in "Thru Different Eyes."

With no other screen engagements open, Sylvia returned East to the stage and appeared in "Crime," in the cast of which were also Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. Paramount brought Sylvia back to Hollywood. Samuel Goldwyn borrowed her for the lead in "Street Scene," which was recently completed.

SUSAN PHILLIPS, LOOKOUT MT., TENN.—Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, left his home in Hungary in 1921 to come to America. Now he likes this country so well that he has decided to stay here and has become an American citizen. He entered pictures in 1925.

His latest is "The Black Camel" for Fox.

JEANNE SOMMERS, IRVINGTON, N. J.—Jeanne, you're not the only one who thinks that David Manners is a boy with a future. Dave was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, April 30, 1902, and christened Rauff Acklom. He attended the University of Toronto and later decided to try the stage, appearing in "He Who Gets Slapped," "Dancing Mothers," and "The Witch." Like many other stage stars he tried the talkies and made a favorable impression in his first picture, "Journey's End." He is under contract to Warners and will play opposite Marian Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss," the \$2,000 prize story in the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest. Dave is married to Suzanne Bushnell.

MARY KATHERINE HURRE, KIRKWOOD, MO.—Barbara Stanwyck is 26; Clark Gable is 30; Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer are each 27; Dorothy Jordan is 21 and Lew Ayres will be 22 in December.

JANICE ALTSULER, EASTON, PENNA.—The little scallawags who make up "Our Gang" are "Spud," known in private life as Sherwood Bailey, Jr.; Norman "Chubby" Chaney, the miniature Graf Zeppelin; Dorothy DeBorba, the curly-headed leading lady; "Wheezer," who is really Bobby Hutchins, the baby of the "Gang"; "Stymie," the small black dot whose real name is Mathew Beard, and "Pete" the pup.

M. HAGENBERG, THE HAGUE, HOLLAND—At this writing the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez romance is as cool as an ice berg. Charles Morton's last picture was "The Dawn Trail."

A FAN, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—You're about the nth thousandth person who has written in suggesting that Clark Gable be cast in a talkie version of "The Sheik." Wonder what Valentino would say!

FAY BENNETT, COOKEVILLE, TENN.—Bob Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., 27

years ago. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Elizabeth Allen and has one young daughter, named Martha.

AL WASHINGTON, DETROIT, MICH.—David Manners did not appear in "Tol'able David." Richard Cromwell was the lad who played the rôle of *David*.

LUCY LINDER POPE, MANCHESTER, MASS.—Lucy, I don't blame you a bit for getting all mixed up. The title of the stage play was "Let's Play King." When Paramount started out to make it into a movie, they used the original title. Some one suggested "Newly Rich" and that became the second title, and the one used in its opening in New York. A little later "Forbidden Adventure" was suggested and accepted. The picture is now liable to turn up under any one of these titles. Memorize the titles, unless you want to see the picture twice.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, RIVER FOREST, ILL.—Jean Harlow, the platinum-topped siren of "Hell's Angels," made her début into this world on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. Her real name is Harlene Carpenter. She married Charles McGrew in September, 1927, and divorced him in January, 1931.

J. C. S., EAST HARTFORD, CONN.—Irene Dunne was married to Dr. F. D. Griffin, in New York City, July 16, 1928. Her latest picture is "The Great Lover," with Adolphe Menjou and Neil Hamilton.

MILDRED CLEMENT, SANDWICH, ONT.—You're wrong, Mildred. Norma Shearer never used the name of Stein. Shearer is her real name and she hails from Montreal where she was born Aug. 10, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 112, and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Received her education at the Westmount High School. Entered pictures in 1921. On Sept. 29, 1927, she married Irving Thalberg. A son was born, Aug. 24, 1930.

BLONDIE, NATCHEZ, MISS.—Eddie Woods is the lad who played the rôle of *Tommy's* confederate in "The Public Enemy." He was appearing on the stage in "The Last Mile" when he got an offer to go into the movies.

Stars. . and lovely skin. . and Love

by Frances Ingram

EVEN at Palm Springs, where there are so many smart women, you watched for her. She was so vibrantly *alive*.

I was looking at the desert stars one night when she sat down and began to talk. Before we went in I knew a lot about her—especially that she had an inferiority complex about men!

"I've spent weeks, and hundreds of dollars, with beauty specialists. But I shy off whenever a man gets close enough really to see how terrible my skin is . . . *Yours is lovely*. So clear—and smooth. Not even one tiny line . . ."

The next day I showed her how to use Milkweed Cream—and only a few weeks ago she came to see me in New York, with her very new husband. She was just as smart as ever—but so much *lovelier* looking, with her skin as soft and unblemished as a child's. I couldn't help taking some credit for *that!*

It's so simple—so easy—my starred method of caring for the skin, at home. Keep your skin deeply clean with Milkweed Cream, which is first of all a *marvelous cleansing cream*. Then, follow the instructions given on this page.

And won't you listen in on my radio program, "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E.D.S.T., over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?



MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.
- ★ **THE NECK AND CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-101
108 Washington Street, New York

Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

INGRAM'S

Milkweed Cream

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

ANN HARDING had a birthday. Husband Harry Bannister outdid himself on the presents which included a little house built near the tennis court, a theater seating forty people, a "whoopee" room in green and, therefore, christened "The Green Room," with ping-pong tables, billiards and even a bowling alley.

HARRY BANNISTER was stopped on the street a few nights ago by a lady who was carrying a huge black Persian cat. She told him how much she liked him in pictures and he, meanwhile, admired the cat.

"My wife is very anxious to get a black cat," he told her.

"Then take it," the woman said, pushing the cat into his arms. "I am going to leave town tomorrow and I've been worried over the cat. I know he'll have a good home with Ann Harding."

And so Satan, as he has been christened, has a nice home with Ann's two dogs, Prince and Whoopee.

MALIBU'S Laugh-of-the-Season:

Word has been passed about the beach colony asking everyone to keep a lookout for a piece of gold bridgework, containing three pearly false teeth.

One of the prettiest actress-members of the community lost it when a heavy wave hit her.

Who?

That's the laugh—it's being kept secret.

WHAT a shower they threw for Bebe Daniels! For weeks her friends ransacked the baby shops of Hollywood, New York and Paris and if they try to use all the presents they will have to add another room to their house to hold the clothes. All the anticipated garments are being initialed B.L. Ben if it's a boy and Barbara if it's a girl.

IMAGINE Dorothy Mackaill's embarrassment, when she and a party of film folk were well at sea on the beginning of a four-day-long week end yacht trip aboard Howard Hughes' palatial yacht, to find that none of her luggage had been brought aboard.

And that she hadn't an article of clothing or other necessities save the one dress she was wearing!

And that her new suitor, Neil Miller, the youthful crooner and scion of wealth from Honolulu, was along.

The difficulty was solved by the other girls on the party. They loaned Dorothy dresses, powder, perfume, cosmetics, underpinkies, nighties, and even a bathing suit.

GLORIA SWANSON'S three ex-hubbies—Wallace Beery, Herb Somborn and the Marquis Henri de la Falaise—all went swimming together at Malibu, before the Marquis left for Europe. . . . Lilyan Tashman does not wear flowers with formal evening dress. . . . Whenever Bill Powell is missing from a party he's attending, the wise ones look for him in nearby bathtubs. . . . There's a horse-shoe-pitching ground right in Hollywood. . . and a horse drinking-trough in the middle of

town on Hollywood Boulevard . . . Edwina Booth can't get sunburned because, as a result of her illness on the "Trader Horn" trip to Africa, she can't risk sun exposure. . . . And IS Marie Prevost putting on the pounds! . . . After he helped save Follies girls from his burning yacht, Harry Richman got a telegram from Clara Bow: "My hero I am proud of you." . . . Director Mel Brown is saving a plaster cast from his broken ankle because film stars autographed it and he thinks it will be valuable some day. . . . Frederic Gimrau, who published an obscene scandal sheet attack on Clara Bow, got eight years in Federal pen and \$1,000 fine. . . . Madge Evans, who is rapidly soaring to renewed film heights, was the original model for the "Have You a Little Fairy In Your Home?" soap ads.

WINFIELD R. SHEEHAN, head man of Fox Studio, recently gave the Bellevue Hospital for Nervous Diseases a full screen and sound projection outfit. Dr. M. S. Gregory, head of the hospital, and one of the world's most famous specialists on nervous troubles is going to experiment with the effects of movies on his patients.

RONALD COLMAN has walked out on Malibu. "No privacy," is his plaint. He spends his summer spare time now at the ritzy Biltmore Hotel at Santa Barbara, instead of his Malibu house, flanked on each side by other screen folks' houses so close Ronald could reach out of his own window and into his neighbors', if he wanted to. He didn't.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Here is the 1931 crop of Baby Stars, chosen by the Wampas (Motion picture press agents). Every year studio politics and studio jealousies have entered into the affair, and this year was no exception. This may be the last Wampas list. Lined up like this, don't they look more like the graduation class of any local high than a group of beautiful, hard working girls with a chance of world fame and fortune? From left to right they are: Constance Cummings, Frances Dade, Sidney Fox, Anita Louise, Frances Dee, Judith Wood, Rochelle Hudson, Joan Marsh, Karen Morley, Marian Marsh, Marian Shilling and Barbara Weeks. Joan Blondell, also a Wampas baby, does not appear in this picture

Modeling masterpieces



"Skinner's Silks combine the perfect texture and draping qualities needed to visualize and appreciate a new model long before the lines of the dress are actually completed." . . . *Adrian*



IN this modern age of graceful, smartly-gowned women—at Hollywood and elsewhere—Skinner's Silks play a leading role, just as they've done ever since 1848.

You can have whatever fabric you prefer—satins, crepes, georgettes, or chiffons—in fascinating color range, all with the name Skinner in the selvage denoting *quality*. The rich Skinner black, the lovely white and brilliant tones provide wonderful opportunity for the fall and winter modes.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Established 1848

Skinner's Silks

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments.
Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at
smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



Joan Crawford, starring in "This Modern Age" wearing evening gown by Adrian, premier costume designer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The luxurious quality of Skinner's Crepe Satin makes possible distinctive effects before the critical eye of the camera.

TANGEE



Theda Bara

APPROVED BY WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous NEW YORK magazine, says: "Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do."

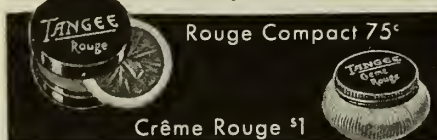


JARDIN DES MODES, of PARIS, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it blends with your natural coloring." ©

TATLER, famous LONDON authority, adds: "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

★ Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P 8

417 Fifth Avenue

New York

Name _____

Address _____

Screen Memories From Photoplay 15 Years Ago



WITH a forlorn indignation we asked editorially: Aren't you tired of trash? Of comedies without a glint of humor? Of dramas without a gleam of originality? Of love stories that haven't a semblance of humanity?

And concluded, in a *bombastic furioso* finale, "the ailment of the industry is feverish over-production!" That was 15 years ago. Seems we've been hearing the same thing for the last six months. And the last six years!

Without any warning whatsoever, Theda Bara, then screen siren supreme, went practically sweet and pure in the rôle of *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags." Our reviewer, commenting on her performance, said: "Her timid lovmaking carried as much conviction as though performed by Marguerite Clark."

Olga Petrova, the Perilous Pole of her era, became, for purposes of our interviewer, "Our

Lady of Troubles," because she enjoyed playing unhappy rôles on the screen.

The fifth chapter of D. W. Griffith's life story told of the making of the "Birth of a Nation."

In the gallery were pictures of Camille Astor, Irene Fenwick, Pedro De Cordoba, Henry B. Walthall, Annette Kellerman, Norma Talmadge, Betty Schade and Adda Gleason.

Pictures reviewed included: "Honor Thy Name," with Frank Keenan, Louise Glau and Charlie Ray; "The Half Breed," with Douglas Fairbanks, Alma Rubens and Jewel Carmen; "The Woman in the Case," with Pauline Frederick; "The Dream Girl," with Mae Murray; "Hulda from Holland," with Mary Pickford, and "The Daring of Diana," with Anita Stewart.

Cal York items: Thomas Meighan has temporarily forsaken the screen to appear in stock with his wife, Frances Ring . . . Dorothy Dalton was awarded her divorce decree from Lewis J. Cody, heavy in Mabel Normand's company.

10 Years Ago



Alice Terry

ONE of the loveliest romances of Hollywood culminated in the happy announcement that Alice Terry and Rex Ingram were to be married.

"Probably in New York or in Europe," Rex, who is Irish and superstitious, told Cal York. "There's no luck in Hollywood marriages. They don't last."

Well, Rex evidently knew, for he and Alice are still married and happier than ever in their Nice, France, villa.

Ralph Barton compiled and illustrated a set of "vital statistics" of the past film year. One of the most vital was: "The amount of energy expended in 1920 by wealthy villains in luring pure and innocent working girls to their luxurious bachelor apartments would be sufficient to hoist the New York Public Library thirty-one feet from its foundation."

Ralph had a lot of fun all through the issue. On another page he drew a picture of Lon

Chaney as *Svengoli* and wrote: "Lon Chaney is the easiest man on earth to draw. If the sketch doesn't look like him he will deftly make up to look like the sketch. You can't go wrong."

The famous *Cormens* of opera and the screen were pictured: Calvé, Theda Bara, Mary Garden, Marguerite Sylva, Geraldine Farrar, and Pola Negri, who was the latest to join this distinguished company.

Agnes Ayres was the girl on the cover. In the gallery were pictures of Pauline Starke, Betty Blythe, Marshall Neilan, Shannon Day, Gladys Coburn, Corinne Griffith and Norman Kerry.

Pictures reviewed included: "Peter Ibbetson," with Elsie Ferguson and Wally Reid; "The Sign on the Door," with Norma Talmadge and Lew Cody; "Among Those Present," with Harold Lloyd; "The Conquest of Canaan," with Thomas Meighan and Doris Kenyon, and "The Inner Chamber," with Alice Joyce and Pedro De Cordoba.

Cal York item: Pearl White has secured her divorce from Wallace McCutcheon.

5 Years Ago



John Barrymore

THIS month we recorded two epochal episodes in the history of the screen: The tragic, untimely death of Rudolph Valentino, and the coming of sound!

It was the passing of the old order and the coming of the new. Somehow, looking backward, it seems more than a coincidence that these revolutionary events should have met head-on.

"Bringing Sound to the Screen," told of the Vitaphone demonstration in connection with the showing of John Barrymore's "Don Juan." It was actually a musical accompaniment for the picture, which was silent.

We had some of Hollywood's married folk tell us "How They Popped the Question." Estelle Taylor told how Jack Dempsey proposed; Bill Boyd how he wooed and won Elinor Fair; Eddie Sutherland how he captured Louise Brooks, and Gloria Swanson admitted the Marquis said it in English.

Since then they've all told different versions to a judge.

In the gallery were pictures of Seena Owen, Olive Borden, May Allison, Monte Blue, Ronald Colman, Phyllis Haver and Janet Gaynor.

"The Son of the Sheik," Valentino's last picture and the one that had taken him to New York for its premier and his last illness, was reviewed in The Shadow Stage. "Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it," wrote our reviewer.

Other pictures reviewed were: "The Scarlet Letter," with Lillian Gish; "One Minute to Play," with "Red" Grange; "Don Juan," with John Barrymore and a Vitaphone musical accompaniment, and "Fine Manners," with Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien.

Cal York items: Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have announced their engagement . . . Cecil B. De Mille is still trying to round up the Apostles for "King of Kings." . . . Constance Talmadge and her hubby, Alastair McIntosh, are honeymooning in Scotland.

"He's got

APPENDICITIS—



Then there were railroads, and steamships, and the telegraph—but no appendicitis operations.

There's **No Hope**"

DOOMED TO DIE because he had appendicitis! And that was only sixty years ago—in your grandfather's day.

Then there were railroads, and steamships, and the telegraph—but no appendicitis operations. Doctors scarcely dared to "open a person up." Surgery was largely confined to amputations and the treatment of wounds. Operations were more feared than disease, because always the spectre of infection hovered over the surgeon's scalpel.

What a difference today! Now the removal of an appendix is almost a minor operation. Surgeons can practically rebuild people. All because infection has been conquered, because it was discovered that disease and infection are caused by germs—and that germs can be killed.

Now medical science wages an unceasing war against germs, and one of its most important and effective weapons

is "Lysol" Disinfectant. For more than forty years, this efficient germicide has been a standby of doctors and hospitals the world over. They depend on it even at that most critical time of all—child-birth—when two lives are at stake, when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household, on telephones, door-knobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of

non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Meanwhile, write for "The 'Lysol' Health Library" of three free booklets: "Protecting the Home Against Disease," "Getting Ready for Baby," and "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene." Thousands of women have found them invaluable in the home. Just write: Dept. 45E, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J.

"LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.

© 1931, L. & F., Inc.



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

Lysol
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

WHEN Mrs. Bancroft wants to awaken big, two-fisted George in the morning she tickles his nose with a sprig of orange blossoms. . . . Ethel Barrymore celebrated her fifty-second birthday. . . . Billy Haines is through at M-G-M. . . . Jack Gilbert is planning a trip to Europe—alone. . . . Greta Garbo went to one of Hollywood's art theaters and nobody recognized her. . . . Remember Marguerite Clark? Her husband Harry B. Williams will run for Governor of Louisiana. . . . Jeanette Loff, Lillian Bond and Dorothy Knapp are all in a New York stage show. . . . Even in hot weather Josef Von Sternberg wears a fur-lined coat and a beret. . . . Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sidney and Irving Pichel will play the parts originally acted by Thomas Meighan, Betty Compton and Lon Chaney in your old favorite "The Miracle Man." Is that O.K. with you?

THERE'S a red hot affair on in Hollywood. Ina Claire has been seen in public places and at parties playing backgammon with Robert Ames. And what's worse, they play for money. One of PHOTOPLAY's secret service operatives found out that in two sessions Ina won \$47.

THE Malibu undertow—no, my dears, the one in the water, not the other!—almost cost the screen one of its most vivid stars the other day. Evelyn Brent, swimming far out,

got into trouble with it. Two successive big waves came along and Evelyn went under.

Her husband, Harry Edwards, without taking time to kick off his flannels, swam out and rescued her. Betty was ill for several days.

"MALIBU" isn't the whole name of the cinema stars' beach colony. The whole title is "Rancho Malibu la Costa." And Laura La Plante tops it by calling her Malibu cottage: "La Costa Plenty."

KING PRAJADHIPOK of Siam has bought three talkie projection units for use in Siam. . . . Thelma Todd is going to become Alison Lloyd and blame a numerologist for the change. But Hal Roach, Thelma's comedy boss, says it will still be Thelma Todd on his cast lists. . . . Irene Delroy, injured by a fall from her horse in Montreal while honeymooning, says she's through with the stage and screen forever. . . . and others have said that before. . . . Building wreckers have torn down the old Mack Sennett studio in Los Angeles, where the Keystone Kops became famous. . . . Warner Baxter plays a crafty guitar. . . . Hawaiian hotel owners were saved from the current depression by the sudden popularity of the islands among screen stars this summer. . . . Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes has the swellest yacht in movieland. . . . it has eighteen staterooms, each with its own private bath.

Fifi Dorsay turned down a \$3,000 a week offer to appear in Earl Carroll's Vanities. . . . it is said she was to have done a bathing scene burlesquing her public fountain bath in Indianapolis recently. . . . Carroll goes for bathing stunts yet.

SYLVIA SIDNEY had a unique experience the other evening when she attended the preview of her picture, "Street Scene," at the United Artists projection room. She could hear her voice but could not see herself.

Sylvia is so near-sighted that she can see only a few feet in front of her. And only that day she had broken her glasses. She depended upon Director Mervyn Le Roy, who sat next to her, to describe how she looked in the picture.

EDNA MAY OLIVER has been sniffing again—off screen this time. She has a gorgeous house in Beverly Hills. Her butler parked his little Ford in front of it every morning. Miss Oliver didn't like that so, in her haughtiest manner, she told him to remove the blot on the landscape. He asked a neighbor a few houses away if he could park in front of their door.

And got permission. The Ford is now to be seen in front of the home of one of the most famous directors and his famous wife. And they don't object at all.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

STAND BY, CONTEST AUTHORS!

ALL of you anxious authors, who have been impatiently pawing the ground and champing at the bit, waiting to know the winners in the \$2,000.00 PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. Story Contest won't have to wait much longer. The winners of the contest to find a story to fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss" will be announced next month—in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

The judges have striven to give you this announcement as quickly as possible, but the unusual response to the contest has kept the readers and judges going at top-speed longer than they anticipated.

Close to 10,000 manuscripts were received before the contest closed on July 15.

Only the final judging is going on now, and the decisions of the judges will be ready for you next month.

While the job of reading and judging this great number of stories has been a huge one, it has not been unpleasant. It has been interesting to see what movie-goers themselves have written as their idea of a good movie plot—the kind of story they want to see enacted on the screen.

Winners in "Beauty and the Boss" Contest to be announced in next month's issue

Many, of course, are impractical as movie stories. Many aren't stories at all. But there have been plenty with fine material, and many more that are exceedingly well written.

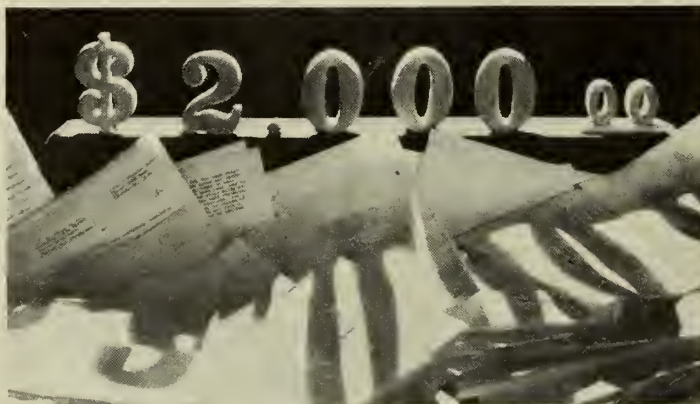
In several instances there have been stories of great similarity of plot. In essentials they are the same as others, but the unusual and individual treatment of these similar themes by their separate authors has made them all interesting and all worthy of individual attention from the judges.

Altogether, the contest brought a great response and showed a lot of talent and imagination from the contestants, many of whom were making their maiden voyage on the choppy sea of literature.

The judges, conscious of the care and hopefulness that went into the writing of each story submitted, have carefully read and considered every story that was received.

Their decisions have been arrived at only after the most careful deliberation and, of course, are final.

When the announcement of the results of the contest is made next month it will be the best story, or stories, that have won!



There's gold in them thar manuscripts—\$2,000 for every story accepted. Yours may be among them. Next month will tell



- After all, The Wedding itself is only the first step into the new life. The days that follow will be just as vital to your happiness! That's why you must think of every pre-wedding purchase in terms of the years to come . . . in terms of *enduring values*.
- And that's why your ring should be a Traub . . . that it may last as long as your life together. For Traub rings are exquisite in workmanship, finished in every detail. They are seamless, unbroken circles, made with the finest metals, and gems from the jewel-marts of the world!
- What sort of ring looks best on *your hand*? A brilliant circllet of square-cut diamonds . . . one engraved in platinum . . . or, perhaps, a simple band of gold, delicately chased with Orange Blossoms? It's wise to choose the ring that best expresses your personal taste.
- So ask your jeweler to show you his best . . . and help you choose your Traub! Jewelry shops are fascinating places, you'll find in them many other lovely things, of the same fine character, that you'll need for your new home.
- And by the way, because the wedding is the important first step . . . send for our helpful little booklet "Bridal Etiquette." It's all about trousseaus, receptions, ceremonies . . . and it's free! Traub Manufacturing Company, 1933 McGraw Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, and Walkerville, Ontario.

Look for this mark on every genuine "Orange Blossom" ring



To be continued...



Just above—Iridio platinum matched set . . . studded with diamonds. Wedding ring, \$45.00. Engagement ring, \$300.00. At top left—Genuine Orange Blossom wedding ring, hand-chasing on platinum from \$21.50 . . . on gold from \$10. Remember, there is a Traub ring to fit your finger . . . and your pocketbook!

Traub

LOVELINESS to have and to hold



OF how many women it is truly said, that they *might* have been lovely! Simply because they let poisons in the body dull their beauty and destroy their youth!

Keeping clean internally is the most important beauty treatment in the world. Your complexion, the clearness of your eyes, your charm depend on it!

But you can have internal cleanliness—through the saline way with Sal Hepatica.

In Europe, the "saline cure" is sought by those of the fashionable world, who journey to such places as Carlsbad and Baden-Baden to enjoy its benefits. But these same benefits can be yours at home. For Sal Hepatica is the practical American equivalent of these famous saline springs.

The saline treatment corrects constipation, clears the bloodstream. It removes the poisons that keep you lifeless, susceptible to colds, dull-skinned and dull-eyed.

Start today the saline way with Sal Hepatica to beauty and to charm.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-101, 71 West Street, New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breedon
Chas. D. Brown
Ruth Chatterton
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Marjorie Gateson
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green

Phillips Holmes
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sydney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allen Vincent
Charles Trowbridge
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Koxanne 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
Blissa Landi
Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna

Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Coelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Peletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Ker.
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lord
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lawrence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves

Jack Holt
Slim Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lev Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard

Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

RKO-Pathé Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy

Pola Negri
Mary Nelan
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees
Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks,
Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Walter Huston

Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THEY WHO
FOLLOW
THE HOUNDS
 AND THE
NICETIES
OF LIFE

Critical as they are of good form, keenly aware of the delicate niceties of enjoyment, it is no wonder that these wearers of the pink took up Spud early. In Spud, they found not only the sudden new freedom in tobacco enjoyment... but also that fresh comfortable sensation of being continually "mouth-happy." The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



SPUD
 MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

You will walk gracefully, with chin up. You won't rush in and out of rooms; it would seem too silly with your dresses looking so lady-like. That word again, you see. And you won't sit down in poses resembling your small brother or sister. You will want to live up to your looks.

And when you have seen yourself like this, you will suddenly change your manners, too. By that I do not mean that you haven't charming ones now, but you will discover little gracious gestures you had half forgotten. We all do, until something startling comes along to jack us up.

NORMA L. F.:

Puffiness of the eyes can be attributed to several things, none of which are serious but which it would be wise to look into.

First, the puffy condition may be due to eye strain. I would suggest that you see an oculist right away. If, after you have consulted him and find that the condition persists, see your physician as it may be due to some internal condition which he could remedy immediately. If you are subject to sinus trouble, you might trace the puffiness to it.

Medicated packs on the eyes will relieve strain but they will not cure an internal condition.

GERTRUDE B.:

According to your height and age you are slightly overweight. You should weigh about 120 pounds. Since you are still very young, however, you will probably become slimmer as you grow older. If you are anxious to reduce, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Excellent exercises for the hips and thighs are included in it.

The shades you will find most becoming are: Soft shades of green, to bring out the green in your eyes; most shades of blue, particularly the rich blues; purple and deep orchid, gray, golden brown, burnt orange and tomato red, black, with color touches and white; pale pink and soft rose.

In make-up, choose a pale cream powder

and a bright red rouge tending toward the orange. Use any rouge sparingly, however. Your lipstick should be a similar shade.

JEAN T.:

Hair usually turns darker as one grows older and that is what is happening to yours. There is no set rule about the frequency of the shampoo, but, in general, about once a week is often enough. Oily hair should sometimes be shampooed more frequently.

You are slightly overweight, but if you are well proportioned I do not think that I would worry about it. Try to get more exercise and cut out too many sweets.

It is not harmful to use a good soap on your face. You might, in addition, use a good cleansing cream once a day to keep your skin smooth.

CAROL:

I know what heartbreak it causes to have someone you care about drop out of your life. However, I think you are doing the right thing in not pursuing him. Since you cannot seem to find anything that you might have done to hurt his feelings, it appears he is merely fickle.

From your letter, I judge that you are still quite young and, therefore, you must not let this bother you too deeply. There are so many other nice young boys. I know that doesn't help the present ache very much, but I think you will be happier if you start going around with others. You will soon find you have quite forgotten this one.

Your description sounds very attractive. I would suggest the following costume colors for a brunette of your type: Most shades of red, coral, rose and flesh pink; most shades of yellow, bluish green, peacock blues, light, clear shades of orchid; gray, particularly the rose grays; golden, buff and nut browns, black, cream and ivory white.

In make-up I would suggest that you try a warm cream or pale tan powder with a rose glow to it, light vivid rouge and lipstick. Brown mascara for evening.



**BETTER
BRISTLES**

**THAT WON'T LIE
DOWN ON THE JOB**

See and feel the snap-back of Tek's *Better Bristles*. Grouped where they will do the most good—to teeth and gums. No bristles at leisure as in old-fashioned brushes—but each tuft pointed for action at every stroke. Tek's double value is in its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*—at no extra cost. Tek is sterilized and Cellophane-sealed for your protection. Tek is a guaranteed product of

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH



Most any animal would willingly give its life to fashion such a dashing jacket as this for Dorothy Mackaill! Striped ermine, an unusual fur, is cleverly worked into a fitted short jacket for evening wear. Note the soft, tie collar! Seymour says they are smartest

There are TWO KINDS OF WOMEN

Those who now have all the clothes they want

This group is a large and *growing* family. They know from experience how enjoyable sewing can be. They sit at ease, press the control and watch the silent stitches flow like magic. They plan dresses for themselves, frocks for their children, draperies for their windows—and find joy in their swift creation.

And those who have yet to discover how to have them

These women are looking for a way to have more and prettier clothes. Each day this group grows smaller, for one by one they learn how easily they can have a modern Singer—a sewing machine so easy to use, so quiet and quick that making a lovely dress is merely a few hours of sheer enjoyment.



If you have not discovered the modern Singer—and found how easily you can have one—learn these facts:

The machine you want

No matter what type of machine you prefer—a table model or a handy portable; a lock-stitch or chain-stitch; an electric or non-electric—you can have it, built with traditional Singer quality.

—at a new low price, on convenient terms

You can have your choice of Singer machines in a wide range of prices, all lower than they have been for years. Terms will be arranged, if you desire, to

meet your convenience. If you have a machine now, it will be accepted in part payment.

—with service near by

You will find that the Singer Shop near your home is ready with courteous, expert service, instruction, supplies, and special help on any sewing problem.

—and complete instruction free

With your machine you are entitled to a Complete Course in Home Sewing at a Singer Sewing School in your own community. A personal teacher will guide you in selecting appropriate designs and fabrics, altering patterns to your individual measurements, laying out and cutting your material and assembling, fitting and finishing your dress to the last detail.

WHEN you buy a sewing machine, you buy it not merely for immediate use but for a lifetime of service. Why, then, should you even consider having less than the best? You *can* have the best—a modern Singer, product of eighty years of skill and experience. And you can have it *now*.

Go to the Singer Shop in your community and see and try a modern Singer yourself. Or let the Singer man who calls at your home send you a machine on the Self-Demonstration Plan. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

discusses
**MILLY
SPRATT**



IT'S wonderful how a different point of view will change your whole life. You take the school teacher, Miss Milly Spratt. For twenty years she taught the primary grade because the older boys and girls wouldn't put up with her.

If she got an apple it was because she took it away from some poor little hungry feller that was eatin' in school. Didn't any of the children bring her an apple on purpose.

Well sir, one day she saw the little fellers eatin' some squares of chocolate candies. The candies was in a blue tin box. Down the aisle went Milly Spratt and snatched up the box and put it in her desk. After school she got it out and ate a couple of the candies herself. They was so good she examined the box and read the little printed slip inside. Now she is principal of that school and everybody likes her.

"Chic" Sale

"Those little chocolated tablets" in the little blue box—Ex-Lax—mean a lot in the lives of millions of people!

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. It is safe, gentle, effective. It can't form a habit. It won't gripe.

Try it tonight—it will sell itself to you! All druggists, in 10¢, 25¢, and 50¢ boxes, or send coupon below for sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name

Address

City State

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. P.H.-101

Short Subjects of the Month



Floyd Gibbons, purveyor of high-voltage wordage, has brought his rapid-fire delivery to the screen. His first short is reviewed below

FLOYD GIBBONS' SUPREME THRILLS RKO—Van Beuren

Floyd Gibbons turns from the radio to the talking screen to recount some of the great news events of the past. This first one in a series of thirteen concerns itself with the war days of the late President Wilson and, aided by news clips of the time and Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Wilson's personal physician, Gibbons builds up a breathless and exciting narrative. Fine.

VOLLEY AND SMASH M-G-M

More sports instruction, this time in tennis and from Bill Tilden, the old marster, himself. Slow motion, stop shots and a running description make these of value to the ambitious amateur. Every stroke is thoroughly and lucidly shown and explained.

CANNON BALL Educational—Sennett

In this, Andy Clyde, with his whiskers and glasses, is the owner and engineer of a decrepit railroad. The trick locomotive (built by clever Sennett technicians) gives Andy a run for it, though. Plenty of thrills, and the race between the locomotive and the auto bus is a riot.

FRAMED

William J. Burns—Educational

If you get a kick out of having your mystery plots real, you will enjoy these shorts dealing with actual cases solved by William J. Burns, the famous detective. This one shows how the leaders of a dope ring were cleverly trapped into a confession.

SLIDE, SPEEDY, SLIDE Educational—Sennett

There have been many funnier Sennett comedies than this one. Daphne Pollard, who is always good for several laughs, cavorts through a baseball slapstick with Wade

Boteler and Tom Dugan as the home-run rivals. Baseball fans will laugh at the big game.

SPRING TRAINING Tiffany Prod.

Elegant entertainment for football fans, featuring five famous coaches headed by Howard Jones, and grand shots of how players work in action. This is the first of a series and you'll enjoy the football season better for having seen them.

MOVIE-TOWN Educational—Sennett

Here's one of the comedies in color that Mack Sennett has been working on for some time. The comedy element is a bit obscured for the color scenery and the stellar performance of several aquatic stars. Sennett appears in person. Also Marjorie Beebe and George Olsen's orchestra. Good entertainment.

OLD SONGS FOR NEW Welshay

A one-reeler in color; fast comedy of the gay nineties. A miniature revue, with swell music by Georgie Stoll's band, reminiscent of the "good old days." There are plenty of good laughs, too.

MELON-DRAMA Radio Pictures

Clark and McCullough devote their antics to being two comedy detectives, who foil a plot to place a bomb, disguised as a watermelon, on a judge's porch. The laughs come often and steadily.

JUNGLE GIANTS Educational—Howe Hodge-Podge

There are some excellent close-ups of big game in this short, and you will enjoy it. You get the same jungle thrills in more condensed form than from the average African super-spectacle.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

WHEN Harold Lloyd purchased a site for his new beach house at Santa Monica, he bought two lots. On one is a two-story white Colonial house and on the lot next to it is a tiny replica of it. Yes, you're right. It is the children's playhouse. A high wire fence surrounds it and the iron gates are padlocked.

SEVERAL years ago, Harold Lloyd almost lost the sight of one eye in a premature explosion of dynamite caps during the making of one of his pictures.

Last month, his brother, Gaylord, did lose the sight of one eye in a similar accident. During a gangster sequence, percussion caps went off too soon. A tiny bit of copper tore through one of Gaylord's eyeballs. Operations failed to save sight.

MARY NOLAN is nothing if not courageous. After an uphill fight against the publicity that attached to her while she was Imogene Wilson, she made good in pictures in Hollywood as Mary Nolan.

And then the bottom dropped out of things for her again, for one reason and another, and the denouement came when, in New York recently, she went into bankruptcy, owing more than \$50,000.

Soon afterward, she came back to Hollywood for a new attack of film fame. And with this proclamation:

"I will pay back every penny I owe in this world. I did not go into bankruptcy to get out of paying—but I did as a financial investment. I did it so I could come back to Hollywood to work and make good. I knew the people I owed money to, in Hollywood, wouldn't let me come back unless I did. But they'll get back every cent I owe."

Here's luck! To Mary—and the creditors.

ALL quiet on the Garbo front.

DID Hollywood get a laugh out of Connie Bennett's New York crack that she hadn't been the least bit interested in Joel McCrea! . . . Paul Muni, while playing the tough gang leader in "Scarface," was robbed of one hundred dollars worth of jewels by a thief who rifled his locker. . . . Now that he's generally known as ex-Buddy Rogers, Paramount has withdrawn its objections to having Charles called Buddy. . . . A Hollywood actress had gold finger nails at a recent premiere. . . . John Barrymore's ex-wife, Michael Strange, has written and is acting in a play in the East. . . . Hollywood Boulevard got a laugh out of the sign on the back of a Ford: "The Public Enemy" . . . Rex, King of Wild Horses, has been sent to an Arizona ranch to spend his last years in peace.

OF Paramount's twenty-three contract actresses, three are redheads, nine blondes and eleven brunettes. . . . There's an oil well at Venice, Calif., named the Lewis Stone well. . . . A Hollywood wisecracker calls the town "the land of optional illusions." . . . Buddy (ex-Charles) Rogers got a fan letter embroidered in silk on a square of linen from a girl in Oklahoma. . . . Whoops. . . . If you haven't known it already, Anna May Wong's real name is Wong Lui Tsong and it means "frosted yellow willows" . . . June Clyde is crazy over deep-sea fishing. . . . "I'm going to film 'Queer People' when I'm ready and the whole film industry can't stop me," says Howard "Hell's Angels" Hughes.



A New Beauty Treatment for WOOL

NO wonder this bit of wool looks satisfied! Pure white Ivory Snow is the newest, kindest way to take care of fine woolsens and delicate silks.

These tiny Snow pearls are made of Ivory Soap. You know Ivory's spotless reputation when it comes to gentleness! But here's the surprise—these dainty pearls of Ivory dissolve instantly into frothy suds, in lukewarm water—exactly the

safe temperature for your finest things! Every one of those little Snow pearls works, too. Not one is left undissolved to stick to your precious fabrics!

You get a big box of Ivory Snow for only 15¢. And it contains enough white magic to protect the youth and beauty of hundreds of dollars worth of clothes!

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhm. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.



Laura La Plante and Max Factor... Hollywood's Make-Up Genius using Rouge.



Blonde?
Brunette?
Redhead?
Brownette?

Do You Know Your Color Harmony in Make-Up As Hollywood Screen Stars Do?

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up... and Max Factor will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony... free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Klieg" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result... and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. What a wonderful opportunity!... to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free... and with your complexion analysis and color harmony chart you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.



Max Factor's Society Make-Up "Cosmetics of the Stars" HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, California, 1-10-24
Send me, without obligation, my complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart, and 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



At last—the two Carroll sisters play sisters in a picture! Nancy and her sister, Terry, as they look as the Ryan girls in "Personal Maid"

HERE'S another Hollywood racket: Man goes to smartest hotel. Wants to play rôle of big shot.

Pays telephone operator small sum a week to ring 'phone every fifteen minutes when he has guests in his room.

Conversations, loud enough to be heard, go like this:

"Hello, Lindbergh, ole boy, nice of you to ring. Sorry I won't be back in time to accept that invitation. Give my love to Ann." Or, "Well, that's nice of President Hoover to have you call. It was just an oversight on my part that I didn't answer his wire," etc., etc.

BILL HAINES is superstitious about starting pictures on unlucky days.

The other day, he was told that the starting date of his next picture would be on Friday.

Bill protested. Bill argued. Bill pleaded. "Any day," he proposed, "but Friday."

They finally capitulated. They agreed to start on Monday. Bill was overjoyed—until Monday, when he looked at the calendar. It was the 13th.

THERE are only two pawn shops in Hollywood... Evalyn Knapp has recovered from her recent almost fatal fall... Clark Gable has a new and very swanky dressing room... Phil Holmes is growing a moustache... And you'll have to get used to James "Bad Girl" Dunn co-starring with Janet Gaynor instead of Charlie Farrell... In Paris Connie Bennett went on a clothes-buying orgy... Sure, the Marquis was with her when she shopped... Richard Barthelmess sued his stock brokers for \$72,225... And Merna Kennedy has gone into bankruptcy.

AL JOLSON and Eddie Cantor were describing the merits of "Street Scene" following the preview.

"I will bet anything that it is the biggest box-office hit ever," said Cantor. "And I never gamble."

"Oh yeah?" Jolson interrupted. "You know I don't gamble. Oh, the stock market?"

"That? It was no gamble. It was a sure thing. A sure loss from the beginning."

THE story of how Kathryn Crawford won the leading rôle in the production which M-G-M is making of "Flying High" is another of those examples of the actually-dangerous lengths to which ambitious girls go, in Hollywood.

Innumerable film girls were being tested for the lead rôle in the musical, which is to be one of M-G-M's biggest pictures of the year. Naturally, rivalry was keen.

When Kathryn took her screen test, all went well.

They were enthusiastic about her but she was too—well—plump.

"If it weren't for that, you'd be a cinch for the rôle," they told her.

KATHRYN got busy at once. "Don't decide for a week," she said. She went to one of Los Angeles' best hospitals and underwent the most rigorous course of reduction that could be devised. At the end of a week, she reported back to M-G-M, eleven pounds lighter!

It made the necessary difference. Within two days, it was announced that she could have the part.

But Kathryn Crawford, before beginning work, had to return to the hospital for several days more, to prevent her collapsing from the effects of the strenuous weight-losing—and also, of course, to prevent her regaining the lost poundage.

IT'S amazing, the lengths to which bad taste can go!

For instance, huge 24-sheet billboards throughout Hollywood proclaimed to the world that "26 MEN DIED to open the HUGHES-FRANKLIN STUDIO THEATER!"

It was a hideous attempt to cash in on the fact that twenty-six men were killed in an explosion aboard the boat on which Varick Frissell and his crew were making scenes for "The Viking," the Arctic epic with which the new theater was opened. To call it bad taste is being mild.

The "Hughes" of the Hughes-Franklin chain of theaters is Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame.

Three men were killed during the making of "Hell's Angels."

Hollywood will start calling him "Killer" Hughes if he permits such publicity to keep up.

Lily's Coming Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

to see a charming lady? The boys smiled. There had been a lot of excitement that day, not any of it too pleasant, but the fact remained that the story had made every newspaper in the country. And after all, Lily Damita was a new star. And besides, Lily, herself, had been delighted. They looked at the red heart. What *she thought* had been more important to the boys than the outraged feelings of the royalties—Hollywood or London!

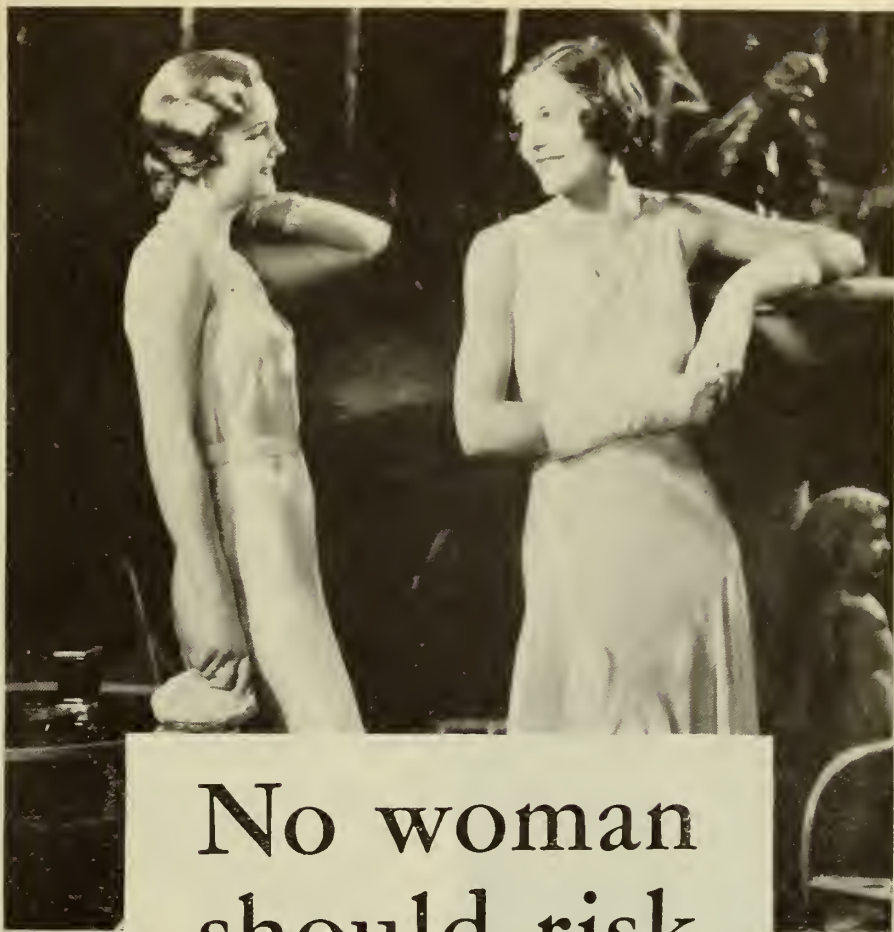
They scowled and skimmed over the stories of the captivation of the Prince by June Collyer. Lily had failed them a bit there. Too bad, June's press-agent wasn't going to overlook a bet. Why should he?

Then there were the magazine files! Story after story—"Love Life," "Men," "Her Regrets to Royalty." Dozens upon dozens of pages. And the syndicates. "Film Star Says All Men Are Playthings," "French Film Star Is Like Caribbean Sea Hurricane As She Tells of Her Loves"—

AND now she was coming back! Keeping things out of print might earn them their salaries but getting them in was the real kick of the job. And with Lily—

They paused to talk of the stories they hadn't dared print. After all, there had been a limit. How the papers would have loved the yarn of that party Sam Goldwyn gave for the dignified visiting publishers of England. Everyone ultra-impressive.

The party was going fine. Discussion of the third or fourth dimension in pictures, the progress of television—then Damita whirled in. She whirled right up to one of the Hollywood film magnates and kissed him on the cheek. "Hello, darling—" The mogul made



No woman should risk

unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



When crowds in Reno, Nev., saw this fellow, they let off shouts of "Hey, Doug!" But instead of being Mr. Bounding Fairbanks, this turned out to be Mr. Carlton Wines of Los Angeles. Mr. Wines says he knows Doug well, and may dress like him. As for looks—what do you think?

ENTRUST YOUR LIPS TO YBRY



Blonde or

brunette — Gentlemen prefer those who prefer YBRY. The truly permanent lipstick. Smooth and delicious in taste. Exquisite in scent.

Featured at best shops

\$ **AMAZINGLY LOW FOR A FRENCH CREATION**

5 flattering shades



PARFUM

Ybry
Pronounced EE-BREE
PARIS

Ybry, Inc., Dept. P 7, 50 W. 57th St., New York City
Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

the most of it and went right on being dignified. And he never knew until he got home that she had left the imprint of that kiss on his cheek as indelibly as she had left the heart on the calcimined walls of his publicity office!

And the inside yarn of how she treated Prince Louis Ferdinand. The Prince had taken an apartment at the Villa Carlotta, right across from the Chateau Elysee where Lily lived. And he was always in the lobby of the Chateau waiting for her to come in and go out. Right on the spot so he wouldn't lose sight of her for a moment.

SO Lily learned about the back stairs and made her entrances that way. Then she'd call down and tell the operator that if any one asked for Miss Damita she was not home. She'd jump into a straight little tailored suit and a wide-brimmed, felt hat, *a la* Garbo, and dance down into the lobby and out the front door—incognito.

But the Prince never knew. He didn't recognize *his* Lily in this woman who passed, hat down, right before him!

Yarn after yarn that had never been printed! Time for the train. Whoops! Camera men, press boys, studio officials off for the Chief. Hank Arnold, who headed the publicity department at that time, led the way. As the train stopped, he bounded into the door of her compartment.

Arms extended! Oh, the joy of greeting Lily again as he had done so often in that easy professional manner which marks Hollywood customs.

The door was closed. Hank pounded. The door opened. Hank started to bound and then stopped—a svelte, beautiful, cold-eyed young woman extended a courteous hand calmly toward him. Raised it to be kissed—

"How-do-you-do, Hank. I am happy to see you again."

No kisses; no emotion; no glad reception. And on the way to her apartment, "I am very dignified, now, Hank. I raise no more hell. I drink no more champagne. I do no more flirting. Damita has grown up!"

And that evening she told a close personal woman friend: "I have made a mistake the first time I am in Hollywood. I am a hell-raiser. I talk too much. I am too free and easy. When I first come all the big people are nice to me but I shock them and they are not so nice before I leave.

"I have learned now. I see only the right people. I will see none if they are not right. I stay home and read. I improve myself. I have only the right clothes. You must see my clothes.

"They are correct. Low heels for the street; high heels for the night only. I have learned the difference between low heels and high heels in life, see?"

Her first day back in Hollywood she went to the studio and erased the red heart from the white calcimined walls. She told the publicity boys:

"No more semi-nude pictures. I will pose only in all of my clothes. No more wild stories. There are no men in my life—"

She remained one year and lived up to her new creed.

She adopted her new personality as easily as a chameleon changes color. She became correct—very, very correct. She went with the best people.

Her career? Oh, now there is the strange part of the story.

She finished at United Artists. She went to Radio for three pictures.

The first one, "The Woman Between," was fairly good; her second "Friends and Lovers," not yet released, is good. And her third—

DAMITA was big box-office two years ago. Her publicity had made her box-office before she had completed one picture. She had blazoned across the consciousness of the American public as Pola Negri had once; as Lupe Velez is still doing. Color, laughter and sex appeal. And then—dignity; reserve; seclusion. Publicity throttled.

Ah, Lily was a joy to all of us. But we are wondering about the third Lily. She'll be welcome anyhow.



An old and dear friend in a new rôle. Shirley Mason, famed in silent days and sister of Viola Dana, holding her new daughter, Sheila. Shirley's the wife of Sidney Lanfield, Fox director

"What a Man!"—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

great deal more than they do to-day—like Eddie Cantor's. But that's been overcome, too. It was easy. Gable may not be handsome—but he's a beauty compared with the Gable as was. He's a worthwhile lesson to any man or woman who is ambitious enough to overcome facial defects.

He has a noticeable measure of self-consciousness. His hands, for example, are rather large. He is patently worried about what to do with them. He is keenly clothes-conscious, and always dresses well. He likes to dress up. The biggest surprise that ever hit one of his acquaintances who "knew him when" came on Broadway one evening when Gable had just gotten out of the press-your-suit-while-you-wait ranks. The acquaintance beheld Gable resplendent in full evening dress—not Tuxedo, but tails—with all the trimmings; high silk hat, white gloves, silver flask (filled) and even a cane. The acquaintance will never be the same.

NOW that he's making big money, Gable buys clothes in quantities. He's fair game for the haberdashers of Hollywood. Clark may go into a store with the intention of buying nothing but a necktie; when the salesman get done with him, he's probably bought three or four hundred dollars' worth of clothes.

On the other hand, when things weren't breaking well for Gable, he paid no attention to his appearance. It's a manifestation of a chameleon-like trait in the man—he fits his mood and his self to circumstances.

By reason of that, he appears at home in whatever gathering he finds himself. When he's shooting craps with a gang of studio juicers and grips, you couldn't pick him out of the crowd, he's so much one of them. Set him down in a society drawing-room, and he can bow and scrape and broad-A with any of them. He always reflects, in his apparent personality, the group of which he's currently a part.

He's childlike in his reactions and enthusiasms. He has no definite hobby, but goes through a steady and rapid succession of passing fancies—like a kid with toys. He may be crazy about this game, or some new possession, for a week or two, say. Then, like a kid grown tired of a new plaything, he forgets it completely.

He sticks to golf, though. He loves it. And he rides a lot—but more to keep his figure than because he likes it. He really has a splendid body—broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted. He's an inch better than six feet tall, weighs 190, and is as healthy as a young steer.

HE smokes, and drinks, but neither to any excessive extent. Food is no problem—there's nothing in the line of foods he won't eat. He drinks great quantities of coffee. And late at night, he likes to go into a restaurant and order eggs and bacon and hashed-brown potatoes.

He has all the usual actor-superstitions—won't light three smokes on one match, won't let people whistle in his dressing-room, and goes crazy when a mirror is broken.

He wants to own an airplane now. The first time he flew—it was from New York to California—he climbed out of the plane pretty sick and vowed he'd never like airplanes. Then he went to the San Diego naval flying base on a picture, went up with some of the navy's best flyers, did all the stunts they could think of, and came down wanting to own an airplane.

His big ambition is to stay on top of the heap, now, for about ten years and make a lot of money. Then he wants to quit working and spend the rest of his life traveling.

You're a grand guy, Clark. Good luck to you.



THIS BRONZED YOUNG POLO PLAYER says: "The girl I marry must have beautiful eyes and a clear natural skin."

One of these Men is looking for YOU

During the past few months, I've asked 100 attractive and eligible young men to describe the girls they want to marry. Their answers differed in all but one thing. 94 out of the 100 agreed on a "real girl"—one who would look—and be—*natural*.

Looking *natural* doesn't mean looking plain, or leaving off rouge and powder. It does mean keeping your skin fresh and lovely—avoiding the hothouse look that even skilful makeup can't conceal.

Dermatologists say Camay

73 famous dermatologists enthusiastically approve Camay as an ideally *gentle* soap for fine, naturally beautiful complexions. Many of these doctors prescribe Camay for their own patients as part of the soap-and-water cleansing they all advise.

No other soap has won such medical approval.

Do try Camay for a week. You'll enjoy it more than any soap you've ever used. You'll like its palm-fitting shape, its satin-smooth texture, the instant luxury of its fragrant lather. And every day of Camay cleansing will bring you nearer to the fresh, *natural* loveliness that men are seeking

Helen Chase



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WONDERFUL
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You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known.

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If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE LAST FLIGHT—First National

THE madly gay adventures of four war-racked aviators, and *Nikki*, the girl they pick up in a Parisian café, make the first half of this a ridiculously merry affair. But when three are killed off, leaving only a somber Dick Barthelmess to marry *Nikki*, the picture lets down suddenly. Johnny Mack Brown, David Manners and Elliott Nugent, Dick's pals, overshadow him. Helen Chandler, excellent as *Nikki*, gives the picture its chief charm.

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount

OLD man *Fu Manchu*, in process of avenging something, kills half an English family and is about to kill the rest when Sessue Hayakawa—having trouble with his English, but looking gentlemanly—plugs him. Dying, *Fu* pledges his lovely daughter, played by Anna May Wong, to carry on the extermination. All right if you like murder stories.

GRAFT—Universal

THIS is a fast action thriller of the "gotta-have-a-chase" school, with a newspaper background. Regis Toomey is just dumb enough as the dumbbell reporter and is supported by pretty Sue Carol. City Editor Willard Robertson, and villainous Boris Karloff grab the acting honors. But beautiful Dorothy Revier gets honorable mention.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures

AN extraordinarily splendid cast of actors gets all tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too gosh-awful sophisticated. Eric Von Stroheim, Adolphe Menjou and Lily Damita give splendid performances that in themselves make the picture entertaining. Go see it, if you like "high-life-in-Europe" plots, but let the kiddies stay home and play lotto.

BRANDED—Columbia

GOOD ol' Buck Jones gets into a saddle again, and with the help of a competent Western cast, produces another of the old-time, dependable brand of Western thrillers. If criticism is to be made, it might be along the grounds that there could be more action and less talk. There's some grand scenery in this, and it's been perfectly photographed.

THE HARD HOMBRE—Allied

SEND the kiddies, by all means, and if you like wide-open spaces and comedy send the grown-ups, too. This is an attempt to get away from stereotyped Westerns. Hoot Gibson plays "*Peacful*" Patton, taught never to fight. Of course, he gets into a whale of a one before the finish, much to everyone's delight. Lina Basquette was never more easy to look at.

THE IMMORTAL VAGABOND—UFA

TEDIOUS, and, oh, my, so serious. A Tyrolian lad turns to opera writing instead of the more ordinary yodeling and dashes off a piece which becomes an instant success. But a crool father separates him and his mountain sweetheart. Scenic effects—magnificent. Good acting by the lead, Gustav Frohlich, and a beautiful but buxom lass, Liana Haid. English dialogue.

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.

ONE of the hardest things to do is produce a good murder mystery movie. They are all apt to be more or less alike. Tiffany made this one cleverly, with a cast of actors a bigger studio might well be proud of. It keeps you guessing and excited. Alice White returns to the screen in a small part, revealing a voice with sex appeal.

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA

A DREARY, long drawn-out tragedy in which each and every character gets killed for the final fade-out. Neat trick, wot? If it had happened a little sooner you wouldn't have cared. Conrad Veidt, a splendid actor, has little chance to show his skill and the girl is just too sugary for words. Foreign-made, with English dialogue.

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia

AUGUSTUS THOMAS' play "Arizona," which mother and dad relished when they were young, has been brought up to date with Laura La Plante and John Wayne in the principal rôles. Being a story of Army life and love, you will like the modern flashes of an Army-Navy game, infantry and cavalry maneuvers, and the general military atmosphere. Laura is as pretty as ever and John Wayne is a handsome lieutenant. If you don't expect too much, you'll enjoy it.

THE AGE FOR LOVE—Caddo

TOO bad. We had hoped for much from this picture marking the return of Billie Dove to the screen. But a trite and old story, heavy direction and poor photography give disappointment. True, Billie does her best acting and reads lines well, showing what a year's assiduous training has done. But it's a shame to belittle one of our most beautiful women. Better luck next time, Billie.

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathé

ONLY a boy like Tom Keene (our old friend George Duryea) with good looks, personality and ability, could put over this Western in a manner to make us forget the poorly constructed story. Nick Stuart's winning smile and excellent work help, too. Pretty Marion Shilling suffers from a most disagreeable rôle, but Keene is worth going far to see.

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, as *Faro Lil*, just doesn't seem right, even though her work is convincing. She is still beautiful and poised. Another Reno story of the mother who gambles to place her son in a better position. Bruce Warren is the attractive son and Mildred Golden is his sweetheart. This girl deserves a better part. Ernest Hilliard, old time favorite, is excellent as *Lil's* friend.

A PRIVATE SCANDAL—Headline Prod.

AND still they come—these underworld stories. This is the story of the reformed crook and his sweetie, who, as the District

Attorney's secretary, saves him from going back to jail after his reform. It's fast moving, well directed, and holds the interest at all times. Lloyd Hughes and Marian Nixon make the most of the leading rôles, with Theodore Von Eltz and Walter Hiers doing good work.

EXPRESS 13—UFA

THE action of this all-German melodrama is crowded into the three hours necessary to repair the tracks so Express 13 can proceed to Berlin. In that short time a bridegroom, leaving his bride in their honeymoon compartment while he strolls about, runs into intrigue, murder, fire and bombing, and yet manages to get back in time to catch the train as it continues on its way. Fast, thrilling stuff, but better if you understand the language.

PARDON US—Hal Roach-M-G-M

THIS might be subtitled "Glorifying The American Buzzer," for that distinctly American sound—most frequently made by inserting the tongue between the lips and blowing—accounts for practically all the laughs in this first full length Laurel and Hardy comedy. Because of a loose tooth, Stan Laurel can't help making that noise when he talks. It gets them into trouble and it gets them into jail, where the fun takes place. All hokum, but lots of fun.



"We teachers want Kleenex— in the hands of children in place of dirty handkerchiefs"

MOTHERS, the teachers of the nation are up in arms against the handkerchief.

They know how a soiled handkerchief goes back to the face time after time, carrying germs to self-infect the user. They know how *one* handkerchief, used carelessly, as children will, can spread a cold through the entire class.

Many teachers tell us they are teaching the use of the disposable handkerchief in hygiene classes. But they need your help. You, the parents, must co-operate.

Kleenex helps you, too

You'll find Kleenex a boon to you, as well as to the teacher. It eliminates the most unpleasant washing you are called upon to do. And there are no lost handkerchiefs to worry about.

Kleenex costs so very little, that each tissue is used only once. Then it's destroyed, completely. This sanitary practice disposes of dangerous germs *at once*,



Tender protection for sore little noses! Kleenex is so soft, dry and gentle, so absorbent, that it never irritates.

before they have a chance to contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

Kleenex Tissues are marvelously soft and gentle—much softer than you ever thought a tissue substance could be made.

Useful in many ways

Once you've learned about Kleenex you'll want to keep a package in your kitchen, bath and bedroom ... and another in the automobile as well.

Kleenex is perfect for removing face creams. It is invaluable in caring for young babies.

All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kleenex. Insist on genuine Kleenex, for its greater softness and perfect cleanliness; each package is cellophane wrapped. You can remove the tissues with one hand.



Soft white velvet is one of the most charming evening choices this Fall, especially for young things like Madge Evans. The high fitted bodice with soft draped neckline is both smart and becoming. The skirt gains fullness toward the bottom

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Talk about "foot faults"!

There's *one* in tennis that's always scored against you—the mean little corn that slows up your game and makes you long for the set to end.

A Blue-jay corn plaster will make all the difference! Blue-jay is the sensible way to treat a corn—proved by millions for more than thirty years. Let Blue-jay *instantly* relieve the pressure and pain; mildly prepare the corn for early removal—and soon you'll be on *easy* feet!

Blue-jay is the cleanly, pleasant, hygienic, safe treatment—made by a firm noted for the quality of its surgical dressings.... At all druggists, 25c.

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Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and *prevent* corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or *send 10c* for samples to Bauer & Black, 2530 S. Federal St., Chicago.

How Ten Stars Overcame Self-Consciousness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

speak—is probably one of the most self-conscious people I ever have met. She herself laughs over her habit of spending from ten to twenty minutes in a dressing-room powdering her already perfectly powdered nose because she dreads joining parties and meeting new people.

However, out of this intense self-consciousness and because of her need to be socially adequate under many trying conditions, Alice has discovered a trick that amounts to a perfect conversational spring-board. She didn't know about this herself, as a matter of fact, until Blanche Sweet called her attention to it. Blanche became aware of it first when Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell were married in that little Yonkers parsonage and she and Alice stood up with the bride.

"I was nervous and fidgety," Blanche said, talking of the wedding one day, "but it didn't seem to me that anyone shared my confusion. I looked over at Alice and she seemed especially cool and serene. But even while I looked at her, admiring her calm, she turned to the minister and with her slow smile said, 'I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.' And immediately, in one of those rare intuitive flashes we have sometimes, I realized Alice always used this line when she wanted something to say, whether she knew the person's name or not.

"And a very good line it is, too. There's something reassuring about the sound of your own voice. I've tried it since with excellent results."

"I'm sorry, I didn't get your name" would help. If it did nothing else it would give you something to say. *And something to say or something to do can prove a great big asset.* Stage managers always give the players who must remain on the stage while others carry on the play's action some trifling business which won't obtrude but which will nevertheless occupy them.

ENTHUSIASM SEEN AS BLESSINGS

FOR the same reason, enthusiasms offer a perfect escape. Be the enthusiasm tennis or bridge, backgammon or golf it can so absorb the enthusiast that even in talking about it she forgets herself entirely. And once you are able to forget yourself you are that much more likely to be attractive. All of which is a little involved but I trust my reader will make an effort to follow me.

Who next? Let us consider Mary Astor.

"I was painfully self-conscious in the old days when I used to pose for photographers," Mary has told me. "If there was anyone in the studio watching I would go all to pieces—grow awkward—simply ruin my pose. Finally I made up my mind that people would constantly be in and out and that if I didn't adjust, if I kept on ruining plates, the photographers simply wouldn't use me. So I used to say to myself, 'Tend to business, Mary. Tend to business.' After all, posing was my way of earning a living and I couldn't permit anything to lessen my efficiency.

"Later, in the movie studios, I resorted to the same tactics. And again they saved the day. Putting my posing on a business-like basis I can convince myself that I'm not being a fool before onlookers but that I am simply doing my job."

This point of view also can be taken by girls in private life. After all, being as attractive as possible is everyone's job. And since *gauche*, clumsy manifestations of self-consciousness seriously jeopardize charm we may all say, with Mary, "Tend to business."

Self-consciousness is nothing more and nothing less than our ego on parade. It is born of our fear that others won't think highly enough

of us; that something we say or something we do or something we wear won't present an attractive picture.

IS IT COWARDLY TO BE SELF-CONSCIOUS?

IT was a teacher in high-school who impressed Ricardo Cortez with the fact that *self-consciousness is related very closely to cowardice.*

"I'll never forget that teacher," said Ric. "He was a little man with big glasses. Andersen was his name. He told me without mincing matters that it was downright cowardly of me to be self-conscious. I remember I was very sensitive on the subject of bravery and when he made me see his point of view he had helped me immensely."

Men are self-conscious as well as women. Which is something worth remembering when you find yourself with some simply gr-and male. Talk about something calculated to interest him. Be maternal by helping him forget his own self-consciousness and the chances are he will think of you as one of the most attractive girls in the world forever after—besides which this will help you to forget yourself.

Back in St. Paul they made Richard Dix debate. Rich enjoyed the debating part of it but he was one of those "all-hands-and-feet" boys and he always had a wretched time trying to find some way of parking said impedimenta.

"Then," explains Rich, "I began to realize that my fellow-beings were basically friendly—that when I stood before them, on the debating platform or in some living-room, they were ready to give me every chance. Even if they did 'razz' me I was convinced there was no malice in it, that it was meant in fun and that if I allowed my feelings to be hurt it was inevitable that I should remember the episode long after everyone else concerned had forgotten all about it.

"I'm sure nothing could have helped me curb my self-consciousness more than this particular, comforting realization."

That Gary Cooper is self-conscious isn't at all surprising. Great big Western Gary, born to the Montana plains and forced by fate into the spotlight and some of the most famous drawing-rooms both here and abroad.

"Sometimes," Gary explained, "my self-consciousness gets positively acute. And then again, I'll go along not much bothered by it for a long time. The first week on a picture is always pretty bad, especially if I'm working with new people. But I use the same remedy in the studio that I use when I find myself in a bad box socially. I laugh my way through. I back off and say to myself, 'Well now, this really isn't so important.' I've tried lots of other remedies but nothing helps me so much as minimizing the importance of the occasion."

SENSE OF COMPETITION A HELP

LILYAN TASHMAN, on the other hand, calls her sense of competition into play, quelling any threatening self-consciousness by saying to herself, rather furiously, "If others can be confident and poised, so can I. Am I stupid? Am I any less mistress of myself than they are?" And in this way she literally whips herself into a satisfactory calmness.

Estelle Taylor had the worst siege of self-consciousness she ever remembers one evening when she was to address a group of writers.

"I sat there and was miserable," Estelle says. "I wondered what had possessed me to attempt such a thing. I felt I had nothing to say that these people didn't already know. I began to feel that everyone in the room was

staring at me, prejudiced about me before I began. My hands had never been so large before.

"Finally, way over in a corner, I spied a dull, meek looking person. I realized she might be most estimable in many ways but I was also satisfied that she would prove a reassuring audience. So I addressed my speech to her. I thought of her only when I got up and while I was talking.

"It is possible to do the same thing in a social group. I have tried it since—I've found someone who didn't impress me at all and kept them in mind until I had found my bearings and recovered from the first strangeness that is the worst part of parties.

"Helping others you know to be suffering from even more acute self-consciousness than you experience is, of course, a great boon. It was, as a matter of fact, when Jack and I were first married and I was attempting to help him overcome his self-consciousness that I made the greatest strides in this direction myself."

HELP OTHERS AND YOU HELP YOURSELF

"GET up on the fence and watch yourself go by" our well-meaning and often short-sighted elders used to tell us. It was the old-fashioned idea to keep children from growing conceited, to tell them they weren't especially pretty or bright or graceful. No wonder, brought up like this, we are a self-conscious generation.

Corinne Griffith thinks instead of getting up on that old, well-known fence and watching ourselves go by it is a good plan to watch others pass from that vantage point.

Corinne often has said to me, "I'm sure it is because we go through life forever thinking of everybody else in the world as our audience that we become self-conscious and remain self-conscious. It's a thousand times more comfortable to place yourself in the position of the audience. In this way you come to realize that Lizzie Jitt laughs to cover her confusion—that Larry Doe fiddles with his tie when he's embarrassed—and so on. I don't mean this observing should be done in a critical sense, rather with sympathy and understanding.

"Certainly it was the acquisition of this perspective that helped me overcome my self-consciousness. And then, of course, realizing that others were ill at ease I tried to help them and succeeded in helping myself as well."

Which is pretty much what Estelle said about having helped herself in her endeavor to help Jack.

ALL REMEDIES MUST BE MENTAL

ALL the remedies the stars suggest are mental, you'll notice. Which is as it should be, since the basis and cause of all self-consciousness is entirely mental regardless of the fact that it takes many unpleasant physical manifestations, resulting in nervous tics and speech defects such as stammering, stuttering, lisping and even some forms of being tongue-tied. Blushing, in fact—and this only when done in moderation—is the one and only symptom of self-consciousness that ever has been looked upon with any favor.

It seems perfectly ridiculous, doesn't it, to think of ninety per cent of the population, conservatively speaking, going about more or less uncomfortable all the time because of their fear that they won't measure up. So much unnecessary suffering is experienced because people insist upon feeling themselves the axis for everything that goes on within sight or sound of them—convinced when people laugh they are laughing at them—convinced when people talk they are talking about them—and that when people frown they are frowning at them.

The more you think about it the more ridiculous it becomes. Every minute of the time in every country of the world hundreds of people are entering rooms heartsick lest they fail to appear to good advantage. Lovely young girls are less lovely because, standing

HOW TIMES *eee* HAVE CHANGED

In the proper nineties the young beauties went in *timorously* for bicycling, croquet and ultra-modish fencing lessons. And precious little exercise did they get when the fear of a broken corset stay overshadowed every stroke and thrust. But what did they care when they, and all their friends, would soon become placid and oversized matrons with a hint of a double chin? *And Society Approved!*

IN THIS DAY AND AGE, it is now the fashion to keep young for today, tomorrow and forever. And to do this one must exercise not only the body but the face as well. That's why **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT** is so popular . . . It deliciously affords the extra facial exercise (in addition to meal-time chewing) that Science insists is necessary for retaining youthful contours of the face and lovely lips.

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It's so important . . . the purity of powder ingredients. For only a *pure* powder can bring you a lovely complexion.

Stop and think a minute. Is your skin ever dry or irritated? Does your powder ever cake, and so enlarge your pores?

To be safe, you should use *Luxor* . . . the pure, satin-smooth face-powder. We mix it in our own laboratories, then sieve it through layers of silk. We tint it and scent it, and sift it as fine as mist.

Luxor will blend into your skin, and delicately cling for hours. Make your face smooth and soft as the petal of a flower. And it will brighten your complexion with a fresh, new bloom of beauty . . . brought by *Luxor* purity.

Luxor products are not costly—the face-powder 50c a box, rouge 50c, and lipstick 50c. *Luxor, Ltd.*, 1355 West 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Tear off, enclose ten cents for generous sample of powder. Check—Rachel , Flesh , White .

PP-10-2

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beside attractive young men, they find their throats so constricted that it would be physically impossible for them to speak if they could, in their panic, think of anything to say.

AN INGENIOUS AND STARTLING CURE

Which brings us to Claudette Colbert's ingenious and startling remedy for escaping any such fate.

"As soon as I discovered how prevalent self-consciousness is and realized that even most of those who seem poised are actually fidgeting underneath," says Claudette, "I made up my mind to take advantage of this general absorption in self to have a good time—satisfied nobody was paying much attention to me.

"It seems so stupid, so utterly stupid, to go about being miserable for fear people aren't thinking well enough of you or for fear you may not be getting by for one reason or another

when nine out of every ten people are too occupied with the misery of their own self-consciousness to consider you at all.

"Of course it took me a long time to convince myself that this was really the case, but once I succeeded in doing this I had my self-consciousness pretty well in hand."

Unfortunately there is no sleight of hand we can perform or no magic words we can say that will leave us poised and serene. But it does seem that no matter how difficult the process of overcoming self-consciousness may prove it is well worth while. It means liberation from a wretched and humiliating sensation. It means a very real step towards becoming as attractive as it is possible for us to be. Which in turn, means we have laid a pretty satisfactory and solid foundation for anything else we aim to attempt. Essentially, judging from the remedies of the stars, overcoming self-consciousness is entirely a matter of thinking right.

He's Not So Dumb

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

—not at first sight, certainly, for they'd seen each other around the lot for a year.

"But that day, I knew it was something different. I didn't admit to myself that it was love," says June, seriously now, "but I knew I'd never felt that way about any man before. I had liked men and had found some men more charming than others. But I had never been in love in my life—until Stu came along."

What about Stu? you ask.

Well, Stu was never what could be called a "ladies' man." Maybe the girls thought he was too dumb, after seeing him on the screen, and stayed uninterested. Or maybe Stu just wasn't interested in girls. It's a fact, you see, that Stu had always sworn that he'd never get married—not for years and years and years, all the pretty women in Hollywood notwithstanding! He carried the obsession so far that he was boasting about it in a New York speak-easy one day a couple of years ago.

"Bah!" snorted another man in the party. "I'll bet you are married within five years!"

"You're nuts," snarled Stu. "I'll take that—and what's more, I'll lay you four to one that I'm not even married in seven years!"

"DONE," grinned the other, and pulled out his wallet. He had \$200 in it. Stu had to make good. He posted his \$800 to cover the odds. That was a year and a half before his wedding. The other day Stu mailed a check for \$800 to the man in New York. "But it was worth it," he said, while June, across the table from him, beamed.

Well, the romance of Stu and June went on much more quietly than other Hollywood romances. But none the less warmly. And, in midsummer, June confided to one or two very close friends that she and Stu were going to be married in the fall! Strangely enough, those friends kept her secret.

"We couldn't set any wedding date, because we were both working, and didn't know when we'd get time to marry," they explain. That's the trouble with Hollywood romances—work interferes so! But they got a lucky break—a picture Stu was working in at M-G-M was stopped in mid-production for some reason or other. And it so happened that June was not working in a picture.

That was in late July. One afternoon, June and Stu, at the beach, suddenly realized that neither would be working for ten days to come. Without a word, the same thought struck them simultaneously. They looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. . . . Stu's were questioning, June's swimming. Then she nodded. That was all.

"He never proposed," she said. "Do people ever really get down on their knees and propose?"

June and Stu hurried to her Beverly Hills house. They told her two brothers. They packed a few things in fierce haste and flung them into Stu's car. At nine that night, the two of them, with June's brothers, started for Yuma, Arizona.

"We'll get married quietly. Nobody'll know until we come back in a few days and tell them," they gloated.

What a wedding trip that turned out to be! Out on the desert, the thermometer over 100 degrees even at midnight, they ran into a cloudburst that stalled them for hours because they couldn't see beyond the hood of the car. Then a sandstorm hit them, and June swore she'd die. So Stu got out of the driver's seat, comforted June in the tonneau, and let one of her brothers drive. Tires blew out with the heat; the car boiled furiously; and Stu fell asleep!

The sun came up as they were an hour or two out of Yuma. Sunrise on the desert is gorgeous. Colors that no painter ever found on his palette create a gorgeous spectacle. June, drowned in romance on her bridal morning, nudged Stu, asleep with his head on her shoulder.

"Stu, darling—Stu—look, this gorgeous sunrise," she whispered.

Stu opened one eye. The light hurt it. "Aw, I've seen the sun before," he muttered, and went back to sleep.

"I married him—even after *that*," laughs June. "And that proves that I'm in love with him."

A few hours later, with the thermometer reading 108, a judge married them in the Yuma courthouse. June and Stu hurried to a hotel for a breakfast and to plan their honeymoon. A half hour later, the telephone in their room began shrilling furiously.

"What's going on here?" thundered the hotel keeper. "I gotta call from Hollywood says you two are Stuart Erwin and June Collyer and there'll be no Hollywood goings-on in this hotel!" It seems Stu, in an effort to dodge newspaper people, had signed the hotel register "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Erwin"—Philip being his middle name.

THEY didn't have much trouble explaining that they'd just been married—but the cat was out of the bag. Across the country, the news wires carried the story—and their plans for secrecy were shot sky-high. But they did manage to escape to Del Mar by the Sea for a quiet honeymoon where no one found them for two days—and then they came back to Hollywood for the congratulations.

It was by telephone, from Yuma to Chicago, that June told her parents of her marriage. June's an ex-New York-débutante. For the first few moments, her marriage to a movie

actor shocked mama and papa no end. But then they realized that June's happiness was the paramount issue, and parental blessings hummed over the 2,000 miles of telephone wire between Yuma and Chicago, where June's folks were on their way to Hollywood.

And there's the story. Some Hollywood crabby-tongues muttered that the elopement was just a publicity stunt. The fact is that not even the publicity department of Paramount, where Stu is under contract, nor June's own personal press-agent knew of the wedding until they heard of it from Los Angeles newspapers! No, June and Stu were married for love—and that's sort of hard for Hollywood to grasp, all at once. Love like theirs is the kind that flowers in your home town—Hollywood sees it so rarely!

THEY'RE living in a little apartment now. June has given up the big Beverly Hills house where she lived with her brothers. They prefer love-in-an-apartment, where June is doing a lot of the housekeeping herself. She cooks breakfast for Stu! And are they happy? "Yeah—I fell for her on my birthday—but it's the swellest birthday present I ever had," grins Stu.

"I fell in love with him on Saint Valentine's Day. He's the sweetest Valentine I ever got," smiles June.

Good Lord, what are you going to do with kids like that?



October brides who haven't picked their wedding gowns yet, can well afford to copy this stunning one Kay Francis wears in "24 Hours." The white satin is made on simple moulded lines; its sole ornamentation is pearl beading worked in a Grecian key motif on bodice and train. The tulle veil has the same pearl trimming

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To An Unknown Actor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Farnum. I lasso him—not the horse."

The next day he had news that the expected heir was a boy. J. Gordon Edwards, Farnum's director, made it possible for Pete to make a flying trip to Los Angeles and someone passed round the hat, which came back to him heavy with material evidence of congratulation.

I left Hollywood shortly after that and it was years before I returned. I went on location with "The Virginian" to write an account of the goings-on, and there was Pete busy with dozens of horses and a thousand head of cattle for the stampede. "Hi, Pete!" I hailed him. His face broke into a flashing smile.

"Miss Helen. You come back, yes?"
"How's every little thing, Pete? That boy must be in long pants by now."

He chuckled. "Pretty soon. He got a sister now. Times very good for me. Plenty work."

He had been trying in the old days to get on the regular pay-roll, not just to be engaged by the picture, and he had succeeded. The last time I saw him was in the Dick Barthelme picture "The Lash," riding like a madman all over the place, no time to talk, but he waved his hat and greeted me with the old flashing smile as he dashed past where I sat beside the directorial chair, occupied by Frank Lloyd on this occasion.

PETE'S method of teaching people how to ride was simple and sure. He took them out every day for two or three hours, making them walk the horse. A week of this and they had become accustomed to the motion of the animal and were then ready to do anything, gallop or trot.

They "had their seat," the most important asset to good horsemanship. That acquired, the rest was easy.

He was one of those people who always seem to be on hand when someone is in trouble. Riding the hills one afternoon before his advent into pictures he passed a tiny cabin far from habitation of any sort.

Although there was no one in sight he thought he heard someone moaning and stopped to investigate.

A very young woman lay on a trundle bed in an agony of child birth. Her husband had gone for the doctor but it would be morning before he could return. Pete decided that all would be over long before that time. Gently he asked the suffering girl whether she would allow him to help her. In a crisis of this sort, human nature accepts unquestioningly the goods the gods provide.

Relief slowly replaced the look of fear in her dark eyes and she whispered, "Do—do you think you could?"

And just as he had so many hundreds of times assisted his ewes to lamb, he delivered this human mother of a lusty man child.

Books he knew nothing of.
He was that finer thing, Nature's true nobleman.

Adios, Pedro Leon.

Long Hair or Short?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

time she buys a new hat, Lita Chevre may go without one when she gets disgusted—but the average person will just cut several inches off her hair and let it go at that.

Changing styles in fashion, and differing ideas of individuals have made the Hollywood hairdressers, as well as those all over the



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country, realize that they have to conjure up ingenious ways to arrange growing or longer hair.

CURLS, carefully arranged twists across the back of the head, a neat curled roll, and the small chignon, therefore, are the newest hair twists on or off the screen. To make the new hats look properly dramatic, stars are brushing the hair softly back and up on the head-revealing side.

They do soft, flattering things with the odd ends in the back.

Ina Claire was 'way ahead of the procession last Spring when she appeared at a New York first night with fluffy bangs and curls at the back of her neck.

She looked for all the world like an odd daguerreotype.

Now she brushes the bangs straight back off her forehead.

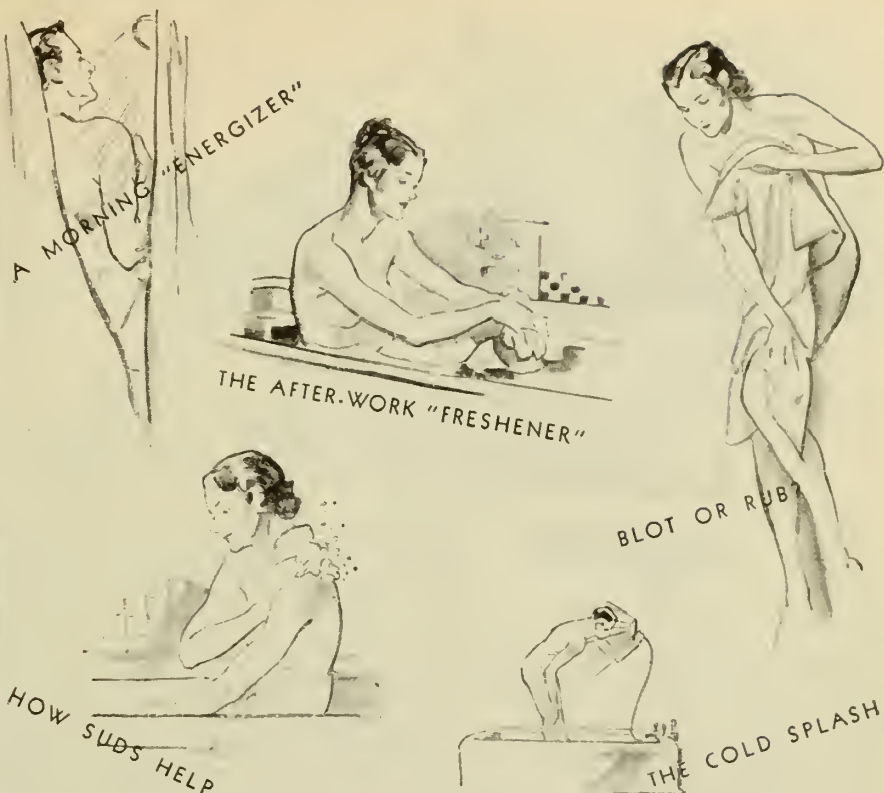
IF you saw Marion Shilling in "The Common Law," you couldn't help but notice what she did with her long hair in an evening scene.

She was wearing a quaint looking evening gown, so to emphasize it, she piled her dark curls up on the top of her head. The result was decidedly individual.

It isn't just a case of "to grow or not to grow" with the stars; it is a case of having a distinctive coiffure that will be attuned to their screen personalities.



The true dramatic flavor of the new fashions is caught in the costumes which Lynn Fontanne wears in the screen version of her great stage success, "The Guardsman." This black velvet and silver cloth gown is a striking example of it. The silver cloth tunic and the unusual sleeves which flare from the shoulders to tight cuffs are reminiscent of another fashion era



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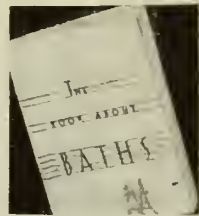
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Manners—He Has Them

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Probably you don't know, for instance, that he isn't David Manners at all. That he's really Rauff Acklom, born in Halifax in 1905. His father is the one who traces his ancestry direct to William the Conqueror. On his mother's side, he's a Haddon of Haddon Hall. Lady Diana Manners is his cousin, but they aren't speaking—there's one of those nose-tilting English feuds on. The Duke of Rutland is another relative.

AND then there's the very British uncle who harangued Dave at length just before he left London last time. Uncle brought out the family tree—Dave says it looked like a whole forest. Uncle, by the way, is a Knight of the Bath. . . .

"David, my lad," he said, or words to that effect, "look at that." He spread the family chart before him, with all the cryptic initialings that indicate so much to students of genealogy, and heraldry, and the peerage, and all that. "Isn't that glorious?"

Etc., etc., etc., the uncle went on, winding up to the peroration that David now stands as the last man of the line. With him, if he leaves no heirs, will pass one of the greater houses of the British Empire.

Uncle, having done, stood there and waited for David to be properly impressed. So David said:

"And what of it?"

Uncle is still trying to think of the answer to that, while Dave is enjoying himself in America.

It's not a pose, this Americanism of Dave Manners. It's real. Entitled as he is to a place, if he wants it, in Hollywood's snooty English colony, Dave spurns it. An English writer, having studied Hollywood recently, made this comment on Manners:

"He can switch from broad to nasal A's at will. He is very quiet, unassuming, un-snobbish. He does not sit in corners with other Britishers and refuse to talk to anyone else. In fact, he doesn't even know most of the Englishmen in Hollywood!"

It was when he first came to America that David made his most American gesture of all. He tried to be a cowboy.

It all began when the climate of old London got him down. Recurrent pneumonia threatened his lungs. "A warn't climate, my boy, or it's all up with you," warned the doctors. Virtually any other Englishman would forthwith have toddle-ooed off to India or Africa, put on a white sun-helmet and a superior air,

and spent the rest of his life drinking warm whisky-and-soda.

Not Dave. Dave came to America, and learned that Arizona was warm. He hied to a dude ranch and, after he got the lay of the land, got himself a job as a cowboy guide! And did it well, too. Except for the fact that now and then, a more discerning person came along, listened a bit interestedly to David's richly-assumed cowboy drawl, looked him over quizzically, and asked: "Say, you're really not a cowboy, are you?" And David always admitted he wasn't a cowboy, but after all, not so bad with the bull, eh?

Of course, David can talk "English" with the best of them. If he wants to, he can use an Oxford accent broader than a censor's mind is narrow. He was educated in that sort of school. But he doesn't.

Only the other day, he was returning from a week-end visit to Agua Caliente. Immigration officers stopped his car at the border, as usual, with the customary query:

"Americans?"

David nodded. He had his first papers; besides, he was born in North America.

But his companion spoke. "Yahs, of course," he said. Now it so happened that the companion was a Texas-born youth who had been educated at Harvard. He took his Harvard seriously, especially the accent. And while David Manners, descendant of William the Conqueror, had not the slightest further difficulty, it took his Texas-born American companion many minutes of palaver before the immigration people believed he wasn't an Englishman trying to break in outside the quota.

AS a person, David Manners is a quiet, unassuming chap. He doesn't go for any forms of Hollywood whoop-te-do. He wants to write, and is now working on a novel. He takes his acting seriously, but not too seriously. He is overjoyed when he gets fan letters from movie-goers who have liked his work.

He is very likely to answer personally a fan letter if it interests him. But there is one he got recently which he has not answered and never will. It was from a woman in Ohio. It began with warm praise of his work. Then it switched into a paean of praise of David the man. And it concluded with this:

". . . and please send me a photograph of yourself in the nude."

Now, what would William the Conqueror have done in a case like that?

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For the best picture produced in 1930 will be awarded as soon as the thousands of ballots can be counted.

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She's Not a Parrot

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Marlene. Doubly serious *now* because she returned to Hollywood determined to be happy. This time she had intended to enjoy Hollywood—not hate it as she did during her first eight months of American pictures.

"Why, the whole time I was here before, that same tree stood outside my dressing-room door and I never saw it. But now—I am able to see what is around me; I love it. I want to be happy here. And I thought I could. *I have my baby!*"

It is true—Marlene was ready to sacrifice everything *before* because her five-year-old daughter, Maria, was in Europe. She is so devoted to the child that I do not think it is a stretch of imagination to say she has a mother complex which would interest our most astute psychoanalysts.

TO prove it: She had just secured a foothold on the German stage when she discovered she was to have a baby. She retired for two years. The first year was necessary; the second wasn't. She nursed the baby for an entire year. The doctors warned her it might spoil her figure.

"Let it. I must nurse my baby as long as I can," was her answer.

She wanted to stay home continuously to care for the baby. But some force within her pushed her relentlessly on.

But she had tasted stage life and she could not—once the baby no longer needed her for actual sustenance—forget it.

It was hard to get back. Marlene has had remarkably few struggles in life, but this return to the footlights was not easy. Max Reinhardt finally turned the trick for her. Musical comedy in which Herr Josef saw her. Then America *without* her baby.

Ah, one would have to be a mother like Marlene to comprehend those eight months of torture. The two little lost teeth of the child were sent to her; she slept on them. They talked long distance, they cabled daily. And still the nausea of discontent continued.

"And when you arrived home?"

Marlene's face lit as though an electric light had been snapped on within her; her eyes glowed with excitement.

"When I got home at last, I found my home exactly as I had left it. Nothing was different. That is because I was not different. Eight months over here has not changed Marlene Dietrich!"

And that really is the amazing part of this woman. Hollywood usually touches its newcomers with a sure hand. Sometimes it paints with bold strokes; sometimes with deft subtleness. But it has always left some mark upon its captives.

"Divorce?" Her eyes widened. "People say I will get a divorce? But that is as funny as to say I would leave my baby. My baby and husband are altogether. They are one with the other.

"Of course, it is more expensive this way. It costs me much money. My contract must be for six months in this country and six months in Europe. It is natural they do not want to pay me. But it is the best we can do."

TO understand Marlene, you would have to know the psychology of European women. She is a true daughter of German routine and German traditions. While she was home she lost twelve pounds.

"When I am happy I always lose weight. I go so much. I dance every night; I see all the excitement. Here I live in a house very quietly—I already start to gain. It is strange," the lights in her eyes change to shadows, "but when I become just a little unhappy I gain weight."

Josef Von Sternberg is amazing y frank in

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his interest. "I think I will get sick on this next picture (which will probably be a German one made from the homeland) and stay away two weeks and let her direct it," he says. "She almost directed 'Morocco' and 'Dishonored.' No, I mean it.

"The entire stage scene in 'Morocco' was her idea. The songs were hers and it was the best scene in the picture.

"A PARROT!" He laughed. "I am going to make very few more pictures. I am going to retire. Yes, you can print it. I have few more stories left in me and I am ready to take a long rest. I shall recommend that Marlene direct, then.

"She spent hours every day in Europe hunting for stories, not only for herself but for Paramount to produce with other players. The only thing I put in her mouth is good English."

And Marlene is so afraid of Von Sternberg's harsh criticism on her pronunciation of English that she tries to get away with firing German at him.

For no matter how she improves in English pronunciation, he is never satisfied.

He criticizes her in loud tones—until she shivers, but doubles her efforts at perfection. The result:

You would scarcely know today that she is foreign—except from her psychology; most certainly not from her diction.

A Nervous Wreck!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

blonde, who convulsed Hollywood by referring to "rocketeers."

Mentioning blondes reminds one that Leslie Howard himself is fair. He's blue-eyed, too. And as long as we're at that sort of thing, he's five feet, ten and a half inches tall; weighs 145 pounds, and is thirty-eight years old. Born in London.

If it hadn't been for the war, you'd probably never have heard of Leslie Howard, much less seen him at your favorite theater. For, after finishing private education, he went into the commercial world with no more idea of the stage than any other bank clerk, which was what he was when the war broke out.

Of course, he enlisted. Four years of it, and then he found himself contending with a few million other men for jobs. Business, after war, was too prosaic. He decided, for no reason at all except that he'd done a few bits in school theatricals, to be an actor. So he bothered agents until one of them got so annoyed that he hired Howard out to an English road show for about twenty dollars a week, in our money.

After playing in towns so small they didn't bother to put a dot on a map for them, Howard decided he'd rather be a metropolitan star, so he went back to London and bothered agents again until he got a small part in a London production.

AFTER that, his personality and natural ability lifted him out of the ruck and made him, today, one of the most sought-after leading men on both the stage and screen.

Ask him his recipe for success, ask him why he is where he is professionally, and he'll tell you very honestly that he'll be damned if he knows.

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He talks a lot, but quietly, and with a droll, dry humor that is frequently Rabelaisian but never goes over that faint border-line between what's funny and what isn't.

He hates to eat in restaurants, always shaves himself, and laments the fact that he's got a reputation for being a bit high-hat and up-stage.

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He Is Her Man!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

lugubrious way in a month of comic-strips.

And it's that love which would make Barbara Stanwyck leave us—her millions of recent admirers—without batting an eyelash, and would send her off hand in hand with her Frankie, even if he were going to tend a gas station in the Gobi Desert!

Small wonder that some love is to be feared with a deadly fear!

At any rate, when Broadway struck gold in talkified Hollywood in '29, Fay shouldered his pickaxe, kissed Broadway a long goodbye, and headed Westward toward the big money. And Barbara held him trustingly by the hand.

The red-hot drama began.

FAY went to Warners. A Broadway laddie-buck who hadn't seen a horse in twenty years, Frank was hoisted aboard one and put through "Under a Texas Moon." It was no go.

His company fairly lathered itself digging up stories for him, surrounding him with snappy casts and beautiful girls, pushing him toward some sort of hit. Every attempt to cash in on his undoubted talent for droll, flip wise-cracking fell with a faint plop into the limitless sea of public apathy.

The feeling grew that Fay, as far as talkies were concerned, was a prime and pithy floppo—a dismal dud of the saddest sort.

Nothing, it appeared, could be done.

The head men began to look down their suntanned noses at the Broadway boy.

And our beauty? Stanwyck broke upon us like a flash of red fire. We chronic cheerleaders for the new beauties and talents turned handsprings and cheers over her discovery in "Ladies of Leisure." I myself hurled into Broadway beating a tom-tom and screaming hallelujah, and was promptly clapped into the calaboose.

Contracted to Columbia, a dicker was made with Warners whereby she was to alternate between the two lots. Producers demanded her.

And Fay's ticket at Warners wore out. Word went over the grapevine telegraph that Barbara had stepped to the bat and announced that unless Frankie was re-signed, she would take her dollies and roller-skates into another yard to play.

Fay got a new contract.

And suddenly Broadway's favorite son was no longer the big shot of the family. Barbara's name passed from lip to lip—Fay's to appear written in red ink, and not gold.

Did this make any difference to Stanwyck? None—except that she seemed more devoted to her red-haired spouse than ever.

No Frankie, no fame—she announced it proudly, while Hollywood wondered and sighed.

Suddenly, Fay was really through on the Warner pasture. And Barbara announced her declaration of independence from Hollywood and all its weird works and ways. Due to start work on a picture at Columbia, she simply failed to show up at camera-time.

SOME people may say it's money-trouble. But the knowing ones will tell you, in all honesty, that the heart is talking and not the check book.

Barbara Stanwyck will have no part of a world where Frank Fay isn't chairman of the board of directors.

And that's that.

His eyes turn toward Broadway—Broadway with its familiar lights, its cheers for a pet wise-cracker, its well-known alleys, shops, beaneries and pals.

Fay evidently can't do without Broadway. Can Broadway do without him?

And here's where the sour note is struck—the sad thought smites the brain. For Fay

How To Really Get Rid Of Arm And Leg Hair

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A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply

spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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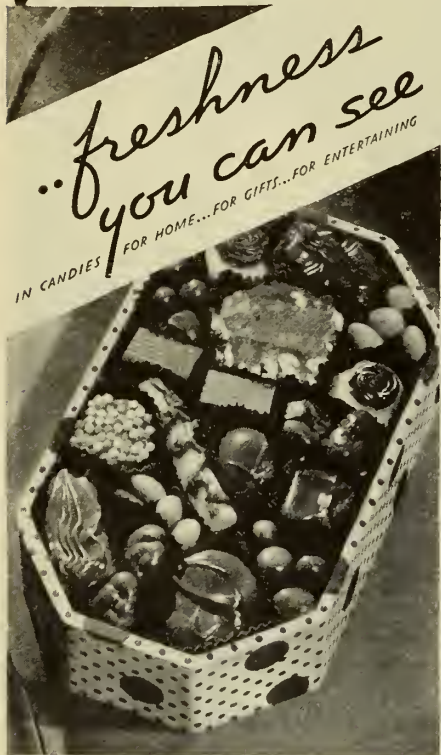


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came back to Broadway not long ago—back to the Strand Theater, across the way from the Palace, scene of his greatest triumphs.

He was to play a week of personal appearances with his own picture, "God's Gift to Women."

Imagine his anticipation of a great triumph on the lighted highway that's his happiest home!

AND he died—he and the picture both! Died on Broadway! I'll bet he can't believe it yet.

Audiences were sparse—his husky, rambling humors failed to carry across the orchestra pit, and they curled up and swooned in the foot-light trough.

It was too terrible. As a survivor, I know. It seemed that two years in Hollywood, away from his "wise crowd," had cooked Fay's goose to a turn.

And it is this to which Frank Fay, through in pictures, looks with longing!

Even if he leaves Hollywood, will Broadway take him back to its phony, forgetful heart?

So much for Fay's problem.

It's beautiful Barbara on whom our eyes are riveted.

Will she act the Old Testament story of Ruth all over again? Will she be the greatest female Don Quixote of the decade—giving in to love, and giving up her own life in the sunshine because a red-headed man pines for a roaring street 3,000 miles away?

I'll not baste another hem in peace until that's answered—nor will my thousands of fellow-members of The Stanwyck Cheering and Adoring Club, Unlimited!

Oh, I suppose giving up fame and fortune is her business!

But losing one of the screen's most luscious and promising stars is another horse. That is strictly *our* business! Please don't leave us, Barbara!

YET a small, gnawing feeling tells me that if Fay so much as waggles a forefinger, she will!

And some day, in a theater lobby or restaurant, we may see a beautiful girl looking up at a shock-headed fellow at her side. And our hearts will drop a stitch, and we'll say, "Look! There's Barbara Stanwyck!

"Haven't seen her for ages! Gosh—how beautiful!

"Do you remember?"



Three pictures in her three months in Hollywood. That's the record of this pretty five-year-old, Marilyn Knowlden. At present she is lending her curls and big blue eyes to "The Cisco Kid" at Fox

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The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Recently, I saw "A Free Soul." What a picture and what a cast! Norma, although her rôle was not outstanding, gave the same fine, sincere performance that she gave in "Strangers May Kiss." She never lets you down.

Her giggle is certainly unique. I adore it.
 NAOMI HOLTZ,
 Ellwood City, Penna.

A New Lad

At last they have given us a newcomer who is young, attractive, and has acting ability! Kent Douglass' splendid work in both "Paid" and "Five and Ten" could not have been bettered.

ELEANOR KEENAN,
 Atlanta, Ga.

Thrills or Sweet Romance?

There is not the slightest doubt that the smart, sophisticated phonoplays and gruesome gangster stories give us a thrill. But they lack realism due to the fact that few of us are gangsters and most of us, at the present time at least, are too busy earning an insufficient salary to be smart sophisticates.

Give us the charm, the simplicity and delightful love interest which characterize such pictures as "Daddy Long Legs."

CARL E. POPE,
 Calgary, Alta., Canada

Help! Can't we have something besides these gangster pictures? If we must have guns

and shooting, let's go to the good old Western pictures for our thrills.

DOROTHEA BOONE,
 Omaha, Neb.

Why all the howling about gangster pictures? Those who do not care for pictures of that type can purchase a ticket to a milder film. For my part, I prefer the picture depicting the life of the gangster. It takes me out of a monotonous, humdrum existence, into the center of a life of thrills and excitement.

MRS. H. C. SLEMMONS,
 San Diego, Calif.

Misleading Titles

Why are there so many lurid titles used for motion pictures? ("The Devil's Holiday," "Sin Takes a Holiday," "Up Pops the Devil," "The Doorway to Hell," etc.) And then the pictures generally have little or no relation to the title.

Often I stay away from what I learn later was a worth-while picture on account of its unattractive title.

MRS. M. O. WEIBY,
 Minneapolis, Minn.

Seymour

I went to see "This Modern Age" and there was lovely Joan Crawford in a stunning frock—one that I wanted for my vacation. But with only a fleeting glimpse of it I couldn't remember all the details.

So fancy how delighted I was when I got my PHOTOPLAY and discovered a photograph of the dress, described by that clever stylist, Seymour. And he even told me the correct accessories to wear with it!

My dressmaker copied the outfit in time for my vacation and I got many compliments on it.
 EVELYNE SAMPLE,
 Knoxville, Tenn.

Sidney—Holmes

In my opinion Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes make a more interesting team than Gaynor and Farrell.

IRVING C. BAKER,
 Springfield, Ohio

After seeing "Confessions of a Co-Ed" I am raving about Sylvia Sidney. She is different from any other girl on the screen.

What a partner Phillips Holmes makes. Here's hoping we see a lot of this grand pair.

MILDRED SABIN,
 Rutland, Ver.

Revive Old Ones

Why don't managers give us more revivals of the fine films of the past? A new generation hears much of such masterpieces as "The Covered Wagon," "The Four Horsemen," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and the Sarah Bernhardt films. They want to see them, yet have little opportunity to do so.

S. E. EHRENBERG,
 Minneapolis, Minn.

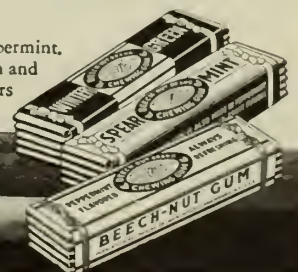
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The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

body knew where—for a half hour, an hour, perhaps two or three. He always returned with "Well, where were we?" Everybody jumped and we continued. He never carried cigarettes although he was a constant smoker. Instead he'd call out, "Give us a cigarette," and every man in the room would bound to him with a package in hand. Griffith would look over the assortment and pick a brand he wanted. Then there was another flurry with matches. It was a great honor to have Griffith choose your cigarette.

His actors worshipped him as if he had been a god. The men called him "Boss" and once I do believe that I heard Eugenie Besserer murmur "Master." Sometimes—he was a great showman and loved to act—he would get up and show one of us how a scene went. Upon these occasions the actors stood about, mouths opened, eyes aflame with admiration, and watched. I remember once he was doing the mother's rôle and, his long, horse-like face turned heavenwards, he called out, "My son, my son, can you hear me there in heaven? Say that you hear me—speak to me."

We were spellbound but I realize now that it was pretty bad, pretty melodramatic acting. As he finished, quite pleased with himself, he happened to glance at my mother. In spite of the fact that she thought I could be an actress, she has a grand sense of humor and she was amused at Griffith's acting and showed it in her eyes.

SENSITIVE, quick to see any play of emotion, Griffith realized that she knew it was phony.

He shrugged his shoulders sheepishly, "Well, it goes something like that," he said and sat down.

Along with the great beauty of which the man was capable there was also in him a strong Rabelaisian streak and a love of horse play. I

think that "Way Down East" was a perfect picture of the man. He had, by his supreme artistry, made those dull characters come alive (Lord! he had intensity and emotion upon the screen) but he had also let his love for vulgarity and horse play run rampant. "Broken Blossoms" was Griffith at his best.

ON another stage Dorothy Gish (she wore a black wig then—remember?) made comedies. They called this "the pep company." Elmer Clifton, who was later to direct "Down to the Sea in Ships," directed her, and Dick Barthelmess who was, so my mother said, "much too big for his breeches," played the lead. Dorothy had a temper and it was not an unusual sight to see her stomping through our stage muttering to herself, her thin, yellow hair wound round hairpins so the wig, which she had no doubt just thrown off, would fit closely. Griffith thought she was cute when she was annoyed and Miss Lillian adored her. She was so entirely different from Lillian (about whom there'll be more later on).

Once Griffith took his company into the projection room to see a picture Dorothy had just completed.

He sat there without smiling and, as the thing unfolded, he would say, "That's very funny," or "That is not so funny," or "Better do that over again. Make a note."

Dorothy seemed to feel that he did not like the picture and she left the projection room in tears, her heels clicking on the pavement.

Carol Dempster was always quiet. She used to say, "Mr. Griffith thinks I'm an actress, but I'm not. I'm only a dancer." She was quite right, of course, and it was Griffith who brought out of her the talent—such as it was—that she displayed on the screen.

But it was a different story with Clarine Seymour. Here was a great artist, a fluid little person with large, dark eyes and dark hair



Lillian Gish in Griffith's old tear-jerker, "The Greatest Question." The author of this story rehearsed that part, but Lillian played it. That was twelve years ago

standing at angles around her head. You remember her in "Scarlet Days," perhaps. She died, following a major operation, a year or so later. At the risk of sounding sentimental I say that of all the actresses Griffith discovered I believe Clarine Seymour had the most to give, that she had the keenest talent of them all. Unlike Gish she was an emotional, temperamental little person.

Bobby Harron was the sweetest of them all. Once Griffith said to my mother, "He is like a pure young girl. That boy has never done anything that you would not want your daughter to do." He died, or so they said, of a broken heart. He was in love with Dorothy but Dorothy couldn't see him.

On days when there were no rehearsals they used me for general handy man. I remember making an insert for some picture. The leading woman is supposed to grab a gun that has been thrown on the floor. A close-up of this action was made and it was my hand that grabbed the gun.

AND then came the word that Griffith was going to move to a studio in New York. I was very discouraged for, with rehearsals ended and "The Greatest Question" in production, he seemed to ignore my existence completely. I used to go to the studio and see him come off the set, but I was too foolish and too timid to ask him anything.

I decided, therefore, that I had not pleased him, that my great career was over, that as an actress I was a failure. And, afraid of hearing these truths, I kept silent. So I went home one day, packed the picture hat, wiped off the sickly smile and we moved to another part of town, without leaving a forwarding address. If there'd been a river handy I'd have jumped in. But Hollywood is an arid land so I bore my sorrow and my failure.

In the papers I read that Griffith had moved to New York. That chapter of my life was ended. I would not be a D. W. Griffith discovery. There was only one small ray of hope. Once Griffith had given me letters of introduction to Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who were not married to each other at the time. I decided that when my eyes were not so red and I could smile again I'd present them.

Griffith was gone and I was a failure.

Many, many years later I walked into Harry

October Birthdays

- October 1—Alice Joyce
- October 2—Rita LaRoy
- October 3—Claude Allister, Warner Oland
- October 4—Buster Keaton, Carroll Nye
- October 5—Kathryn Crawford
- October 6—Janet Gaynor, Carole Lombard
- October 7—Jack Mulhall
- October 8—Edythe Chapman
- October 9—Marjorie Beebe, Jeanette Loff
- October 10—Harry Richman
- October 11—Lowell Sherman
- October 12—Karl Dane
- October 13—Irene Rich
- October 14—Lillian Gish
- October 15—Ina Claire
- October 16—Rex Bell, Molly O'Day
- October 17—Jean Arthur, Marian Marsh
- October 18—Miriam Hopkins
- October 20—Evelyn Brent, Bela Lugosi, Marian Nixon, Purnell Pratt
- October 21—Lloyd Hughes
- October 22—Mitzi Green, James Hall
- October 23—Sally O'Neil, Lilyan Tashman
- October 24—Gilda Gray
- October 25—Polly Ann Young
- October 26—Jackie Coogan, H. B. Warner
- October 27—John Boles
- October 28—Hugh Trevor
- October 29—Fanny Brice, Charles Chase
- October 30—Sue Carol

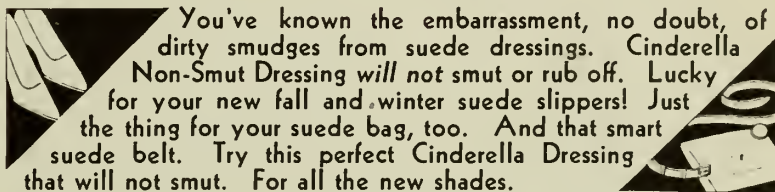


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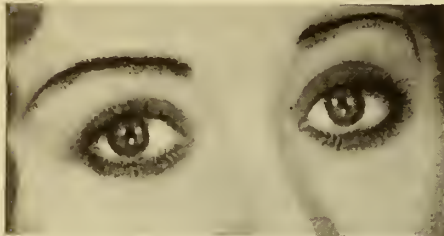
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*Joan Blondell

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---MARY T. GOLDMAN---
2432 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Carr's office (he was then the Sunday editor of the *Los Angeles Times*) to try to sell him a story I'd written. "I know you," he said, "I know your face."

I knew that I'd never met him and said so. "Wait a minute," he went on, "I've seen you. You caused me a lot of trouble. I was looking for you. Wait—I've got it. Did you ever know D. W. Griffith?"

I nodded.

"HOLY cats! It all comes back. Griffith wanted to take you to New York with him when he moved his studios to Mamaroneck. He said you were a find, a big bet, but when he'd finished shooting 'The Greatest Question' and he sent for you, you'd moved and left no address.

"He sent for me—I was working for him at the time—had your tests run off. He told me to find you. You'd done some swell work for him, something about splashing in a mud puddle or throwing an apple peeling over your shoulder in a rehearsal. He said you were natural, just what he wanted. And he gave me hell when I couldn't find you.

"I looked everywhere for you and I watched your test over and over again so I'd know your face and grab you if I ever happened to see you on the streets. And now here you are—too late. Let me see that story you've got there."

Next month the letters to Pickford and to Fairbanks are presented, and I get a job at the old Metro Studios—now abandoned and considered an abode of stellar ghosts by the natives of Hollywood. There I meet Nazimova, May Allison, Viola Dana, Buster Keaton and others. I'll tell you about it in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Why One Marriage Failed!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

it was. What everybody *didn't* know was that this marriage of two supreme individualists came within a case ace of being a star-spangled, 180-proof success!

Seldom have two human molecules been as strongly attracted as were John Gilbert and Ina Claire.

For the first time in his mad career, Jack discovered the charms of a first-rate mind in a beautiful woman. He hadn't the faintest notion that such a combination existed. As for Ina, nobody had ever told her that a man, famous, mature in years and handsome of person, could have the spirits and humors of a well-fed freshman.

Why, they caught fire like a drought hayfield!

THEY were as mad—as goofy—about each other as two people can be and not blow up. Boy, I saw them a week after the wedding, and I know!

Then, too, they had much in common. Both were ace figures in the world of public entertainment.

They spoke the same language fairly fluently. They had some mutual friends.

That was all very well and good, and I was a sucker and took some of the long-shot money. I had a hunch the thing might come off, and I played it.

They are both such swell people—I figured that each could sink a little of their enormous egos for the common good, and make a merry match of it.

You give a little—I'll give a little—that's the way the marriage racket goes.

But I was a boob. What I'd forgotten was



\$3,000 RING found in bath tub

THIS departing guest was frantic: A \$3,000 diamond ring lost—and he couldn't wait to look for it. With agony in his voice, he called the United Manager. Three hours go by. The guest has gone, but the manager is still on the job.

A wild idea—the Manager pokes a flash-light down the bath tub drain—there's a faint sparkle—plumbers arrive, the drain gives up a \$3,000 ring.

Another true story proving that United Managers do the impossible in finding lost articles. This extra service costs the hotel money? Yes, but what of it. Extra service is taken for granted at United Hotels, just like larger rooms per dollar—and handy garage accommodations.

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- TRENTON, N. J. The Stacy-Trent
- HARRISBURG, PA. The Penn-Harris
- ALBANY, N. Y. The Ten Eyck
- SYRACUSE, N. Y. The Onondaga
- ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Seneca
- NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
- ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
- AKRON, OHIO The Portage
- FLINT, MICH. The Durant
- KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
- TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
- SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youre
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
- TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
- NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
- WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
- KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. The Constant Spring



that they were too old to give and not take. Ina was set in her imperious, queenly ways—Jack, moody and ego-centric and a bit mad, in his'n.

I lost my dough. I don't mind that so much, in spite of hard times. What I do mind is that two charming people let me and twenty million others down flat.

And consarn and dingbust it, I'm sorry for their sakes, for two more interesting folks never flipped a fifty.

AHOY and avast, mates—two self-centered units couldn't combine, that was all. They'd passed years of marital discretion.

Ina found herself, once the moonlight had worn off, hitched to an impetuous, dizzy schoolboy who laughed, pouted and raved by turns.

And Jack, to his dismay, discovered that in the palace of Ina Claire, queen of New York's uptown wits, there was room for only one throne—and that was hers.

The wonder isn't that they split in a few months. The wonder is that they didn't beat each other's brains out.

For the big egos simply wouldn't give in—and the Devil chuckled and chalked up another goose-egg on the matrimonial scoreboard!

Well, being regular people and not Hollywood monkeys like a lot I could name (and would for a couple of rubles), both have behaved mighty well.

Ina mildly filed suit for divorce, charging good old "mental cruelty," which means anything from pouting at breakfast to eating soda crackers in bed. Jack, like a little major, said nothing.

Ina intimated that some of the mental cruelty consisted in Jack's saying that she was "too intelligent."

That's the tipoff. I can picture it—can't you? Jack, raging and storming, and the glacial, self-possessed Ina answering him with unanswerable logic and not emotional tornadoes. Why, that's the answer in the shell of a nut, and a small one at that! The stormy Gilbert just hasn't any answers for the mental machine-gunning of a girl like Claire. It's nothing against him.

I dare say there's hardly a man alive who could go up against Ina at her rapier-like best and finish better than second!

No financial settlement. No raised voices, no rancour. No cheap publicity. Neither really needs the other's dollarinos. Gilbert has raked in a million dollars worth of blue chips from Metro in the last two years, at \$10,000 a week, and Ina's been in the big money since she put up her hair.

It was all very nice, and quiet.
And what now?

OH, Ina will get along great. She always has and always will. Jack's contract is up this fall, and his fate is in doubt. There's been a lot of boloney about the worthlessness of his talkie voice.

It's all right! He gave a grand performance in "Gentleman's Fate," and he'll give plenty more before he's washed up and ready for the Actor's Home.

A fine actor. They'll go just dandy in single harness.

And here's a hunch. Jack, behaving beautifully in Hollywood, is reliably reported to be still hunting for a woman with the charm, beauty and intelligence of Ina Claire.

Isn't it heart-breaking that they couldn't make it go?

No little baby-faced nitwit with the mind of a stuffed doll is going to satisfy Gilbert from now on. He's lived with the best!

Well, good luck, sweet people! It's all a darned shame.

But if you'll excuse a little personality, my sorrow is not unmixed with hope. There may be a chance for me, once more. Even my worst friends know that I've been in love with Ina Claire for years!

62^d Prize

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compton and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures. Risible but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (Aug.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WILD HORSE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WILD WEST WHOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathé.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY—Headline Prod.—Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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Falling Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

Robert Yore, her new leading man before she became aware of him. She wouldn't have even then but for Sam Alwein—and Lili Hajos.

Lili had turned in another good picture. Segne Cleve saw it the night it was previewed at the Alexander Theater, in Glendale. She recognized it as better than good. It probably would be hailed as one of the Ten Best of the Year. The Hungarian, Segne recognized as she sat alone in the darkness of the theater, had developed amazingly. And the story and direction were both excellent.

She had no personal feelings about either the picture or the actress, beyond a faint interest. Her presence at the preview was an accident. The Alexander, far removed from Hollywood as it was, happened to be one of her favorite spots. She was so safe from any chance of being recognized in her tweed disguise.

But the next morning when she arrived in her dressing-room to make up, her maid said:

"MR. YORE has been here twice this morning. He wants to see you. He says it's awful important."

"Mr. Yore?" The name meant nothing to her.

"Yes. Your leading man. He's all excited." And as a timid knock sounded on the door, "I guess that's him now."

"Show him in," Segne ordered and sat down at her make-up table.

Robert Yore was tall, dark and slim. His brown eyes were soft. He had a tiny mustache. His smile was appealing. But he wasn't smiling now.

"Miss Cleve," he plunged, "I've got to know why I've been unsatisfactory to you. I know I'm not well known. When I got the part, I knew it was the opportunity of a lifetime. Every actor prays for the chance to act opposite you. And I thought I was doing all right till this morning—"

She motioned for him to stop.

"Sit down, please," she said and picked up a cigarette and accepted the light he offered.

"What about this morning?"

In the act of sitting down, he stared at her. "Why, I was notified that I've been taken out of the part." Tears welled in his eyes. "It wouldn't have been so bad if I had never been given it. But to get it and then have it taken away—why, Miss Cleve, I'll never get another chance in pictures. I'll be branded as a flop."

She eyed him levelly through the smoke of her cigarette. There was something about him that made her think of Padraic Westbrook.

Padraic, soul brother of Pan and Puck, and Pandora, their sister—

"There has been a mistake," she told him, "I'm sure. Don't worry about it. You'll play the part."

He thanked her effusively, almost tearfully—which threatened to destroy the illusion. Padraic never thanked anybody for anything. When he went away, she sent for John Broadwell.

"WHAT'S the idea of taking the part away from Mr. Yore?" she asked him.

"It's Mr. Alwein's," he told her. "He saw Lili Hajos' new picture last night and he thought Yore was too light to play opposite you." Broadwell grinned. "He told me you needed every bit of help Mammoth can give you."

John Broadwell watched her, smiling. He expected an explosion. But she gave no sign. She sat there in her old tweed suit and blue beret, smoking her cigarette. She took a long last pull and tamped it out in the ash tray. Then she got up from her seat.



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"Tell Mr. Alwein," she said, "that Mr. Yore is just the help I need. And I don't appreciate Mr. Alwein's at all. As a casting director, he's a splendid general manager—maybe. And I don't feel like working today. And Lili Hajos holds onto her lines too long. And I'm not going to argue with him. When he decides to put Mr. Yore back, tell him to send me a telegram. Until then, he can go to blazes."

Sam Alwein quivered with indignation when he got her message. What? One of his actresses refusing to do what he told her? Get Miss Cleve on the telephone. He'd talk to her himself. But he didn't. A booming and emotionless Swedish voice burst out of the receiver with the information that, "Miss Cleve is busy. No, she won't talk to Mr. Alwein. She says to tell him to send her a telegram."

Sam Alwein sent the telegram. Segne Cleve, glancing over it indifferently, held it in her hand and wondered what it was about Robert Yore that reminded her of Padraic Westbrook.

* * *

IN the morning, when Hilda laid out the old tweed suit, the battered blue beret and the walking shoes, Segne Cleve eyed them distastefully.

"I'm tired of those rags," she said. "Find me something soft and feminine."

Robert Yore's gratitude pleased her. When he spoke, softly and humbly, she smiled and told herself that he looked and acted enough like Padraic to have been his twin. Which was sheer delusion. Yore no more resembled Padraic than a parrot does an eagle. It was a symptom of the love that hit her suddenly like a bolt from the blue sky of her casual indifference.

And it was characteristic of Yore that he grasped the fact immediately and proceeded to take advantage of it.

Segne Cleve in love with Robert Yore! He saw his name in lights on the Main Street of every town in the world.

So a new Segne Cleve appeared in Hollywood. She was a well-groomed Segne Cleve, rising out of the heap that was her old tweed suit.

She was a sociable Segne Cleve, who entertained and went places to openings and things. Never, it is true, alone. Always with Robert Yore, her leading man.

What was the use, asked Robert Yore of his image in the glass, as he admired the arch of his own eyebrows, of having a woman fall for you, if you couldn't advertise her fall?

Especially when the woman was Segne Cleve!

Certainly they went places. Every place that it was good for Robert Yore to be.

It was thus she learned what a celebrity she was. She encountered the silent, awesome pause that greeted her every entrance, the strong flattery of her charms and her position as the screen's greatest actress, the mirror of her beautiful self in the eyes of others. And she savoured the sweetness of it all and craved even more of it.

The happy, warm, animated beauty of a woman in love flowered from the bud that had been Segne Cleve's cold, taciturn and indifferent self.

EARLY one Sunday morning, Segne Cleve, in a green sports costume, and Robert Yore, sped southward in her new, shiny sports roadster toward Santa Monica for a look and a breath of her beloved sea.

She swung the roadster off the highway into a parking place from which they could see miles of beach, and beyond it the restless ocean.

Mackerel clouds scudded across the blue sky. Graceful gray gulls rose and soared and glided down to be cradled in the waves.

"Darling," she whispered, "isn't it beautiful? Are you very, very sure you love me?"

Robert Yore took her hand (Padraic West-

brook would have glared at her) and reverently kissed it.

"I never knew what love was," he said, "till I met you." (Padraic would have snarled, "Hell, yes!" But Robert *did* look like Padraic.) "I would give my life for you," went on Robert.

"KISS me, then," she said, and closed her eyes so that Robert Yore might for an instant become Padraic Westbrook.

He kissed her lingeringly, and sighed. "You're gorgeous!" he murmured. "You're as wonderful a woman as you are an actress. I wish I dared say something to you."

"What is it, dear?"
"It's about Broadwell, your director. Segne, you let him get away with murder. He's taking the kick out of our biggest scenes. He keeps me in the background. Of course, I realize I'm only a foil for you. You're what the people want to see. But the more love-making I do, the more thrill the audience will get. After all, I'm the man and the man should dominate."

Segne Cleve shuddered and reluctantly opened her eyes and gazed seaward. She was furiously angry. What did it matter how a scene was played? It was nothing but make-believe. And Robert had a peculiar idea of the fitness of things. Of all times to bring up business, he had to choose the moment he had just kissed her. She turned and looked at him, anger glowing icily in her eyes. But his eyes were full of her.

"I'm only telling you for your own good," he said. "You'll forgive me, won't you? Segne, I hate to see anyone taking advantage of you."

Of course. She smiled and patted his hand. He was right. She could see, now that he called her attention to it, that John Broadwell was bungling. She would take it up with him in the morning.

She looked out over the sea and her gaze was wistful. Padraic, she thought, would never think of anything but love when he was making love.

Padraic was so concentrated. But Padraic was dead—

* * *

WHEN she sauntered onto the stage the next morning, she was dynamite swathed in silk. But John Broadwell did not know that. The scene they were to shoot was the pivotal scene of the story, the one in which she would lure the hero to her apartment and make love to him, reclining on a divan.

John Broadwell, watching her as she walked onto the set wrapped in her sheer, daring negligée, knew he had never seen her look so beautiful. The halo of her blonde hair seemed alive.

Her eyes were slumbrous, her full lips trembled as if on the verge of surrender, her walk was undulating.

When she took her place on the divan, every line of her body was accentuated by her silken costume.

And Robert Yore was a perfect foil. He was probably the handsomest actor in Hollywood. And the weakness so apparent in his face would help to put over the fact that he was easy game for her, something his acting could never do. Yore, Broadwell realized with awe, was probably the worst actor he had ever directed.

"All right," he said, "let's walk through it. You know the lines and the business. Miss Cleve, you don't care anything for this man. But you want him to think you do. Just the hint of emotion. You're promising him. But, when he kisses you, your feelings get out of control. Let's go."

And the dynamite exploded. Before the startled eyes of the director, the players awaiting their cues, the electricians and the "grips," Segne Cleve and Robert Yore played that scene so amateurishly and grotesquely that it looked and sounded like a cruel burlesque.

Segne Cleve's bosom heaved. Her eye widened. Her mouth spread in a silly smirk. Her voice was babyish.

She acted like a fifty-year-old woman trying to pass for sixteen.

YORE struck attitudes, his dialogue was declaimed in chest tones. He was the conquering male.

So terrible was the performance that John Broadwell got angry.

"Cut out the horse-play," he barked. "Play the scene right. Let's try it again."

They tried it again and this time they were even worse. Gradually it dawned upon the director that they were both serious. His anger increased.

"Miss Cleve," his voice was soft and cutting. "You're too old a trouper to play any scene that way. It's ridiculous. Let me show you."

Segne Cleve sat up and pulled her negligée about her.

"You're bungling the picture," she declared coldly. "People have noticed it. Now I'm through taking your direction. I'm through taking anybody's direction. For four years I've been living the way a cracked artist told me to live. He taught me that an actor was nothing but a sounding board, a monkey-on-a-stick that danced when somebody pulled the string. He said that was all an actor was good for. He made me believe that it didn't matter what happened to me as long as I got the message of beauty across."

Her voice grew suddenly shrill. "He lied! I'm more than a monkey-on-a-stick! I'm a human being! And the things that happen to me are the only things that matter. Nothing else is important. From now on, I'm playing my scenes as I feel them. And if you don't want to direct me, someone else will!"

John Broadwell stared at her, open-mouthed. He looked at Robert Yore and saw the faint sneer on his face that betrayed the conspirator who has inveigled someone else into saying the thing he doesn't dare say himself. He knew that Segne Cleve thought she was in love with this ham actor, who was taking advantage of her love.

"Okay, Miss Cleve." He at length broke the stunned silence. "We'll shoot it as you feel it from now on. Lights."

* * *

IT percolated through the Mammoth walls. It permeated into other studios. It rose in a miasmic mist, like poison gas, along the boulevards, that "Lovers and Sons" was going to be a flop and Segne Cleve's long reign as a star was over.

Lili Hajos, the Hungarian, the gossip had it, would take her place.

Segne Cleve, herself, heard it in several places, but she merely shrugged her shoulders. Of course, it wasn't true. And even if it were, it wasn't important. She was sick of work. In a month or so, when they were through shooting on the picture, she and Robert were going down to Palm Springs to forget it.

One morning, made up early, she slipped down to Robert Yore's dressing-room to surprise him with a kiss before the day's work began.

She paused, her hand raised to knock, for Robert was speaking passionately.

"You're gorgeous!" he was saying. "I never knew what love was till I met you!"

"But Segne Cleve?" a woman's voice asked. "What about her?"

"Oh, Segne Cleve," said Robert scornfully. "I can't help it if she's in love with me. But I'd be a fool to throw away my chances. The whole picture swings around me now. I'll be playing opposite Lili Hajos next. And then I'll be starred. Kiss me, hon. Please—"

Very softly she returned to her dressing-room and sat down and lit a cigarette. She felt as though she had been awakened from

a sound sleep by a bucket of cold water. But she had awakened sane—and indifferent. So Robert Yore had been using her. Well, that was fair enough.

She didn't blame him. Hollywood was Hollywood.

Thinking of Hollywood, she felt a faint dart of fear. They thought she was through. Looking back on the last two weeks, she remembered the look in their eyes. That expectant look, like that of a wolf pack waiting for its trapped prey to weaken and sink to the ground. Or Hollywood screen players, watching the inevitable downward swoop of a falling star.

MAYBE she had failed. No, she believed they could still save "Lovers and Sons." When the assistant director knocked at her door to call her on set, she told him to send John Broadwell to her.

"I'll be good," she smiled at him when he came in and stood looking uncertainly at her. "Was I pretty awful, John?" Her indifferent gaze did not attempt to evade his.

"So you are all over it!" He grinned slowly. "I'll say you were awful! 'Lovers and Sons' is just about a mess. Gee, Segne, I waited a long time for you to snap out of it. I was beginning to think you never would. We'll have to spend about a month on retakes."

"You're the boss, John, from now on. They've got me buried already in this town. You've got to dig me out. I'm about due for a resurrection."

Robert Yore was beside himself. No one consulted him about the retakes. The first he knew of them was when he got orders to change his costume for a retake of the scene in which she makes love to him. He strode into her dressing-room.

"Look here, Segne!" he stormed, "what's the idea of retaking that scene? It was perfect. Why, in it I did some of the best work of my career!"

Segne took a puff on her cigarette and smiled at him through its smoke.

"About that career of yours, Robert," she said thoughtfully, "with your looks and your idea of what women owe you, I'd say it lay among the yearning wealthy women of New York, or London, or Paris, or Berlin—or even Hollywood. You see, Robert," her low voice crackled like a bull whip, "I overheard you talking to that woman in your dressing-room this morning."

* * *

ROBERT YORE, like many men before him, learned that the woman he had held so lightly was the thing he wanted most in all the world, the thing he could not do without.

But his chances were gone—forever. He had this burned into him as he worked in "Lovers and Sons," to the end which was so triumphant for her and so bitter for him.

The night the first-night audience rose cheering at the picture's close, proclaiming it Segne Cleve's greatest, he slunk away and sought refuge in a swanky speakeasy on Sunset Boulevard.

Leaving it at three in the morning, he staggered in front of a taxicab and suddenly found all his problems solved and his heartache soothed—in death.

At noon Segne Cleve, lolling in her negligée in her bedroom, picked the morning paper out of the mound of congratulatory telegrams, and read of his passing. She stared at the purple hills for a long time, calm, emotionless.

"Hilda," she ordered at last, "I want my old tweed suit and the blue beret, the wool stockings and my walking shoes. And my felt hat."

And, when the grim, silent Swedish woman had laid them out for her, she said, "You know, Hilda, an actor is just a sounding board—a monkey-on-a-stick that dances when someone pulls the strings. It doesn't matter what happens to you or me as long as we get the message of beauty across."

"Yah," said Hilda, who didn't know at all.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"AGE FOR LOVE, THE"—CADDÖ.—Story by Ernest Pascal. Adaptation by Ernest Pascal. Dialogue by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: *Jean Hurd*, Billie Dove; *Dudley Crone*, Charles Starrett; *Sylvia Pearson*, Lois Wilson; *Horace Keats*, Edward Everett Horton; *Nina Donnel*, Mary Duncan; *Jess Aldrich*, Adrian Morris; *Dot Aldrich*, Betty Ross Clarke; *Floyd Evans*, Jed Prouty; *Elevator*, Joan Standing; *Mr. Pearson*, Charles Sellon; *Annie*, Alice Moe; *The Poet*, Andre Beranger; *Grace*, Vivian Oakland; *Jules*, Count Pierre De Ramey; *Pamela*, Cecil Cunningham.

"BRANDED"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Randall Faye. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Tom Dale*, Buck Jones; *Lou*, Ethel Kenyon; *Starell*, Wallace MacDonald; *First Sheriff*, Philo McCullough; *Moore*, Al Smith; *Suede*, John Oscar; *Tex*, Bob Kortman; *Second Sheriff*, Fred Burns.

"BUSINESS AND PLEASURE"—FOX.—From the novel "The Plutoerat" by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by William Conselman and Gene Towne. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Earl Tinker*, Will Rogers; *Mme. Momora*, Jetta Goudal; *Lawrence Ogle*, Joel McCrea; *Mrs. Tinker*, Dorothy Peterson; *Olivia Tinker*, Peggy Ross; *Arthur Jones*, Cyril Ring; *Wackstle*, Jed Prouty.

"DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sax Rohmer. Screen play by Lloyd Corrigan and Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Ling Moy*, Anna May Wong; *Fu Manchu*, Warner Oland; *Ah Kee*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Ronald Pebie*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Joan Marshall*, Frances Dade; *Sir John*, Holmes Herbert; *Morloff*, Nicholas Soussanin.

"EXPRESS 13"—UFA.—From the story by Rudolph Katscher and Egon Eis. Directed by Alfred Zeisler. The cast: *Herbert Schmitt*, Heinz Koenecke; *Ella*, his wife, Fee Maltzen; *Dorit*, a mysterious blonde; *Charlotte Susa*; *Slick Urban*, Ludwig Anderson; *Gaspar*, Chief of the Political Police, Alfred Beierle; *Terry*, his Assistant, Victor Schwannecke.

"FANNY FOLEY HERSELF"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Fanny Foley*, Edna May Oliver; *Seely*, Hobart Bosworth; *Lucy*, Florence Roberts; *Carmen*, Rochelle Hudson; *Lenore*, Helen Chandler; *Teddy*, John Darrow; *Burns*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Crosby*, Harry O. Stubbs.

"FRIENDS AND LOVERS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Maurice de Kobra. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Captain Roberts*, Adolphe Menjou; *Alva Sangrilo*, Lily Damita; *Lieut. Nichols*, Laurence Olivier; *Victor Sangrilo*, Eric Von Stroheim; *McNellis*, Hugh Herbert; *General Armstrong*, Frederick Kerr; *Lady Alice*, Blanche Frederic; *Ivanhoff*, Vadim Uraneff; *Non Com*, Lal Chand Mehra; *French Maid*, Yvonne D'Arcy; *French Bar-maid*, Kay Deslys; *English Bar-maid*, Dorothy Wolbert.

"GAY DIPLOMAT, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the screen play by Benn W. Levy. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Diana Dorchy*, Genevieve Tobin; *Baroness Corri*, Betty Compton; *Captain Orloff*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Elinis*, Ilka Chase; *Colonel Gorin*, Purnell Pratt; *Natalie*, Rita La Roy; *Gamble*, Colin Campbell; *Ambassador*, Edward Martindel; *The Suave Man*, Arthur Edmund Carew.

"GRAFT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Dusky*, Regis Toomey; *Constance*, Sue Carol; *Pearl*, Dorothy Revier; *Terry*, Boris Karloff; *Thomas*, William Davidson; *Harrison*, Richard Tucker; *Scudder*, Willard Robertson; *Speed*, Harold Goodwin; *Hall*, George Irving; *Secretary*; Carmelita Geraghty.

"GUARDSMAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Ferenc Molnar. Adapted by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *The Actor*, Alfred Lunt; *The Actress*, Lynn Fontanne; *The Critic*, Roland Young; *Liesl*, ZaSu Pitts; *"Mama"*, Maude Eburne; *A Creditor*, Herman Bing.

"HARD HOMBRE, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Peaceful Patton*, Hoot Gibson; *Senora Martinez*, Lina Basquette; *Senora Romero*, Matilde Comont; *Mrs. Patton*, Jessie Arnold; *Joe Barlow*, G. Raymond Nye; *Sheriff*, Christian Frank; *Ade*, Jack Byron; *Hard Hombre*, Frank Winkleman; *Juan*, Fernando Ealvez; *Maw*, Rose Gore; *Slim*, Bill Robbins.

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mark Twain. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by

Norman Taurog. The cast: *Tom Sawyer*, Jackie Coogan; *Huckleberry Finn*, Junior Durkin; *Becky Thatcher*, Mitzl Green; *Sid Sawyer*, Jackie Searl; *Jim*, Clarence Muse; *Aunt Polly*, Clara Blandick; *Widow Douglas*, Jane Darwell; *Junior*, Eugene Pallette; *Senior*, Oscar Apfel; *Finn*, Warner Richmond; *Mary Jane*, Charlotte V. Henry; *Ella*, Doris Short; *Miss Minnie Walden*, Lillian Harner; *Mrs. Thatcher*, Cecil Weston; *Judge Thatcher*, Guy Oliver; *Abigail Prentice*, Aileen Manning; *Male Teacher*, Frank McGlynn.

"IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE"—UFA.—Adapted by Robert Liebmann and Karl Hartl. Directed by Gustav Ucicky. The cast: *Anna*, Liane Haid; *Hans Ritter*, Gustav Frohlich; *Franz Lechner*, H. A. Schlettow; *Reisleitner*, Karl Gerhardt; *Temor*, Cavara.

"LARCENY LANE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Bert*, James Cagney; *Ann*, Joan Blondell; *Dan*, Louis Calhern; *Helen*, Noel Francis; *Joe*, Ray Milland; *Jewelry Salesman*, Guy Kibbee; *Peggy*, Polly Walters; *Motor Cop*, Nat Pendleton; *Bell-hop*, Ray Cooke; *Lee*, Walter Percival.

"LAST FLIGHT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "Single Lady" by John Monk Saunders. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle. The cast: *Cary Lockwood*, Richard Barthelmess; *Bill Talbot*, John Mack Brown; *Nikki*, Helen Chandler; *The Outsider*, Frink, Walter Byron; *Francis*, Elliott Nugent; *Shep Lambert*, David Manners.

"MEN ARE LIKE THAT" (also shown under the title "Arizona")—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Augustus Thomas. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Evelyn*, Laura La Plante; *Denion*, John Wayne; *Bonita*, June Clyde; *Colonel Bonham*, Forrest Stanley; *Conchita*, Nena Quartaro; *Dol*, Susan Fleming; *Peggy*, Loretta Sayers; *Hank*, Hugh Cumings.

"MONKEY BUSINESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. J. Perleman and Will B. Johnstone. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Groucho*, Groucho Marx; *Harpo*, Harpo Marx; *Chico*, Chico Marx; *Zeddo*, Zeppo Marx; *Lucille*, Thelma Todd; *Gibson*, the First Male, Tom Kennedy; *Mary Helton*, Ruth Hall; *Joe Helton*, Rockcliffe Fellows; *Capt. Corcoran*, Ben Taggart; *Second Male*, Otto Fries; *Manicurist*, Evelyn Pierce; *Opera Singer*, Maxine Castle; *Briggs*, Harry Woods.

"MOTHER AND SON"—MONOGRAM PROD.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *"Faro" Lil*, the Mother, Clara Kimball Young; *Jeff Payton*, the Son, Bruce Warren; *Joe Connors*, Gordon Wood; *Maurine Winfield*, Mildred Golden; *Mr. Winfield*, John Elliott; *Jameson*, Ernest Hilliard; *Faro Dealer*, "Steamboat" Simon; *A Broker*, Thomas A. Curran; *A Barber*, "Cheyenne" Musselman.

"MURDER AT MIDNIGHT"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by W. Scott Darling. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Montrose*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Kennedy*, Aileen Pringle; *Inspector Taylor*, Robert Elliott; *Grayson*, Leslie Fenton; *Millie Scripps*, Alice White; *Lawrence*, Brandon Hurst; *Aunt Julia*, Clara Blandick; *Colton*, William Humphries; *Mr. Kennedy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Channing*, Robert Ellis.

"PALMY DAYS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Eddie Cantor, Morrie Ryskind and David Freedman. Continuity by Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Eddie Simpson*, Eddie Cantor; *Helen Martin*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Joan Clark*, Barbara Weeks; *Mr. Clark*, Spencer Charters; *Steele*, Paul Page; *Yolando*, Charles Middleton; *Cake Eater*, Walter Catlett; *Plug Moynihan*, Harry Woods; *Joe*, George Raft.

"PARDON US"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Supervised by Hal Roach. Directed by James Parrott. The cast: *Stan*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver*, Oliver Hardy; *Warden*, Wilfred Lucas; *Tiget*, Walter Long; *Warden's Daughter*, June Marlowe; *Instructor*, James Finlayson.

"PRIVATE SCANDAL, A"—HEARLINE PROD.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by C. Hutchison. The cast: *Mary Gale*, Marian Nixon; *Daniel Treve*, Lloyd Hughes; *Rita Grey*, Lucille Powers; *Mathew Grey*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Honest John*, Walter Hiers; *Count Raymond d'Alencourt*, Fletcher Norton; *"Eddie"*, Eddie Phillips; *George*, George Wells.

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE"—WARNERS.—Based on the play by Roland Pertwee. Story by Denise Robins. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Hugh Dawtry*, William Powell; *Phillips*, Doris Kenyon; *Rene*, Marian Marsh; *Mrs. Wey-Smith*, Allison Skipworth; *Wey-Smith*, Lumsden Hare; *Dr. George March*, Louis Calhern; *Mrs. Everard*, Ethel

Griffies; *Mr. Eucard*, Arthur Clayton; *Dr. Muir*, A. E. Anson; *Simpson*, Douglas Gerrard; *Duckworth*, H. Reynolds; *Reginald*, Colin Campbell; *Khan*, Amar N. Sharma; *Ali*, Huspin Ansari; *Nikki*, Tyrrell Davis; *Ayah*, Margaret Martin.

"SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"—M-G-M.—From the story by George Landy and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Jules White and Zion Myers. The cast: *Harmon*, Buster Keaton; *Margie*, Anita Page; *Poggy*, Cliff Edwards; *Butch*, Frank Rowan; *Clipper*, Norman Phillips, Jr.; *Sergeant*, Frank La Rue; *Judge*, Oscar Apfel; *Mulvaney*, Sid Saylor; *Lefty*, Clark Marshall.

"SILENCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Jim Warren*, Clive Brook; *Molly Burke*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Mrs. Powers*, Peggy Shannon; *Norma Powers*, Peggy Shannon; *Arthur Lawrence*, Charles Starrett; *Harry Silvers*, John Wray; *Phil Powers*, Willard Robertson.

"SKYLINE"—FOX.—Based on the novel "East Side—West Side" by Felix Riensberg. Screen play by Kenyon Nicholson and Dudley Nichols. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Jim McClellan*, Thomas Meighan; *John Breen*, Hardie Albright; *Kathleen Kearny*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Captain Breen*, Stanley Fields; *Mike Kearny*, Jack Kennedy; *Paula Lambert*, Myrna Loy; *Jerry Gaige*, Donald Dillaway; *Mrs. Kearny*, Alice Ward; *Judge West*, Robert McWade; *Una*, Elda Vokel; *Rose Breen*, Dorothy Peterson; *Gilroy*, Lee Shumway; *Catfish*, Willie Best.

"SMART WOMAN"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Nancy's Private Affair" by Myron C. Fagan. Adapted by Salisbury Fields. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Nancy*, Mary Astor; *Don*, Robert Ames; *Bill*, Edward Everett Horton; *Peggy*, Noel Francis; *Sally*, Ruth Weston; *Sir Guy*, John Halliday; *Mrs. Peterson*, Gladys Gale; *Brooks*, Alfred Cross; *Ellen*, Pearl Varvelle; *Mrs. Windleweaver*, Lillian Harner.

"SPIDER, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano. Continuity by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Chatrand*, Edmund Lowe; *Beverly Lane*, Lois Moran; *Alexander*, Howard Phillips; *Carrington*, Earle Foxe; *Ole*, El Brendel; *The Kid*, Kendall McComas; *Estelle*, Manya Roberti; *Tommy*, John Arledge; *Dr. Blackstone*, George E. Stone; *Inspector Riley*, Purnell Pratt; *Butch*, William Pawley; *Goldberg*, Jesse DeVorska; *Schmidt*, Warren Hymers; *Mrs. Wimbleton*, Ruth Donnelly.

"STREET SCENE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Elmer Rice. Adapted by Elmer Rice. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Rose*, Sylvia Sydney; *Sam*, William Collier, Jr.; *Abe Kaplan*, Max Montori; *Mr. Maurant*, David Landau; *Mrs. Maurant*, Estelle Taylor; *Sankey*, Russell Hopton; *Easter*, Louis Natheaux; *Mae Jones*, Greta Granstedt;

Emma Jones, Beulah Bondi; *George Jones*, T. H. Manning; *Vincent Jones*, Matthew McHugh; *Olga Olsen*, Adele Watson; *Karl Olsen*, John M. Qualen; *Shirley Kaplan*, Anna Kostant; *Alice Simpson*, Nora Cecil; *Willie Maurant*, Lambert Rogers; *Dick McGann*, Allan Fox; *Filippo Florentino*, George Humbert; *Greta Florentino*, Eleanor Wesselhoft; *Mary Hildebrand*, Virginia Davis; *Laura Hildebrand*, Helen Lovett; *Charlie Hildebrand*, Kenneth Seiling; *D. Buchanan*, Conway Washburne; *Dr. John Wilson*, Howard Russell; *Officer Harry Murphy*, Richard Powell; *Marshall James Henry*, Walter James; *Fred Cullen*, Harry Wallace.

"SUNDOWN TRAIL"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Robert F. Hill. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: *Buck Sawyer*, Tom Keene; *Dorothy Beals*, Marion Shilling; *Flash Prescott*, Nick Stuart; *George Marston*, Hooper Atchley; *Joe Currier*, Stanley Blystone; *Jenny*, Louise Beavers; *Ma Stoddard*, Alma Chester; *Pa Stoddard*, William Welsh; *Judge Lawlor*, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL"—UFA.—Based on the play "The Last Company." Directed by K. Bernhardt. The cast: *Captain Burk*, Conrad Veidt; *Dora*, Karin Evans; *The Miller*, Erwin Kalsar; *The Miller's Wife*, Else Heller; *The Maid*, Maria Pederson.

"UNHOLY GARDEN, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Barrington Hunt*, Roulad Coluan; *Camille*, Fay Wray; *Ilen*, Mrs. Elize Mowbray; *Estelle Taylor*, Baron de Jonghe, Tully Marshall; *Smiley Corbin*, Warren Hymers; *Colonel Von Axt*, Ullric Haupt; *Prince Nicolai Poliakoff*, Mischa Auer; *Captain Kruger*, Morgan Wallace; *Dr. Shayne*, Lawrence Grant; *Nick-the-Goose*, Henry Armetta; *Kid Twist*, Kit Guard; *Mme. Lucie Villars*, Lucille LaVerne; *Lautrac*, Arnold Korff; *Alfred*, the *Baron's Brother*, Charles Mailles; *Native Dancer*, Nadja.

"WEST OF BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Ralph Graves and Bess Meredyth. Continuity by Gene Markey. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jerry*, John Gilbert; *Axel*, El Brendel; *Dot*, Lois Moran; *Anne*, Madge Evans; *Mac*, Ralph Bellamy; *Judge Barham*, Frank Conroy; *Maizie*, Gwen Lee; *Mrs. Trent*, Hedda Hopper; *Barbara*, Ruth Kennick; *Butler*, Richard Carlyle; *Wing*, Willie Fung.

"WICKED"—FOX.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Continuity by Kenyon Nicholson and Kathryn Seola. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Scott Burrows*, Victor McLaglen; *Margot Rande*, Elissa Landi; *Tony Rande*, Theodore Von Eltz; *June*, Una Merkel; *Blake*, Allan Dinehart; *Judge Luther*, Oscar Apfel; *Matron*, Blanche Payson; *Miss Peck*, Kathleen Kerrigan; *Stella*, Eileen Percy; *Arlene*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Johnson*, Blanche Frederici; *Prisoner*, Lucille Williams; *Prisoner*, Alice Lake; *Fanny*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Luther*, Irene Rich.



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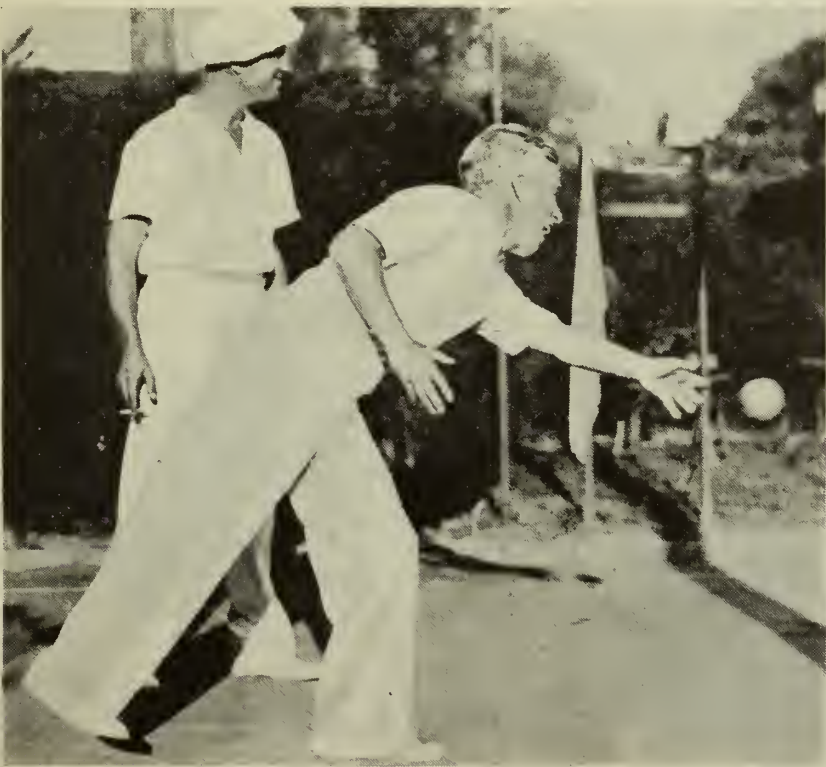


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Just a couple of the boys at their bowling, Maurice Chevalier, the host, watches Charlie Chaplin cut loose with a mean ball at Maurice's place at Cannes, on the French Riviera. Look at Charlie's white hair. And he's left-handed

A "Location" Ramble



Getting set up for a difficult location shot. D. W. Griffith, during the filming of "The Struggle," decided to get a scene of his leading lady, Zita Johann (from the New York stage), actually breasting a rush hour crowd on a New York elevated stairway. Miss Johann, in company with one or two other players, descended these stairs and met the tide of commuters flowing up them, with a resultant natural scene in which a woman in a hurry is pressed back by a crowd going in the opposite direction. Griffith, megaphone in hand, is on the stairway directing the setting of a camera to get the crowd as it approached the station

THE unpolished wooden dancing floor is crowded with motley couples, young and old, swaying to the strains of "Beautiful Ohio." The rude wooden covering of the dance pavilion is draped with gay red, white and blue banners. Great trees surround it with shade, stirring sleepily in the breeze.

The hundred or more extra players who take part in this "location" scene for D. W. Griffith's latest picture, which right now he is calling "The Struggle," don't seem to mind the heat of mid-afternoon. They hum the familiar popular tune of pre-war days as they weave in and out in a slow waltz.

But their hats do bother the girls. "Where *did* you get those hats?" I call to a group resting between scenes.

For answer, a stately blonde cocks her enormous rough straw cartwheel *chapeau* at an even more rakish angle, smooths out the huge velvet bow that perches precariously across the wide, shallow crown, and calls back: "Believe it or not, I went fishing in a trunk stored in the old Edison Studio right here in New York and this is what I caught."

And that's exactly where it came from. The time of the scene is about the year 1911 B. T. (Before Talkies). Mr. H. M. K. Smith, whose articles on film costuming have appeared in *PHOTOPLAY*, is in charge of wardrobe for this picture. Searching for authentic costumes of the pre-prohibition period—the scene takes place (whisper it!) in an old-fashioned Beer Garden, a real one that dates back to 1867—he dug out some rare finds from trunks and boxes stored away and forgotten in the old studio.

A ghost walks across the set, in broad daylight—a girl who so resembles the *gamine* Dorothy Gish of those early Edison films that she is followed by startled eyes. Her discreetly high-necked, long-sleeved dimity dress is hugged close at the waist by a wide band of embroidery through which black velvet ribbons are strung. Her skirt falls straight and full to her

ankles. Placed carelessly on the back of her piled-up black hair is another version of the straw cartwheel, its crown wreathed in pink roses.

This was the period of the "shirt-waist suit" and there are some classic examples here. A pretty brunette strolls toward us in a pink linen tailored suit—notched lapels; nipped-in jacket, fastened high at the waist with two white pearl buttons; long, gored skirt flaring slightly as it reaches the ankles—not so different from this season's "romantic" fashions.

The men resemble nothing so much as German vaudeville comedians, with their tight trouser legs and funny derbies.

Lights, cameras, reflectors and all the complicated paraphernalia of talking picture-making have been assembled for a new scene while we've been busy noting style details. The assistant director summons couples and groups to sit around small tables, to eat limburger cheese sandwiches and drink from huge steins.

"ONE more rehearsal before we shoot this scene," orders Griffith, placing his chair next to one of the cameras. The huge circular microphone and sound-gatherer, which can be turned quickly and noiselessly to catch every whisper of conversation, is in readiness for the first take.

In this scene, the audience will listen in on the various conversations at the different tables, catching a few phrases here, a snatch of humor there—about politics, women's fashions and, finally, the movies. A group of five or six sit at a front table. A girl in the group asks: "Have you seen the new *Biograph Girl*? They say her name is Mary Packard."

"Oh, no," another girl answers. "It's Mary Swickard, or something like that."

A gay young sheik (only they didn't call them that then) at the next table jumps up. "My brother works in a *the-a-ter* and he says her name is Marie Picard," he informs them. "Anyhow, *she* won't amount to anything in movies."

But the first staunch supporter insists that the little *Biograph Girl* is going to be a winner, and it seems to her on second thought, that the name isn't "Packard" but "Pickford"! And that she gets *ten dollars a day!*

By Frances Kish

As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



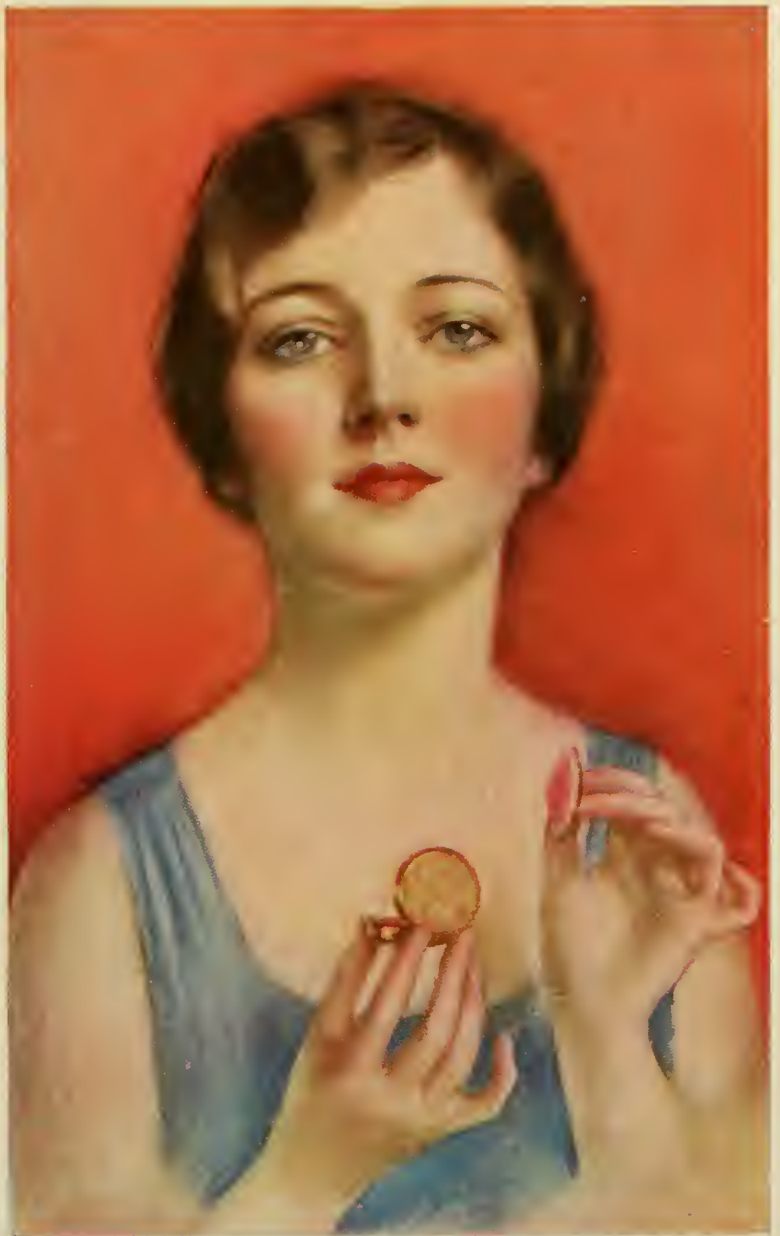
The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

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Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

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new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

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“PINK”—on your tooth brush—seemingly innocent, isn’t it? Yet “pink tooth brush” is an indication of a gum condition which may cause you no end of trouble before you’re through with it!

It means that your gums are lazy, flabby, and becoming more and more tender with every day. You’ve eaten soft foods ever since you ate anything at all. And your gums, lacking the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their health, have gradually lost the vigorous hardness they had when you were a child. That’s why they tend to bleed—that’s why you had better do something at once about this “pink tooth brush” business!

If you don’t, your teeth are going to look dull and grayish. But far more serious than the good-looks of your teeth is any one of a number of gum troubles that “pink tooth brush” makes you susceptible to. Gingivitis, for instance. Or Vincent’s disease. And you wouldn’t ever *choose* to have pyorrhea, would you?—though that’s far more rare.

If you ignore “pink tooth brush”, you may even be risking the soundness of good teeth through infection at the roots!

To check “pink tooth brush” isn’t complicated or expensive. All you have to do is to get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it in the usual way. Then put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and lightly massage it into those inactive, touchy gums of yours.

You’ll like the way it makes your gums feel, and the way it brings back almost at once a nice sparkle to your teeth. Keep on using it—regularly—with massage—and you won’t be bothered for long with “pink tooth brush”! Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage! He’ll explain *why* it checks “pink tooth brush” so summarily!



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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 6

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

November, 1931



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



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ANNE HEENFY,
Gloucester, Mass.

Why all this excitement over Clark Gable? He seems to me to be just an ordinary looking boy with a harsh, unmusical voice and very limited acting ability. I hope the girls don't boost him too high and then let him down with a dull thud. It's a tragic thing to be one of these overnight movie stars. Here today and goodness knows where tomorrow.

CAROLINE FOREMAN,
St. Louis, Mo.

"Yancey" Dix

RICHARD DIX is worth more to the screen than all the new finds. He was magnificent in "Cimarron" and "Donovan's Kid."

He should be given a little of the publicity given Clark Gable, who could not survive without it, and who hasn't one-half the looks, talent, or ingratiating manner of Dix.

JANE AUSTIN,
Detroit, Mich.

Listen to This!

WHY all this raving about Garbo? Personally, I would rather have Marie Dressler.

And why does every Hollywood star think she's got to be a blonde? Give us some real brunettes!

HAZEL LANGDON,
Sandwich, Mass.

What a picture! What a laugh! I just saw Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in "Politics." I have been a Dressler fan for some time but Marie's latest is the best yet.

FRED K. MASSEY,
Wilmington, Del.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

The \$25 Letter

TO say that the "Public" demands or rejects a certain type of picture is as silly as to assert that the Public has blue eyes!

Once in a while a masterpiece comes along—like "Street Scene," like "Min and Bill," or "Skippy"—and we all recognize it. Usually there is a multiplicity of "Publics," each with its legitimate taste to be satisfied.

When the producers have learned that they must give us an adequate variety of stars and stories, and when we have learned to use the more carefully considered reviews and criticisms as our entertainment guides, then the mythical Public with its legendary preferences can fade into limbo.

J. L. HUEY,
Berkeley, Calif.

The \$10 Letter

I'M raising a younger brother, and being only twenty myself, I am often at my wits end to impress certain things upon him.

It's hard for me to point out the pitfalls that he should guard against, and when I do point them out, well, it seems that only seeing is believing.

Happily, I hit upon a scene in a recent picture that illustrated something I was trying to impress on him, so I took Bub to see the movie.

After the show I asked if he still thought gangsters were brave fellows, who led wonderful, exciting lives. (Jack Holt, one of the boy's favorites, playing a gangster, was killed at the end of the picture.)

Bub slowly shook his head and looking me straight in the face replied:

"You were right, Lee. That would be no position for a Williams to find himself in."

This is just one instance in which I have received aid from movies that have a good moral.

M. LEROY WILLIAMS,
East Moline, Ill.

The \$5 Letter

I'LL never again lament spending money for movies. If you peruse the local Bradstreet you'll discover I'm only a business man with a weakness for golf. I also possess a wife who is a darling, but who never cared much for golf. The last few months, however, whenever I was dragged to a movie, it seemed that Bobby Jones or someone was giving a golf lesson.

To make a long story short, my wife's interest was aroused in spite of herself, and now I get all the golf sympathy I need!

RICHARD MATTHEWS,
Seattle, Wash.

Right, Mrs. Cloyd!

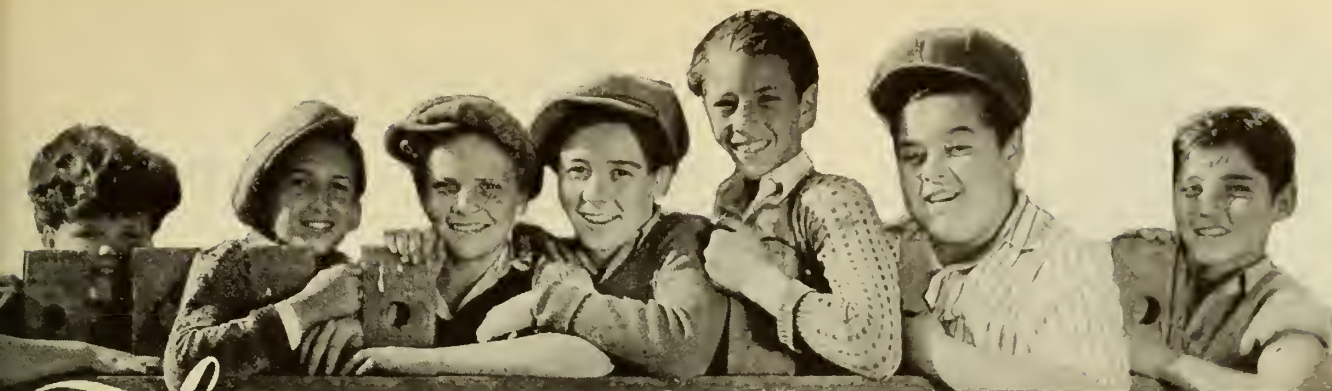
SOME folks condemn the Sunday shows, but I would rather have my children see a good, clean show on Sunday afternoon

THE Gable deluge continues, with the nosegays for Clark far outnumbering the thwacks. No doubt that the big boy is the rampaging rage of the month, with high words of praise for his labors in "Sporting Blood." Now the folks are yelling for "Susan Lenox," with Garbo and Gable both!

Sylvia Sidney and James Cagney also drew a few bushels of nice messages. Of the picture crop, "Street Scene" is being heavily praised, and so are "Guilty Hands" and "The Star Witness." "An American Tragedy" continues to provoke vigorous discussion, both pro and con, with the pro's outnumbering the con's.

An exciting month—and the pictures' fiscal year is just beginning. Looks like a piping hot fall in the talkie line!

Take your pens in hand!



The gang's all here!

Take the family to see—

PENROD AND SAM

with **LEON
JANNEY**

JUNIOR COUGHLAN
MATT MOORE : DOROTHY
PETERSON : ZASU PITTS
and a host of kids

Screen play and dialogue by
Waldemar Young

Directed by
WILLIAM BEAUDINE



An epic of youth which will fascinate father and mother, and delight the kids... The inimitable Penrod proves that boys will be boys... The more children you take to see this picture the greater will be your pleasure — and theirs... Find out when Penrod and Sam are coming to town... See them!... You'll have the time of your life.

A BOOTH TARKINGTON
comedy drama of immortal youth

"Vitophone" is the registered trademark of The Vitophone Corporation

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Janette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

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 Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la Landi*. (July)

★ **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.)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (May)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (Sept.)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (May)

★ **BARGAIN, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Fame.") Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathé.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (May)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (May)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathé.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-ra-zy 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! (Sept.)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

Fashion Takes a Holiday!

And Seymour has filled your fashion calendar for you in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY. There isn't a holiday date for which he hasn't found a good screen style suggestion—smart tips you won't want to miss.

What's New?

Just turn to the Seymour Fashion Section in the

December PHOTOPLAY

And you'll soon find out whether the Eugenie hat is really out—what your favorite star will be wearing this winter and how you can adapt screen styles to your own type and taste.

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (May)

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (Aug.)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (May)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (May)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, locale of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

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—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelme as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (May)

FIRST AID—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beche and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Sob sister

didn't believe in marriage but she believed in
! Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren
ills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl
taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with
remendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins
d the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who
ently made a sensational picture debut in the
st popular picture of the year, *Bad Girl*.



THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, *In Old Arizona*—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In *The Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (July)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

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. (Oct.)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (May)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (May)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (Oct.)

GREAT LOVER, THE—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE**—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-ra-zy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (May)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

HOLY TERROR, A—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (Aug.)

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (May)

★ **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.)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A edious Tyrolian story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (May)

JUST A GIGOLO—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 Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

★ **LARCENY LANE**—Warners.—James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (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 Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelme's work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (May)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (May)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (May)

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (Aug.)

LULLABY, THE—M-G-M.—Your old friend "Madame X," dressed up in none too new garments. What a shame that capable Helen Hayes had to make her film début in this trite story. (Sept.)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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FIRST DOWN after the game



THE CHAMPAGNE
OF GINGER ALES

OCTOBER has a history all its own. And most of it is football. Then the old grads feel like undergrads, and all the highways on a Saturday lead to the stadiums.

And Canada Dry seems to sparkle even more gaily in tune with the nip in the weather . . . to become more welcome because of the stirring times.

Certainly no celebration could be without this Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . and seem complete. For it's most of all when you're having a good time that you want Canada Dry.

Now Priced for the Thrifty

And now that the price of this fine old ginger ale is so low, it appeals to your more serious moments, too, when you stop to count your pennies. For there never was a greater value in ginger ales.

Make sure you always have an ample supply of Canada Dry. In most cities it now comes in two sizes—the new large size and the familiar twelve-ounce bottle.

A football party buffet

Little sandwiches shaped like footballs to satisfy an appetite made large by an afternoon in the open air . . . olives stuffed with anchovies, pimientos, almonds, and pearl onions to help work up another appetite for dinner . . . some caviar and canapés . . . and above all, cool, sparkling glasses of Canada Dry to take the luskiness out of your throat and to refresh and exhilarate you. Make the ice cubes of frozen ginger ale, too, so you won't dilute the flavor. Let your guests help themselves.—Originated by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, President National Radio Home Makers Club.

CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

She can stand a "close-up" . . .
can you?



Millions welcome this thrift dentifrice that beautifies teeth so swiftly

EVEN before thrift became the watchword in the home, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ had achieved amazing popularity, particularly with women. Millions rejected more costly dentifrices in favor of it.

They found, as you will find, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a snowy cleanliness, and flashing lustre ordinary dentifrices fail to achieve.

They found, as you will find, that it cleanses every crevice

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

and erases discolorations and tartar, yet does not harm the precious enamel itself.

They welcomed, as you will welcome, that wonderful feeling of cleanliness and invigoration it imparts to the mouth—the feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

And while it didn't seem as important then as it does now, the saving of \$3 a year over 50¢ dentifrices was nevertheless a factor. You'll appreciate its thrifti-

ness now more than ever.

That we can offer such a quality paste at the price of 25¢ is due solely to cost cutting methods of manufacture and distribution. Get a tube today. Make it prove its merits to you.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

You can buy yourself a new
hand bag with that \$3 you save



That's one suggestion for spending that \$3 you save every year by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.



25¢

Dressing The Turkey

Anita Page gives a culinary lesson in preparing the Thanksgiving bird

A GREAT deal of the success of your Thanksgiving turkey depends upon the way it is dressed. A tasteless stuffing can take much of the epicurean glamour from even the fattest and tastiest bird.

Anita Page has a culinary ritual which she faithfully follows in the dressing of the family turkey. And those who have been lucky enough to eat turkey with the Pomares family can tell you that the dressing is simply delicious. There are really nine distinct steps in dressing turkey *à la Page*. Here they are:

First Anita carefully scrapes the turkey free of all pin feathers with a sharp knife. Then she breaks up as much of a loaf of sandwich bread as is needed to fill the great void of Sir Turk. Many people prefer to use stale bread, rather than the fresh for their dressings.

To the bread, Anita adds celery diced in small pieces. And then, here is one thing that makes Anita's dressing so rich and tasty. Instead of using water, as many people do, Anita adds rich cream to the other dressing ingredients. The dressing is then seasoned to taste with salt, pepper, sage, and whatever else your fancy favors.

The last few steps are getting the turkey ready to be popped into the oven. The dressing is put into the turkey, the opening sewed up with a needle and strong linen thread, and Anita even goes so far as to tie the legs securely with thread. Just before the turkey is put into the oven in the roaster, Anita dashes a little extra salt and pepper seasoning over the whole outside of the bird.

SINCE Turkey is not the whole meal on Thanksgiving boards, it is well to have some attractive lighter dishes to add glory to your menu. Lil Dagover, the new German star recently imported to Hollywood, has a delicious salad recipe which would be perfect for the Thanksgiving feast.

It is called *Mazdaznan* Salad. Here is the way she prepares it. She takes lettuce leaves and arranges them on plates. On the leaves she places a mixture of white and blue raisins, pineapple, two oranges in quarters, a bit of grapefruit, and a lemon. To these fruits is added two eggs thoroughly beaten with cream and a bit of salt. When this has been slowly mixed until it thickens, she adds whipped cream. With this salad, Miss



The best-dressed turkey in Hollywood! At least this one promises to be as Anita Page puts a last stitch into its sleek sides. You can almost taste the savory dressing

Dagover says she likes to serve dainty thin toast and herbs.

ALTHOUGH many people stick to the good old-fashioned Thanksgiving desserts, such as mince or pumpkin pie and plum pudding, there are as many who say it is well to have the meal end with lighter fare, perhaps an ice or a sherbet. Belle Bennett has a recipe for a most decorative and tempting dish in the lighter vein. It is a *frozen orange parfait*. It proves a delightful topper to rich foods and leaves the digestion quite intact.

The ingredients for the parfait are as follows: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons granulated gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 pint cream, yolks of 5 eggs, and candied orange peel with pistachio nuts as garnish.

Mix the fruit juice, sugar and yolks of eggs. Cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens; then add the gelatine dissolved in boiling water. Cool, freeze to a mush, add whipped cream; and continue freezing. Mould, and serve it garnished with the candied orange peel and the pistachio nuts.

Those who have automatic refrigeration will find this an easy dessert to prepare at any time. It is especially effective looking when served in tall parfait or sherbet glasses. Cookies, little colorfully iced cakes or even layer cake adds to this course.

In order to achieve a well-balanced Thanksgiving menu, you must consider the richness of the main dishes and have enough vegetables and lighter foods to make the meal digestible. It isn't worthwhile to spend the following day regretting the amounts of temptingly rich foods you could not resist! And Thanksgiving seems to be one event when dieting goes by the board.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Read What The Real Critics Write!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Even a person without the slightest gift of humor, or the worst pessimist in the world, could not fail to shake with mirth if they went to see "Politics."

I have already seen it twice and I could see it again without being bored. It is the funniest yet, and in the world of mirth I rank Marie Dressler and Polly Moran first.

RUTH G. RUTHERFORD,
Queens Village, N. Y.

Never will I forget the day some eighteen years ago when Marie Dressler was playing in "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Manhattan Opera House. I lived around the corner and, childlike, had been romping too enthusiastically. I soon came to grief when I fell several steps to the pavement. It was Marie Dressler who picked me up, dried my tears, and consoled me with a plate of ice cream.

The remembrance of that beautiful gesture of hers is one of my fondest memories. However, that is typical of Marie.

MATHILDA E. SCOMMODAN,
New York City

Readers Say—

Madge Evans looks like Norma Shearer and is very fascinating. Her performances in "Guilty Hands" with Lionel Barrymore, and in "Sporting Blood" with Clark Gable, were splendid.

MARIE KROMIS,
Detroit, Mich.

Why let John Boles' beautiful voice go to "Seed"?

M. LOWENBERG,
Detroit, Mich.

What is the matter with Ruth Chatterton? Or the person that chooses her stories?

LILLIAN E. GEORGER,
Snyder, N. Y.

Adult Movies

Anent this controversy about movies for adults, or movies for children, why not both, and on the same programs? What a child can't and doesn't understand won't hurt him. Only his eye will be affected, and that educationally, toward grace, charm and loveliness.

What he can understand, and it is frequently more than we adults give him credit for, won't hurt him either, if it's true to life, no matter how sordid or how tragic. It's better for children to learn these things from pictures or books than in the gutter or through tragic mistakes in their own lives.

When I was eight, I pulled Ibsen's "A Doll's House" off the family bookshelf. The title attracted me. That is all I remember, that and how disappointed I was to find it wasn't about dolls after all.

So here's for "A Free Soul" and Mickey Mouse and everything between that contains good fun, high adventure, homely sentiment or deep emotion, social or psychological understanding.

HELEN FRANK SHAVER,
Dayton, Ohio



A vivid tableau from "Street Scene"—that stirring, heart-breaking drama of life in one squalid New York tenement. Scores of letters are pouring in pronouncing the picture a masterpiece and heaping high praise on the actors and Director King Vidor



The young lovers of "An American Tragedy," that much-discussed talkie forged from Dreiser's novel. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are being bombarded with posies for their excellent work in the picture

Jim Cagney

A bouquet to James Cagney for his work, not only in "The Public Enemy," but even in his smaller parts. He is a real actor, one with courage enough to take an un-sympathetic rôle and one with ability enough to gain sympathy and even admiration for such a rat as *Tommy Powers*.

VERA CLARKE,
Chicago, Ill.

"The Star Witness"

I have recently seen that thoroughly enjoyable picture, "The Star Witness." It is undoubtedly the best portrayal of middle-class American family life to reach the screen.

JAMES AULTZ,
Charleston, W. Va.

Appreciation

May I, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, express my appreciation of the articles, "The Way I See It," by Ronald Colman and "Don't Expect Too Much," by Marie Dressler? These truths were genuinely helpful to us because they were gems from the thought life of two individuals who have made the struggle for success and have been big enough to stand that success after it was attained.

FLORENCE Z. WAGNER,
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

The Bennetts

I have always wondered where Constance and Joan Bennett got their talent. Lately I solved this question. I saw Richard Bennett in "Bought."

HERBERT HARRISON,
Newark, N. J.

Praise

Give Una Merkel, Eddie Nugent, and that new lad named John Arledge (who played in "Daddy Long Legs") more parts. They are good! And they make a good picture a perfect one.

JUANITA ROBERTS,
Nashville, Tenn.

Don't Go, Greta!

All the rumors of Garbo leaving the screen are very alarming! If Greta goes, Hollywood will lose its most vibrant personality and its greatest actress.

EDITH ATKINS,
London, Canada

Wow! Stop Your Ears!

It's been a long time between Garbo pictures. Does that show they are having a hard time fitting stories to her limited range, now that she is committed to talkies? It seems to me that Greta served her purpose in pictures, and fascinated us all, in her silent romances. I'm beginning to wonder if her great days as a public idol are not over. Stars don't last forever, especially when their mediums change.

MARY F. STILTON,
Portland, Me.

Red-Hot Notes From Keen-eyed Fans

"Street Scene"

"Street Scene" is, in my opinion, the finest talking picture Hollywood has turned out. One I intend to see again and again. It is so real and gripping.

THOMAS F. RYAN,
New York City



Walter Huston tells the family! A big scene from "The Star Witness," now stirring up excited comment from the fan army. Left to right: Huston, Dick Moore, Frances Starr, Eddie Nugent, George Ernest, Sally Blane, Grant Mitchell, Chic Sale and Allan Lane

The "Glamour" Thing

There is so much talk about that "glamour" in actresses like Garbo, Dietrich and Norma Shearer. Who says the public is fed up with the "sweet" rôles that are played by Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Jordan and Mary Brian? Give us more!

E. C. DAHL,
Columbia, Conn.

It was good news to learn that Mary Brian, who for six years has been Paramount's saccharine standby, is off to Europe in search of sophistication. She is a splendid little actress and I am sure she will make the "glamour" grade.

VINCENT BELGARBO,
Chicago, Ill.

Is Clara Finished?

I was very much interested in Harry Lang's swell story on Clara Bow in the desert, blonde hair, billowing curves and all. Honestly, I'm hoping for a comeback from the girl, but I really think that maybe she'd better forget the talkies and settle down into a regular home girl—with Rex Bell, if she loves him. Clara had her fling in pictures—and she was a star for five years. The talkies seem to have her licked. Why not recognize it, and try another kind of life for a while, out of the limelight?

GEORGE FARWELL,
Birmingham, Ala.

The splendid article in PHOTOPLAY, "Roughing It with Clara," has tended to increase my admiration for Clara Bow by leaps and bounds. I have never failed to see any of her pictures. She has all the qualities of a fine actress, even though her effervescence is usually misinterpreted.

LEORA L. CHUSETT
East Pittsburgh, Penna.

Your recent account of Clara Bow's temporary retirement was intimate, human and revealing, and, therefore, thoroughly enjoyable. The article gave the reader real insight into the character of the real Clara, and I feel assured that she will come back.

ADELAIDE BURNETT,
Washington, D. C.

What! Another Clara?

The other day I saw Peggy Shannon in "Silence," and I certainly think she can take Clara Bow's place.

R. MADISON,
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have seen both Sylvia Sidney and Peggy Shannon and, with apologies to both, they are no Clara Bows.

FRANK JONES,
Washington, D. C.



These hands are guilty! At least, the picture says so. Lionel Barrymore is being highly complimented for his work in "Guilty Hands," and so is Kay Francis, shown here with him in one of the vital moments of that film

It's an Education

The highest possible praise goes to "An American Tragedy." Every boy and girl in their teens should see the picture. It is an education in itself.

GEORGE HOWARD,
San Antonio, Texas

Worth Every Penny!

Tuesday and Friday evenings mean to our family what "first nights" do to Hollywoodians. Speaking sensibly, perhaps we shouldn't afford those two dollars and forty cents for our bi-weekly movie; however, speaking for contentment's sake, the sum seems trifling.

We've succumbed to cinematic glamour to the extent of refusing to become irritated when minor inconsistencies occasionally appear on the screen. Falling in with the spirit of the picture helps even the most skeptical patron lose the chip from his shoulder.

KATHERINE HOOD,
Tucson, Ariz.

Mostly Cheers

Three cheers for Robert Montgomery! He is not only handsome but his acting is superb. I saw "Shipmates" four times and enjoyed it more each time. Dorothy Jordan is the type to play opposite him—not Garbo or Shearer.

ANN McMILLER,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Have just seen "This Modern Age" and after seeing Pauline Frederick, I am wondering why she is playing featured parts instead of starring? As an actress she towers over many. She has finish, technique and a warmth in her work which most stars lack.

ESTHER CONLOW,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Do give us more of Claudette Colbert. She is simply wonderful, possessing a distinct charm and exotic personality all her own.

MARY CHILD,
San Diego, Calif.

Let us see more of that adorable little Dorothy Jordan. I see all her pictures.

JUNE CAMPBELL,
New Orleans, La.

Junior Durkin is a marvelous actor and a genuine boy. Is there higher praise for a boy actor than that?

ETHEL MARIE HELMER,
Iron River, Wis.

Posey for Sylvia

I hope Sylvia Sidney will get the breaks. She is so refreshingly different from the rank and file that, in spite of the fact that she has appeared in only a few pictures, she now holds the place in my esteem which Greta Garbo has held. True, Garbo is different too, but not as humanly so as is Sylvia.

JOY BUNDENTHAL,
Lansing, Mich.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (May)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.— Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evelyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (May)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.— A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (Aug.)

MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount.— Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.— Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil*. (Oct.)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (May)

MURDER 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.)

MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE—Classic.—Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (Sept.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (May)

★ **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. (Oct.)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newlyweds, but the story is weak. (June)

★ **POLITICS**—M-G-M.— Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (Sept.)

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.)



The youngest contract player in pictures, up to now. Paramount has just slapped a long-term document on Jerry Tucker, aged four. Jerry has been an extra man, and gets a regular job because of his swell recitations, with gestures

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.— Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.— Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warners.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—M-G-M.— (Reviewed under the title "Cheri Bibi.") Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze.—Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE**—Paramount.—Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners-First Division.—British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up game a of bridge for it. (Aug.)

SIDE SHOW—Warners.—Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)

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.)

SILENCE—Paramount.— Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Cogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

A L O N G T H E H I G H R O A D O F L I F E



"He has come home again, and we have had a true Thanksgiving. He is still just my boy, and having him back has made me very happy. If only you could have been here."

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Hatlines Mold Headlines



Here are four examples of the softer, more feminine type of hairdress which screen stars are now affecting. These are described in detail below

PERHAPS it may seem a bit silly to change your whole mode of hairdressing for a fashionable hat whim of the moment, but it seems necessary unless you wish to look out of the picture this season. The more of these new hats I see, the more convinced I become that it takes very careful hairdressing to make them look really smart. You simply can't perch a saucy little hat atop your old bob and hope for it to look anything but incongruous.

Hair has decided back interest this year. It has a soft, feminine look, yet its careful grooming does not give the impression of being too studied. None of that uninteresting and aging "done-up" look that heads had in former days. Yet hair once again is done up. By that I do not mean that it is necessarily long, but I do mean that even the medium length bob is so arranged that it has a close, head molding line that is deceptively long hairish.

The moment a hatline moves up from the nape of the neck, something has to be done about the hairline. This year both the side and the back of the head have to be taken into consideration. Those who have actually long hair have a slight advantage. They can brush their hair up off one ear, wave it to follow the headline, and merely knot it to suit their hats at the back.

The bobbed heads have not so simple a task. Their hair must be trained to keep a trim line from forehead down the left cheek to the neck. A soft roll of hair, or curls pinned or trained in place have to replace the long haired knot.

Recently while waiting my turn at the hairdressers I overheard a smart young thing tell her hairdresser, "Just trim the underneath ends, I am letting my hair grow but I may cut it off again." That sums up the way most women feel at the moment about hair. They are torn between conflicting ideas—no one wants to leap before she is certain what the rest will do!

In an attempt to establish some basis of uniformity in hairdress, a recent meeting of prominent hairdressers reached certain points of agreement. Here's what they think.

The head must have a sculptured look—that is, the small, close-fitting hairdress is still the best. Hair should subtly flatter the proportions of the face. A few say the whole ear must show on the left side, others only a little more than the tip. All agree that some ear should show. I think you will have to let your ears be the guide to that, however. In most cases the partially covered ear is a more becoming style.

Waves must roll back. Many of these hairdressers show the hair cut in graduated lengths to allow for a series of soft curls at the sides. Nearly all of them agree that the hair should not be longer than six inches in back, and that a length of from two to three inches is the most popular. Every one of them advocates having the hair thinned out so that it will stress the outline of the head. Too much, and too thick hair adds age, they claim.

The longer, fluffy bob has been the accepted mode for over a year now on the screen. It has been done in various ways but, withal, a certain monotony. New pictures, however, are revealing more and more stars with strikingly individual coiffures.

FEMININITY is the keynote of smart screen hairdressing at the moment. I have picked four interesting ones as seen on stars of both sophisticated and more youthful types.

Lilyan Tashman wears one of the smartest arrangements of the season—sophisticated yet youthful. Her blonde hair is waved up and back off the ear. The short ends are pinned down in almost sculptured curls. This is a perfect coiffure for any of the new hats.

Anita Page exemplifies a more youthful type with her fluffy evening hairdress. Her longer bob is softly curled and drawn back over the ears, a few ends being left on either side to soften the line of the cheek. A jeweled touch appears in the form of a pin caught at one side.

Lynn Fontanne, who is the charming stage star now appearing in her first screen rôle, wears [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

HAVE you an aggravating hair problem? Are you puzzled about the best colors for your type, or your make-up? I will mail you a letter of personal advice if you will tell me your specific problem. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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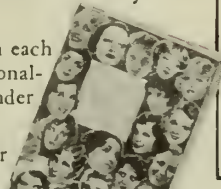
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City _____	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/>
State _____	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
		LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
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		Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/> Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

More than 29 DISEASES
may enter the body through the
MOUTH, nose, and throat

These figures are impressive. So too is the statement of one of the world's most distinguished physicians "that if mouth infection could be excluded, the other channels by which disease gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored." Both clearly indicate the importance of keeping the mouth clean at all times, and of immediately consulting your physician in case of illness.

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Wouldn't you like to escape a nasty cold this winter? Wouldn't you like to dodge an irritated throat? Wouldn't it be great if the children didn't have to be kept home from school?

Use a safe mouth wash

Your first step toward accomplishing this is to use a *safe* mouth wash. One that is safe and healing rather than harsh and destructive to tissue. One that can be used *full strength*. Literally millions have proved the value of using full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle on arising and before retiring. And from three to five times a day when a cold is coming on, or there is irritation in the throat.

Listerine's germicidal effect is simply amazing. In the mouth it reduces bacteria 98%. This no doubt accounts for the fact that it reduced colds 50% as shown by a series of scientifically controlled tests.

Read the facts:

102 persons in normal health were under medical observation from November 15, 1930, to February 1, 1931. 34 of them, designated as "controls" did not gargle Listerine at all. 34 gargled it twice a day. The remaining 34 gargled five times daily. Now see what happened:

One-half as many colds for garglers

The "controls" (those who did not use Listerine) contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled Listerine twice daily. Moreover, their colds lasted three times as long and were four times as severe.

Now let us compare the "controls" with those who gargled Listerine five times a day:

The "controls" had three times as many colds, which were four times as severe and lasted four times as long.

Due to germicidal action and healing effect

Such results are due to two great qualities of Listerine:

Its marked germicidal action which enables it to reduce mouth bacteria 98% and to kill germs in the fastest time possible to record.

Its soothing, healing effect on the mucous membrane. Unlike harsh antiseptics Listerine causes none of the tissue irritations which allow germs easier entrance. Listerine actually protects the surface and aids recovery in case of infection.

Always keep Listerine handy in home and office. Use it regularly, and at the first sign of trouble increase the gargle to a frequency of from three to five times a day and call your doctor. Remember, Listerine is a powerful germicide and at the same time safe. And what's more, it is pleasant to taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

The safe antiseptic that is pleasant to taste



Bull

THE Garbo her real friends know! A waggish little smile breaking through the white mask that usually hides her dreams, unhurried by picture woes, rested after a night's sleep unbroken by her chronic insomnia. She's happy! Ever see anything more charming?



IT took a brief but fascinating flash of stage success on Broadway to teach Hollywood producers what a fine actress little Lois Moran really is. No dull ingénue rôles for her any more—she's sound star material! Here, Lois is smiling her way through Columbia's new "Men in Her Life"



Phyfe

SHE has the alluring flash of foreign mystery that audiences love—this dashing girl called Elissa Landi. Born of royal Austrian blood, married to an Englishman, winning stage fame in London and picture triumphs in America—what drama has been crammed into her twenty-seven years!



Dyar

CAMERA poise was probably invented by the calm and collected Mr. Clive Brook—and that elegant English voice plays sweet tunes on feminine heart-strings. Contained, cool and every inch the gentlemanly trouper, Mr. Brook now labors on a picture called "Husband's Holiday"

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty



The photograph shows a new MisSimplicity model of super-Royal Batiste and fine lace, with hip panels of Gossard's improved Charmosette elastic. This new weave is lighter and much more supple than formerly, yet it retains its famous slenderizing quality. Bulgy hips simply haven't a chance against this marvelous elastic! The diagonal pull of MisSimplicity's converging waistline straps raises the bust, slenderizes the waist and smooths away the diaphragm and abdomen flesh... A foundation garment that will make the new clothes look as if they were designed for you!... Model 8468.

MisSimplicity* and CHARMOSETTE**

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
(Pat. Appl. For)

**Exclusive with Gossard
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

“I FELT AS IF THEY WERE

Staring

right
at
my

Hands”



“How horridly red a few weeks of dishwashing had left them” . . .

“I just love being a bride and having a little house of my own to care for! But dear knows I don't want to look like a drudge.

“So I was perfectly horror-struck—we were giving our first party and they all begged me to play—when I had a really good look at my HANDS! Against the white keyboard they looked rough and red—utterly hideous! I felt as if everybody were staring right at them.

“But the very next morning Jack's mother told me how she kept her hands so beautifully cared for through years of housekeeping.

Mother G—'s Hint

“I always use LUX for dishes and other soap-and-water tasks,” she said. “So many soaps, you know, dry up the natural oils of the skin. That's why your hands get so rough and chapped looking. But Lux is wonderful for the hands, and it's inexpensive.”

“I could bless Mother G—for that beauty hint! Just a few Lux dishwashings made my hands snow-white and satiny again.”

Beauty Experts

The experienced experts in 305 fa-

mons beauty shops advise Lux as the best beauty treatment for hands busy with housewifely doings. Do try it yourself. Those beautiful Lux bubbles—so enticing to look at—are sheer joy to sensitive skin! They fairly caress one's hands into loveliness!



The big package of Lux does six weeks' dishes, thereby bringing the cost down to less than 1 cent a day! Such a tiny cost!

LUX FOR DISHES . . . *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

November, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

DISGUIISING myself as a Javanese priest, I got past the platoon of grenadiers guarding the secret showing of Doug Fairbanks' sensational six-reel revelation of his Oriental adventures during his recent trip. Just as I stumbled my way through the darkness to a seat, stepping on the toes of six music composers who were scoring the picture, Doug, unarmed, was chasing a tiger through the jungle, tearing a hunter right from out of his foaming jaws. Then, coming to grips with the huge cat, he choked him to death with his bare hands.

Forgetting my disguise in the excitement I leaned over to one of the music fellows and whispered, "Say, Doug isn't going to try to put that over on us, is he? Has he gone plumb nuts?"

Just at that moment the scene changed. And before the composer had a chance to reply I felt so cheap I changed my seat in the darkness.

I cannot tell the rest. Javanese priests don't tell all they know.

If you try to keep a boy away from that picture you're just encouraging disobedience.

THEY tell a lot of stories about the adventures of celebrated writers in Hollywood, some of them true. But here is one I witnessed.

A few days before the associate producer, very self-satisfied with himself as a section boss of the studio writers, told the new arrival from New York:

"Put all that junk you've been telling me in writing. And say, get it in tomorrow early. Get me something on paper so I'll know where you're going."

Next morning I walked the writer, and laid a long, narrow slip of paper on the desk.

"That's where I'm going," he said.

The paper was a ticket to New York.



THE most devastating remark I have heard in Hollywood came from Will Rogers, who greeted a dialogue writer on the Fox lot with, "Well, what are you spoiling now?"

"**T**HE Spirit of Notre Dame," in which J. Farrell MacDonald takes the part of the late Knute Roekne, just missed the presses for the Reviews Department of PHOTOPLAY this month. It's one of the best of this or any other month. The great Carideo, the Four Horsemen, and Lew Ayres are splendid. Put this down on your "must see" list.

THE same Michael Farmer, Irish millionaire and playboy, who came over from Europe on the same boat with Gloria Swanson, was, only a year ago, positively gurgling about Marilyn Miller. As a token of his admiration and affection, he gave her in London a beautiful diamond that went the limit of good taste in size.

During a spat one night, the dainty star tried to return the ring. He wouldn't accept it, and she threw it on the sidewalk before him and rushed into the hotel. Michael had dashed off in his car.

When she got upstairs to her apartment, she thought of that gleaming precious stone lying there so lonely, and dashed right out again.

And the strange part of it is that the ring was still there, unseen by hundreds of passers-by.

TWO supervisors who recently moved from one studio, where they were credited with some joint success, to another, where in three months they haven't given the slightest indication of ability, are now known as Hem and Haw.

The *Secret* Wedding of

MARY ASTOR was married on June 29, 1931, to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, celebrated Los Angeles physician and specialist.

At the time this story is written, no one knows of this marriage except the servants of Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe. Not even the judge in Yuma, Arizona, knows who the young couple was that he married on that sizzling afternoon, one of the hottest of the early summer.

"Lucille Langhanke Hawks" and "Franklyn Thorpe" meant nothing to siesta-resting Yuma.

But even if the reporters had been on the streets instead of taking their siestas, I doubt if they would have recognized her. Her glorious auburn hair was sleeked back into a tight knot and covered by a nondescript felt which we, in Hollywood, describe, *a la Garbol*

Her graceful, Venus-proportioned figure, which you are accustomed to see in svelte evening gowns or riding habits in pictures, looked like any other slim woman's body beneath the striped linen dress with low-cut arm holes as its only distinguishing feature.

No! I doubt if there was a reporter in Yuma who would have suspected that this stenographer-looking young woman with the casual sounding name of *Lucille Langhanke Hawks* was one of Hollywood's highest-paid representatives of glamour.

As for the man—just another Los Angeles doctor eloping with one of his patients. That was the judge's guess. And he was right. His only error was his failure to recognize the patient.

When Kenneth Hawks died Mary was playing in the legitimate show, "Among the Married." But you know that story. When they brought her the news of that fearful aeroplane accident and the tragic death of her director-husband, Mary collapsed. Any woman would have done that. But Mary's collapse lasted. Lasted until a great specialist said she must retire for two years into a sanitarium.

BUT Mary couldn't retire for two years. She didn't have the money. You see, there was no life insurance and very few savings. After all, Mary and Kenneth were really just beginning in the very big money. And they had spent the smaller sums to promote themselves to the larger. A very old Hollywood story.

"I can't give up for two years; I can't go away—" she told the doctor.

"It is your choice. Complete rest or death—"

Mary preferred death; in fact, death during those first horrible months was more welcome than life to her. She admits it.

Lee Tracy, the clever screen and stage actor, was a personal friend of Dr. Thorpe's; he was a personal friend of Mary's.

"Please see him, Mary. I know he's a specialist in another line but he's got a wonderful mind. You need more than medicine. He would understand your problem and help you. Please—see him."

For days Lee pleaded; for days Mary, who distrusted all doctors, refused to see him. But as the days wore on and she got thinner and thinner; as the small savings grew thinner, also, she lost interest in the battle. "If you want me to see him that badly, go get him, Lee," she consented.

Lee brought him. And Dr. Thorpe, true to the ethics of his profession, said the case was not for him and called in another specialist who was an expert on the wasting-away of nervously-wrought men and women.

The verdict was the same. Two years in a sanitarium.



Mary Astor, ill and heartbroken, did not care to live. Kindness, understanding, were the medicine that cured her. Thence grew a mutual sympathy. And so she and the handsome physician were married. Just the reverse of the old story of the grateful patient who fell in love with and married his beautiful nurse

Mary Astor

By Ruth Biery



An exclusive and romantic story of the physician so lucky as to win the love of his beautiful patient

Mary promised to do exactly as she was told if this man could bring health back to her without a sanitarium; if he would let her work and earn some money.

Now, Dr. Thorpe did not specialize in those who were inviting tuberculosis by loss of desire to live. But he did know the psychology of women who suffer in mind and body. He studied Mary.

"He cured me through sympathy and understanding," says Mary. "Oh, his darkened room and his flat-on-my-back policy; his milk diet and all the other professional things helped but it was his kindness, his willingness to listen to my troubles any moment of the day or the night which cured.

"He made me *want* to get well and that was ninety per cent of the battle.

"I was alone in the Hacienda Apartments. He was a good listener. And what I needed most then was someone who would listen and help me mentally.

"TO him I was just an interesting case.

"Gradually I snapped out of that mental lethargy. In eight weeks I was back at work. 'Holiday' came like a reward for the hell of mental depression from which I had been suffering. It made me appreciate life so I could put some of that appreciation into my acting! I was a new woman in the heart; I was—so they tell me—a new woman on the screen. My RKO contract followed.

"But I was still going to bed at eight o'clock. Only, by this time, I was able to go to the doctor's office. Twice a week for check-ups; so he could see whether I was over-taxing my energy—both physical and mental.

"I can't tell you where love began. He says he couldn't tell you either. One day he asked me to dine with him; another he took me to luncheon. I had become so accustomed to pouring my entire heart out to him; he had become so accustomed to taking care of me—

"Gradually we began to understand that our relationship had grown into something deeper than that which exists between a physician and patient. We both realized it—not as a grand passion or love-at-first sight but as a growth from some deep, mutual understanding.

"We didn't really plan our marriage as a deep secret. We did not wish a fanfare of publicity about it. The world might view a second marriage from a sensational angle; Kenneth's death had been so sensational and so tragic. If we could avoid all that news-

paper notoriety for a while—we preferred it. We couldn't in Los Angeles. During that three days of waiting for permission to wed, reporters were certain to learn it. So, one morning, we just drove to Yuma and said nothing about it. The heat and the siesta hour were in our favor. Back in Hollywood, we just said nothing about it! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

And Mary's answer was the same. Death was her choice as it had been in the beginning.

But Lee Tracy was persistent. "Could you cure her at home, Dr. Thorpe?"

"I might if she did exactly as I order. It's not my business but since she refuses to obey doctors who make it theirs—"

Don't Go Platinum Yet! *Read before you* Dye!

By *May Allerton*

LISTEN carefully, you girls who have gazed in wonderment, perhaps tinged with a touch of envy, at the glistening white locks of Jean Harlow and other stars and players of the screen.

Wait, all you thousands of girls who have written PHOTOPLAY that you are considering going the limit in light coloring and asking for information about "platinum blonde."

You are going to get that information here and now, every enlightening and every bitter fact.

Then, if you must go platinum, be it upon your own head. It will be anyhow. But do not say that PHOTOPLAY did not warn you.

Jean Harlow started the fad, for *fad* it is, in "Hell's Angels." In that picture she played the rôle of a seductive, irresistible charmer before whom men fell as if they were mown down by a machine gun.

Capitalizing on the public interest in the girl in that rôle, producers vied with each other to cast her in similar rôles in other pictures; always the platinum bullet that shattered masculine life and honor; the epitome of sex appeal in the parts she played, the clothes she wore.

It was natural, therefore, that the startlingly white hair should be taken as a symbol of devastating femininity.

It is not the first time in motion picture history that a distinctive style of hair became of world-wide interest. Nearly two score years ago Irene Castle's motion pictures sent millions of girls scurrying into the hair dressing parlors of the world to have their long locks shorn to a short bob. Garbo's longish bob, reaching to the shoulder, and curled on the end, cost hairdressers millions of dollars, when old and young alike permitted their hair to grow again.

EVEN men were not immune to the screen influence. Valentino's sleek hair, brushed straight back, and glistening with pomade, made millions of dollars for the manufacturers of men's hair dressings, and created the "sheik" type, adding a new meaning to the word in our language.

Although Jean Harlow started the fad you cannot blame her for it. She is a natural blonde of the lightest type. The platinum coloring of her hair gives it life and vibrancy when struck by the incandescent lamps, and its photographic effect is so startling that several stars have made use of it.

Joan Crawford used something like it in "This Modern Age," but discarded it, and permitted her hair to regain its natural coloring. Lola Lane (now Mrs. Lew Ayres) is one screen beauty who frankly admits she has gone platinum. Her hair was naturally a very light brown, but she found that the platinum color softened the hair line on her forehead and gave her a better screen result.

The best hairdressers of New York and Hollywood, as well as cities in other sections of the country, report that thousands and thousands of women, young and old, have come into their establishments intent on becoming platinum blondes.

In nearly every case these women have been warned that,

except for one woman in a thousand, it is a hazardous proceeding which may be followed by regret, and even disastrous results. Inexpertly done, it can result in complete, if temporary, baldness.

The majority of reputable beauty shop proprietors and operators positively refuse to attempt it except for those with hair so light in coloring that it requires little extra bleaching.

In its effort to learn all there was to be learned about platinum hair PHOTOPLAY representatives interviewed thirty of the best and most reputable hairdressers of New York, Chicago and Hollywood.

We learned details that will make your hair stand on end.

"Platinum blonde" is really almost white hair with a faint blueish-lavender tint. The effect is secured by a thorough bleaching of the hair in a treatment that may last four or five hours, a whole day, or even longer, depending on how dark the hair is to begin with. Extra strength peroxide, with a few drops of strong ammonia added, is applied to the hair and allowed to dry. This is repeated over and over until every bit of color is extracted from the hair.

Some beauty shops mix the peroxide and ammonia into a white paste which contains

magnesium and this is called a "white henna," but it's the peroxide and ammonia which do the bleaching. Making a paste out of it is merely to prevent the bleach from running, and is effective when "touching up" the roots of the hair later on. A preparation made by the dye manufacturers is also used for bleaching in many shops.

After the hair has been thoroughly bleached, the platinum rinse is applied as the finishing touch. This rinse is a definite dye, just as much so as a dye used for black or brown hair. Simply taking the color out of the hair does not make a platinum blonde. If this were true, every woman with snow-white hair would be platinum. Nor does just a rinse of simple French blueing do the work.

THERE is danger and even physical suffering if you get an operator who does not understand exactly what is to be done. If the scalp is sensitive, the pain is excruciating when the bleach is applied. This does not last long, however, unless there is a scalp abrasion. Then the results might be serious.

All this sounds discouraging, doesn't it? That's just what we intended it to be. But you haven't heard anything yet.

There's a little matter of upkeep I want to mention.

The cost of the original platinum process, followed by the necessary shampoo and wave, will be anywhere from \$7.50 to \$50, depending on the color of the hair to start, and the exclusiveness of the shop doing the work. That pretty item, however, is only the beginning of weekly expenditures to keep your platinum head looking well groomed.

Unless the hair is very light to start with, it will need a "touch up" once a week or the roots will begin to look dark. "Touch ups" vary in different [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



She Started It All

JEAN HARLOW is responsible for the Platinum Blonde vogue. Beauty specialists warn women in this issue that only those gifted with her naturally light coloring, transparent skin, white teeth, should consider it. Next month PHOTOPLAY's cover will show the exact color of platinum hair



HOT-CHA-CHA and whoopee! Lupe and Larry—and are they a team? The maddest, gayest set on the M-G-M lot. Lupe Velez and Lawrence Tibbett are playing together in "The Cuban," with old "Trader" Van Dyke, who took a troupe into darkest Africa, directing



Stagg

LUPE is the dancing and singing girl in a Havana cabaret and Larry is a big marine who casts that sort of eyes her way. Jimmy Durante is also in it. What a picture it should be! Music, romance, comedy. Everything's hot on this set—even the camera!



Photographs by Hal Phylfe

"SALLY," says James Dunn to the little Eilers darling who shared the big hit in "Bad Girl," "looks as though we put it over. Now let 'em bring on the big parts for us, the fatter and tougher the better." We say "Attaboy, Jim!"

Jimmie HATES Sandwiches

The newest screen sensation tried to get rich quick, but a gal ran away with his roll, and now look at him



Here's Jimmie, pride of the House of Dunn—the good boy who was so sensational in “Bad Girl” that we all saw a new star in the sky the night that picture opened

HE'S a big hit in the movies now—one of those overnight stardom crashers. He and Sally Eilers in “Bad Girl” knocked the box-office receipts sky-high. But it isn't so long ago that he nearly starved to death.

It was while he was selling lunch wagons around New York on a commission basis that he didn't have enough money to buy himself a sandwich.

Now he can eat ten meals a day if he wants to and hates the sight of ham sandwiches and crullers.

His salary these past few months has been two hundred and fifty dollars weekly. It will be doubled soon; then doubled again. He's bought a Buick car, brought his mother from New York City, paid up all his past debts and is ready now to settle down and save some real money.

And he'll save it—with the astuteness of one who has been without money and therefore realizes it's a good friend to stick to.

Father Dunn was a speculator; he's made three fortunes in rapid succession and lost them even more quickly than he made them. Wall Street; pools; corners, etc.

Only-child Jimmie was almost through High School when father lost his first big gamble. He was fifteen; he became an office boy in an automobile company. Then he chalked up numbers in a broker's office. Selling automobiles came next. Only they didn't sell, so he tried lunch wagons. They sold so well that he saved more than ten thousand dollars.

“That was an accident,” he says. “I was making a great deal or I couldn't have done it. I was spending so much on myself—and a girl—”

In fact, he was spending so much on running around and finding out the secrets of life—sowing his wild oats, I believe a novelist would call it—that he decided to make a big fortune on what little was left of that ten thousand dollars. He put it on stock and in ten minutes was poorer than his father!

And as though fate had decided to teach him a lesson in one big experience, the lunch wagons stopped selling. He was down to—his fear of bending over and tempting the strength of his trousers.

One day he was sitting in a Chinese restaurant with Peggy. No, Peggy

wasn't the one who helped spend the money. That damsel had disappeared when the ten thousand went. Peggy was leading lady in obscure picture serials. She suggested that Paramount could use another extra.

“I've tried everything,” he answered, “I might as well try that.”

Enough to prevent starvation; then the Eastern studio closed and moved to Hollywood. James couldn't come. He didn't have carfare.

Peggy telephoned and suggested he try for a part in “The Night Stick” on the Amsterdam Roof. They turned him down. He descended in the elevator, ran into Johnny Wray, the author, waiting to enter the same elevator. Wray took one look, said, “Did they turn you down for that part?”

“Yes.”

“Come back with me!”

Who said it must be the moment plus the man?

GOOD money for a while. Then no engagements; no money. A year ago Christmas he was in Pittsburgh with exactly fifty dollars. He dropped into a gambling place called “The Showboat” and won three hundred and fifty dollars in ten minutes. He quit. And he hasn't gambled since for more than twenty dollars.

“And I won't.” His lips draw into a straight line which makes him look a bit bitter. “There is no such thing as easy money. You have to work for it in the long run—that is, if you are to have a normal, healthy life. I've seen too much of the other in my own family. My mother hadn't had a real home in three years. When I got a test with Fox and they gave me this chance, the first thing I did was to send for her. I've had nothing but restaurant food for years. They can't drag me from

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

By Jeanne North

Must They Be Selfish



Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler thought up friendly and funny gags all through Europe, but one never let the other get the best of it publicly. Yet they're pals

A WRITER (not this one) had an assignment to write a story on Ronald Colman. He could discover no new angle so he decided to appeal to William Powell—Colman's closest friend.

"Please tell me something about Mr. Colman which has never been printed," he began across the luncheon table. "You must know many anecdotes. Of course, I will use you in the story so it will mean publicity for you, too!"

Powell jumped to his feet, nearly upsetting the table. What he said may have been okay coming from the lips of a virile gentleman but it would never do for us to print!

The writer gasped. "But I thought he's your best friend—" he stammered as soon as Powell paused for a moment.

"Certainly he is. But he's a *star*, too! You are the third writer who has asked me about him. If I get myself into his stories, I'll just be playing *second*—"

To make it short, William Powell absolutely refused to take second billing to one of the most intimate friends he has in the world.

At first glance this looks cruel, heartless and selfish. To refuse to talk of a crony; to oppose saying a kind word of the

Hollywood stars may be the best of friends when they're away from the studio—but before the camera it's another story

By Frances Denton

pal with whom one slips off fishing or hunting or boating on every possible occasion; to object to boosting a friend with whom one plays tennis almost daily—

And yet, in Hollywood vernacular, Powell's attitude was merely good business. He summed it all up when he said: "Ronald Colman is my personal friend but he is my professional rival."

We are all professional rivals in this business. Our friendships, real friendships, are rare because of this work-a-day competition. William Powell and Ronald Colman are to be congratulated because they *can be friends* away from their business.

THERE are really few among us big enough to be able to refuse "second billing" to a professional rival and then play a game of tennis with the one we have thus spurned. That these two men remain friends is what causes the wonderment in Hollywood—not that they refuse to extend the glad hand to each other.

To an outsider peeping through Hollywood's glass windows, our people must often look as though the golden rule were unknown to them. Yet they follow it—from the professional angle. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." William Powell did unto Ronald Colman exactly as he would

do unto him. He protected his own interests.

Richard Barthelmess is the third member, as you know, of this triumvirate of friendship. "The Three Musketeers," Hollywood calls them. Barthelmess, personally, is one of the kindest men we have in the industry but professionally he is ultra careful.

Eric Arnold died the same sort of death in "The Big Parade" that Raymond Griffith did in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Perhaps you remember the good-looking chap who tore your hearts so capably. Hollywood said, "He'll be a star in a year. Watch this boy Eric."

He was getting good parts, too, when he was cast for an excellent rôle in Barthelmess' "The Amateur Gentleman." "There's the part! Watch this boy after he's finished this picture."

Arnold fitted his wardrobe; studied his part. Oh, yes, they studied for their rôles even in the days of silents. He reported for work the first morning only to be told he had been replaced by John Miljan. He demanded an explanation. "Your eyes photograph too light," an assistant director told him. "But

To Win Screen Fame?

...y eyes photographed okay before," he stuttered. And so strange, and so cruel, is our city that when the word went out that he had been dropped from this part he never secured another which meant an up-grade push on the ladder.

A year later he met the assistant director. "What was really the trouble?" he pleaded.

"You photographed too young. You made Barthelness look too old. They put Miljan in for that reason."

Barthelness had no intention of hurting another actor but he had every intention of protecting himself. He'd fought long and hard for his eight-thousand-dollar-a-week position. He was not old-looking, but in comparison with a young boy—after all, Barthelness was the hero of the production; he could run no risk (or his company could run no risks for him) of a comparison which might make him look older than he was!

Dick is not selling bonds or automobiles or merchandise. He is peddling just one thing—the Barthelness personality. He must protect that personality as every one else in Hollywood protects his. And

is the actor who protects personality the most shrewdly, the most selfishly, if you prefer, who remains an actor!

In fact, when we come right down to brass tacks and look at this weird business, the only one in the world which deals with personality as a commodity, and personality only, we cannot blame Constance Bennett for being selfish. If letting Anita Page wear make-up in "The easiest Way" at M-G-M would detract from *la* Bennett's screen potentialities, Connie *should* fight to keep Anita Page from wearing it. The Bennett personality has no other insurance against competition except *self-assurance*.

BUT there are ways and ways of handling this business of being selfish. There is the way of being tactful and the way of being nasty. Evelyn Brent, in spite of her independence, was really tactful when she was making "The Mad Parade," that all-woman war picture.

Betty secured June Clyde her



In Richard Barthelness' "Amateur Gentleman" John Miljan (right) played the part to which a younger actor was first assigned



Evelyn Brent got June Clyde her rôle in "The Mad Parade" and then did her best to steal her scenes. It's only Hollywood

rôle in that part—the first rôle of importance June had played since she left the Radio roster. Yet Betty, interested as she was personally in dainty little June, was determined that June should take no scenes from her.

Betty played a hard-boiled woman—one who took June's man without qualm of conscience according to the script. There was a big scene between the two. June was in tears, pleading—weeping for this woman to spurn the man whom June had loved since childhood. Betty was supposed to remain coldly indifferent, hard-hearted to the end.

But, when they shot the scene, Betty realized June was doing such a beautiful job of acting that she would get all the sympathy. The audience would

either forget hard-hearted Betty or hate her. Betty unbent and allowed herself to weep a little. Stole a little of June's stuff, to put it in bald-faced language.

The director ordered a retake, telling Betty of her error. Each time Betty spoiled the take. When she found she wasn't allowed to cry, she managed to make some error. She forgot her lines; she moved in the wrong way; she made other technical mistakes.

NOW, it is difficult to do an emotional scene over and over. Each time you do it, you lose some of the spontaneity of the action. Your make-up becomes spotty; your temper unruly. But if Betty could make her little pal June less effective, the audience would give her less attention. Finally the director snapped at her, "We'll use this take no matter what you do, Betty!"

And Betty unbent, became a trifle sorry she was taking this girl's man from her!

When I asked June about it, she smiled: "I don't blame Betty. It was hard, of course. But it was Betty's picture. She was the *star*. It was her business to protect her interests but it was my business to protect [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



William Powell and Ronald Colman are real buddies, but Bill wants his own publicity

Here, Girls, Are Screen Clothes

Millions of women will flock to the film, "The Greeks Had a Word for It," to see the gorgeous clothes designed by Gabrielle Chanel, whom Samuel Goldwyn brought from Paris to create styles for his stars. Here, on the right, is Madge Evans in a tailored suit of green soft velour cloth. It features a form-fitting, single breasted jacket, and wide cavalier cuffs



Zowie! When you see this superb ensemble (left) of black velvet and black lace (worn by Ina Claire) on the screen, you've seen style that is style. The peplum, vestee, and cuffs of lace on this velvet suit are sensational. The snappy beaver hat (below) covers one eye. The coquettish band holding it in place demands the longer hairdress



That Will Start Something!

Exclusive Fashion
Photographs by
Kenneth Alexander



Chanel's *pièce de résistance*, in beige wool, worn by Miss Claire. Gaze upon those daring double-fold cuffs, lined with white piqué; then note the matching folds down the front of the frock and the high neckline. The knitted tam-style hat and the bag are of different material but match the soft beige of the dress.

Our bet is a thousand to one that this outfit will be widely copied. If this producer keeps up this style speed his pictures will be world premières of advance fashions

This suit, worn by Joan Blondell, is in two-toned heavy silk; the skirt dark brown, the coat of beige with buttons and stitching to match the skirt. Note the long shoulder line. The pocketbook, shoes and hat are also brown. That Fisher fur does look a little skimpy

First You See These Goldwyn-Chanel

YOU may see these styles later in other publications, but, as usual, you find the genuine Hollywood news, style and otherwise, first in PHOTOPLAY.

Ina Claire, assisted by Joan Blondell, the champion picture-stealer of Hollywood, and Madge Evans, just a few years ago a child actress, will soon show you how three beautiful gold-digging charmers go about their work. Samuel Goldwyn, who is producing for United Artists, while in Paris induced Gabrielle Chanel to come to Hollywood to create style for Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire and his other stars.

These styles have been carefully guarded from the gaze of American designers lest they be copied before they reached the screen. Gloria, on her recent return trip from abroad, did not dare wear one of them on the steamship, appearing only in sports clothes. You will see the new clothes designed for her in "Tonight or Never," now in production.



Chanel's newest trick in jewelry is to avoid wearing it around the neck. Wear it as a trimming on the neckline of your frock, if you dress as Joan Blondell does

Ah! Two ahs! Cast your eyes over Ina Claire's luscious blue satin pajama outfit and hope that Santa Claus will bring you one for Christmas. It is undoubtedly the smartest thing that has been created to date. Chanel says pajamas for evening wear are abominable, but she knows how to make them alluring for the boudoir. Cut on the bias, one's figure must be well nigh perfect to wear this

Styles Here—then See Them *on the Screen*



na Claire's cream-colored satin
 suit is lavishly trimmed in beige
 spin and harks back a genera-
 tion, as do many of the newest
 ideas. Aside from the form-fitting
 jacket, the barrel sleeve and very
 high neckline, the most interesting
 thing about this creation is the
 length of the skirt. Chanel de-
 crees that the length of street
 skirts may be adapted to individual
 proportions. The rakish hat (at
 right) with the new side tilt is of
 cream colored velour

This suit of light-weight woolen
 material must have been Chanel's
 favorite. In it she combines
 practicability and style, youth and
 charm. Two pockets in a circular
 skirt, a peplum that flares ever so
 little, a high-necked beige linen
 blouse and a bowler hat of blue
 felt is about as dashing an outfit
 as a girl could pray for. Add to
 this a red leather belt and red
 buttons on your blouse—and who
 could resist you?



THE happy smiles that light up the faces of Lew Ayres and Lola Lane mean something! They are honeymoon grins! For the troubled romance of Lew and Lola stopped jangling, and culminated in the merry chime of wedding bells. Tiffs mean nothing when all comes out right. So good luck, Lew and Lola!

So They Were Married

By Rilla Page Palmborg

WELL, they up and married, did Lew

Ayres and Lola Lane—after as troublous and tremulous a romance as moon-mad Hollywood has seen.

And it looked, for a long time, as though the mating would never come off. Only twenty-two, both those youngsters—and the woes and misunderstandings of young love loom large and formidable at that age.

But they married, and are happy—and here for the first time is the complete love story of Lola and Lew—and may the marriage be as euphonious as their names!

"I would rather be Mrs. Lew Ayres than the greatest actress in the world," declared Lola, one day.

"Fame—money—mean nothing to me unless I have Lola Lane to share them with," vowed Lew, the same day.

But Lola was packing her trunks. She would soon be on her way to the New York stage.

And Lew was piling up fame and money as he worked long hours before the camera.

Lew appeared at the Embassy roof garden escorting a blonde. She was not Lola Lane. Lola was seen at a fashionable airport club with a famous young producer. She said nothing. But Hollywood thought that actions

sometimes spoke louder than words.

Hollywood shook its head. "Too bad. I guess that romance is all washed up."

Lola herself believed this to be the end.

And the tragedy of it all was that she still loved Lew.

Lew thought *finis* had been written with indelible ink.

The pity of it was that he still loved Lola.

While Lola was packing her trunks, Lew was walking along the trail that led from his house far back into the Hollywood hills. Lew always walked in the hills when he was troubled.

He was trying to figure out why he and Lola couldn't get along. He loved her. There was no doubt about that.

NO, it wasn't Lola Lane he loved. It was that rollicking, mischievous, adorable Irish minx, Dorothy Mulligan.

But how ridiculous! Dorothy Mulligan and Lola Lane were the same girl. Lola Lane was only the stage name Gus Edwards had given Dorothy Mulligan when she sang and danced her way into his New York musical revue, some five years ago.

But were they the same girls?

The sparkling, witty, sophisticated Lola who gleamed like a flashing diamond in any gay gathering, was irritating. Her quick, easy friendliness was annoying.

Evenings with Lola Lane often ended with harsh words and sometimes tears.

Blonde, blue-eyed Dorothy, with her sweet, thoughtful ways, was quite another person. Dorothy's lovable, laughing friendliness glowed like the soft warmth from a steady light.

"Lola doesn't understand! Why

can't she understand?" The words pounded as Lew kept walking farther that led into the hills.

and farther over the narrow trail

LOLA, eyes red and swollen from weeping, was throwing a heap of lovely silk and velvet gowns into her trunk.

What did it matter if they were a crumpled mess! Nothing mattered! Everything was wrong!

She sank back on her bed among the soft pile of lace and silk.

Her mind kept going round and round in a circle. She couldn't understand Lew. One day he was sweet and understanding. The next he was hard and cold; a stranger she did not know.

She lay with eyes closed recalling that first night when she fell in love with him. For it *was* love at first sight.

She was sitting in a darkened theater, holding hands with a young director whom she thought she loved. He squeezed her fingers when "All Quiet on the Western Front" flashed on the screen.

The picture held her right from the start. When Lew appeared she caught her breath and quickly drew her hand away from her escort.

"Something gripped me right here," she said, laying her hand on her heart. "That face! Those eyes! That smile!

"Something wonderful seemed to reach out to me from nowhere.

"That night I went to sleep hoping I could meet Lew Ayres and praying that if I did he would be like the boy in the picture and not just another leading man.

"A few days later I was hurrying into the Brown Derby to keep a luncheon engagement.

"My heart came up in my throat when I saw Lew Ayres seated at a table next to mine.

"He was sitting with a director whom I knew. This man came over to me saying that Lew wanted to meet me. He asked if he could bring him over to my table.

"And then Lew was sitting beside me asking me for a dinner date and writing my address in his little book. I didn't keep him waiting a minute when he drove up in his car that night.

"WE dined at the Roosevelt hotel. Our first dance together was to the same refrain Lew and Lily Damita danced to on that very same dance floor the night Lewis Milestone, the director of 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' first saw Lew. It was after watching him circle the polished dancing square that Mr. Milestone decided Lew was the young man he wanted for the part of the boy.

"While we were dancing Lew whispered—"Something *big* is going to happen to both of us—dancing again to this same refrain!"

"After a few dances we drove high up on a hill overlooking the twinkling lights of Hollywood. I was disgusted with Lew when he tried to kiss me.

"Just another leading man, I thought, as he took me home."

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How's this for a peek at domestic bliss? Lew Ayres and Lola Lane gathered for a quiet evening at the old family fireside



Acme

"Heigho, New York!" says Sylvia Sidney, home on a flying visit after her picture hits in "Street Scene" and "An American Tragedy." And "Whoopee for you, Sylvie!" says Gotham, right back



Mr. Brown proudly presents Miss Brown, latest addition to the family of Joe E. It is obvious that the lady is camera-struck, as she is taking the lens very big, and her hair is on end. Miss Brown seems to have left her wardrobe in the dressing-room

Cal York

Announcing-

WHEN Greta Garbo and Clark Gable started "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox" they were reported by others who worked in the production to be most enthusiastic about each other. They chatted between scenes, gave professional credit to each other, etc. Things were quite chummy.

But when the retakes came, again, according to reports of others on the picture, they recognized one another with a cool "good morning." No chumminess; just casualness.

Now, we wonder if one stole a scene—or what happened!

LINDA WATKINS, of the stage, is playing her first important rôle in pictures with Jimmie Dunn in "Sob Sister."

Linda has a deep laugh which resounds to the farthest corners of even the huge sound stages. And she is likely to laugh at any moment.

How to tone down that laugh? Director Al Santell believes that gags teach better lessons than lectures.

One day when Linda came on the set, she let out her usual "roar."

A prop boy threw her a live fish from a pail of water. In a few moments, she let out another. A second fish was tossed to her.

"When they sound like a seal, treat 'em like one," the director told her.

THAT long, tall boy from Montana has shed the sombrero, the neckerchief, the chaps and lariat for spats, cane and derby. Well, almost. Gary Cooper is a big New York success. In Hollywood he was just a nice kid—a little shy, a little *gauche* and more than a little tongue-tied. But something's happened to him. In New York he's just that smart and tosses off a wisecrack with every cup of—er—tea.

MARY PICKFORD answered the report that she would retire from the screen, briefly and decisively. "I simply couldn't retire now and leave 'Kiki' as my last picture."

JIMMY DURANTE, that irresistible fun maker who almost stole "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" from Bill Haines, and is now playing in the Lawrence Tibbett picture, "The

Cuban," was sitting in the corner of the set studying what looked to be music.

"What are you doing, Jimmy?" somebody asked.

"They asked me to learn all of Tibbett's songs so if his voice should go back on him, I can sing them!"

He whirled on Lupe Velez who was standing by sneaking a few pulls from a cigarette. "My dear Miss Velez, please stop smoking. You know it is forbidden on this set. My voice, my dear. My voice."

Watch Durante! He is one of the greatest natural comedians in the world and will be a star soon.

INSIDE STUFF FROM THE BOY WITH THE ARROW! . . . Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer to marry when she's finalled, rumor still has it. . . . Young Russell Gleason and Mary Brian. . . . When you read this



International

Still another Hollywood baby, and this one is bored limp with pictures already! "Oh dear me, just another cameraman!" yawns Mary Esther Webb, nestling close to mamma Esther Ralston. Papa George Webb, back of the camera, makes faces for daughter



International

Hollywood is cheering up! Marion Davies is home, after a long European holiday, and more famous and delightful Davies parties are in prospect. And Marion seems to have cornered the orchid market

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

Rita LaRoy will be Mrs. Hershfield, unless . . . Grant Withers—Loretta Young divorce granted. . . . Eddie Quillan and Maureen O'Sullivan stepping out together . . . and Sidney Fox and Eddie Buzzell . . . The Rex Leases finally go for a decree . . . after repeated partings and reconciliations . . . she says he haha-ed her study of philosophy . . . his own was Omar Khayyam's about the jug o' wine, she adds . . . and he was too quarrelsome. . . . Don Alvarado and Mrs. Don Alvarado living apart . . . she at the Alvarado home, he at the Athletic Club . . . say they won't get a divorce, though . . . and Don is seen very, very much, these days and nights, squiring Marilyn Miller about Hollywood's where-to-goes.

M-G-M plans, as this is written, to put into the cast of "Grand Hotel" not one but FOUR stars!—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford,

John Gilbert, Clark Gable. And perhaps even other star names will be added.

Well, if they don't have to call out the militia on THAT set, and give the director a suit of armor to wear, it'll merely be because stars ain't what they uster be.

But boy-oh-boy, what a grand hypodermic shot of adrenalin that picture will be for the gasping ol' box-office!

AT last! Cecil B. De Mille, touring Europe, found the man in a remote hamlet far back in Germany's hinterland.

What man? Why . . .
"I asked a man," wrote De Mille to a Hollywood friend, "if he liked Greta Garbo, and he replied he had never tasted it."

De Mille adds the town has no moving pictures.

CONGRATULATIONS, Warner Baxter. And a low bow from the waist! Warner is now head fan mail receiver on the Fox lot. More letters come to him than to Janet Gaynor. Janet is first among the ladies, however. But Elissa Landi is running her a close second. Which shows what publicity can do. Elissa has had wagon loads of press notices but very few pictures.

And Charlie Farrell has dropped behind. Way behind. Which may only be temporary or it may be because Charlie got married and the gals feel there isn't much use writing to him.

WHENEVER a lad gets a big break, everybody in Hollywood starts remembering him when. . . . All of a sudden dozens of Clark Gable yarns are spinning up and down the boulevard like tops. And there is plenty of Gable legend, for the guy was knocked around the old village for that long.

Maybe Schulberg, head man at Paramount, would like a nice new gun to blow his own brains out. He had a chance at Gable, too. His secretary saw pictures of the lad (presented by his manager, Josephine Dillon, whom he later married, but who isn't the present Mrs. G.). The secretary liked his looks and begged Schulberg to give Clark a chance. Schulberg consented to let him play Alice Joyce's brother in "White Man." When he saw the rushes he threatened to fire the secretary.

Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!



Acme

Lovelier than ever, and happy about her concert success in Europe, Doris Kenyon, widow of the beloved Milton Sills, comes home from a trip abroad. Frankly, now, was Gorgeous Doris ever a mite prettier?

AT last Greta Garbo has a picture which she wants to make. And I honestly believe it is the first about which she has been truly enthusiastic. Usually the studio has persuaded her to make them against her better judgment and she has admitted to her few close friends when they were completed that she hates them.

But Mata Hari—the famous spy—has always intrigued the mysterious Garbo. And the picture has been designed from artistic as well as story angles. For example, a Javanese temple is being reproduced in one of the largest sets ever erected in Hollywood. Here the spy dances. Will Greta actually dance or will there be a double? Probably the latter. Camera tricks are being employed for that number. You don't actually see the girl remove her clothes but you know she's taken them off!

Then there's the scene where the entire room is dark. The light from two cigarettes alone indicates the action. It's a love scene between Greta and Ramon Novarro who is being co-starred with her. The romantic Ramon and subtle Greta making love with only lighted cigarettes to trace their movements—Doesn't your spine quiver?

Garbo is quoted as saying she likes this because it introduces true European realism which she has admittedly missed in her former productions.

PRIZE title change of the year: Warner Brothers began a railroad picture on the working title: "The Steel Highway." When it came out, it was: "Other Men's Women." Ah, me . . . !

SHE'S a brave woman, Esther Ralston, or so the feminine portion of Hollywood has decided.

She permitted herself to gain sixty-five pounds before her little girl was born and everyone is thinking of the difficult job ahead of her—that of reducing to camera size before

she may continue her interrupted picture career.

Incidentally, Esther revealed that she had turned down \$100,000 in movie contracts so as to stay at home for a half year to care for the new arrival.

CLARA BOW walked into the publicity department of Paramount, her old studio home, during a recent visit to Hollywood from the Rex Bell ranch.

"And are you going to Universal or Metro, Clara? We hear they've all been making you offers."

Clara shook her head. "I don't think I'm going anywhere. Why should I? Up there on the ranch you buy a cow for forty dollars and in a few weeks it has a calf and you've doubled your money!"

Rather optimistic ranch financing and a new angle to Clara's retirement!

DID you know that Clara Bow's present boy friend is George F. Beldam?

Now don't get excited. That's Rex Bell's real name.

AND now they've decided to make Ruth Chatterton the pure little gal in her last Paramount picture.

She was supposed to be a not-perfect woman, speaking morally, in "Once A Lady." And then the executives got worried. Bad women were not going over so hot with the censors. When the picture was well under way they demanded the script changed to make Ruth not so bad. Ruth balked. She wanted a good story.

To change the script in the middle of production—! There was a battle.

"Okay!" exclaimed the execs. "We'll make it both ways. Then we'll take the better."

Now, we wonder, will Ruth be just a little bad or a lot bad when we finally see her next picture!

WHAT did Kathryn Crawford do to lose ten pounds in seven days? Wouldn't you like to know? Well, gather 'round and hear the big secret. She registered at a Hollywood hospital and went to bed. She took two glasses of orange juice a day while a trained nurse and a doctor watched her pulse and her blood pressure. When she returned to demand her part in "Flying High" exactly seven days later (promised if she lost the ten) the nurse went with her and was on the set during the making of the entire picture.

When Kathryn became hungry the nurse poured a mixture of fruit and vegetable juices from a thermos bottle.

Kathryn lost the weight but she doesn't recommend the diet unless the doctor and the nurse are added attractions.

ONE of the songs Estelle Taylor includes in her repertoire for her vaudeville tour is entitled: "How I Miss That Man!"

BILLIE DOVE'S prematurely graying hair excites much comment these days. It photographs like an ash blonde and in no way detracts from her loveliness off the screen.

DID you know that, between other jobs, Clark Gable was an accountant for the Firestone Company in Akron, Ohio, in 1918?

And that he has twelve books on the table of his new dressing room at Metro? Eight of them are poetry. We peeped between the covers and they're thumb worn and many passages are heavily underscored. *He reads them!*

HOLLYWOOD HEART BEATS . . . Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli go on yachting trips . . . and who do you suppose are their boat-guests? . . . Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck . . . and how they must laugh and laugh and laugh . . . and laugh. . . Mrs. Rudy Vallée back in Hollywood, where



Exclusive picture of young man taming wild and raging cornet! Mr. Charles Buddy Rogers, soon to take the trail as proprietor and head tooter of a jazz band, gets in a little key-bugle practice, accompanied by his player-piano. Mr. Rogers reports that the player-piano hits few sour notes

Hollywood Life *is* Stranger *than* Pictures!

she used to be Fay Webb . . . and all the boys that knew her when! . . . she says she'll go out with them, too. . . . "Rudy won't mind. We understand each other. He's not jealous." . . . She says he does NOT croon to her at home . . . well, that gives them a chance.

MAE CLARKE and Henry Froelich make no secret of the fact they plan to be married as soon as Mae's divorce becomes final in the early summer.

Who is Froelich? One of the best cameramen in the business. And here's the human interest: He was Colleen Moore's cameraman and before Mae became engaged to him she was engaged to John McCormick, Colleen's first husband.

It was Colleen's first husband who introduced Colleen's cameraman to Mae.

WHILE Joan Bennett was in the hospital, recovering from the broken leg she suffered in a riding accident, she was being attended regularly by a manicurist.

One evening, going out of the hospital after polishing Joan's nails, the manicurist slipped, fell and fractured three vertebrae.

They gave her a room next to Joan's.

JOAN is planning a party for the day her doctor orders her plaster cast taken off. Then all her friends will be asked to autograph the cast.

"People have statuary all over their houses. Why can't I have one of my torso?" says Joan.

JOAN CRAWFORD has chestnut brown hair again. She stopped being a blonde the moment the studio put the final okay on "This Modern Age" and she was positive there would be no more retakes for it.

Joan hated those platinum locks. She went light for "Laughing Sinners" and "This Modern Age." And if she has her way she'll never do it again!

MARIE DRESSLER was the first, I believe, to insist that one star couldn't make a picture—that it takes an entire cast of excellent players. She has insisted over at Metro that she would rather be in a small part in a good picture than a star with a lot of unknown players.

Metro must have listened to Marie. For the first time in their history they are matching their best players—putting two or more stars in one production rather than expecting each star to sell separate productions.

Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro—two who have always been expected to sell separate productions. Picture: "Life of Mata Hari."

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Both top notchers. Picture: "The Champ."

Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. Oh, yes, Bob is a star now and *not* the leading man for Shearer. Picture: "Private Lives."

ROBERT WILLIAMS got a big hand for his work in "Devotion" with Ann Harding at the Los Angeles formal, five dollar a night opening. So big that the house clamored for a bow and a curtain speech.

Robert demurred but finally went to the stage.

He was obviously fluttered. "I—I certainly enjoyed making this picture with Constance Bennett," he began.

Credit is due to Ann Harding for laughing as loudly as any.

RUTH CHATTERTON is one actress who does NOT dye her hair for picture rôles. She uses wigs.

LOVE AND SUCH THINGS . . . John Marion Fox, Joan Bennett's ex-hubby, is an ex-hubby again . . . wife No. 2, Mrs. Polly Perkins Fox, divorced him in Seattle. . . . The Paul Whitemans (Margaret Livingston) honeymooned in Hollywood. . . . The Jimmy Gleasons celebrated their silver wedding. . . . The Jack Gilbert-Marjorie King romance is



Buster, famous actor in Metro dog comedies, or barkies, gets some mail. An Australian fan magazine sends him his published picture, addressed to "Buster, Dog Actor," at the old home studios

off. . . . Ronald Colman is tossing those burn 'em up glances in Thelma Todd's direction . . . and he's known her all these years. . . . They are dusting off the church aisle for writer Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty.

THE movie scenario writer will soon have to take all those big romantic scenes out of gardens silvered by moonlight and put them on passenger trains. Connie and the Marquis crossed the continent together. Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were together on the train from New York to Hollywood. And now Lily Damita.

Willie Vanderbilt, Jr., was on the same boat with her when she arrived in New York, but millionaire Sidney Smith (she denied her engagement to him) was on the train with her from New York to Chicago and on to Hollywood.

And when she got off at the Chicago station there was Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern, son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, to meet her. A smart photographer snapped their pictures together. And, when the prince offered to buy the plate—"because it would be most embarrassing if the picture were published"—but was refused, Lily countered by posing and posing in hopes there'd be a better negative. However, we bet it's a good one.

CONNIE BENNETT took refuge in wisecracking, when Hollywood reporters besieged her, on her return from Paris, with questions about the Marquis—

"Oh, you see," Connie giggled, "I married him in Paris and we now have two children who are following us on a fast freight and that's all I care to say on that at the present time."

P. S.—The children never arrived.

KAY FRANCIS wears an old-fashioned wide gold wedding ring. She takes it off for pictures. She has to.

But hubby Kenneth KacKenna understands that; he's in the same business.

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Wide World

The girls help out, and prove they can draw coffee as well as crowds of movie fans. Here you see Marian Nixon and Sally "Bad Girl" Eilers, Hoot Gibson's pretty *frau*, acting as waitresses for the Hollywood Assistance League. Well, they can assist us to sinkers and java any time at all!

The Extra-Private



Noted Hollywood lock-picker and transom-peeker reveals what famous "Legs" does with her days —and nights!

By Leonard (Old Snoop) Hall

MARLENE DIETRICH is essentially a "home girl." The famous German star, shy and retiring in company, which she seldom is in, said today, "I am happiest among my kiddie. Also among my hubby and my book. I am also extremely happy among my sauce-pan. *Ach*, you should taste my *pfann-kuchen und kartoffel-salat*. Also, my *strudel*. I am very, very happy among my *strudel*. And I like to be alone!"

As one of the leading sneakers of Hollywood, known to the police as "Key-Hole" Hall, I went on the prowl. Today I can present to you, for the first time anywhere, a verbatim account of twenty-four typical hours in the life of Marlene "Legs" Dietrich. (Not to be confused with "Legs" Diamond.)

The Dietrich day (and every day is Dietrich day with me!)

8 A.M.—Marlene is awakened by three photographers, under the bed, quarreling over who shall get the first snapshot of the star putting on her mules. Bathes, her small daughter washing her back and her husband handing her the so-and-so's while she dresses. Breakfasts, discovering a cameraman disguised as a grapefruit and another as a sliver of burned toast. Expresses pleasure when told that a cameraman has fallen down the chimney during the night.

8:30 A.M.—What is known as "Dietrich's Quiet Hour." On the lawn before the house massed military bands play "*Deutschland Uber Alles* Except Hollywood," Miss Marlene playing the bass drum with her knee-caps. Other numbers are "I Used to Love Louisa 'til Marlay-nah Came Along" and "If You Snap My Garters, I'll Snap You on the Nose." Dietrich then boards three Rolls-Royces and pushes off for the studio. She would be unaccompanied if it were not for twenty motorcycle cops and ten cameramen on trucks. The star obligingly stands on her head, puts her feet on the windshield and juggles four Jonathan apples.

9:00 A.M.—Slightly burned about the face by a premature explosion of flashlight powder. "Poof! Idd iss nudding!" she tells the press. "Only my face!"

9:30 A.M.—Delivers a ten minute address to a delegation of rotogravure section editors on "Your Knees Know."

10 A.M.—Radio speech over a network of 150 stations, from the studio. "I luff my husband and my leedle girl," Miss Dietrich says in part. *Herr* Von Sternberg—*ach*, he is a genius! Such a great director. I luff my husband and am happiest among my *schnitzel*. I want to make great pictures for the American people. I luff the American people, and my husband and my leedle girl!"

10:30 A.M.—On the set. Mr. Von Sternberg is directing her in "Below the Equator." Her costume is an old peach basket. "Now, Miss Dietrich," he calls softly, "the left ankle, please! Now the right knee-cap. Quiver it gently!

Give me anger with the left knee, Miss Dietrich!" Several susceptible young prop boys faint dead away.

12 Noon—Luncheon as guest of honor of the Dairymen's Association, Miss Dietrich speaks on "Better Calves."

1 P.M.—Back on the set. Miss Dietrich is now wearing a cherry colored sunbonnet with coral piping and an insert of turkey-red fichu. The scene is a night club in Panama City. Marlene is playing twenty-four Albertina Rasch dancing girls, thus showing no less than forty-eight perfect Dietrich legs at one and the same time, thus breaking the record held for forty years by a New York City octopus. "I can't stand it," screams an assistant director. Cinematographer Lee Garmes has sixty-six cameras focussed on the set, some of them shooting through lace, cellophane, cob-webs and an old pair of overalls he found somewhere. "Umph!" said Director Von Sternberg. "A great day!" He dismisses the troupe by firing a field-gun and running up the Von Sternberg house-flag.

2:30 P.M.—Retakes of scenes showing Miss Dietrich's brow, ears, neck, elbows and torso. These were taken by error and an assistant director while Director Von Sternberg was out seeing a lady about an Airedale. Scenes are substituted displaying Miss Dietrich's knees, thighs, ankles, arches (far from fallen), great toes, and shin-bones. "Looks like a great audience picture!" murmurs the crowd, now numbering 7,000.

3 P.M.—Miss Dietrich poses for still photographs at the studio. Among the poses shot is one with Miss Dietrich with an arm around her little girl, while her little girl has her arm around her daddy and her daddy has an arm around Mr. Von Sternberg's throat.

Other poses: Director Von Sternberg holding Marlene with one hand and her husband with the other, while the little girl rides a high bicycle.

Miss Dietrich standing on her head holding Von Sternberg on one foot and her husband on the other, while the little girl waves the German and American flags.

Director Von Sternberg playing a bassoon, Marlene a left handed oboe, her husband a swinette and the little girl a kazoo.

All four singing "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

4 P.M.—Miss Dietrich receives a deputation from the American Association for the Prevention of Bare-Legged Women. "I promise to wear sheer opera-length hosiery whenever the part permits," says Miss Dietrich. Thanksgiving by the chaplain, and grand display of fireworks on the lawn.

5 P.M.—Miss Dietrich, wearing shorts, plays nine holes of golf. She is alone save for six caddies, her husband, her little girl, Mr. B. P. Schulberg, fourteen cameramen (seven movie and seven still) and the Fourth Infantry, California National Guard. She takes ninety-nine.

Life of Marlene Dietrich

6 P.M.—A half hour nap. Flashlight Drill by Photographers' Union on the lawn.

6:30 P.M.—Marlene dresses for dinner, or *abendessen*. She chooses, for the occasion, a tulle butterfly net trimmed with mauve cellophane, hip length, with insertions of sheer plate glass. "Let's eat!" she says, and the Grand March to the eating-room forms and sets out.

7 P.M.—Dinner, served by cameramen and reformers disguised as butlers and busboys. A plate is served and exposed with each course. Seventy-four guests, including officials of film and camera companies, newspaper and magazine publishers, her husband and her little girl. Miss Dietrich responds to the toast—"Down with Long Skirts, A Menace to the Health of American Women!" (Cheers and flashlights.)

9 P.M.—Private film showing in drawing-room. Preview of new D. W. Griffith epic, "Legs Through the Ages."

10 P.M.—Bed. Platoon of police drive cameramen from bedroom, house, grounds and county, at pistol point.

"I luff to be alone!" murmurs Marlene, as the Sandman approaches at the end of another quiet, sheltered day.

The start of the Dietrich day. Marlene is awakened by three photographers quarreling as to who shall get the first snap at the star putting on her mules and kimona. Just a typical quiet morning! On the opposite page you will see "Old Snoop" Hall viewing the scene with alarm



Illustrated by Van Arsdale

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE CISCO KID*—Fox

BECAUSE of the popularity of Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe and the superb scenic shots, this picture, from the old O. Henry thriller, should make money. It's too bad that we've seen variations of it several times, as it detracts from the novelty. Edmund Lowe has been *Sergeant Quirt* before. He's the same women-all-fall-for-me sergeant here. But he does a swell job. Warner Baxter will make every woman's heart pitter-patter. He's never been more subtly fascinating than as the dashing Mexican buccaneer.

Conchita Montenegro is alluring and shows promise. Nora Lane surprises. You think at times she is Alice Joyce, so definitely does she resemble her and so aptly does she handle a Joyce rôle. Al Cohn deserves a red apple for adroit adaptation of so well-known a story. See it.



★ *BAD COMPANY*—RKO-Pathé

AND still they come—more gangster pictures. The big idea seems to be to take the same old machine-gunny goings-on and spread them over some new plot-angle.

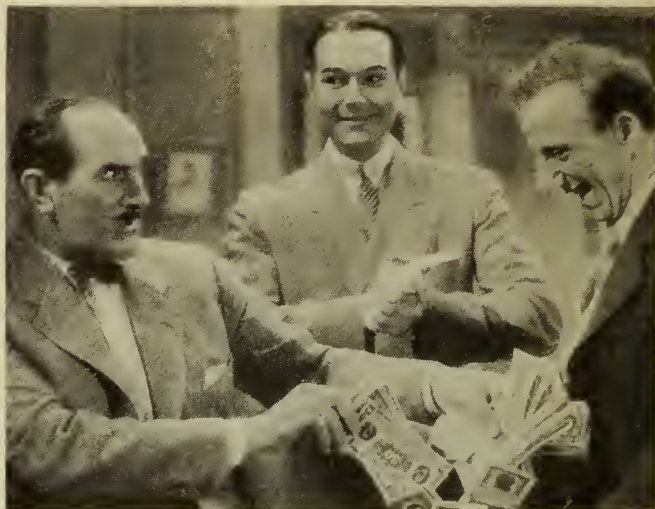
The "different" angle in this one is that Helen Twelvetrees' brother and sweetheart are both gangsters, and she doesn't know it until the shooting begins. It starts when her sweetheart's gang-boss wants Helen for himself, so the jolly old gang custom of putting-on-the-spot starts.

"Bad Company" stands above the ruck of gang stories because of the fine acting, with Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez taking the honors. You may think that Cortez steals the picture—which is getting to be a Cortez habit. John Garrick and Arthur Stone deserve applause.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD*—M-G-M

WALLINGFORD, good on the stage, fair on the silent screen, at last finds his true medium in the talkies—and how the revamped old Wallingford tale does whiz now! And, too, it gives William Haines, the best chance he's ever had, for his special sort of ability. As *Wallingford*, he drops the usual smart-aleck, wisecracking stuff and becomes sincere, human and enjoyable.

Next to Haines, Jimmy Durante and Ernest Torrence take the honors—and there'll be many a one to say that Durante steals the show from the star. This boy, Durante, by the way, is knocking Hollywood for a row of dialogue writers and is going to be one of the big shots all over the country before many more feet of film have passed through the camera.

The story is about a young crook who "is putty in the hands of a girl." His two cronies try to keep him crooked, but when he falls in love, he talks them into going straight and making a lot of money thereby. Imagine their surprise! Even you who remember *Wallingford* in short stories won't be disappointed.

They said Bill Haines was slipping. This picture proves how wrong they were. Go see it and you will be convinced.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD
BAD COMPANY

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE
THE CISCO KID

DEVOTION
24 HOURS

The Best Performances of the Month

William Haines in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

Jimmy Durante in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

Helen Twelvetrees in "Bad Company"

Ricardo Cortez in "Bad Company"

Irene Dunne in "Consolation Marriage"

Pat O'Brien in "Consolation Marriage"

Clive Brook in "24 Hours"

Warner Baxter in "The Cisco Kid"

Edmund Lowe in "The Cisco Kid"

Ann Harding in "Devotion"

Leslie Howard in "Devotion"

Robert Williams in "Devotion"

Linda Watkins in "Sob Sister"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 128



★ DEVOTION—RKO-Pathe

THIS proves what a perfect cast and excellent direction can do for a worm-eaten, inconsequential story.

We don't often advise you to see a picture made from a poorly constructed story. But we do advise you not to miss this because you will enjoy every second.

Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Robert Williams and Louise Closser Hale have never shown their adroitness more. And that is saying a great deal. Excellent dialogue helps, but it is the humanness of the performances which red chalks this as a headliner. Director Robert Milton also deserves a big hand. He made a bright green tree from dead timber. Ann loves Leslie; Leslie has a wife; Robert Williams wants Ann. How it ends doesn't matter. We warn you not to miss it.



★ CONSOLATION MARRIAGE—Radio Pictures

HERE'S a not-out-of-the-ordinary story, transformed into a fine picture by superb dialogue, direction and acting. "Consolation Marriage" is, too, that rare example of true sophistication in screen fare that occasionally appears amid all the mess of pseudo-sophistication.

The story deals with two young folks, each jilted by their respective loves, who accidentally meet and in a spirit of well-what-of-it, get married—for consolation. Time passes and to each comes the chance to return to the original sweetheart. But the old loves have grown cold, and they discover that their consolation marriage has become the real thing.

It sounds trite, and it might easily have been. But Humphrey Pearson sat down and wrote some of the finest 1931, real-people dialogue you've ever heard from the screen. And Director Paul Sloane climbed up on a high place and stayed there throughout his direction of the film, never once dropping to the level of mediocrity. Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien poured their best into their portrayal of the two youngsters. Irene's work is as good as her "Cimarron" performance; O'Brien bests his "Front Page" rôle. John Haldiday and Matt Moore do grand work.

Myrna Loy scintillates briefly in a rôle that fits her as perfectly as her gowns.



★ 24 HOURS—Paramount

MIRACLE of miracles, here is a picture that is not only good but different. The idea is to show all that happens in twenty-four hours in a big city. There are murders, births, legal and illegal loves, deaths, tragedy and comedy. Against this background is projected the main theme of the story—two worlds, high and low, come into contact for a brief moment. Clive Brook is a highbrow who drinks like a lowbrow, and Miriam Hopkins is a lowbrow who thinks like a highbrow. Kay Francis deserts her husband, Clive, to—but— See this one! You'll be sorry if you miss it. The actors are excellent, direction is splendid; even the cameramen were inspired. But why change the title of Rupert Hughes' fine story, "Shattered Glass"?

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

MY SIN—
Paramount



WHAT an improvement over Tallulah Bankhead's first film, "Tarnished Lady"! In this Miss Bankhead is *that* sleek and smart, and does some excellent acting. The story is another of those "should a woman tell her past" things with people who know about her popping up all over the place. But it's worth a look at Bankhead and Fredric March, who gives his usual fine, sincere performance.

THIS MODERN AGE—
M-G-M



THIS picture was reviewed in the July issue. Since then it has been almost entirely remade. Now Joan Crawford is supported by Pauline Frederick, as mother, instead of Marjorie Rambeau. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley remain the same. In July we said it was a ridiculous story. We say the same in November. But Joan is lovely and the picture has lots of box-office appeal.

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR—
Columbia



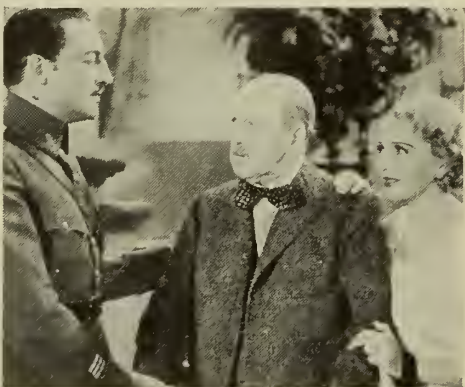
JACK HOLT and Ralph Graves are rapidly coming to the very top as one of those he-men teams in pictures. They're working in double harness again in this fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker." A "shrieker," you know, is one of those hair-raising mystery things, where hands reach out from walls and you never know what will happen next. This is exciting entertainment.

PENROD AND SAM—
First National



REMEMBER Ben Alexander in the silent version of Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam"? Leon Janney, as the lovable, mischievous *Penrod*, and Junior Coghlan, his pal, bring it to the talking screen. The escapades of the two boys and their gang are entertaining. Even the hard-boiled will shed tears at the death of the dog. ZaSu Pitts is excellent in a small part. Kids will love it.

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—
First National



THERE'S little left of the Balzac story in this but the title—and who knows but that they'll change that, too, before this review sees print? The story has been changed so that an adventuress is the heroine, and Bebe Daniels plays the rôle spicily. It's about a war between her and an old man's nephew to see who gets his money. Both do, together. Innuendo-filled dialogue.

HOMICIDE SQUAD—
Universal



LEO CARRILLO does his usual Italian dialogue tricks with the English language, this time as the ruthless gang leader, in what turns out to be just another gang picture. The course of true gangsters has the traditional rough going. There is the usual quota of guns and gore before the gang chief gets his death slug from a police gun. Mary Brian, Russell Gleason and Noah Beery are the other outstanding players.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE ROAD TO RENO—
Paramount



A NUMBER of Paramount's important players appear in this, but somehow it doesn't quite measure up. It deals with a woman who marries and divorces frequently. She ruins the lives of those close to her—even to the extent of murder and suicide. There are plenty of "big" scenes, and on that basis it has interest. Lilyan Tashman, Buddy Rogers and Peggy Shannon do splendid work.

SOB SISTER—
Fox



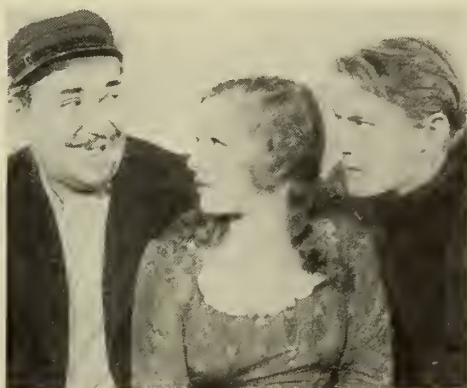
HERE'S a delightful new screen personality—Linda Watkins, a blonde with a kick. And opposite Jimmie Dunn, too. With these two first rate newcomers teamed, the picture's bound to be good. It's newspaper stuff, with Linda and Jimmie rival reporters. Linda uses her sex appeal, and that's where the trouble comes. But it all ends happily. There's plenty of action in this, and it's a cinch you'll like it!

WE THREE—
First National



THERE have been many worse and many better pictures than this. This is one of those in-betweens so hard to describe. It neither bores nor thrills. Rose Hobart is a maid in a cheap boarding-house with a stigma on her name inherited from her mother. She catches a millionaire on the rebound. Complications result. Ben Lyon, Claude Gillingwater and Miss Hobart are excellent.

SHANGHAIED LOVE—
Columbia



IN the silents, this was "The Blood Ship," and it was a fast thriller. But in transition to the talking screen it has lost a good deal of its action through too much dialogue. It's all about mutiny and gory evil-doings on a ship. Richard Cromwell gives a nice performance; so does Noah Beery. Others outstanding in the cast are Sally Blane, Willard Robertson and Richard Alexander.

PERSONAL MAID—
Paramount



SO somebody thought it would be a fine idea if they put Nancy Carroll in a story about a personal maid. It was a cute idea—and a nice characterization was established by Nancy, but something went wrong with the plot when the dissolute son from Harvard arrived. Mary Boland is grand, but the story just isn't there—which makes it kind of hard on the actors. Pat O'Brien and Gene Raymond help.

RECKLESS LIVING—
Universal



A SNAPPY, hold-your-interest program picture. Ricardo Cortez is the pleasant villain seeking Norman Foster's wife. We can't blame him. Mae Clarke is worth chasing. Since Norman is the one bootlegger in New York not making money, Mae is a bit tempted by the suave placer of race-horse bets. However, real love conquers as it should.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 115]



Big Shot

Alwein, the producer who always got what he wanted, thought he could make a star out of any beautiful woman

THE stories of Aladdin and Sam Alwein are a lot alike. Aladdin was a poor boy, wasn't he? Well, so was Sam. He was born over on the East Side of New York. He lived in a three-room tenement with his mother and father and six younger sisters and brothers. About the time Sam climbed into the eighth grade, his father needed financial help so badly that Sam went to work. He got a job as office boy for Carl Feitelbaum of the Solar Films, just when moving pictures started to make millions.

Carl took a liking to the boy. When he went to California he took him along, and when he picked up an old studio for the mortgage he put Sam in charge. The studio showed a profit the first year, and Sam was made.

From that point on he gets to look more and more like Aladdin. True, he didn't have a lamp to rub. But he had a check book to write in. He didn't have djinns and genii and slaves to bounce in out of nowhere to grant his slightest wish. But he could hire almost anybody he wanted, to do anything he wanted. He wasn't a prince. But he was a *Big Shot* in Hollywood. Wasn't he president and general manager of one of the most important film companies?

He even had a princess. Sam didn't need a lamp to find her, either. As a matter of fact, he found her while he was trying to put out a light, the light of one of his stars.

The morning it all started, Barbara Henderson, Sam's best emotional star, refused to play the lead in a feature booked for immediate release. Sam sent for her.

Barbara Henderson was blonde, cultured and poised. Success had assured her. She was beautiful and she moved into the room under its steady assurance.

"Yes, Mr. Alwein," she said, and Sam was captured again by the husky voice that had held her fans to her after the advent of the talkies. Smiling, he motioned her to a seat and sat down himself.

"**I** HEAR you don't like the new picture," he said. "What's the matter with it? I paid thirty-five thousand dollars for it. It's a best seller. It's got everything the public wants. Love. Sacrifice. A bad woman goin' straight."

"My part is overshadowed," she told him. "The wife gets all the sympathy. People will come out of the theaters remembering her and not me. My public will be disappointed. They'll remember I've lost. I have only two big scenes, the one where I steal him from his wife, the other where I give him up."

"This picture," Sam patiently pointed out, "is booked and scheduled for production. We've sold your name with it to the exhibitors. You got to play it."

"No," she disagreed, "I don't have to play it. They have even cut my two big scenes, to put over the wife. And the dialogue isn't good. It couldn't be, even if Shakespeare wrote it."

"Listen, Miss Henderson," Sam said. "Get this. I read one of Shakespeare's plays, 'Hamlet,' and that baby couldn't work



By
Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

on this lot. I got seven dialogue writers could put it all over him. Maybe he was good in his day, but that was a long time ago."

"Shakespeare," Miss Henderson told him, "was the greatest dramatist of all time."

"Yeh?" said Sam. "Well, why ain't his plays sellin'? He's out of copyright and anybody can lift him. And when they do, the play's a flop. And listen, Miss Henderson, we ain't makin' pictures for highbrows. We're makin' pictures for the high school boy and girl and the tired stenographer and the business man and his wife. Virtue gets its own reward. A bad man or woman can't win, but they get all the emotional breaks. See?"

"My public won't stand for it," she said.

"Your public," Sam said, and his voice squeaked a little.

The story of a Hollywood Aladdin who rubbed his lamp the wrong way



Margaret Sperry did not, it was obvious, take direction readily. She reacted slowly and crudely to the sham emotions she had been told to depict—love, joy, anger and grief

"Who made your public, Miss Henderson? We did. We built you up with good pictures and swell publicity. Do you know what you cost us in three years? One million and a half dollars."

"And what did I make for you, Mr. Alwein?" she asked. "Four times that, at least. You didn't build me up because you loved me. You did it because I made money for you. Now I'm nearly at the end of my contract and you're giving me a bad picture so that I won't be able to ask for a decent salary. Well, I won't play it. That's final."

"All right," said Sam. "But if you don't play it, you won't play in another picture for us. And we'll get somebody who will."

"You haven't got anybody who can do my stuff," she told him.

"No, we haven't," he agreed, "but we'll get somebody. We'll make a new star. It'll be easy. There's thirty thousand beautiful women from all over the world in Hollywood beggin' for the chance. I can pick out one of them and make a star out of her. I've done it before. I can do it again."

She was strangely unimpressed.

"Fine, Mr. Alwein," she said. "I hope you do. Now I wonder if I could go down to Bermuda for a couple of weeks."

"You can go to —. You can go anywhere you like," Sam said. "And when you come back, you'll see a new star bein' made. We make 'em and we break 'em."

"Get me," he ordered his studio manager, "a girl to take Henderson's place. She's got to be beautiful and she's got to have *It*. Make it snappy. The picture is scheduled and the sets are all built. You got to shoot it in six weeks."

AT first sight of Margaret Sperry, Sam Alwein felt he had found a star whose luster, when he had developed her, would make Barbara Henderson's seem a faint glimmer. He knew this immediately when she flashed before him in the three hundred feet of her screen test. Even in the black and white of the picture, he sensed she was a redhead. She was, he learned from her application card, twenty-three, but she looked eighteen.

She had *It* decidedly, in her well-rounded body, her soft eyes, her sulky, passionate mouth and in the unconscious poise that goes with the possession of beauty. She was tiny, a Venus in miniature.

Her voice, like that of many beautiful women, was not in keeping with the rest of her. It was unmodulated. But it was soft. And pleasing. It could be molded by a skilled elocutionist.

She did not, it was obvious, take direction readily. She reacted slowly and crudely to the sham emotions she had been told to depict—love, joy, anger and grief.

But he knew she was a find from the way he himself reacted to her screen presence. His brain approved her as it did Barbara Henderson, but his emotions were eager in endorsement. He felt she was the kind of woman he could love and marry and he pictured the millions of fans agreeing enormously with him. This surprised him. That personal thought had never before entered into his judgment of any actress.

He sent for her. Her real presence bore out the promise of the screen. She was so beautiful that for one of the few times in his life he was self-conscious in a woman's presence.

"Miss Sperry," he said uncertainly, "I guess you haven't had much experience actin', but you got other things the public wants. You're goin' to work right away in this picture. You're goin' to have all the help we can give you. You'll have Mr. Hal Reynolds, the best director we got. It's the chance of a lifetime. If you make good, you'll be a star. While we're findin' out about you, we'll pay you—" he was going to say a hundred, but looking into her eyes, he was surprised to hear himself saying "—five hundred a week."

She stared at him, her eyes big with fright.

"I'm scared," she told him. "I'll never be able to do it. I don't know anything about acting. Mr. Alwein, I should never have taken that test. I only did it for fun and neither Mother nor I thought for a minute I had a chance. We just got in from Iowa, and we learned you were searching for an unknown actress to develop.

"I'm afraid the camera was too kind to me. How can I ever learn to act to play the leading



The first sight of that beautiful girl made Sam think he had found a lustrous new star

part in a picture? Why, I don't think I'll even dare try it."

"You got to try it!" he told her emphatically. "I said I could make an actress out of any woman, any beautiful woman. It won't be hard, Miss Sperry. You got all our resources behind you. You'll have one of the best directors in the business workin' on you. All you have to do is what he tells you. Reynolds could make a wooden Indian act."

Hollywood was skeptical about this new experiment. It was the talk of the studios. Sam Alwein had gone crazy and was taking a girl with no experience on either stage or screen and was insisting he could make her a great star.

Sam, himself, had no doubts about it.

"I'm willing to spend a million to put this picture and this girl over," he told Hal Reynolds, ace director. "And I'm countin' on you, Hal. I admit it's a tough assignment. She never had any experience. You'll have to go slow with her. Don't panic her. Right now she's scared to death. If you have to, cut the dialogue away down and put over the business in action. Anything you do is all right with me as long as she clicks."

"Okay, Chief," said Reynolds. "If she's got anything, I'll bring it out. If she hasn't, I can't. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you know."

"I know it, Hal," Sam admitted. "But this girl's all silk."

* * *

HOW do you suppose Aladdin would have felt if he had rubbed his lamp and said:

"I'd like to have a couple of bales of your best Oriental rugs, a peck of diamonds, some solid gold braziers for the living-room and a few gallons of that new jasmine toilet water. And you might bring along a couple of pure-bred, milk-white Arabian horses—and, oh yes, a beautiful princess."

And nothing happened?

Well, that's the way Sam Alwein felt.

For the first time in the years he had been a Big Shot, the old lamp wasn't working. Neither was the magic carpet.

It worried him. He felt that his ability as a producer who could pull romance and love and adventure out of a photographic dark room, much as a parlor magician draws a rabbit out of a hat, was beginning to slip. That a little problem like making a star out of an unknown should be enough to throw him.

Yet, sitting in his office one morning three weeks after the new picture had gone into production, Sam Alwein admitted to himself that the possibilities were against Margaret Sperry proving a smashing hit in pictures. He had not seen any more of her on the screen since he had been captured by her test, but the reports were not encouraging. It was her voice. Hal Reynolds practically admitted it was hopeless.

Sam could understand that a microphone might magnify its soft huskiness into harshness. A peacock has a harsh voice but nobody kicks. They accept the voice along with the beauty of the bird. Well, they would have to do the same thing with Margaret Sperry. Her beauty, he figured, would hold her audiences until the rest of her sneaked up on them, because that's the way it had happened with him.

AFTER their first conversation in his office, Sam, it must be admitted, had begun to have his doubts. He was preparing to sink several hundred thousand dollars into a production and nobody does that, even in Hollywood, without being assured of at least an even chance of getting it back. He wanted to be sure that his first impressions had been correct. So he had sent for her the morning they started work on the picture. He still remembered the thrill of satisfaction the sight of her had given him.

She was dressed for her rôle of home-wrecker in a décolleté green evening gown, and in her heavy make-up she looked at first glance sophisticated and

blasé. Her beauty made him catch his breath.

"I asked you to come to see me," he said, "because I want to tell you not to be frightened. You'll find acting will come easy in a little while."

"But I am frightened," she told him, and laughed nervously.

"Only I promise you, I'm going to try hard."

"That's all you have to do," Sam smiled. "You'll make it."

It was five days before he saw her again. Though he wanted to badly enough, he didn't go near the stage in which she was working. He was afraid his presence would, as he expressed it, "panic" her.

But he never remembered being as anxious about anything in his life as he was for the success of this picture—and this girl. He happened to be standing at the studio entrance late one afternoon when she came out to enter the car the studio had set aside for her use.

"How are things comin' along?" he greeted her.

"I don't know, Mr. Alwein," she said. "I may be doing very well. If I'm not, it's my own fault. I want you to know I've never met such kindness in my life. Everyone in the place tries to help me. And Mr. Reynolds is wonderful to me."

"Yeh?" Sam said. He wondered if Reynolds was making any passes at her. "What does he do that's wonderful?"

"Why, he spends hours going over my scenes with me again and again."

When her car had driven away, he turned back and walked into Reynolds' office.

"How's the picture comin', Hal?" he asked.

"All right, I guess." Reynolds was non-committal.

"How's the new girl, Miss—Miss Sperry?"

"How would you expect a raw [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

He Is The Real Thing!

IVAN LEBEDEFF is Hollywood's champion hand-kisser, but he can't understand why people talk so much about his doing it.

To him, he says, it's as natural as shaking hands. He seems quite unable to realize that in Hollywood, where hand-kissing is no more a custom than rubbing noses like South Sea Islanders, it naturally occasions a deal of giggling comment.

It's related that he once met a feminine acquaintance while swimming, and nearly drowned trying to kiss her hand — but probably that isn't true.

He encounters a lady he knows. He suddenly halts that headlong military stride of his, and comes to attention. He clicks his heels together smartly. He doesn't lift his hat, because he doesn't wear any. But he jackknives at the waist to a right angle, grasps the lady's extended hand in his, and kisses it smartly. So the lady nearly swoons and swears from then on that there's at least *one* gentleman in Hollywood and he's Ivan Lebedeff. And newspaper columnists and Hollywood chatters say a lot of funny things.

"But why?" Ivan asks in bewilderment — well-acted, regardless of whether it's sincere or not. Because you can never quite tell, about what Ivan says or does, whether it's done sincerely or, on the other hand, with a deliberate aim for effect. "Every nation has its own particular customs. Before the war, in Russia, it was the custom for men to kiss the hand of women in greeting. It constitutes an expression of respect toward the sex of a man's own mother." Those are Ivan's own explanatory words.

"The custom was trained in us from earliest childhood, and has become so deeply rooted in consciousness that it is just as natural for men so trained as is shaking hands.

"**P**ERSONALLY, I think it is a very beautiful custom against which I can say only one thing—that is, there are fewer and fewer hands in the world that deserve to be kissed!

"I do not see in this custom anything comical, and I myself am astonished that so much publicity has been given this way of mine. In St. Petersburg, before the war, had someone come from the United States and started to chew gum in social circles, no one would have commented, even though they might have thought it a strange habit. If anyone had dared to make an ironical remark about it, he would have been instantly stopped and told it is bad form to comment about such things."

Ivan draws himself up in his military dignity, and goes on:

A pen portrait of Ivan Lebedeff

By *Harry Lang*



Ivan, in spats and cane, assumes this attitude just before he decides to kiss a lady's hand

"We kiss the hands of married women—and of unmarried women only if they are artists. Or of women between whose age and mine there is a pronounced difference. We never kiss the hand of a woman when the meeting is of a purely business nature. And I personally make it a rule *never* to kiss the hand of a woman, no matter what the occasion, if I feel she is the type who might be embarrassed by the act."

EVEN aside from his hand-kissing forays, Lebedeff is one of the most unusually unusual men in Hollywood, where to be unusual is usually usual.

He never wears a hat except when it's raining. Says he's more comfortable without a hat, but admits he only began going hatless when he first came to Hollywood.

He is proud of the type of masculine beauty he represents, and will avoid anything that might tend to destroy the regularity of his features. He is so near-sighted that he cannot recognize friends, even when they are quite close to him, yet he will not wear glasses.

He does, however, carry a monocle. It is not, like most monocles, merely a disc of clear glass; it is, in Ivan's case, actually a lens.

When he pops into a restaurant, he slips it into his eye and through it, takes a quick glance around to see if there is anyone near whom he should recognize. Then he reads the menu through it, and when that's done, he slips it back into his pocket.

Because of his near-sightedness, he never drives an automobile. He always uses taxis, or hired cars. He is the only featured player in Hollywood who does not own a car.

He always carries a walking stick, and is easily one of Hollywood's most strikingly and immaculately dressed men. The reason he carries a stick is because, while in Russian military service in his earlier life, he formed the habit of holding in his left hand the hilt of his sword. When he abandoned the uniform, he felt so uncomfortable without something in his hand that he adopted the habit of carrying a stick, always.

HE owns a half-dozen sticks—all bamboo and alike. He does not swing the stick when walking. He carries it rigidly.

He wears his clothes like a uniform. He walks as though on parade—his backbone as stiff as a night club *couvert* charge, his chin up, and stepping out like a company of Prussian guards. Even were he wearing a mask, you could pick Lebedeff out of a crowd of hundreds by that walk of his.

He has his clothes made to order, of course, and always in the same style—tight-waisted coats, form-fitting. His shirts are all made to order. Colors?—he rarely deviates from brown, gray or green.

He always shaves himself, and frequently twice a day. He shaves with two razors—a safety, and an old-fashioned straight razor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



"Ah," sighs Sally, "this is more like it," as she snuggles into Frank Albertson's arms in "The Brat." Away from pictures for a year while new faces leered at her from the screen, she thought her lucky shamrock had turned into a thistle. Then she got her Irish up and went out and fought for herself. Result — a great screen comeback. Read on, gentle reader, read on

How Sally Got "The Brat"

SALLY O'NEIL has made a big comeback. Fox has signed her to a five-year contract. *By Katherine Albert* room acting it out from beginning to end.

Everybody raves about her work in "The Brat." The last picture she made before that was one year ago. Since then Sally has been out in the cold. And then—suddenly—the comeback.

In Hollywood you forget about the people who don't work. Oh, you see them around and say "hello" but they don't mean much. After all, Sally hadn't worked for a year. The last picture she made was not good, because Sally's brother was in trouble at the time and the nerve-strain showed in her performance. That idle year made Sally miserable and so she kept putting deadlines on herself.

"I'll hang on three more months," she'd say, "and if nothing happens in that time, well . . ."

And later, she'd say, "Well, I'll stick around for a couple of months more and if nothing happens then, well . . ."

Nothing happened. Nothing happened—but bad news—for a year. But one day her manager secured an interview for her with a local stage producer. He wanted her to do a play and gave her a handful of scripts to glance through. Her eye fell on that old favorite, Maude Fulton's "The Brat." Sally had never heard of it (she was playing marbles when you and I were seeing that one) but she liked the title. It sounded like her, so she asked to do it.

"It's got whiskers on it," said the stage producer.

But Sally took the play home with her. She read and re-read it all one night. She loved it and memorized it from beginning to end, but the half-formed plan of producing it as a play fell through. And then Sally heard that Fox had bought it for a picture.

"I've just got to do it," she said to herself. "That's my big chance—it's now or never." And she spent hours alone in her

paper and saw an announcement that either Dorothy Jordan or Maureen O'Sullivan would play the name rôle in "The Brat."

Sally broke down in a good old-fashioned cry, but, like the heroines in the neurotic novels, she didn't feel a bit better. That afternoon a friend of hers, a priest, called on her.

"What's the matter, Sally?" he asked. "You look blue."

"Say, father, you ought to know the answer to this," said Sally. "Is God dead or has the depression hit heaven?" And she told him about "The Brat" and Dorothy Jordan and Maureen O'Sullivan.

The priest read the script. "Why, this was written for you" he said. "Who's directing it?"

"John Ford," wailed Sally.

"You wait here," said the priest. "I know Jack Ford. I'm going to have a talk with him!"

The next day Sally was called to the studio for a test. "I don't expect you to know anything about this part," said Ford to her, "the play was before your time, but you take the test and just *ad lib* lines such as you think a kid like that would say."

Sally said a little prayer, walked before the camera and began reciting the play scene by scene. She was letter perfect and Ford spent five hours taking that one test. When it was finished he had a complete outline of the entire play.

And that's how Sally O'Neil got the part and the five-year contract and the biggest chance at a comeback anybody ever had.

With tears in those ridiculously big eyes of hers she says, "God did that—I know He did. 'God helps those who help themselves' is my motto from now on."

Seymour Says—
The Screen Reflects Fashion
In Her Best Role



WHITE SATIN

THIS stunning picture of Marilyn Miller might well be titled "Rhapsody in White." Certainly there isn't a detail that strikes a false note. White is still high in evening fashions, and when it is white satin, nothing is smarter. This gown of Marilyn's has the fitted bodice and draped hipline that is new. Interesting diagonal tying of the narrow scarf. There's a discreet bit of beading on the shoulders, if you look closely. The skirt is full, but almost straight—and slipper length. Nice slippers in satin, by the way.

One Dress Can Play Lead For Several Winter Wraps



USUALLY one coat does duty for several dresses—but Ruth Hall reverses the idea and has one frock play up to several wraps. For evening she picks an almost straight line black velvet gown. That molded hipline and snug bodice are smart. And I think using that draped scarf of silver sequins as the only trimming is a clever touch. Good taste in the court earrings. You should have one frock like this. It's practical.



FEELING rather elegant one evening, Ruth wears this short ermine bolero with the velvet frock. The sleeves flare out at the wrists and are scalloped. That bow tie of fur is new. An inexpensive version of this in white hare would be equally smart.



HERE'S the period trend in a velvet jacket with leg o' mutton sleeve fullness. Notice that the fullness comes below the close tucking. I like that soft, draped neckline, don't you? It's flattering.



THE ABBREVIATED jacket of Ruth Hall's two-piece green jersey barely reaches the brightly striped girdle. That brown derby with the chenille brim and feathered cockade is new.



LOOK at those sleeves! If they don't date back a century I don't know my fashions. This black dress coat has so many good points I'll have to enumerate them. There's the fabric—a new woolen in bouclé weave. And the white galyac Ascot and sleeve banding. The line of the coat, too, almost straight and buttoned at one side with buttons high at the neck and again just below the waist. Ruth wears the jersey with it, also.



HERE'S the perfect all 'round fur coat—gray kidskin. Note the straight lines, deep revers, button closing and swagger pockets. That green leather belt matches the buttons—nice touch. Worn over the jersey frock, shown above. An inexpensive but very wearable coat for any girl.

— Seymour —

Copy The Stars In Buying



"RICH MAN'S FOLLY" is the title of the picture in which this suit of Frances Dee's appears. The title would lead you to expect extravagant costumes, but certainly this is the height of conservative good taste. I like that double-breasted, fitted jacket. And that high white collar is decidedly new and youthful. Nice accessories, Frances. Trim black suede bag, kid pumps and black suede gloves. Oh, yes, the suit is black woolen, the blouse white silk piqué. You could wear this all Winter under your fur coat.



IF YOU want to look romantic this season, I suggest an ostrich feather on your hat. Doesn't Karen Morley look the part in this black felt hat with white ostrich plume at one side? This is one of the modified types of romantic headgear. The black and white bead necklace has three more strands and is one of the smartest I've seen.



EVERYONE seems to have a feather in the hat this year. Here's Karen Morley again, but this time in a more tailored mood. Her black felt has a rolling brim all around and is worn lower in the back. The feather is black and white.

And Wearing The New Modes



SPEAKING of romantic styles, here's Dorothy Jordan doing it up in the grand manner! A wine velvet hat has a sweeping ostrich plume falling from its brim. You can't see it, but she carries a quaint muff!



BLACK and white is still one of the best color contrasts, all other bright ones notwithstanding. Peggy Shannon does well by it in this black woolen dress trimmed with white piqué. Notice the high neckline, fitted bodice and the side closing stressed by white buttons. Those sleeves are new. I don't like your hat, Peggy. You can get a close-up of this in "The Road to Reno."



SATIN trimmed with wool! That is the latest quirk to the contrasting idea—not only color contrast, but now fabric contrast. Ruth Hall's black satin dress has two wide revers, one in white satin, the other in lipstick red wool crepe.

— Seymour —

Gold In Evening Fashions



THOSE divorcing ladies in "The Road to Reno" have a chance to wear some knockout evening clothes. Take Judith Wood, for instance; she gets her gold in more than alimony! Her black chiffon dress is brocaded all over in it. That scarf draped so casually over one shoulder is seen in similar guise on many of the season's best evening dresses. Don't try to count those bracelets, you'll get dizzy. I'd feel happier about it all with a few less.

— Seymour —



IN THE same picture Peggy Shannon wears a semi-formal dress that I would recommend for any girl. It is gold metal cloth. Made simply with a fitted bodice, short sleeves and a tapering flared skirt, ruffled at the hem. Notice the slipper length, just right for this type of dress. The metal strap slippers to match are perfect. There's an absence of jewelry, you will note if you look closely; the dress is elegant enough by itself.



Elmer Fryer

RAGS, even silk ones, are certainly royal raiment when Joan Blondell wears 'em! And surely the widely-publicized Blondell understandings are always a welcome spectacle. Lawk, what a pert little minx it is! Joan's been busy in "Larceny Lane," with James Cagney

Why WOMEN Go CRAZY



ON the screen Clark Gable meets every woman with a challenge in his eyes, a mocking grin culminating in a laughing dimple, an aloofness that is not far distant, and a skillful parry for every attempt to throw him off his guard. An adroit opponent in a duel of sex



About CLARK GABLE

By
James R. Quirk



Clark Gable has some of the qualities that made Valentino the one great idol of the screen. But it is doubtful if he will ever approach the unprecedented heights of Rudy's romantic appeal

CLARK GABLE is the male sensation of the screen today because in every rôle he has played the part of a man who fears neither Jack Dempsey nor Peggy Joyce.

He is a caveman with a club in one hand and a book of poetry in the other.

Here is no tender lover, strumming sweet love songs; no smitten cavalier throwing his mantle over a puddle to save the tender tootsies of his fair one; no ga-ga stripping crying life is o'er lest the sweet object of his tender affections will not permit him to dedicate his life, liberty and fortune to her eternal whimsies.

In one short year he has made most phenomenal and dazzling progress. He may never achieve the heights of romantic idolatry of Valentino, nor the year-in and year-out box office assurance of Chaplin or Fairbanks; but there is no one man on the screen today whose personality so intrigues the feminine audience.

A strange phenomenon of feminine psychology, the almost instantaneous success of this new type of lover. Note that I did not use the word "hero." For Clark Gable's popularity does not rest upon the foundation of noble deeds, tender passion, nor self-sacrifice. As a lover he begins with indifference, demands utter submission, and ends with either complete and uncompromising domination or defeat. And there is no defeat in him save death.

Ace Wilfong, in "Free Soul," was the apex of a series of such characterizations. *Jan* (Norma Shearer), refined and fragile, glories in her infatuation for the man to whose will she must and did yield. The character of the noble self-sacrificing, and honorable lover, played by Leslie Howard, a much more artistic and ver-

satile actor, paled into insignificance in his final victory.

Is it that the ladies and gentlemen of the audience have been fed up with too much super-human nobility, hearts of gold, and all that sort of thing in our motion picture actors?

How often have we watched some nin-com-poop of a fair damsel treat the self-sacrificing and languishing hero like a sap, and make him go through all kinds of hell to come into a close-up with her at the finish, when all the time we wanted to tip him off that she was a selfish, dizzy dame, and not worth the effort?

On the screen Clark Gable meets every woman with a challenge in his eyes, a mocking grin culminating in a laughing dimple, an aloofness that is not far distant, and a skillful parry for every attempt to throw him off his guard. An adroit opponent in a duel of sex.

It is that uncertainty about him, that self-assuredness, that indifference that interests women. He is like a magnet that both attracts and repels. That complex mystery, woman, is baffled [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



It was "The Sheik" that made Valentino the most glamorous personality on the screen. In that picture his wooing of Agnes Ayres was no more gentle than the motion picture love technique that Clark Gable uses with such dazzling success today

The Unknown Hollywood

By Katherine Albert

HOLLYWOOD, ten or twelve years ago, was a lusty place. There wasn't a chinchilla coat or a top hat in the town. And—maybe it's only because I'm old enough to reminisce—it seems to me that people had a lot more fun then.

I wish I could rebuild the place for you. A low, white city, open to the sun. Little, clubby. A friendly town. There wasn't much Beverly Hills and you didn't need an Oxford telephone number or an Oxford accent to be admitted into the Kingdom of God. There were a few limousines, but a Rolls-Royce parked against the curb drew a crowd.

Nobody was grand. Nobody used a broad "A." Hollywood was a child, charming and naïve. Now it's a woman of the world, sparkling, bizarre, hard and bitter, with a painted face and narrow eyes.

It is natural that the village should become adult, but don't blame me for regretting the passing of the Hollywood I knew.

Last month I told you that D. W. Griffith went to New York leaving me broken-heartedly clutching separate letters of introduction to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (who were not married to each other at the time). Doug worked at the Fairbanks Studio, now Tec-Art, and Mary rented space across the street at Brunton, which has become Paramount's enormous studio. Melrose Avenue—now a flourishing business street—was then lined with eucalyptus trees, and there were only a few small bungalows between the end of the Western Avenue car line and the studios—seven long blocks away.

If my memory serves me correctly, I was admitted to Mary Pickford's dressing-room on the Brunton lot at once. She was



"Register fright," said the director. And Katherine Albert turned on the works thus in "The Saphead" 12 years ago

standing erect, with some sort of blue negligée caught about her, and her hair—the famous Pickford curls—caught on top of her head with a couple of pins. I'm not tall, but I towered above her and she gave me the smallest hand I've ever felt, in a brief, firm clasp. Her voice was brisk and crisp and, although she was pleasant, she smiled not at all.

I've seen her dozens of times since, of course, and only on the rarest of occasions have I known her to smile. I can't remember ever hearing her laugh heartily.

I discovered that I couldn't talk to her—too calm, too impersonal, too distantly polite. Nothing at all passed between us. She was sweet. She was businesslike. She promised me—quickly and conclusively—a bit in "Pollyanna" on which she was working. Later I learned that this standoffishness is defense mechanism.

ONLY a few months ago she came to a tea which I attended. She arrived late. She was unsmiling. The hostess met her at the door. Mary clung to her, looking at the guests—there were a hundred or more—who filled the lobby of the *Chateau Elysée*. "Walk in with me," she said. "I'm always terrified of going into a room where there are so many people." And yet her arrival had caused a hush to fall. In spite of her timidity—which is often mistaken for something else—she remains the reigning queen of Hollywood.

Leaving Pickford, I went across the street to discover that Fairbanks was not in but that director Victor Fleming, who was later to become engaged to Clara Bow, would see me. He is a tall, loose-jointed man and I remember him as he sat, hunched down in his chair, legs sprawled out in front of him, looking at me through half-closed eyes.

I could talk to him. I did, telling him my ridiculous hopes, my vain ambitions. Once or twice he laughed. But he was sensitive, understanding, and I'm sure a person as naïve and quaint as I was an anomaly to him.

Finally he stopped me and called in a Mr. Smith who looked me over, in a kindly fashion, and said I might have a part in a picture he was to do if I'd "come back in two weeks." I didn't know then that that was—and still is—Hollywood's favorite alibi. But, immensely elated with prospects of two jobs, I walked to the Western Avenue car line.

IN a very few days Pickford's casting man called me, but the "bit" in "Pollyanna" turned out to be one day's extra work with a bunch of kids much younger than I, which gave me no chance to "emote." However, I still had the promised "part" from Mr. Smith.

Two weeks to the day after I'd seen him I again presented myself at Fairbanks Studios and asked for Mr. Smith. The office boy gave me a withering glance. "He ain't been here for ten days," he said, and then, seeing the quick tears that sprang to my eyes, he added, "I think he went to Metro."

Metro is a good two and a half miles from Fairbanks. There was no crosstown transportation. It had begun to rain—just to make things more devastating for me—and I walked



Ramon Novarro, young and eager, in his first film, "The Lover's Oath," with Kathleen Key. This was before Ingram had discovered Ramon

I Know

Part Two

Another fascinating never-told story of the studios in which you learn things about your favorites you didn't know before



Here's our Mary in curls and pout before she went sophisticated. The interested "actress" on Pickford's right is the author of this story. "Pollyanna" is the film

that weary route so many have taken with the tears mingling with raindrops on my cheeks.

The Metro Studios was one of the biggest then and a brilliant array of stars have shone out from those low, white buildings. It is old and gray and hoary now—waiting patiently like some octogenarian for the leprous finger of time to completely demolish it.

Those who live nearby whisper that the place is haunted and that the ghosts of Rudolph Valentino, Barbara La Marr and Harold Lockwood still stalk those musty stages and that the whirr of cameras which caught their beauty may still be heard at night.

Then, all was bustle and activity and when I asked—through my tears—for Mr. Smith, the gateman laughed. "Well, girlie, we got about a hundred Mr. Smiths working here. What does he do?"

IT occurred to me that I didn't know whether he was a writer or a director or an actor or a supervisor. "He's going to make a picture," I said. "He's only been here a little while."

"You wouldn't by any chance mean Winchell Smith, now?"

Well, I'd read my theatrical news and the name of the famous playwright, the author of "The New Henrietta," "Brewster's Millions," etc., etc., struck me. I was sure I didn't mean Winchell Smith, but the gateman called him and told me to go right in.

It was Winchell Smith who smiled and said, "I was going to call you." And he led me to the casting office, where I signed for a part to run eight weeks at fifty dollars a week!

A new world had opened up. I was an actress now, a player of parts. Oh boy, some fun!

Inside, the studio was lovely, with the dressing-rooms in a neat, whitewashed row. I was assigned one with Cleo Madison. Poor, beautiful, tragic Cleo. I used to think her the victim of moods, only, for one moment she would be super-gay, brilliant, sparkling, with a quick wit and ready to give me advice about pictures. And in a very short time she was silent, lethargic, miserable, sitting with her head in her hands over her make-up shelf. Perhaps in an hour

—usually when I'd left the dressing-room for a moment—she'd come alive again, her eyes gleaming like a Broadway electric sign.

Viola Dana's dressing-room was only a few doors away. She was not yet married to Lefty Flynn (poor Vi, poor Lefty, what devotion she gave him). She was at the peak of her career, a bright, vivacious bundle of energy, and in love with the dare-devil aviator, Lieutenant Locklear.

She used to stand on a little rustic bridge in the garden in front of the dressing-rooms, while Locklear circled overhead, coming so close that the two could shout at each other while the rest of us (we were not so air-minded then) fled for cover. I can see her now—a vivid exclamation point, in some brightly colored frock, standing there waving and shouting to her sweetheart. Locklear would swoop down, almost touching her; and then lift away, running the wheels of his plane along

the roof of a stage—thereby throwing the actors into a panic from which they would not recover for hours.

Oh, it was all very gay and beautiful—that great bird and that small, avid girl. Some months later I watched his plane crash into the earth. It was at night and they said he confused the sky rockets they had sent up with the ground lights. He was mangled beyond recognition.

Nazimova—I make the genuflexion when I say the name—was queen of the lot. She did not know then that by being writer, actress, director and supervisor of all her pictures she was killing herself professionally. When she was not in costume, she hurried about the lot, her hair standing out like an Australian bushman's, her funny little turned-out feet in flat-heeled, "sensible" shoes and her dress of some dark material, neither in style nor out, a dress that could have been worn then

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



May Allison was the most beloved and charming person on the Metro lot



“I Cannot Write That Story —

That's what the writer
said, but we believe
it was Leila Hyams
who was unmasked

I HAVE always said that I felt more sorry for Clara Bow than for any girl in pictures. Because she is too-much-talked-about.

I've changed my mind. I feel more sorry for Leila Hyams. Because she is not-enough-talked-about!

For five years I have been wanting to write a story about Leila. She is one of the girls in this business whose friendship I really cherish.

She's normal and healthy and capable and honest. She has a beautiful home, a successful, charming-companion husband: manager-of-stars Phil Berg.

She's a good bridge player, an excellent swimmer, a hostess and guest trained to the best manner. In addition, she's sublimely beautiful, with the cultured features and grace accredited by history to the Greek goddess.

But I can't write a story about her.

Incidentally, she's a capable actress. So capable that for two years Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn't give her three days in succession between pictures. Leading lady three times for John Gilbert; innumerable times for William Haines; for Robert Montgomery, Buster Keaton, etc. The *etc.* includes every male star whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has employed in three years.

And when you've said that, you've said all there is to say about Leila.

Yet there must be color and glamour and romance suppressed within her which eludes the eye of a writer but not the eye of the camera.

Otherwise, why the letters which pour into PHOTOPLAY asking, "Why don't we see more of Leila Hyams? Why not give her better pictures? Why don't you run a story about her?"

Shearer, Crawford, Garbo! All M-G-M headliners. Leila is at the same studio. She's more beautiful than any of the three; yet, when I read those letters, I knew I couldn't write a story about her. She's so darned normal.

But when the order (and the letters which motivated the command) came from the editor of PHOTOPLAY, I gritted my teeth and went out to see her. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Too darn normal! That's Leila Hyams' publicity pain! Beautiful, talented, wholesome, the lovely Hyams girl can't break into headlines with just a happy home life and not a whiff of scandal!

The Screen Is Leila's Only Publicity

By Ruth Leiber

BUT I Can Unmask Jean Harlow!"

HOLLYWOOD has been mistaken in Jean Harlow. Hollywood is frequently mistaken in first impressions of newcomers. It is prone to take them on their figure-value as well as their face-value.

Really, unless you have lived in this city and become a member of the inner-circle gossips, you may not be able to understand just what Jean's figure has done for her as well as to her.

Of course, "Hell's Angels" had much to do with the card-cataloging of Jean. In this picture she was all bad. Her gorgeous figure, lavishly exposed, stamped her as a bad, bad vampire.

The moment it was released she was classified as the most sensational sex-appealer in pictures. Both professionally and personally.

In all fairness, however, I cannot say that the picture and Hollywood were entirely to blame. Jean Harlow comes in for a little of the censure.

You see, this was not Jean's first picture. Oh, I don't refer to her original contract with Hal Roach which was broken by mutual consent because millionaire grandfather, S. D. Harlow of Kansas City, said he'd disinherit her if she didn't leave pictures. That was three years ago. I refer to her little rôle in Clara Bow's "Saturday Night Kid," her parts as a glorified extra girl at \$15 a day (anything over \$10 makes it "glorified"), her tiny bit in "Paramount on Parade." Jean was not a newcomer, as Howard Hughes' publicity venders would have had us believe. She was just another young daughter of the Middle West determined to get a foothold on the magic carpet of motion pictures.

But being herself didn't help that ambition much. Her foot had slipped about a bit on the carpet but it hadn't even approached a spot which hinted of a permanent position.

And then—"Hell's Angels." The platinum blonde vamp; the most sexy find of the talkie era. Hot diggidy!

She determined to live up to that. With all the hectic, jumbled emotions of her eighteen years she made her decision. "If being a vamp, a sex-wonder, is going to make me a success, I'll be one in earnest."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Poor Jean Harlow! Why poor, you ask? Because, trying to act socially as she looked and performed in her siren rôles, Jean fell afoul of Hollywood's gossip-hounds—and it hurt, badly

Gossip-Mongers Manufacture Jean's



Photographs by Hurrell

THE greatest little showman of them all—every move a picture, and a peppy one! Here Lupe Velez plays the coy maiden. The next minute she may waft a shoe at the butler

The Best Showman

In Town

HOLLYWOOD is a town of showmen and showwomen; folk who make a living from acts—on the screen and off. Each has a specialty, head-lined performance.

Garbo and mystery; Lilyan Tashman and sophistication; Janet Gaynor and wistfulness; Constance Bennett and money; Clara Bow and sex-appeal. Take any of the truly big names and you'll find you can classify the personalities behind them as definitely as canneries classify packed fruits by labels.

Which is as it should be, of course. The stars sell their personalities; they *must* be adapted to labels. And the star who can develop the best personality reaches the big money the fastest, just as high-grade peaches bring more per can than low-grade.

Now, I'm going to make a startling statement. One which may bring the wrath of Hollywood upon me. I think Greta Garbo may object to this statement! For even Greta hates to have her thunder stolen from her. She thinks she's the best showman in Hollywood, but—

Lupe Velez, Mexican spit-fire, wins first honors. She is the best showman or showwoman in the entire profession.

IHAVE known Lupe since her earliest days in this business. I lived next door to her; took care of her when she needed care—which was seldom. I went through the Al Jolson, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper episodes with her. And I say she is the best showman because I know she is the most natural, the most primitive, the most unaffected offspring of an affected generation.

Her entire life is an act. There is never a moment when she is not emoting—putting on a show as definitely as a vaudeville performer before a filled house.

Only Lupe doesn't need the full house. She acts for her mother, her secretary, her servants, her friends—herself even. She tells of her childhood: "I used to act before a mirror." She still acts before one. I have slipped to her bedroom unannounced and seen her parading before a mirror—showing off herself *to herself* as openly and unconsciously as small children show off before company.

Lupe recently told me: "There are times when *you* want to scream. I know it; I have seen the times. But you don't, because you are afraid of what people will think of you. I am not afraid. Why should I be? If I want to scream, I scream. To hell with what they think of me."

The truth. I have heard her do it. "An act!" others call it. Certainly. But an act as natural as the one nature puts on when it has two clouds collide to produce light-

The whole life of loop-the-Lupe Velez is an act—but what an exciting one!



Leaping Lupe Velez holds still long enough to have her picture taken. This is the Mexican Madcap on one of her quieter days

ning and thunder. So what's to be done about it?

"I do as I please because I get more fun out of life. I laugh; I get mad; I cry. I like to laugh; I get fun out of being mad; I enjoy crying. When I feel like crying, I am happier to cry.

"Other people like to see me, too. I am always different. I am always interesting. I know that, too. They even envy me because I am myself; that is why they talk about me.

"Most people live life like one note on the piano. Da-da-da-da." She sang it on the same note. "Is that pretty I ask you? But do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-ti-do. Do-Do! You go up; you go down. You live on the high note; you live on the low one. But you never live the same."

We were in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. She sang the monotonous da-da-da. She sang the scale; jumped from low *do* to high. Everyone stopped eating to stare. Lupe was having the time of her life. So were the others!

THE very fact that we were in the commissary at all was proof of Lupe's showmanship. She had finished her work in "The Cuban" with Lawrence Tibbett. I had made an appointment to interview her at her home. Then her maid telephoned asking that I change to the lunchroom.

I laughed. I knew the motive behind that move. It wouldn't be so good for my interview. Commissaries are noisy, crowded, a natural fence between the star and the interviewer. But it would be a good act for Lupe!

She isn't under contract to Metro. During the making of "The Cuban," the Metro publicity department had rushed interviewers down to the set to see Tibbett, Karen Morley, Director W. S. Van Dyke and others under contract to them. Studios always push the publicity of those who earn bread and butter from them and for them. Why urge publicity on others

who are come-today-and-gone-tomorrow?

But why, also, shouldn't Lupe show them she didn't need a publicity department? Why shouldn't she let that little working world in which she had been living during the picture know that PHOTOPLAY was writing a story about her? They couldn't know if we were alone in her home, could they?

And what an act she put on for us all. "Hello, baby!" It didn't make any difference whether she was addressing a waitress or Ramon Novarro. She pranced out into the kitchen. Of course, that is forbidden. But nothing is forbidden to Lupe. "What have you for me today?" Her arm around the

cooks, the bus boys, the dishwashers. "A special dish of sliced chicken with tomatoes—" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Ruth Biery

More Radio Stars Go Movie

Well, by gum, ole Seth Parker got purty scared when he walked into the studio and had to do his actin' before all those folks. 'Tain't like that up at the radio station.

The microphone is no novelty to Seth and his troupe. You've heard them broadcasting every Sunday evening. But the camera is something else again. This grand action picture was caught at the Radio Pictures Studios where Seth and his crowd are making a picture called "Other People's Business," and in addition to the original troupe Bette Davis, Frank Albertson and little Frankie Darro have been added to the cast.

In the actual scene you'll discover (standing left to right) Raymond Hunter, *Cap'n*; Sophia Lord, *Liz*; Bennett Kilpack, *Cephus*; and (seated) Effie Palmer, *Ma Parker*, and Philips Lord, *Seth Parker*. That's all you'll get when you see the picture.

In the working crew,—that strange power behind the throne—you'll find the script girl, the dialogue girl, director Bill Seiter, assistant director Sam Nelson, second assistant director Eddie Kelley and head cameraman J. Roy Hunt. It takes a lot of folks—fore and aft—to make a movie.



Photograph by Stagg





Richee

SUNSHINE and shadow, or what'll you have, dark or light? Two glittering diggers of gold await the coming of two susceptible gentlemen with two plump bankrolls. And will they get their men! Blonde Lilyan Tashman and raven-haired Kay Francis as they look in Paramount's "Girls About Town," an epic of the merry maidens

M^{RS.} Alfred Victor du Pont



Blonde, irresistible, she is one of the most gifted younger hostesses of Wilmington and Philadelphia

— whose cameo complexion is part of her gracious living

SHE stepped out of one of the leading women's colleges, married . . . and was catapulted into a life of travel which necessitated her meeting people of all sorts . . .

They fell promptly under her spell, for Mrs. du Pont is typical of the very young matron of distinguished background in her varied enthusiasms, her poise and her common sense.

Her cameo complexion has the exquisite delicacy of a Fragonard portrait . . . "Why do I use Pond's?" Mrs. du

Pont asks. "I have excellent reasons . . . the method is so simple and quick . . . it does wonders for your skin . . . and you can buy Pond's everywhere you go, which is a comfort."

Four simple steps for exquisite skin:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck, several times a day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface . . . at bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because softer and half again more absorbent . . . They come in white or peach color.

3. Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and firm, banish oiliness, close pores and refine skin texture.

4. Always before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to make powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives an exquisite finish . . . Use Vanishing Cream wherever you powder —neck, shoulders, arms . . . And on your hands to keep them smooth and white.



The secret of a cameo complexion is here revealed, Pond's four preparations for the care of the skin

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Tune in on Pond's Fridays 9:30 P.M., E. S. T., Leo Reisman and his Orchestra, WEAf and N. B. C. Network

"It's true that
I am 38!" *says*
CLARA KIMBALL
YOUNG

*Famous
Screen
favorite says
No woman
need look
her age
#1*

"I REALLY AM 38 years old," says Clara Kimball Young. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty above all. They know that a skin smoothly soft is always appealing.

"Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin in wonderful condition, and now that I have returned to the screen, I

depend on the gentle lather of this nice soap to keep my skin youthfully smooth and fresh."

*How 9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars
Guard Complexion Beauty*

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap! It is the official soap in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres throughout the country!

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG—who is appearing in Radio Pictures' "Kept Husbands," after an absence from the screen of many years. Who would dream, looking at this recent picture, that she is 38 years old!

Lux Toilet



Soap—10¢

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



At four, Madge Evans was a screen actress. Grown up now, she's been rediscovered by movie-goers

THIS month the Answer Man was deluged with questions about "that new actress," Madge Evans. Most of the fans really believe that Madge is new to pictures, but the truth of the matter is that she is an old-timer. Not in years, of course, as Madge first saw light on August 1, 1909.

At the age of six months she began her career when she posed for commercial artists. At four she became a screen actress and for several years played child parts, starring in a series of children's pictures. When she outgrew these rôles she was sent to Europe to school.

At seventeen she made her first Broadway appearance in "Daisy-Mame." M-G-M took her from the stage and gave her the lead opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." Since then she has played in "Sporting Blood," "Guilty Hands," and "West of Broadway." Madge is 5 feet, 4, weighs 116 and has golden hair and blue eyes. She is still single.

Hardie Albright is runner-up to Madge in this month's mail bag. Hardie is a real newcomer, having entered pictures in February, 1931. Fox scouts discovered him playing on the stage in New York in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," and signed him for talkies.

He began his stage work after graduating from Carnegie Institute with a B. A. degree. He was the juvenile lead in "Cradle Song," "Young Sinners," and several George Arliss plays. His first screen appearance was in "Young Sinners," with Thomas Meighan and Dorothy Jordan. This was followed by "Hush Money" and "Skyline."

Hardie was born in Charleroi, Penna., a suburb of Pittsburgh, on December 16, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. At this writing he is still fancy free. Fancy that, with all those fascinating girls in Hollywood!

EDITH BROWN, NEW ZEALAND—Bill Haines is an example of how a young chap can make good in pictures without having previous stage or screen experience. Bill was chosen by Samuel Goldwyn in a nation-wide search for new faces for the screen. That was in 1922. Bill worked hard and is now listed among the best known leading men. He was born in Staunton, Va., on January 1, 1900.

DOROTHY SANDERS, AMITE, LA.—You get your wish, Dot. Joan Crawford is letting her hair go back to its natural shade of red-brown. Marjorie White was the cute little trick you saw with grinning Joe Brown in "Broad Minded." Connie Bennett confesses that her birth date is October 3, 1905. She is a native of New York City.

MISS P. C. J., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Rin-Tin-Tin is still making pictures. Serials, to be exact. Joan Marsh was born in Porterville, Calif., on July 10, 1914. Her latest picture is "Politics."

DOROTHY WENZ, PETOSKEY, MICH.—And I thought it was Russia! The blonde Evelyn Laye is a product of London, England. Kathlyn Williams was the woman who visited the college with Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs."

IRENE BERATTO, PITTSBURG, CALIF.—Nancy Carroll's new hubby is Bolton Mallory. They were married on July 3, 1931. Nancy has a five-year-old daughter, Patricia Kirkland, by her first marriage.

L. K. OF WISCONSIN—You got the wrong impression when you read that "Trader Horn" cost Mrs. Renaldo her husband. It didn't mean that he died. Mrs. Renaldo lost him through the divorce courts. Ho hum!

M. M., ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND—PHOTOPLAY printed an article about Edward G. Robinson in the April, 1931, issue. You can get that issue by sending 25c to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

W. D. McMURRAY, SMYRNA, TENN.—Anita Louise played the rôle of Helen Twelvetrees' daughter in "Millie." Anita was born in New York City on January 9, 1917. Her real name is Anita Louise Fremault.

J. I. H., ALDAN, PA.—You're right. John Arledge played the rôle of Jimmy in "Daddy Long Legs." John was born in Crockett, Texas, on March 12, 1907. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 140 and has gray-blue eyes and wavy blond hair. Was educated in Crockett Schools and attended the University of Texas for two years. Was once a piano player in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Latest picture is "The Spider."

A PHOTOPLAY READER—Gary Cooper played the part of *Cadet White* in "Wings." After appearing on the screen for just a few minutes, he made a quick exit via a plane crash. James Hall and Ben Lyon played the leads in "Hell's Angels." Gary did not appear in this picture at all.

MARLIN CLARK, HILLSDALE, MICH.—Irene Purcell was born in Hammond, Ind., and educated at the Anne Morgan School in Chicago. She appeared on the stage in "The Idol," "Cross Roads," "Dancing Partner," and a number of other productions before signing for the talkies. Her latest picture is "The Man in Possession." Lilian Bond was born in London on January 18, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4, weighs 114 and has auburn hair and hazel eyes.



Hardie Albright deserted the stage for the talkies. Hundreds of picture fans are asking about him now

Appeared on the stage in London before entering pictures in January, 1931. Her latest picture is "The Squaw Man." Lilian is married.

BLUE EYES OF CAROLINA—Karen Morley was the girl who played the rôle of *Maisie* in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." She was also the discarded sweetheart who jumped out of the window in "Inspiration." Karen was good in a minor rôle in "Politics" and she's with Garbo in "Susan Lenox."

M. CARLTON, MIAMI, FLA.—Frank Albertson was born in Fergus Falls, Minn., Feb. 2, 1909. He is 5 feet, 9, weighs 145, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Frank and the missus, Virginia Shelley, were married March 7, 1931.

MRS. E. BETTS, HAMILTON, N. Y.—Whoever told you that Will Rogers was educated at Oxford was kidding. Will received his schooling at the Willie Hassell School, in Neosho, and at Kemper Military Academy, Missouri.

JANET HAPPEL, STOCKERTOWN, PA.—Dennis King is delighting radio fans with his grand tenor voice. He broadcasts over Station WABC, in New York. Dennis was born in Warwickshire, England, Nov. 2, 1897, the son of Elizabeth King and John Pratt. He is married to Edith Wright. Estelle Taylor was born in Wilmington, Del., May 20, 1900.

NORMAN ELDER, LONDON, ENG.—Your little hometown has quite a few representatives in the Hollywood film colony. There are Clive Brook, Charlie Chaplin, John Loder, George Arliss, Roland Young, Victor McLaglen and Ralph Forbes, all from London. Ronnie Colman hails from Richmond, Surrey, and Anthony Bushell from Westerham, Kent. Enough for a baseball team and they'd sure draw a crowd.

ROSA NOVARRO, ROZALE, CUBA—Any relation to Ramon? You sure have a grand memory, Rosa. Tom Douglas who recently signed up for the talkies is the same Tom who appeared in silent pictures back in 1920. Of course he was just a kid then. Later he went to England where he made a name for himself on the stage, returning to America last March bent on getting his name on the talking screen. Tom was born in Louisville, Ky., September 4, 1906. He is 5 feet, 10½, weighs 140 and has blond hair and brown eyes.

8 Great Beauty Editors of the World praise this Nail Make-up

for its lasting lustre, gleaming beauty . . . and romance

BY actual count, Cutex Liquid Polish is today the outstanding international favorite.

"The newest aid to romance," says Maribel, beauty editor of Spain's *Cosmópolis*. Martine Renier, fashion editress of the great Parisian magazine, *Femina*, declares: "This nail make-up is essential to French chic."

Cutex has five very definite advantages. Madge Garland, fashion editress of London, speaks for all beauty-wise women when she says . . .

"Its brilliant lustre is unequalled. It goes on simply, quickly and smoothly. Stays brilliant and unmarred for days . . . and does not turn yellow, crack, or peel." And . . . Cutex is economical. It gives fingertips the

lovely sparkle of romance at a fascinatingly thrifty price!

And now there is instant snowy whiteness for nail tips with the new Cutex Nail White Pencil. Keep one always in your purse—it doubles the allure of Cutex Liquid Polish!

Follow the easy Cutex manicure method described in the booklet.

After this quick manicure once a week a few minutes each day will keep your nails lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢.
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Now a screw-tight cap of gleaming black bakelite gives the Cutex Liquid Polish bottle added smartness and does away forever with broken corks! It has brush attached, and when in use, always keeps the brush tip off the table top.

Cutex Liquid Polish

... ONLY 35¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q 11
191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

HELEN TWELVETREES went into some small towns of Washington and Oregon states to meet her husband's relatives. She has recently married Frank Woody, local real estate dealer.

His nieces invited all of their sorority sisters from miles around to meet Helen. And did those college girls have a thrill!

A motion picture star who was almost one of them.

"What woman in Hollywood did they ask about most?" we inquired.

"Jean Harlow!" Helen answered without hesitating.

CONRAD NAGEL is the hero, not of Hollywood, but all of Los Angeles.

He held 110,000 people—yes that is one hundred and ten thousand—quiet, interested and patient under the greatest difficulties when he was master of ceremonies for the pageant of jewels, the electrical parade, which climaxed the two week celebration in commemoration of the founding of the city.

The events and floats were delayed by the hordes who could not gain admission to the Coliseum. Three hundred thousand people swarmed outside who were too late to get seats, to get a glimpse of electrical miracles on wheels.

And because of Conrad's clever handling of the situation there was not a booh from the inside because the show ran for six hours rather than three.

THE entire program for the evening was furnished by the motion picture industry. And it could only have happened where that

Industry is. There are not enough generators in any other city in the world to put on such a display.

Incidentally, more stars appeared for the function than ever appeared personally for any other.

SIDNEY FOX never goes onto the stage or onto a set without wearing a piece of carved jade. Genevieve Tobin, another Universal player, won't wear green. Not even a green dress. It brings her bad luck, she feels. She had just one flop on the stage—and she wore a green dress in it.

A CLOSE friend of the Duncan sisters tells us they had the misfortune to lose practically everything they had saved, on the stockmarket. And this was just after Vivian married Nils Asther and split the team. Perhaps that's why the rumor persists that Vivian will not return to Nils but park her baby and return to the stage with Rosita.

WALLACE BEERY paused in his rehearsal on "The Champ" set. "It must be about time for lunch," he suggested.

Little Jackie Cooper, co-star, pulled out his watch hurriedly. "Nope! It's only half-past eleven. Your stomach is faster than your watch, Wally."

MORE SPOT NEWS FROM CUPID . . . Edwina Booth goes into court in answer to the eighteen charges filed by Mrs. Duncan Renaldo . . . asserting that Edwina had stolen Renaldo's love while making "Trader

Horn" in Africa. . . . Edwina's lawyer asked her, in a row of eighteen questions, if each of Mrs. Renaldo's charges was true . . . eighteen times, Edwina's lovely lips whispered merely "No!" . . . there was no other witness . . . the Judge decided in her favor, killing Mrs. Renaldo's \$50,000 alienation suit. . . . It's all curtains between Billie Dove and Howard Hell's Angels Hughes . . . no steady for Hughes as yet, but been seen out with her and her and her . . . Billie too . . . but now (at least as this is written) there's a very steady steady . . . he's Robert Kennaston, a rancher, who knows as much about oranges, lemons, avocados as Hughes does about oil wells and movies. . . . Hollywood is amused and bemused by Ina and Jack . . . uhhuh, Claire and Gilbert . . . they go places together! . . . but it's all in friendship . . . they say.

KAY FRANCIS introduced a new one the other day at Malibu Beach. She appeared in pajamas which had zipper fastenings on the rear of the trousers.

A SEVENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD farmer in Louisiana, sight just restored after twenty years blindness, said one of the first things he wants to see is Marlene Dietrich on the screen . . . at 71! Fie! . . . When they toss off a stiff drink in a movie, it's tea. . . . Joan Bennett will have to learn to walk again, after her broken hip heals, the doctors say. . . . Kay Francis, tall Warner star, wears smallest shoe—size four. . . . Paul Whiteman lost sixty-seven pounds to become a groom.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



What chance would any man have against these girls who play three sprightly gold-diggers in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," which promises to be one of the hits of the screen year. Up ahead in this issue are four pages of eye-smashing clothes designed for them by the famous Gabrielle Chanel. The girls are Ina Claire, the star, who plays the wise, scheming one; Joan Blondell, the happy-go-lucky; and Madge Evans, the dreamy, artistic type of easy-wayer. A grand combination of types and actresses

"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."

MAX RÉE



Modeling Masterpieces

FOR this graceful evening gown for Mary Astor, Max Réé, supervising art director of RKO-Radio Pictures, selected Skinner's Flat Crepe. A deep wine shade was chosen to accentuate her patrician, brunette beauty.

Note the intriguing neck-line—softly draped, cowl fashion. And the intricate going, with graceful fullness to the skirt.

Long, flowing lines bring increasing importance to perfection of fabric finish. Skinner's Crepes give full play to the originality of famous Hollywood costume designers.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia Los Angeles
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Established 1848

"LOOK FOR THE NAME
IN THE SELVAGE"



Skinner's Silks



MARY ASTOR, Radio Pictures Player

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

HERE'S a little inside yarn about Roscoe Ates which shows the irony of fate!

He really stuttered until he was sixteen when he took lessons on corrective speech—long, hard, arduous lessons to correct his fault so he could make a living.

And he's made his fame by remembering how he used to stutter!

FLORENCE VIDOR and husband Jascha Heifitz were entertaining. It was one of their usual ultra-ultra dinner parties. A famous Hollywood wit (a writer) breezed in and was greeted by Mrs. Heifitz in the best manner.

He glanced around for the host with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, when does he play?" he asked, spying violinist Heifitz in a corner.

Florence was annoyed. Such rudeness. She wished to put him in his place.

When the next group arrived she took the guests to the wise-cracker to accomplish introductions.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she looked at him. "I don't believe I remember your name."

Mr. Humorist returned look for look. "Oh, that's all right, Florence. We know each other so well that you may just call me Toots."

SEEMS that we've dug up a lot about Clara Bow's history that has never been told before, during the month. But the best yarn of all is how Clara Bow and Joan Lowell (yes, the author of the much discussed "Cradle of the Deep") out-ritzed one another.

Clara was making \$150 a week and living in a two-room bungalow court with papa Bow. Joan was making \$75 a week at the old Ince

studio and living in a tiny bungalow down by the gas house. Neither had a maid, a car and only a few silk stockings apiece.

A mutual friend decided it would be beneficial for these two we-want-to-get-famous girls to know one another.

He told Clara: "Joan has a membership to the beach club and plays tennis. She has a nice social standing and could help you to meet the right people."

He told Joan: "Clara doesn't know many people. You could help her there. But she's under contract to Schulberg and knows other producers. She could help you to meet them and get good breaks. You go and call on her."

SO Joan left her gas-house vicinity and went to call on Clara in her two rooms.

They sat in Clara's tiny place and looked at one another.

"I'm sorry," Clara said, "but I gave my chauffeur the night off so I cannot take you for a ride."

"Isn't that strange?" Joan answered. "But I gave mine the same night. So I can't take you riding, either."

"Well, we can sit here and talk," Clara said hospitably.

So they sat and talked. Maids came next. Clara's were out but Joan insisted Clara should come over soon and see hers. They were both moving in a few days to big houses. Joan spoke last, here, so hers was the biggest. It went on for an hour. Which won? It was a toss-up.

And the next day Clara went back to the mutual friend and asked why he ever sent such a girl as Joan Lowell to her. "Stuck-up, conceited, etc.—"

And Joan went to him with the same question and accusations about Clara.

It wasn't until the other day when talking with Clara that the friend got the low-down on what happened. He told us the story.

MARIAN MARSH'S real name is Violet Krauth. . . . Wanda Hawley (remember her?) is touring the Middle West, lecturing on beauty secrets in department stores. . . . Sylvia Sidney likes liverwurst and onion sandwiches. . . . Everybody in Paris is talking about Charlie Chaplin's wanting Mrs. Frank J. Gould to be a movie actress.

CLARK GABLE'S nickname is "Dutchy." . . . Edna Mae Oliver wears wax earplugs at night so the California frogs and mocking birds won't keep her awake. . . . Louise Glaum is living quietly in Kansas City . . . without the leopard skins and peacock feathers. . . . Claire Windsor is going traveling with Al Jolson. . . . All perfectly proper, they're playing in a show together. . . . Buddy Rogers is leaving Paramount to tour the country with his own band. . . . Goody, goody, for the small town girls.

SIGN on theater marquee:
CLIVE BROOK
ALWAYS COOL INSIDE

THERE'S a scene in "The Cuban," the Tibbett-Velez picture, laid in 1917. And there's a huge signboard in that scene advertising Norma Shearer. Now, if Norma Shearer were being billed in 1917 then I was alive when Cleo baited her line for Anthony.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Stagg

This is the way they throw a stork shower in Hollywood. It was given for Bebe Daniels about ten days before the arrival of little Barbara Lyon. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice and Louella Parsons were the hostesses. Barbara could live on her presents until all danger of the depression blows over, and have enough left to go through finishing school, later on. You'll find in this group Norma Talmadge, May Allison, Lois Wilson, Billie Dove, Carmel Myers, Sally Eilers, Olive Tell, Betty Compson, Eileen Percy and other stars and wives of directors and executives

**BECAUSE
THEY APPLAUD
"CLEAN HITS"
IN SPORTS
AND
CIGARETTES**

Schooled in the healthy pleasures of field and forest, sportsmen and sportswomen quickly recognized Spud as their very own. Here was not only full-qualified tobacco fragrance. Here was actually the clean-fresh-taste idea expressed in a cigarette . . . producing a "mouth-happiness" that belonged with that grand outdoor feeling. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.



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20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

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WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

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Tatler, and Sketch of London
Jardin des Modes of Paris*

ALL APPROVE TANGEE

Let these great fashion magazines tell you about TANGEE . . . how this famous lipstick and rouge give you that *natural* color which is so much in vogue today!

"Natural color is the mode of the moment," says HARPER'S BAZAAR. "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do!*"

"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble," says LE JARDIN DES MODES OF PARIS. "The fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring."

"Vivid, artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony," says SKETCH. "Tangee suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or Titian." And TATLER adds, "Tangee gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth . . . so rich in color and yet so natural!"

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy! NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

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417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____
Address _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

BUCK JONES didn't duck soon enough in a sequence, and a flying chair broke two ribs. . . . Fifty stenographers' applications are on file for every job that's open in Hollywood studios. . . . Doug Junior still wears that ancient felt hat. . . . Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque (Mr. and Mrs., you know) plan a screen return. . . . The rumor still persists that Clara Bow's comeback will be in "The Impatient Virgin" for Universal. . . . Ernst Lubitsch is never without his cigar, and Clark Gable his pipe. . . . Jean Harlow writes poetry, as pastime. . . . Eddie Cantor calls his fifth and youngest child "Five Star Final." . . . Some call the Malibu residents Maliboos. . . .

FRANCES MARION, the highest salaried woman scenarist in the world, was driving down Hollywood Boulevard and made some wrong move in traffic. A cop came rushing forward. "Say," he yelled, "what's the matter with you? Haven't you got any brains?"

Frances let it pass and drove on. Then she began to get good and sore. She turned around and came back to the cop.

"Listen," she yelled. "Last year my brains were worth just \$150,000. What did you get for yours?"

LUPE VELEZ and Leslie Fenton, who are excellent friends—nothing else—found themselves with some spare time on their hands the other evening. Leslie, like Lupe, does as he pleases when he pleases. The two decided to call telephone numbers.

They snatched numbers from the phone book at random, not even noticing the names. Lupe was on the line, this time.

"This is Dr. so and so's residence," a feminine voice answered.

"Where is that sandwich the doctor promised me last night?" she inquired.

"I beg your pardon. This is the doctor's wife. What can I do for you?"

"Call him to the phone."

"He isn't here but I am his wife. I can take the message."

"Well, I am his sweetheart and I don't believe you could," and the minx hung up the phone. Naughty Lupe! If you caused trouble perhaps the doctor's wife will read this and understand.

CLARA BOW dropped into a sale at a Hollywood drug store the other day to buy \$1.50 bath salts marked down to 87 cents. When she discovered that only two bottles were allowed to the customer she had every elevator boy in the building make a purchase for her.

The red-head has learned economy!

LILYAN TASHMAN discovered late one afternoon that she had to work that evening. They were rushing production on "Girls About Town."

She telephoned Eddie Lowe at their Malibu house suggesting that they spend the night at their closed place in Beverly even though they had no servants there and would have to go out for breakfast. Eddie agreed, came in and had dinner with her and went to a show while she was working. "We'll meet at the house," Lil said.

Then they cut work early. Lil arrived at the house, dismissed the chauffeur, went to the door and opened her bag to get her key. Her studio maid had made a mistake and given her the bag she used in the picture. There was nothing in it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Well, why shouldn't the bride's mother get a camera break? Here's Bill Powell's nice mother-in-law, the mother of Carole Lombard. Mamma and daughter are shown on the deck of the liner that brought the honeymooners back from Hawaii. And where's Bill?



*Los Angeles women
scored 115 wrong guesses out of 132
....then learned*

SMARTNESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PRICE



THE PARIS PATTERN IN FORMAL DINNER SETTING—IMAGINE! 50 PIECES COST ONLY \$29.00!

“GUESS THE PRICE,” said our Traveling Reporter. And before 132 Los Angeles women—each in her own home—he placed a set of 50 pieces of the stunning silverplate shown here.

Each woman fingered the pieces, judged weight, beauty of detail. Then each made her guess—

And 115 out of 132 guessed wrong! Far, far too high! Many guesses ran nearly twice as high as the actual price of the silverplate! For—imagine this!

A service for 12 costs only \$29.00!

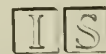
Who'd ever expect that for \$29.00 you could get 12 model-handled

knives with stainless steel blades, 12 forks, 12 teaspoons, 12 dessert spoons, a sugar shell, a butter knife—all in a decorative case. And in silverplate as distinctive as sterling!

For Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is as truly beautiful as that! Styled by to-day's leading stylists—designed by masters—this silverplate is as far removed as the poles from the silverplate that you'd expect so moderate a price to buy! It is proof that to-day, in silverplate as in so many other things, *smartness has nothing to do with price!*

See this silverplate. See the new Viande* style in knife and fork—in

smart homes everywhere. (Mrs. Emily Post calls the Viande knife “the perfect instrument.”) See the matching hollowware, an innovation at this price. Then remember—Wm. Rogers & Son—Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate—is guaranteed for years of wear. Many dealers offer this silverplate on the Deferred Payment Plan.



The Mark of the

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.
Also makers of International Sterling,
1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate and
Holmes & Edwards Inlaid.

*Trade Mark—Viande Knife—Patent Applied for

WM. ROGERS & SON

Silverplate

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



We Threw Out the Pretty Girl to Please 2,000,000 Men

I PROTEST," says a recent letter from F. J. Molitor, of Akron, Ohio, "because all your ads show pretty girl pictures. Give us men a break. We use your brush, too. There must be at least two million men like me who think nothing can touch a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for quality and results. How about chucking the brown-haired beauties and giving us a picture of a man with good teeth . . . ?"

Dear Mr. Molitor: Above is your answer. But this sets no precedent. We reserve the right to go back to the "beauties." Frankly, we think they have more attention value.

They enable us to attract millions of readers, men and women. Then we can tell them how Pro-phy-lac-tic has been making tooth brushes, brushes of all kinds, and nothing but brushes, for more than forty years. We can tell them how our experience and the merit of our products have won us an international reputation as bristle authorities.

Our endeavor is to win new users who want whiter teeth and healthier gums. We ask them to switch from their present tooth brush to the modern Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. It has the famous tufted toe which reaches places back of the molars (back teeth) rarely touched by others.

This extraordinary tooth brush is the new, scientific, medium size. Not a midget that skimps on bristle. Not an old-fashioned big brush. But one correct for average mouths. *Large enough* to clean, polish, and massage the gums, at split-second speed.

Hasty brushers find that it leaves the teeth and mouth feeling cleaner in less time than any other.

It is a precision dental instrument made in accordance with professional specifications. The only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush produced in its own plant. This explains why it gives greater value. The smaller Youth's size is 35¢. Child's size, 25¢. All guaranteed without reservation.

No matter what brush you are using now, try a Tufted . . . You will thank us for the suggestion. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

IT was bitter cold. Lil had on a light suit. She began walking up and down the driveway. Someone in the next house raised a curtain. "Perhaps they'll think I'm a burglar and shoot me," she mused. And was she jittering! But the Tashman courage kept her going. The brave Tashmans—they call 'em.

So she went into her garage and crept into the extra car left there. She drowsed. When she awakened she thought she smelled fumes. What were all those awful stories about people dying in garages? She got up and, dragging an old blanket from the bottom of the extra car, the beautiful sophisticated Tashman curled up on the back porch and shivered for two hours until friend husband arrived with a key! This is now known along the boulevard as "Lil's exciting night."

LUPE VELEZ has four new fur coats—making a grand total of an even dozen—and five new fur neck pieces. Lupe's hobby is furs, and if ever she failed in pictures she'd be qualified as a fur dealer. No kidding. She knows furs as do few women. She picks her skins, matches them herself, designs her coats and has them made according to her own specifications. You might cheat her on diamonds but you'd never call a rabbit an ermine and slip it over on the little gal from Mexico.

LAURENCE TIBBETT, Director W. S. Van Dyke and others on "The Cuban" picture are bewailing the fact that Joan Crawford's waistline is so small. And Joan isn't even in the film!

Leading lady Lupe Velez was the hey-hey and pep kid of the set. Every working day was just one big party until Lupe became conscious of Joan's waistline. It was inches smaller than hers. Lupe couldn't stand that! She must be as slim as La Crawford. She went on an orange juice diet and refused all solid foods.

At the end of eight days Lawrence Tibbett said.

"She's not the same girl. She drags around the set where she used to jump. All her whoopee influence is gone. We wish she'd never seen an orange."

THE Richard Barthelmess's were without a chauffeur for an evening. They were attending a party which Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. were also attending.

Dick called Joan and asked if they would stop by for them.

"I'm sorry but we haven't room."

Dick couldn't understand because the Fairbanks Jr. limousine is a large affair. But there was Joan and Doug and their secretary and Joan's personal body guard. Dick laughing kidded Joan, asking if she didn't think Doug, Jr., the chauffeur, the secretary and himself could protect her.

"I pay this man to do this and besides I feel safer when he is along!"

Well, well, there was a day when Gloria Swanson had a body guard, you know. And it was when she was at the zenith of the big money.

VARIETY reports that a female impersonator calling himself Dorian Gray has written a play called "The Private Life of Greta Garbo" and wants it produced with himself playing the Swedish Northern Light! Whoops!

MARY KINNY is just another of the thousands of girls who come to Hollywood to crash the studio gates.

She came from Cincinnati, weighing 109. She tried and tried, but no luck. Climate good, though—and up went her weight to 120.

Mary got scared. She'd read about stars having to keep their weight down. So she went on a diet.

They picked her up outside the Paramount studios the other day. Collapsed from undernourishment.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



"Watch this!" says the famous Willie Hoppe, billiard shark, as he runs off a few hundred, to Anita Page's amusement. "Watch this!" says Anita, missing the cue ball by an inch. Willie has made a snappy billiard short subject for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

**CREATORS OF IMMORTAL "CIMARRON"
BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN
YOUTH.... A MOTION PICTURE WHICH LIFTS A
CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!**

**PUT IT IMMEDIATELY
ON YOUR
CURRENT MOVIE LIST**

Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today's young moderns . . .

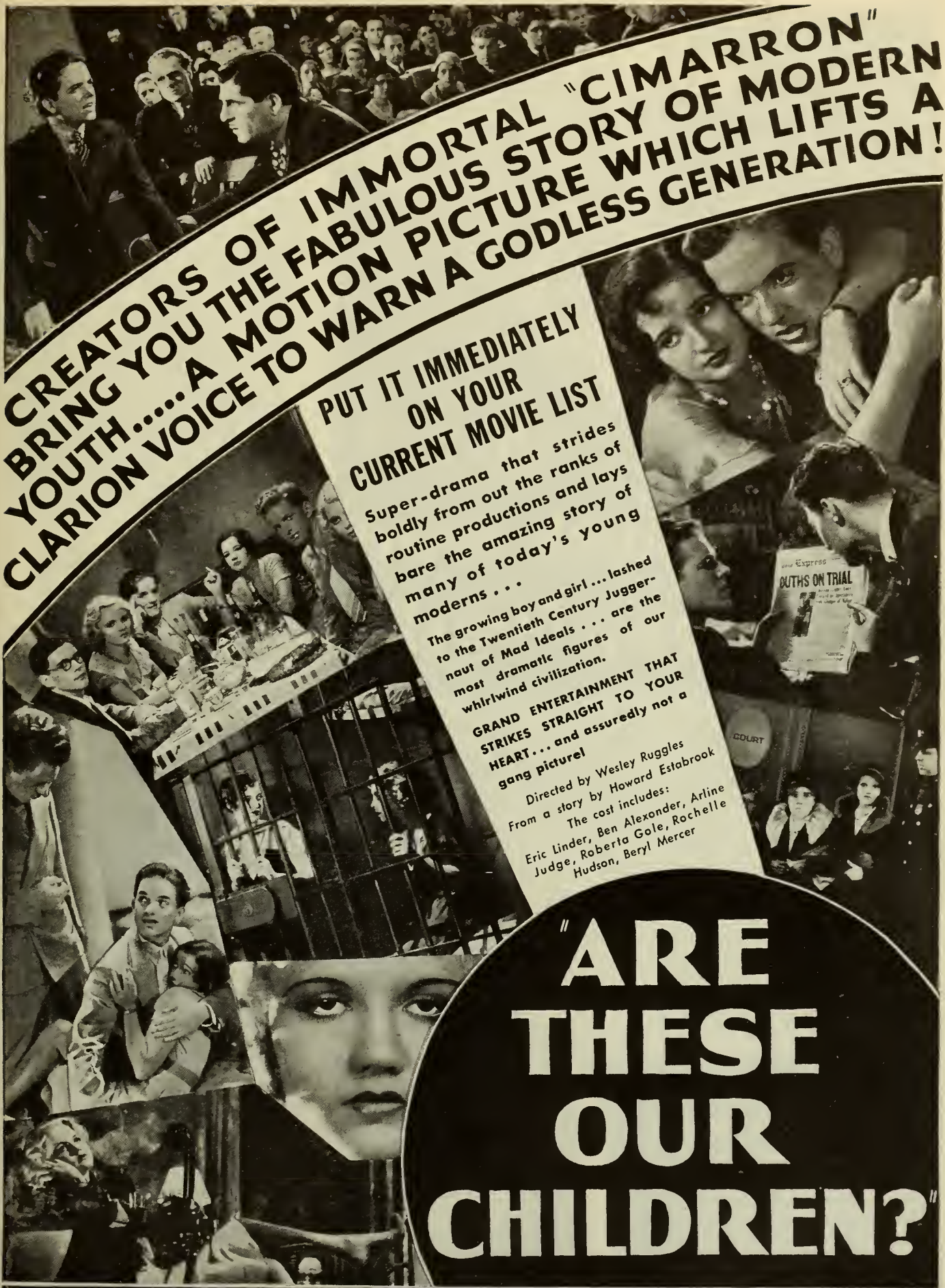
The growing boy and girl ... lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals . . . are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART... and assuredly not a gang picture!

Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberta Gole, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"

RKO RADIO PICTURE





A Quick Start a Happy Finish!

Ivory Snow dissolves in lukewarm water instantly!

A quick start? You should see Ivory Snow bubble into suds, the instant it touches water—even lukewarm water! Now you *start*—with instant lukewarm suds—exactly the right temperature for washing fragile silks and woolens.

Now—no waiting for hot water. No guessing at temperatures. No beating up suds. Every tiny Ivory

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

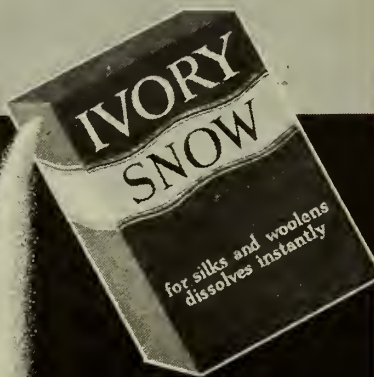
© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

Snow pearl pops into rich Ivory suds—not one is left undissolved to stick to delicate wool or silk.

P. S.—About that happy finish? Well, Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. So your precious clothes come out of Ivory Snow suds looking like new! A box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢—a big box too—big enough to protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

COMEDY Director Ernie Pagano was instructing Virginia Brooks on how she should exit from a scene, running backwards. To illustrate his idea, Ernie gave a demonstration and backed right into an old lady who was coming up the walk to the entrance of the Ambassador Hotel, where they were on location.

Ernie offered his most profuse apologies and explained that a scene for a motion picture was being taken and would she kindly step aside until it was finished.

After the shot was made, Ernie, to make amends, placed a chair in a convenient spot and asked the lady if she would like to be seated and watch how a motion picture was made.

The lady thanked him and said, "I would be very much interested. You know, my son also makes motion pictures."

"Is that so," answered Pagano, "perhaps I know him. What is his name?"

And the lady replied: "Jesse Lasky!" Quick fade-out with Pagano doing a 108 out of the scene.

A CERTAIN director whose wife is a notorious talker was showing said *frau* the proposed site for their new home.

"What do you think of that view?" he asked her.

"Well, it just leaves me speechless," she answered.

"Fine," said the director. "We'll buy it."



International

Uncle Carl turns the camera crank! Carl Laemmle, grand old man of pictures and father of Carl, Jr., and Universal, gets the range on one of the dinguses that made him famous

Approving eyes linger... on the fingers aglow with GLAZO



New York found her in Hollywood—then Hollywood found her in New York. That's how Claire Dodd came to Paramount pictures. Flo Ziegfeld brought her from Los Angeles. After a season in the "Follies," Hollywood lured her back with a beautiful picture contract. Pretty?

RECENT court formalities anent little Jackie Cooper's guardianship revealed some interesting facts and figures.

The boy's mother, Mabel Leonard Cooper, sought legal guardianship. It was explained that Jackie's father, John, and she, were divorced early in 1928—and his present whereabouts, she asserted, are unknown.

Wonder, wherever he is, what he thinks of his lad now?

Finances: Jackie's assets were set down as his contract, giving him \$1,300 a week now and scaling up to \$4,000 a week during the third year; a \$50,000 thirteen-year endowment policy, and \$8,000 in cash.

Mrs. Cooper asked the court for permission to spend \$1,600 of his earnings monthly on maintenance of Jackie in his profession.

ONE morning Roscoe Ates drove into Radio studio in a brand new eight-cylinder car and offered to take everybody for a ride.

"Why must we all go today?" one of his customers asked.

"Because this is the l-l-last chance I'll have to d-d-d-rive it," the famous stutterer answered. "My wife and daughter will see it tonight and then I'll only be the o-o-owner."

SCENE: studio private projection room. As the picture rolled on, it just got worse.

"Finis"—lights were turned on—glum faces.

Finally a voice: "Well, it needs cutting." Another voice: "Yeah—right up the middle."

WE made a discovery last week. Lupe Velez can dance almost any step after seeing it once, though she never had a dancing lesson in her life; we also knew she could put over a new song though she never had a singing lesson and that she is the cleverest mimic in Hollywood, but we never suspected she could embroider like the leader of a Friday Sewing

YOUNG women, smart women, are Glazo's most ardent devotees. For Glazo confers a special charm to fingertips that no other polish ever quite attains.

Glazo Liquid Polishes are exactly correct in shade. Exquisite tints they are—that somehow make your hands look whiter, and keep on good terms with the many shades of your various frocks.

Because they are finer in quality, they brush on easily and evenly, without "piling up". They never turn white at the edges, and never appear purplish under artificial lights.

The twin package of Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover is the most famous and the most widely used in the entire manicure field. And there are many Glazo innovations just as fine.

Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a new and superior method of cuticle care. This gentle cream quickly removes excess cuticle and leaves the cuticle margins soft and even.

Glazo Nicotine Remover banishes nicotine, ink, and other stains that mar the beauty of lovely hands. Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream—each adds to that special Glazo charm.



(Right)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—conveniently packaged together, 50c. Your choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.

(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Nail Polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—in a large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of cuticle care. Emollient oils soften, while excess cuticle is gently removed. In a convenient tube, 50c.



GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-111
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

MACK SENNETT

brings to
the screen

RADIO'S LATEST and GREATEST SENSATION
BING CROSBY



“I
in
**I SURRENDER
DEAR”**

As great on the screen as he is on the air . . . the new king of radio crooners . . . California's famous discovery who has become the country's reigning favorite overnight—that's Bing Crosby. You'll never forget the thrill of his inimitable rich baritone as he sings his most popular song "I Surrender Dear." Romance, rhythm and rollicking comedy are packed into this picture in glorious gobs.

• • • • •

The biggest laughs, the fastest action—beauty, comedy and thrills—are always to be had at the theatre showing Educational Pictures. So watch for others such as Al Christie's Vanity Comedies; the speedy, peppy Mermaid Comedies; Mack Sennett's Brevities, in natural color; and a host of other sparkling tid-bits of moviedom.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



Now, here's a girl who believes in being all set when the crisis comes! That smart Louise Fazenda has done her Christmas shopping early—two whole months early—and here are just a few of the 500 gifts she intends to pass out when the holiday rolls round

Circle. Well, she can and does. She learned it as a child in the convents of Mexico.

It's a rare treat to find perpetual motion Lupe sitting in a quiet corner between scenes of "The Cuban" embroidering doilies for her friends.

DUKER LEE, the old-time serial actor now playing small-bit heavies, dropped into the cutting room at M-G-M.

"What do you do with the left-overs, the faces on the cutting room floor?" he asked.

"Oh, we make them into pictures for release in China."

"Well, in one country I'm a star," Lee answered in glee.

HOLLYWOOD doesn't call 'em "beautiful but dumb" any more. Now they're just "It-wits."

HE came to the studio looking for a job.

"I haven't much—I'm not handsome, haven't many brains, don't know much, admit I'm lazy, can't . . ."

"Fine," was the reply; "you're hired. We need a supervisor."

ALICE WHITE has always been noted for speaking her piece. That's one of the reasons why she isn't liked in political Hollywood.

But Alice can't help it. Long before she, herself, was in pictures she happened to be in a beauty parlor and overheard a very ritzy star giving the hairdresser a first-class bawling out because her hair was not done exactly to suit her.

Alice listened until she could stand it no longer. Then she dashed into the star's booth.

"You're just taking advantage of your money and position," she said. "And this poor girl here has done her best. Lord knows, she doesn't make much money and she has to stand on her feet all day long. If you don't like what she does you might at least tell her in a nice way."

The star was furious and she forgot her grand manners long enough to indulge in some pretty common words with the little spitfire. But Alice wasn't sorry she spoke up.

INCIDENTALLY Alice, who has had a tough time of it in Hollywood and has been the victim of a lot of talk by a lot of meanies, has a heart as big as Connie Bennett's salary. When Alice 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. And all those patients—most of them kids—are still talking about it.

AN autograph-hound stopped Ben Lyon the other day.

"Oh, Mister Arlen," she gushed, "you're my favorite actor. Please let me have your autograph."

"Certainly," grinned Lyon. And signed Richard Arlen's name in the girl's book.

AN interviewer asked Lionel Barrymore why he had given up directing for acting.

"Well, you can't blame a potato for not being an apple, can you?" he said.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Those Mad Marx Brothers

"Animal Crackers," starring the Marx Brothers, may not have been a great picture or taught any moral lesson, but it gave me the best evening's entertainment I have had in a long time and prepared me for the next day's work in good shape during this "repression," as Amos 'n' Andy call it.

ROBERT T. BURNS,
Omaha, Nebr.

George Arliss

Give us more pictures like "The Millionaire," with George and Florence Arliss. Through them we can point out to old fogies that movies are giving us something more than gang wars and divorce court scenes.

George Arliss has a subtle fineness in his acting that we quickly recognize but seldom see. We are eager to take our grandparents to a show like "The Millionaire" so they can see the excellencies in modern talkies.

VIOLA WINTERBURN,
South Bellingham, Wash.

The success of George Arliss' films—"Disraeli," "Old English," and "The Millionaire," provides a defense to criticism of the movies. The shadow art which can produce such plays merits serious consideration among the arts. Perhaps, if producers had more confidence in the intelligence of audiences . . . ?

FAITH BOYCE,
Hollywood, Calif.

There is only one complaint to make about that wonderful actor—George Arliss. We don't see him half often enough.

True, he is not over-handsome. But humor,



Why risk a substitute when you know Kotex is safe?

Kotex is shaped to fit; it stays soft; it is adjustable; easily disposed of.

SURFACE resemblance to Kotex is not enough! Your sanitary protection must be clean, like Kotex, through and through. Hygienically clean. Made under rigid sanitary conditions. Only then can you know your health is protected in every way.

You have this assurance with Kotex. It's the world's standard. Hospitals use it—it fully meets their requirements.

But how about substitutes?

But how is one to know about nameless substitutes, of whose makers you know nothing? How are they made? Where? What assurance have you of their fitness for this purpose?

You have a right to know—these questions vitally concern your health. Accept no sanitary protection that cannot answer them to your complete satisfaction, and guarantee your safety.

After all, why take a chance? Kotex is available everywhere, and offers every advantage of comfort as well as safety. It is shaped to fit.

It is soft—and the softness lasts,

because laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding distribute moisture scientifically. It is treated to deodorize. Adjustable to individual needs.

Buy Kotex at any drug, dry goods or department store; or, singly, in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins



No, this is not Maurice Chevalier! It is merely Mitzi Green's impersonation of the French furor. Pshaw—we knew it was Ole Mitz all the time!



Torchy—laughable, lovable, adolescent youth—irrepressible, irresponsible, always in hot water.

Educational brings Torchy back to the screen with Ray Cooke—a boy born to fit the mischievous character from the popular Sewell Ford stories. His boyish escapades will delight you—and you'll *never* forget his beaming, freckled face.

TORCHY COMEDIES

Featuring RAY COOKE
Produced by C. C. BURR

These Torchy Comedies are coming to your neighborhood theatre. Watch for them, and don't forget *Educational's* other short subject entertainment such as Mack Sennett's sparkling comedies; three "Hollywood Girls" in Ideal Comedies; the snappy Terry-Toon cartoons; the gorgeous Romantic Journeys in Multicolor; and other quality short pictures by *Educational*.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Alexander

Fox didn't want to play favorites so they chose a blonde, a brunette and a red head as their candidates for stardom. The young ladies are known as "debutante stars" and are (left to right) Helen Mack, Linda Watkins and Conchita Montenegro. Helen is the red head

craftiness and fond affection are mirrored in turn in his otherwise unattractive eyes. His enunciation is perfect, and one's ear is ever conscious that he speaks English as it was always meant to be spoken.

MABEL G. SAYER,
Reading, Penna.

Censorship

One of the easiest things a censor does is to kid himself that what he doesn't happen to like is a menace to all theatergoers. Some pictures might indicate a need of censorship, but it would be a dangerous step.

The movies as a whole do not, in my

estimation, justify a tyranny of this sort.
J. E. McMILLIN,
Lachine, Que., Can.

Claudette

Why don't the fans acclaim Claudette Colbert? I'm not a "writing fan" myself, but this lack of enthusiasm for one as gifted as Miss Colbert stirs my typewriter to action. She has taken her place so quietly and without the blare of publicity agents, and it seems to me she deserves that much more credit for the popularity she is making for herself.

E. MARIE TEBB,
Aberdeen, Wash.

NEXT MONTH The Story Contest WINNER!

Awfully sorry, authors—but we'll have to ask you to wait another month! Picking the winners of the Warner Bros.-PHOTOPLAY \$2,000 Prize Contest proved to be the biggest job we've ever tackled. In the December issue the best story to fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss" and all other winners will be announced.

The heat forced us to cut our judging down to twelve hours a day. Week-end trips, golf games and ocean plunges went by the board. Every single manuscript got minute consideration. First a thousand scripts were picked. As this goes to press we have them cut to five hundred. Please be patient—and watch the December issue!

THE EDITOR.

Vicarious Romance

One would think, being past the romantic age, I would be through with romance. But I'm not.

I live over much of the past when I go to the movies, at least the pleasant part.

Even though pictures cannot, or have not solved the problem why old maids like me cannot find a mate, I think I could get most any spinster I know to agree that they make living a little more pleasant for us.

M. H.
Durham, No. Car.

Tolerance

After several years of rather constant movie attendance, I have been trying to analyze my reaction to motion pictures' influence. What they have done more than anything else, I find, has been to teach me tolerance. From a puritanical and holier-than-thou attitude, I have been brought to see that most of us are susceptible to the urgencies of circumstance, and to desire, and that patience and understanding tolerance are two of the greatest qualities a man can have.

C. J. WINKLEY,
Clinton, Wis.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Leave it to Anita Page to revive a nice old gadget—the ring handkerchief-folder. This was the fashion many years ago, and it's just as nice today. But of course Anita could make any gadget worth-while, don't you think?

"But dare I wash it?"

"It will wash beautifully—just use Ivory."

For a \$345 bridal set . . .
\$500 silk stockings . . .
"IVORY"—say salespeople

Use on your own dainty things the soap which salespeople in the finest stores approve . . . pure white Ivory.

The famous New York store which actually sold stockings of cobwebby handmade lace at \$500 a pair said: "We can recommend Ivory with confidence because we know it is pure."

Salespeople in the nicest store in Washington that sells Parisian coats to millionaire babies recommend Ivory for all baby garments. "Ivory is safest for colors and keeps woolens soft and fluffy."

Recently in a leading Boston depart-

ment store, Ivory was the only soap recommended in interviews with salespeople for washing silk dresses, sweaters, baby clothes, and sets of the loveliest French underwear costing hundreds of dollars.

In the fine stores of your own city you will find Ivory recommended oftener than any other soap.

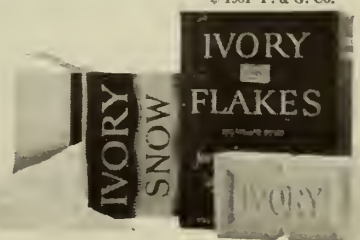
You can buy Ivory Soap in cake form, or quick-dissolving Ivory Flakes, or Ivory Snow.

© 1931 P. & G. Co.

IVORY

Kind to everything it touches

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure



"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

discusses the
POSTAL SERVICE



POSTMAN NEWT seemed to take a delight in deliverin' bills and often seemed reluctant to hand you a letter from your boy or girl in the city. By the noise he made at your door you never could tell if he had a picture card, an ordinary two-center, an airmail or an airmail special delivery. It all was jest mean spirited on his part. Things went from bad to worse till folks started writin' to Washington to have Newt recalled.

Then one day Grandma White, returnin' good for evil, sez: "Newt, have some of these little chocolate candies?" Newt took 'em and ate 'em. Every day or so for a week Grandma gave him some.

Well sir, there ain't a finer postman in the country than Newt now. He delivers bills with regrets. He smiles when he has a regular letter. And you can tell by the noise he makes at the door whether you ought to rush out or jest let him drop your mail in the box.

"Chic" Sale

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. But in it is concealed that scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the correct quality, in the correct proportion, in the correct dose.

Millions look for the familiar blue tin Ex-Lax box, because Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. At all druggists. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, or send coupon for sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative

FREE SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name

Address

City State

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co. P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. P. H. 111



Wide World

Here's Lily Damita, turning loose the famous million-candlepower grin as her liner pulls into New York harbor after a holiday at home. What a girl! What zest and zingo! Now for some more talkies, full of the old Damita beauty and zip

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

★ **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)

★ **SMART WOMAN**—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE**—Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

★ **SON OF INDIA**—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (Aug.)

★ **SPIDER, THE**—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

★ **SPORTING BLOOD**—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (May)

★ **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.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathé.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)



COLDS

make handkerchiefs revolting!

For your own sake and that of others, use Kleenex disposable tissues

HERE'S a remarkable thing about Kleenex. Those who use it regularly, invariably report: "A handkerchief seems perfectly disgusting to me now."

So it will be with you. Habit has blinded you to the actual condition of your handkerchief. You've gone on, year after year, carrying incredible pollution in your handkerchief. Tests show a single use during colds may pollute a handkerchief with 240,000 danger germs.

Use Kleenex and destroy

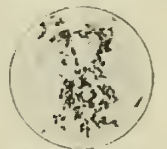
Now we ask you to try Kleenex. We send you a sample free, at your request. Try Kleenex for a week. Use each tissue just once, then destroy it. Free yourself from handkerchief washing. Compare the exquisite, cloth-like texture of these dainty tissues with the softest of old

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(illustrated above) were among the dangerous germs found in handkerchiefs used during colds. Use Kleenex Tissues and destroy at once, to avoid self-infection when you have a cold.

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Hail to another newcomer! Shake hands, nicely, with Astrid Allwyn, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer recruit. She's a Swedish girl, born in America, who has played on the New York stage. Metro may be a little partial to Swedes, because of some girl named Garbo, or something

Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!



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• There's a double charm in these Traub matched sets. The Girl will want a delicate circlet . . . hand-chased, and finely finished. The Man will prefer a wider band, of the same design, yet heavier—more masculine. And both are right and both are satisfied . . . when wedding rings are designed for two!

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• Stop in and consult your jeweler . . . and ask his advice about your purchase. He has other things of the same fine character that you will need for your new home.

• And we'll be delighted to help you too. Send for our booklet, "Bridal Etiquette," when you're planning the perfect wedding . . . for the perfect match. Traub Manufacturing Company, 1933 McGraw Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, and Walkerville, Ontario.

Look for this mark on every
Genuine "Orange Blossom" ring



Traub

Above—Groom's Orange Blossom wedding ring in platinum, from \$55, in gold, from \$18. Bride's Orange Blossom ring in platinum, from \$22.50, in gold, from \$10. . . . Many other Traub engagement and wedding rings from \$10 to \$500.



And how do you like Juliette Compton's hair-comb? Brand-new, and her own idea. Her locks are parted just off the middle on the right side, and are worn in a loose roll at the nape of the neck. You'll see Juliette this way in "Rich Man's Folly"

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.)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures. Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (Aug.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (Oct.)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

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 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.—Elissa 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.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WILD WEST WHOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathé.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY — Headline Prod. — Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)

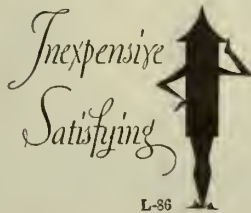


Seymour seems to think this outfit of Dorothy Jordan's is about right. The fur is bronze Alaskan seal which is very popular this Winter. It takes a three-quarter length that Seymour says is good and that hat is pretty perky, too. All in all, Dorothy is a smart girl!



Veiled beauty

Among beauty's fascinations, what can equal a lovely mouth? Even the eyes have less power to draw and capture. In Oriental Lands, you know, women had to veil the lower part of the face. Convention and the jealousy of their men did not dare risk the display of alluring lips. But we veil neither mouth nor eyes; we use every beauty aid to both. That is why women are chewing **DOUBLE MINT**. More chewing exercise than modern foods afford is needed for facial beauty. So enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** daily. It keeps lips young.



WRIGLEY'S

Don't Go Platinum Yet!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

At last...



...what women have been hoping for.. a **NEW** improved **MAYBELLINE** Eyelash Beautifier, that...

... does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them ...

... is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear ...

... applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease ...

... contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy ...

... removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

REGARDLESS of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

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MAYBELLINE Co., 5900-12 Ridge Ave., Chicago
10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. Black Brown.

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Address.....

shops from \$2 to \$6, not counting the shampoo and wave. Bleached hair should have an oil shampoo at least once a week or oftener, which adds another \$1.50 or \$2. All dyed or bleached hair needs constant attention to brushing, oiling and shampooing to retain a glossy appearance, without which no head of hair is attractive. And platinum is one shade that cannot be neglected.

Remember also, *excessively* bleached hair can not be permanently waved. No reputable shop would take a chance with it. The possibilities are that it would become a gelatinous mass after the permanent, and every vestige of it break off at the roots, leaving the customer in need of a wig rather than a wave.

Are you feeling terrible now? Well, bear with me a while longer. I have more sad news.

You can't have platinum hair and dress like ordinary folks. You must have expensive clothes to live up to that hair. It is theatrical and spectacular. You must have theatrical and spectacular clothes. You must always look your best. No simple clothes with that hair. No ma'am! Furs and velvets and laces and brocades are an absolute necessity. Platinum hair, like the metal for which it is named, is the most expensive of all.

If you're still deadly determined to go platinum, then be sure of a few things about yourself first.

You must be young—not more than twenty-five. You must have a transparent skin. You must consider the color of your teeth, for teeth that are at all inclined to be yellow seem even more so with platinum hair.

You must be sophisticated, or at least highly modern. You simply must not consider it if you're the old-fashioned type. You must have sparkling eyes and should have a tip-tilted nose.

Your make-up will need careful attention, for platinum hair lightens the entire color tone of the face.

Now don't let all this discourage you about making the most of whatever share of beauty you have. That is every woman's right and duty to herself. Moderate bleaching and tinting of the hair is an accepted method of enhancing the attractiveness of women, and with the new style in hats which displays the hair so generously, blonde hair will probably have a greater vogue than ever before.

It's one thing to have a light bleach to bring out the high lights in one's hair, but something else again to go platinum.

Here is the consensus of opinion among the best hairdressers in New York, Chicago and Hollywood:

"It is absolutely ruinous to the hair of the average person. If you go platinum you can expect to have nice hair for a period of six months only. Then it will break off and the life will be gone." (John, at R. Louis, New York, who has treated Jean Harlow's hair.)

"When naturally dark hair is bleached to the average blonde shade it loses ninety per cent of its life. The platinum rinse makes it even lighter; therefore, you can judge its effect upon the hair." (Semon, of the Dorothy Gray salon, New York.)

"It will cost you, dependent upon the original color of your hair, from \$14 to \$40 a month for the bleaching alone and this does not include waves, which must be had at least twice a week, because platinum hair does not hold the wave. And, not including time spent on waves, it will take from twelve to twenty hours a month of your time." (Emile, New York.)

"If you become a platinum blonde you must change your entire makeup, using completely different color of rouge, powder, lipstick, etc. Your hair must be washed and waved at least twice a week and dyed once a week." (Reno, of Charles of the Ritz, New York.)

"It is the most expensive of all hair dyes



Copyright 1931, LIFE Publishing Company

"Do you mind if I dye my hair blonde, Mummy—I'm not getting anywhere with the men"

and requires only the most expert handling." (Mary Elizabeth Johnston, head of Hudnut Salon, New York.)

"The coating left by the rinse makes the hair very difficult to manage for soft effects, as it stretches the wave in both permanents and naturally curly hair. It sometimes even takes out a natural wave." (Kathleen Mary Quinlan, New York.)

"Truly elegant women will consider it no more than a fad of the moment and will not

Picking the Winners!

The judges are hard at work on the solutions submitted in

PHOTOPLAY'S Famous \$5,000 Annual Prize Contest

The names of the lucky 70 who win prizes will be announced in the

January, 1932, Issue of PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands about Dec. 10

subject their hair to it." (Madame Helena Rubenstein, New York.)

"Platinum bleaching is injurious to the hair, even when expertly done." (Dimitri—from Antoine of Paris—at Saks Fifth Ave., New York.)

Paul, of Fifth Ave., New York, refuses to do the job at all, for he says it ruins his permanent wave business, because the hair breaks off and leaves nothing for him to wave.

"Normal bleaching is not particularly injurious to the hair, if given care with oil shampoos and brushing, but bleaching necessary for a platinum color kills the hair and the results will be disastrous unless one is naturally very blonde to start with." (Anna, of Anna Louise, Hollywood.)

"The strenuous bleaching necessary to a platinum color is not approved by Elizabeth Arden. The patron is informed of this and we only give the treatment if she insists upon it, or has already had it elsewhere." (Eugene Flugel, of Elizabeth Arden, Chicago.)

Summing the platinum question up it seems to be this:

IT is a fad, and as such is all right for the movie stars and stage folks. They have enough money and time to do it, and not only can they afford the very best hairdressers, but they have the privilege of going back to natural when the hair begins to break and it's all in the service of Art. It looks great on the screen but it simply isn't for the likes of you and me—the average girls who do the average things.

Jean Harlow herself, fighting against the continuance of the ultra-sexy rôles in her screen career, decries the "platinum" craze more than anyone else. She has expressed herself on the question to PHOTOPLAY representatives who have aided in the collection of the information contained in this article.

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES

POINT THE WAY TO SKIN LOVELINESS



HALF-FACE TEST PROVES WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP FINEST OF ALL BEAUTY AIDS.

"Skin finer on right side." "Oiliness, blackheads gone." "Pores shrunk." "Better color, skin clearer."

Reports of 15 dermatologists reveal what happened when 612 women compared Woodbury's Facial Soap with other cleansers in a 30-day test!

Each day, these 612 women cared for the left side of their faces with their customary preparations. On the right side, each applied Woodbury's Facial Soap.

By the end of the month, Woodbury's had corrected 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of coarse pores, 115 cases of excessive oiliness, 106 cases of acne, 81 cases of dry skin. Even naturally lovely skins grew clearer, more healthy, under Woodbury's care. No other beauty treatments showed such results.



The reasons for this are in the special formula of Woodbury's. In superfine ingredients. In milling methods, too costly to be used in ordinary toilet soap.

Resolve now to use Woodbury's on *your* skin, to *have* "a skin you love to touch" if you lack one . . . to insure its sacred future if your skin is already lovely.

The nearest drug store or toilet goods counter has Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . or we will mail a generous sample together with "The Index to Loveliness" for 10¢ and your name and address. John H. Woodbury, Inc., 811 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

To please a Man at Christmas

New Woodbury's Gift Box for Men. The gift every man wants—but seldom buys himself! It contains Woodbury's Facial Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream, and Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion . . . Special value for one dollar. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.





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here!

Johnston offers

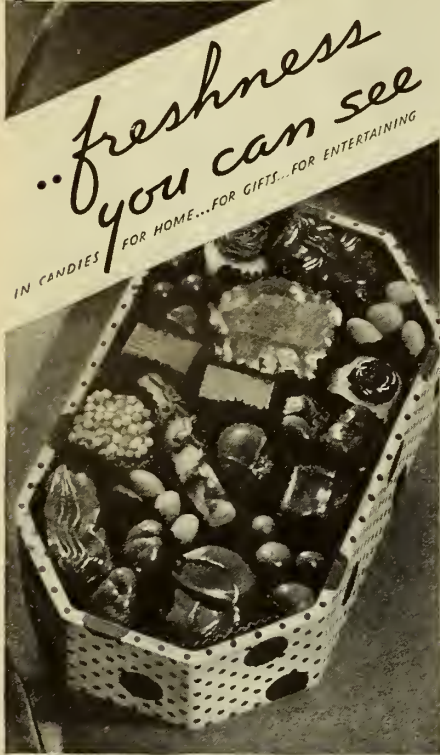


TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride... but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies ever?... now that Johnston offers freshness you can see.

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.



The Secret Wedding of Mary Astor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"You see," she smiled, "if you just act normally in Hollywood and quietly you can get away with natural happenings just the same as you can in other cities. We have made no great effort to keep it hidden so it has remained hidden."

And why has she told it now? Because she and Dr. Thorpe want to live a natural, normal life. They want their friends to know it.

"Really, it is as though the first half of my life were a closed book. I am another woman. I remember the first Mary Astor as though she were some one else. I know she was happy; I am glad that this one can also be happy.

"You have heard of my fifteen year plan. I entered pictures in 1920. I had planned to

retire in 1935. Fifteen years is a long life for a picture actress.

"Perhaps I won't. Of course, I can never tell—no one can tell about life. But I know I am never going to put my career before children again!

"What does a prolonged career bring you but dollars? To become a passé actress with a few extra dollars?—Never! Although half of my life is closed and although I never open the shutters, that half has taught me its lessons. Take life day by day; happiness as it comes to you.

"Fight for success—yes; but don't burn all your reserve oil in that fight. Enjoy as you go along; take time to relax and appreciate happiness—you can never enjoy just cold silver dollars."

Why Women Go Crazy About Clark Gable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

by a greater mystery than her own—a man she cannot understand.

SKILLFULLY, his producers have given him parts that make him enigmatic. He has never been all white, never been all black. Almost every rôle in which he has played holds back, until the denouement, a phase of his character that he has kept concealed. Mystery has been monopolized by women. Clark Gable has stolen one of their most potent weapons and turned it on them.

The characters which he plays today would have been repugnant a few years ago. With one exception, he has played hard-boiled guys, and his success has been based on those parts. Is it not possible that the long series of gangster pictures, making heroes of underworld characters (pardon, Mr. Hays), has led up to a tolerance, then an acceptance, then an admiration, of such men?

And, without any intent to discuss anything

political or topical, may there not be an unconscious glorification of the man who, in utter disregard of all law, goes out and gets what he wants at the risk of his neck?

Women love fighting men. Clark Gable has never played the coward nor the weakling. He has been a fighter, whether outside the law as in "Free Soul" or as a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners."

BUT is Clark Gable all actor? Does he not project something of himself on the screen? He is not, and he does.

For twenty years, boy and man, I have been an observer of the screen; for these sixteen years, come next Michaelmas, as editor of PHOTOPLAY. And I can say truthfully, having had occasion to know most of the famous folks of the screen, that, all in all, no actor can hide his real personality behind greaspaint, make-up, nor art. The camera reads the mind and unmask the individual.



Members of the Dick Arlen Wheeling and Basket Lunch Social Club all ready for one of their outings. Richard organized it at Toluca Lake, where he lives. The members, left to right—Walter Huston, Jobyna Ralston, Dick, Frances Dee and Phillips Holmes

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

13-11

Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Clark Gable has never been the lady-killer in real life any more than he has on the screen. He has been a stage actor for years. Starting out from a Pennsylvania Dutch family as a lad he has wandered all over America on his own. He has ridden the brake beams of a freight car. He has known hunger.

He has known women. He has been married twice (three times, some say), so he ought to know something of women. Six years ago, as a small part player on the same lot where he shines today above Jack Gilbert, he was unnoticed.

THEN he returned to the theater under the management of Louis MacLoon, who, two years ago, held him under contract at the lowly figure of \$175 a week.

Things went bad and MacLoon was forced to release him because there was no more work in sight.

He again sought work in the movies. This time fate was kind. He got the break.

I do not want to spoil any illusions but I must tell you about the first time I ever saw Clark Gable off the screen. I was lunching in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer restaurant in Culver City when he came in.

A particularly effusive and beautiful blonde screen actress rushed up to him and introduced herself.

"Oh, Mr. Gable," she gushed, "I think you are the finest actor on the screen."

I have never seen a man more ill at ease. He looked around appealingly. He stood on one foot, then the other. I felt that under his rough, three-day beard (he was making retakes for "Susan Lenox") he was blushing like a school boy.

"Thanks—ah—yes—thank you," he stammered, "but I'm afraid there are a lot of them on this lot who know the tricks better than I do."

"Oh, but Mr. Gable, everyone knows you are so wonderful—"

"Yes—thanks," he said, "thanks—yes—thank you. I must be back on the set—yes—thank you."

And the big tough-looking guy in the three-day beard rushed out of the restaurant and hid in his dressing-room, lunching on a ham sandwich and a glass of milk.



Will YOU be a lovelier person by **DEC. 15TH**?

Here is a sensible, *practical* loveliness plan—*The Thirty Day Loveliness Test*.

This remarkable little book is *free!* Yet through it you may become (perhaps in just a few short weeks) a *lovelier, more likable, happier* person.

that this comes on those mornings and those evenings when we just have had a cleansing bath . . . and in addition have treated ourselves to a *complete* change of clothes?

Isn't there one unbreakable rule that underlies all modern feminine loveliness?

Hands, for instance, to be really beautiful must also be really clean. The recipe for high-lights in the hair is frequent, generous shampoos.

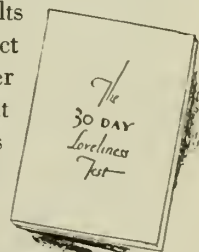
Skin anywhere on the body that is cleansed thoroughly each day is apt to be clearer, healthier, more colorful. Especially is this true of the skin of the face, constantly exposed as it is to grime of all kinds.

And finally there is that mysterious quality of self-confidence and extra charm. Is there any better guess than

It isn't that we do not know these things about loveliness—and cleanliness. It's just that this is such a busy old world.

And right there is where this free little book *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test* is such a help. It provides you with an easy but carefully-worked-out program to follow day-by-day.

As for the results that you may expect—say by December 15th, if you write at once—well, that is for you to find out! Use the coupon below—*now!*



November Birthdays

- November 1—Laura La Plante
- November 2—Dennis King
- November 4—Don Alvarado, Dixie Lee, Will Rogers
- November 5—Joel McCrea
- November 7—Mona Maris, Alice Day, Joe Cobb
- November 8—Marie Prevost
- November 9—Marie Dressler, John Miljan
- November 11—Raquel Torres, Roland Young
- November 12—Gwen Lee, Jack Oakie
- November 13—Eddie Buzzell
- November 15—Lewis Stone
- November 16—Lawrence Tibbett
- November 17—Betty Bronson
- November 18—Frances Marion
- November 19—Nancy Carroll
- November 20—Robert Armstrong, Reginald Denny
- November 21—Jobyna Ralston
- November 22—Charles Mack
- November 25—Helene Chadwick, Margaret Livingston, Vera Reynolds
- November 26—Frances Dee
- November 29—Mildred Harris, Kay Johnson, Rod LaRocque, Genevieve Tobin
- November 30—Jacqueline Logan

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So They Were Married

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



GROW-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

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Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a "counter-irritant" because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



But, somehow, neither Lew nor Lola could get the other out of mind.

In two weeks these two were again out dining and dancing.

And, suddenly, they discovered it was great fun to be together. They had so much in common.

BOTH loved to swim and play tennis. Each could sit for hours over a game of chess. Lew, who had played in an orchestra, loved music. Lola would sit for hours at the piano.

Both were book lovers. They especially liked stories about Southern California. They read every novel and history they could find about that part of the state. After finishing a book they would get in Lew's car and hunt up the trail of the story. They would stop at the various locations; ponder over the scenes and people.

And Lew, who delves in astronomy, took Lola on trips into the desert, where in the tranquil beauty of moonlight on silvery sands, he told her the story of the stars.

There were always so many interesting things to do!

One day Lola realized that she hadn't been to a party or a "first night" for weeks and weeks.

Like all young, attractive girls she loved pretty frocks and the joy of being seen and admired in them.

She liked people and commenced to long to see some of her friends.

She laughed at Lew's excuses when she suggested that they "step out" a bit.

It was then that they had their first lovers' quarrel.

When Lew took Lola down to San Diego to eat Thanksgiving dinner with his mother and step-father and little half-sister and brother, Hollywood realized there was something serious to this romance.

They went down again for Christmas. But both denied they were engaged. Lola said they were too young. That they were thinking of a career—not marriage.

Christmas, Lew gave Lola a beautiful walnut cabinet holding a victrola and radio.

Lola gave Lew a handsome fitted traveling bag.

They continued to deny their engagement when Lew, on Lola's birthday, presented her with a handsome diamond wrist watch.

And then Lew was ordered to Sacramento on location.

He was starring in "Heaven on Earth." This was their first separation.

THERE were long letters! There were telegrams! There were lengthy telephone conversations!

After Lew had been gone three weeks, Lo'a



Do they look like twins—these cute youngsters with whom big George Bancroft is playing horsie-back? They are playing twins in his new picture, "Rich Man's Folly," but they really aren't. They are really Kenneth Coughlin and Marilyn Joan Stubblefield. Suitable twins weren't to be found—and these kids will certainly do, eh?

was awakened one midnight by a long distance telephone call from Sacramento.
 "Is this you, Lolie? This is Lew. Lolie, will you marry me? Careers don't matter! Nothing matters if I can't have you!"
 And Lola knew that Lew spoke the truth. She laughed back at him, "I might have known that you would ask me to marry you on the telephone—when I had dreamed of it happening among moonlight and roses."
 With a little catch in her voice, she whispered, "Yes, I'll marry you, Lew."
 Then what plans! What happiness!

AND now she was packing her trunk to go to New York!
 What had happened? Cross words! Angry words!
 The exquisite wrist watch set with diamonds almost thrown at Lew. Lew solemnly taking off the watch Lola had once so lovingly fastened on his wrist.
 It was all over! She would go back to New York!

Lew would never see her again!
 That night, heartbroken Dorothy Mulligan cried herself to sleep to be awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the persistent ringing of her bedside telephone.
 A beloved voice came over the wire. "Lolie, this is Lew. I didn't mean a word I said. Nothing in the world matters but you! I must see you! I must talk to you! I am coming right over! Meet me out in front!"
 As dawn was lighting up the Hollywood skies, Lew and Lola drove through the hills trying to straighten out this tangled web called life.

That day Lola unpacked her trunks and cancelled her reservations to New York.
 That night Lew drew up to Lola's front door in a long, low, shining, high-powered, new roadster.
 Again they drove through the Hollywood hills. This time they were planning their honeymoon.

Lew had only two more weeks on his picture. He was tired. He had spent long days in the hot sun making football scenes for "The Spirit of Notre Dame." The studio had given him a six-weeks vacation.

They would be married as soon as he was through. They would rather Hollywood didn't know their secret until they were on their way.
 Lew stole up to the office of his young boss, Carl Laemmle, Jr., to confide the great news. "Hooray," said Junior, in effect, "I'll help in any way I can."
 "The Spirit of Notre Dame" was finally finished. But Lew and Lola crossed their friends.

They had secretly planned a simple wedding at Lew's home atop a high Hollywood hill. There the wedding would take place, with the writer and her husband and two others as the witnesses.

Lew would slip on the bride's finger the beautiful ring of platinum links set with diamonds—Mr. and Mrs. Ayres would step into the big family car and slip away on the wedding journey.

That was the plan.
 But it wasn't to be that way.

LEW and Lola slipped away to Las Vegas, Nev., one of Hollywood's favorite Gretna Greens. Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire had the knot tied there, too, you remember. A license was issued to Lewis Frederick Ayer, of Minneapolis, and Dorothy Mulligan, of Des Moines, Ia.—their real names. Judge William Orr tied the knot—tightly. Witnesses were Leroy Mason, actor, and Louise Graham.

And away they went on the wedding journey.

So that's the story of a rocky romance that turned smooth in the home stretch. A grand young couple—and plenty in love.

Keep that way, children—we are all pulling for you!

Chapped and Dry Skin Banished

Quicker than ever before..

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 REQUEST



Campana's
Italian Balm
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HERE is news! Campana's Italian Balm, unrivaled skin protector in winter-loving Canada, is now sold coast-to-coast in the United States.

If you have ever been in Canada... or if you have lived near the Canadian border... you already know Italian Balm and its widespread popularity.

For more than a quarter of a century, this famous skin-softener has been a household word in the Dominion. Its genuine goodness is quickly proved—by the speed with which it banishes the slightest trace of chapping, redness, dryness or roughness. Italian Balm far outsells all other skin protectors in Canada. It is "King of Lotions" in a country where wintertime skin protection is a necessity.

Because of its unrivaled record in "the land of winter sports," it was brought to the United States... to you. After a few winters here, in a few states only—Italian Balm has won another victory. Many leading merchants tell us that they have never seen American women give such quick and enthusiastic approval to a hand and face lotion.

16 INGREDIENTS—SELECTED BY
 A WORLD-FAMOUS SKIN SPECIALIST

Not six, nor ten—but sixteen ingredients are used in Italian Balm. These are scientifically blended by an imported and secret process. Italian Balm is not at all like the usual commercial or store-made skin lotion. Invention of an internationally-famous Italian dermatologist—it is made today exactly as his original formula prescribed, including importations from France, Persia, Italy and other foreign lands.

Get a bottle of Italian Balm today at your drug or department store. It is for sale in long-lasting 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. Or, send in the coupon now. Try Italian Balm at our expense.

GUARANTEE

Thousands of tests have proved that Italian Balm banishes the irritation and redness of chapped skin more quickly than any other hand lotion you can buy. If it fails to give you better protection, or to banish chapped skin more quickly, than any lotion you have ever used, your purchase money will be refunded cheerfully. Italian Balm is guaranteed to be a superior product.

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Every Saturday Night... over the N. B. C. coast-to-coast network... 9:30 Eastern time; 8:30 Central time; 7:30 Mountain time and 6:30 Pacific time. First night performance of plays... from the "Little Theatre Off Times Square." Romance... Mystery... Comedy.

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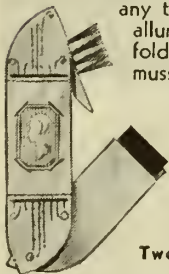


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NO heat, no cosmetics! Just slip your lashes between Kurlash's rubber pads, press gently, and your lashes are curled—beautifully! See how your eyes sparkle! How much larger, deeper, darker! You display greater charm, more personality. Even short lashes appear long. Get this Hollywood favorite today. At beauty shops, drug and department stores, \$1.00.

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Stick mascara and imported brush, in attractive enameled compact. Used like lip-stick—anywhere, any time. Keeps lashes dark, alluring. Handy purse size—folds up like pen-knife. Never mussy in purse or in use. Mascara in black; blue or brown. \$1.00.



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The Best Showman In Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Something specially prepared for her diet. Now Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo can order special dishes any day. But no chef at Metro would dare make one up in advance. In the first place, they'd never think of it. They couldn't help but think of Lupe. She took care of that with the chefs exactly as she took care of it with the directors.

Some people say Lupe is not a lady. "What the hell? How can they tell? To act like everyone else—is that what they call a lady? Then I am not a lady!"

However, sometimes she puts on her lady-act in a grand manner.

For example, she is very busy taking her mother to the Ascot races right now. Almost every evening. There are big crowds at those races. Her mother screams with excitement! Lupe claps her hand over her mother's mouth. "Mothah, deah! Please do not scream like that. I am a lady!" And the entire crowd forgets to look at the races. They are too busy watching Lupe be a lady.

DURING her recent visit in New York, Lupe got a huge thrill from ragging Peggy Hopkins Joyce. It took Lupe only a few seconds to decide that the famous Miss Joyce did not have a keen sense of humor. "Now watch me!" she told Jimmy Walker and other members of the group with whom she was seeing the sights.

They passed over a bridge. A mighty yacht was cruising down the river. "See that yacht!" Lupe screeched, above the traffic, at Peggy. "That ees mine!"

"Is it?" Miss Joyce looked at her with double interest.

They passed a park far out in the country. "See that park? I owned that once. But it was too expensive to keep up so I give it to the county."

"Did you?" Miss Joyce looked at her with triple interest.

"Peggee!" Lupe screeched with horror. "You are chewing gum. I am a lady. You must not chew gum with me. Spit it out."

Miss Joyce spit it out. All an act, but an act as natural, to Lupe, as nature's rains or droughts or river-currents.

She holds the floor in any group through sheer force of vitality. One never talks, himself, when Lupe is present. He doesn't want to.

An extremely brilliant and poised and beautiful actress who is conversationally equal to diplomats, bank presidents, international wits, said to me recently following an evening she had spent with Lupe: "I have never met anyone who could make me feel so futile. I just don't know I exist when she is around me. I am, can be, nothing but an audience to her. And when she goes, although I have not said a word, I am utterly exhausted."

Nothing but an audience! A remarkable tribute to the real showmanship of Lupe.

YOU have read of the incident with Lilyan Tashman at the Embassy Club when the wearing of long kid gloves first returned to vogue. Lilyan entered, wearing them. Lupe had none. She wrapped two napkins around her arms. "Must be in style," she said loudly. Lilyan was at the next table. She handed her gloves to Lupe. Hot words followed.

That is the story you have read. It is true in the fact; it is not true in the motive. No one seemed to notice that Dolores Del Rio entered at almost the same time as Lilyan—also wearing kid gloves. Lupe makes no secret of her dislike for Dolores. A rivalry as natural as the rest of Lupe's rampant emotions.

Lupe used the napkin gag to annoy Dolores. Lilyan accepted the challenge. Lupe could

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have straightened the mistake in a moment. "Why spoil a good show?" thought the showman who had unwittingly cornered the spotlight for the evening.

I could go on forever about her pranks and her antics. Some day, I am going to write a book about her. She furnishes fresh material twenty-four hours in the day. Yes, even when she is sleeping. For she sleeps in a bed like no one else's. A bed much wider than it is long; a bed less than a foot from the floor.

I don't believe she's awakened in the same mood twice in her life. She may throw a shoe at you; she may tell you you are the most adorable person living. But she'll tell it in as many different ways as there are mornings for her to awaken.

But I couldn't complete even a short article upon Lupe without saying something of her truthfulness, her loyalty, her kindness to those whom she loves.

She loved Gary Cooper. With all of the devotion of her exaggerated nature. I have seen her beat him with her shoe one moment and sob because she has done it, the next; I have heard her rail at him in anger so terrible that I feared his life was in danger. But if another person said an unkind word about Gary I have *known* that his or her life was in danger.

WHAT happened? One day Lupe wanted to get married; the next day she didn't. She was afraid of her career. But more than that she was afraid of her freedom; her showmanship nature. "A husband might try to stop me. If he did I would kill him. I am afraid," she once told me. *Afraid of herself because of herself.*

Some days Gary wanted to marry; some days he didn't. To be married to Lupe—ah, it is a grave responsibility.

This continued for nearly three years and then—he saw her off on the train when she left for her vaudeville engagement. She was crying. "Why, don't cry, dear—" he told her.

"I am crying because I will never see you again. I am through. And when I am through, I am through. This could not go on forever—"

"No, no, Becca (their pet name for each other). When you come back—"

"I will not see you. It is better so!"

And she meant it. She has brains, our Lupe. She knew it must come—she speeded the inevitable day. Brains! A keen insight into her own and others' natures.

"But if he ever need me," she tells me, "if he ever get poor and have no work, I sell everything I have, I scrub floors if necessary to help him. But I never see him!"

An act? Certainly. As everything she says or does is an act. A scene from life! A true scene. She would do that exactly as she does everything else—from the depths of a volatile, hurricane-like but compassionate and loyal nature. A nature which has probably never had a duplicate. At least, in Hollywood, the home of eruptive natures, it has no competition on record.



Tells How

Madame Norine, Famous Beautician to Stage Stars

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New Skin Beauty Immediately

For Lines, Crowsfeet, Wrinkles For Flabby Skin, Heavy Chin Line For "Crep" Lines on Neck, Sagging For Faded Skin, Excessive Dryness or Oiliness, Pimples, Blackheads, Redness, Roughness, Try This Amazing Method.

See Instantaneous New Beauty Look Years Younger

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Older Actresses, When Made to Look Young by This Amazing Method, Can Play Youthful Parts. You, Too, Can Look Years Younger and Lovelier This Quick Way.

Haven't you wondered why certain older actresses can still play youthful parts?

Many whom you know to be 50 years old look like 30. Some of 60 look like 40. *Not a line or flaw in their wonderful skins!*

These stars are subjected to strains, late hours, drying desert suns "on location," and the destructive effects of harsh grease paints. Their skins would look old and blemished very quickly if they used *ordinary* beauty methods.

But I keep *older* stage and screen stars *young looking* with certain *secret* imported youthifiers and beautifiers not found in the usual preparations used by the general public.

Among the *younger* movie favorites who also praise my preparations are Dorothy Mackaill, Pauline Starke, Betty Compson, Estelle Taylor, Lila Lee, Marie Prevost and many others whose unlined, flawless, girlish skins are so admired.

Three Wonderful Beauty Secrets

I have supplied professional clients with these remarkable preparations for 40 years. My family have been beauticians for generations and among our prized possessions are *three wonderful secrets* learned years ago and handed down in the family. These 3 preparations represent a *complete* beauty-youth treatment.

Now I have decided that these preparations are too wonderful to be confined to leading actresses, screen stars and fashionable women who continually send from afar for these 3 preparations which I alone know how to make.

I want every one to have them. So I am willing for you to test their wondrous results on trial. Send no money—just mail coupon today.

Look Years Younger and Lovelier

See those erasable age-lines and crowsfeet smooth out like magic. Flabby skin becomes firm. Faded skin becomes youthful. Large pores reduce. Pimples, blackheads due to clogged pores vanish.

Excessive oiliness or dryness ends. You gain the soft, clear, smooth, creamy white skin of younger years. You don't have to *wait* for results—new skin beauty right away.

The most elaborate beauty treatments—carried on for months—may not youthify and beautify your skin as these *three* remarkable preparations of mine will so quickly. *There is nothing else in the world like them.* The secret has never left our family in spite of wonderful offers from great cosmetic manufacturers.

Try It Now. Send No Money

Mail the coupon today. Send no money. I will immediately send you these three preparations—a full sized jar of each—which represents the *complete*

treatment that makes you look years younger and lovelier so quickly.

When the postman brings the package, deposit with him only \$1.98 (plus a few cents postage). I ask this to keep children from sending. This money is to be returned on request.

Use treatment 10 days on trial. You must be thrilled with the banishment of lines. With new youthful looks and beauty. You must be convinced that the quick results of my simple treatment are better than a long course of beauty parlor treatments. You must be convinced that the 3 preparations which make up this treatment are better than many for which you have paid \$10 to \$15.

Otherwise, within 10 days you are to return what is left. I'll instantly return the money you deposited with the postman and make you a present of the quantity used.

If you do keep these three preparations, there is no more to pay. I am thinking of charging \$5 for them later, but to introduce them, I have set the price at only \$1.98 for all 3.

Your purchase also entitles you to personal advice from me on any beauty subjects.

Be Sure to Mail Coupon Today

But you must send quickly. It is so hard to get these imported ingredients that I can make up only a limited quantity at a time outside of the amount necessary for my present customers. So I may have to delay those who send late. Best to mail coupon today.

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Personal Advice on Beauty Subjects

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Madame Norine, Suite 110, 650 Turner, N. W. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Without any money in advance send me the three preparations that are responsible for the youthful looks of so many older stage stars. I will pay the postman the special introductory price of only \$1.98 (plus a few cents postage) on arrival. If for any reason whatever I return what is left in the 3 jars, within 10 days, you agree to return my money instantly, without question. I am to be sole judge in this matter. If I keep them, there is no more to pay.

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TO OUR CANADIAN READERS

PHOTOPLAY wants you to know that your subscription will be completed without additional tariff charge or any reduction in the number of months it has to run.

We are giving you this information as you may be wondering what effect the new Canadian tariff, on United States publications, will have on your subscription.

The Canadian Government has been very generous regarding subscriptions placed before June 2, 1931, and we are very glad to be able to pass this information on to you.



an Eyelash Make-up
that Actually Makes

LASHES GROW

IT'S TRUE—true and proven. A mascara which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*—that is the new discovery.

It's called the new Liquid Winx. First you use it as a waterproof mascara. It darkens lashes, makes them look soft, delicate and fascinating. Eyes take on new sparkle, new appeal. Yet the effect is natural—in good taste.

And (while you use Winx as a mascara) it actually promotes the health and growth of lashes. Winx contains stimulating oils which turn skimpy, straggly lashes into a long, curly, bewitching fringe. A week's use actually shows definite improvements!

You may try the new Liquid Winx—simply by sending 10¢ for a Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

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Enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
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Short Subjects of the Month



Anything for a laugh—and Tom Patricola comes up singing. Good comedies like "The Tamale Vendor," reviewed below, will cure your blues

THE TAMALE VENDOR

Educational-Ideal

Just enough story to provide a background for Tom Patricola's bag of tricks, his nimble dancing, pleasing singing and strumming accompaniment. Some laughs, a couple of pretty girls, and a hilarious gag situation at the finish.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

RKO-Van Beuren

Another one of Floyd Gibbons' fascinating "supreme thrills." Scenes of the dramatic episodes of the morning of July 18, 1918, when the Allies delivered the decisive blow of the war, with Gibbons recounting the thrilling story in his own breathless fashion. It's educational and entertaining, too.

DREAMWORLD

Educational

Claude Flemming takes you on a tour of picturesque and interesting points not far from Hollywood. Photographed in Multicolor, the outdoor scenes are particularly lovely. A pleasant version of the travelogue film.

OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

M-G-M

A perfectly swell short for sportsmen as well as other people, showing the stars who will participate in the coming Olympic events. With amusing dialogue written and spoken by Pete Smith, it also recounts a little of the history of various athletic achievements.

THE FRESHIEMAN'S FINISH

Educational-Vanity

Another of those capering college comedies. Outboard motor races seem to be the screen fad of the moment. The hero wins in a bathtub and the villain is shown up as a cad and bounder.

WEDGE PLAY

Tiffany

This is the second of those interesting and instructive sports shorts on football. The wedge play that enabled the Georgia team to make the thrilling touchdown after the kick-off against Yale last year is featured. Great stuff.

KICKING GAME

Tiffany

Number three in the football shorts that are so colorfully showing audiences the best football talent in the country. Howard Jones introduces The University of Michigan team with Coach Harry Kepke giving pointers on kicking. Coach Wallace Wade and his eleven, Bill Ingram of California, and Lou Little of Columbia contribute also.

POKER WIDOWS

Educational-Sennett

Husbands who play poker will find out in this funny comedy what happens to their wives. A jealous husband, a bored wife, and a philandering dancing master get badly triangled.

THE WORLD FLIER

Educational-Sennett

The comedy element is pretty strained, but there is a good outboard motorboat race. Loretta Turnbull and Harold Ferguson, the world's speedboat champions, are featured along with the Sennett cast. Natural color.

VAGABOND MELODIES

Educational-Lyman H. Howe

Colorful scenes of the strolling city minstrels to be found on New York streets. There's a hurdy-gurdy, a musical merry-go-round, some Arabian players, and a German street band that is completely out of tune, as usual. Cleverly photographed.

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

Mildred in Wonderland

As I am a working girl having to wear the modest garb that the average working girl's salary necessitates, coming in contact with people who wear business clothes, some of which aren't any too neat, do you wonder at my jumping at every chance I have to go to a movie?

There I can see charming people in gorgeous clothes and hear interesting conversation. It makes me think life is lovely. And of them all, I had rather see Constance Bennett.

MILDRED LEWIS,
Kennesaw, Ga.

Casts at Conclusion?

When I go to a picture I enjoy knowing who's who in it. The fad now, it seems, is to stage an actor memory contest, for the list of players is given without the name of the characters they are portraying. The star of the picture may be good, but oftentimes his supporting cast is better. I, for one, am in favor of giving them better recognition. They are the drawing card for many a picture I attend.

I am in a quandary as to how I am to learn the names of the new ones who appear in the casts. An excellent idea, I think, is that method, used in "The Front Page" and other recent pictures, of showing at the conclusion of a picture the character and his name.

C. D. PRICE,
Raleigh, N. C.

Real-Life Drama!

To the talkie, "Outward Bound," I attribute the fact that I am still dwelling upon this earth!

I had been finding the world pretty hard to combat. I had lost my job; the girl that I loved married someone else; life seemed not worth the living. I was on the verge of committing suicide when by chance I happened to see "Outward Bound."

I felt that I, too, was on that mysterious ship as one who had committed suicide—and, oh, how terrible I felt about it! And was I glad to get off and take another chance at life!

I am happy to report that I am finding living isn't half so bad!

R. M.,
Casper, Wyoming

Orchids for Landi

Here's a big bouquet of orchids for Elissa Landi. She's superb! All my old favorites have faded into the background. And her smile—I found myself looking and waiting for it throughout the picture.

Don't put her in a class with Garbo or Dietrich—let her be herself.

DORENE PRESTON,
San Francisco, Calif.

"Son of India"

After seeing Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans in "Son of India," I cannot refrain from commenting upon it. To me it was one of the

sweetest rôles Novarro has ever done. The picture was delightfully refreshing after seeing so much of this so-called "modern" stuff.

FANNIE MAE GEISLER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I have just seen Ramon Novarro in "Son of India," and though I admire this star tremendously, I feel that, through miscasting, he is losing some of the magnificence and nobility which he brought to former pictures.

Although he has been successful in other glamorous rôles, the hackneyed plot and sentimental palaver of his most recent showing is enough to embarrass the staunchest Novarro fans.

OLGA DASTE,
New Orleans, La.

Those Retiring Stars

Three cheers for the movie stars who know when and how to retire. It's too bad that some of them hang on and on, trying to make the public keep on liking them. It's as fatal to their popularity as for a woman to keep pouring out affection on a man whose heart she has already lost.

How much wiser are the stars who retire gracefully while still popular, leaving us pleasant memories of them at their best. We hate to lose them, but we know we can't keep them forever. It's rather sad, but life has a habit of moving on, and even movie luminaries must move with it.

LOUISE FLEMING,
Michigan City, Ind.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Marie Dressler

WE got all hot and bothered editorially about the art of the cinema and smugly announced that the motion pictures were in the midst of their "greatest crisis." Nowadays we're for good entertainment without the art and the crises.

murder, cliff, railway collision, fight, motor chase, or any divorce-court material. Mae Marsh got a cheer for her work in Anita Loos' story, "The Little Liar."

"The Reward of Patience" was notable for the return of "Lottie Pickford's passionate, dark beauty to screens which have long been pale for lack of it." Oh, Mr. Johnston! In the same picture a lad named Adolphe Menjou had a small part.

Dorothy Kelly was the girl on the cover and the gallery section included Fanny Ward, Eddie Lyons, Eugene O'Brien, Grace Valentine, Helene Rosson, DeWolf Hopper, Dorothy Dalton and Clara Kimball Young.

Cal York items: Reports that Douglas Fairbanks has signed for another year with Fine Arts at a salary of \$3,000 a week have been denied. . . . Theda Bara mourned the death of her Russian wolfhound, Czar Nicholas. . . . Blanche Sweet has a new director, Marshall Neilan. . . . Anna Little and Allan Forrest were married. . . . Marie Dressler is about to make another "Tillie" story. . . . Mary Miles Minter's age is fourteen years and six months.

We were also pretty angry at the salaries paid some of the stars. We thought it ridiculous that a certain comedian drew down \$1,000. Suppose somebody had told us then that one day we'd print Connie Bennett's weekly stipend of \$30,000!

An interviewer reported that Raymond Hatton's Nipponese make-up in "Kayosho" was so good that Sessue Hayakawa talked Japanese to Ray.

There was a story about Gladys Hulette and a ravishing portrait of Pearl White reading PHOTOPLAY.

Julian Johnston waxed eloquent over a movie called "Jaffery," a thrilling film without a

10 Years Ago



George Arliss

FROM beneath the brim of an enormous hat, Gloria Swanson said, "If my little baby wants to be an actress when she is older, I won't try to stop her." And there was a picture of Gloria wheeling the baby buggy! And a charming picture it was.

Now you can't get Gloria to mention her children for publication.

We ran a grand story about Douglas Fairbanks, written by his valet. In spite of the fact that Mary was Doug's loving wife the man-servant said, "If I should leave Mr. Fairbanks for a day, I shudder to think what would become of him. About clothes and small details he is helpless as a child."

After seeing Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, the critics called Joseph Schildkraut "the future great actor," so we used a big story about him and the interviewer plaintively hoped that Joe wouldn't be spoiled. *O tempora. O mores!*

What's this? Yessir, ten years ago we listed "Disraeli" with George Arliss as one of the best films. (The talking version of the same picture won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal last year.) Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers" made the grade in a big way and we were enthusiastic about Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells" and Betty Compson in "At the End of the World."

Marion Davies graced our cover and the gallery pictures were Mae Murray, Mary Carr, Jane and Katherine Lee, Dorothy Gish, Anita Stewart, Vivian Martin and Marie Prevost.

Cal York items: Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres are at work on "The Sheik" . . . Charlie Chaplin is off for a visit to his home in England. . . . Bebe Daniels and Jack Dempsey deny their engagement and Bebe says she doesn't ever intend to get married. (Remember Ben and Baby Barbara?) . . . Lou Tellegen is suing Geraldine Farrar for a divorce. . . . Jackie Coogan is the only six-year-old kid in the world to own a car. . . . Reports of a separation between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Somborn.

5 Years Ago



Renee Adoree

WE just made this issue with the news that Mabel Normand and Lew Cody were married!

We are still mourning Rudolph Valentino, and in a story entitled "The Price They Pay for Stardom" we pointed out that he might be alive now had he not been a star.

The two rivals for the social leadership of Hollywood were Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Earle Williams. Both women were millionairesses married to stars. (A few months ago Mrs. Williams killed herself because of poverty.) Hollywood, it was pointed out in this story, had become intensely social.

We mentioned Marion Davies' distinguished parties, but we added that "she entertains spasmodically and it's a sideline with her. She has her work!" And Mary Pickford was not mentioned! Now, of course, Mary and Marion wear the social crowns.

But then we said, "No actress can give the

time or thought to make herself really a social leader."

A long story explained why Sam Goldwyn paid \$125,000 for the novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," in which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky were starred.

The last photograph of Rudolph Valentino was used with a condensed version of his life story.

"Beau Geste" (will you ever forget it?), which covered Ronnie Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton and William Powell with glory, was given best notice along with Jack Gilbert's "Bardelys, the Magnificent." We liked "Tin Gods" with Renee Adoree and Tommy Meighan. Little Renee was the smiling girl on the cover and the stars in the gallery included Norma Shearer Fay Wray, Jacqueline Logan, Reginald Denny, Red Grange, Greta Garbo and Blanche Sweet.

Cal York items: Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were married at the home of Marion Davies. . . . Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills were about to be married. . . . Anna Q. Nilsson was visiting in Sweden.



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I Cannot Write That Story—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

"Leila, I've had a terrible break. I have to write a story about you!"

Her face clouded. "I'm sorry for you, Ruth, really I am. I understand. I don't know what to do. I've about decided you have to act half-cracked to make a headline success in this business. What shall I do? Go around smashing up sets or vamp Clark Gable at the Coconut Grove dances?"

"I really think I am the champion publicity



You can't have too many woolen costumes this season according to Seymour. Certainly not if they are all as good looking as this one of Frances Dee's. It is a brown woolen with a striped brown and beige silk underneath giving it a coat-like look. Does that hat really fit you, Frances?

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A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

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Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

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By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

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flop of Hollywood," she sighed. Tears flirted with her eyelashes.

"My mother had the same trouble. Do you suppose I inherited it from her? I remember sitting in the corner of the dressing-room when reporters came to see her. She, too, was happily married. Hyams and McIntyre—the vaudeville team. Mother would try to think up things to say but she'd always end with: 'I'm sorry, boys, I just have no skeletons to rattle!'"

"I was practically born acting. It's part of my nature. But acting isn't enough, now. You see, I'm happy and to be successful in pictures, one shouldn't be happy—"

It was right at this moment that I transferred my sympathy from Clara to Leila.

"You see, I simply can't get it out of my head that being happy is really important. You know, I was to play the lead in 'The Lion and the Mouse,' the first part-talkie. I was in New York. Phil and I decided to get married.

"The day before the ceremony, Warners telegraphed me to take the next train; production had been moved up. I know what I should have done. I should have taken the train and given the story to the newspapers. Can't you see it?"

"Actress leaves man on eve of wedding for career. Leila Hyams to be starred in first talkie!"

"Instead, I sent a wire to Warners that I couldn't come, and then got married. They broke my contract. I was out but I was happy. Sorry? N—n—o. Only, I can't give up my career, either. I told you I was born acting. If I were given just one big picture—my one chance—I know I could do it!"

Yes, Leila could do it. But how much would it help her? Does acting create your success in pictures? Does it really start you in the big box-office? Let's take those big names.

Crawford! Would Joan have been the big hit of today if she had entered pictures as a

lady? Hey-hey publicity made her name a byword with thousands. Dancing cups, broken engagements. True, she is the dignified Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now, but when you see her typifying the younger generation on the screen, you know she has *lived* what she is portraying.

Garbo? When you see her moving mysteriously, sinuously across the screen you know she's as mysterious in person as she is in her shadow.

Shearer! You know she struggled and fought and trained herself with heartaches to become the svelte wife-of-a-producer.

Bennett. Ah, Constance! Champagne and caviar. She's tasted them in life; she represents them to you from experience.

Velez! When she vamps a man you know she's vamped such names as Tom Mix, Al Jolson, Gary Cooper.

Swanson. When Gloria discards a husband you know she's discarded three in real life and must know her business.

But Hyams? I told her I couldn't write a story about her.

LEILA puckered her nose in a half-cry and a half-giggle. "Three months ago, they rushed me to the hospital at five o'clock in the morning to remove my appendix. Three days later, my husband said, 'There hasn't been a word in the papers.' I couldn't understand it. The papers always make so much of actresses' appendices. Here, I should have had a real break!"

"A few moments later the doctor came in and said, 'The newspaper boys called and insisted you were in the hospital. I insisted I didn't know a thing about it. You've overworked for two years; you've had no rest. I knew you wouldn't want to be disturbed—' I didn't say anything; I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. But I'd even lost the break due me on my appendix!"

So now you see why I cannot write a story about Leila Hyams.

But I Can Unmask Jean Harlow

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

She raised that determined little chin in the same independent way she had so recently raised it to her horror-stricken grandfather when she said: "You made your own money. Now, I am going to make mine. I am going back into pictures." Grandpa took her at her word. She is still disinherited!

SHE set out to be a vamp as she had set out to be an actress. Hollywood had paid no attention to her glorious cream and white complexion; her sweet eyes; that lurking ingénue expression.

But when Hollywood saw her figure—All right! It should see her figure.

I met Jean Harlow shortly after that decision. It was at a five o'clock cocktail party. Most of the women, even our most famous actresses, were in sport clothes or semi-tailored street things. Jean arrived in black satin. Sleeky, form-clinging, exposing black satin.

It was cut to—well, the same point it was cut in "Hell's Angels."

She removed her come-hither hat because her startling white hair was even more come-hitherish. Within five seconds after she entered that room every man had gravitated to the Jean Harlow corner. Nor did they leave; Jean saw to that. She was acting—just as she had acted in "Hell's Angels." She'd show them.

The women gathered in another corner—gathered to whisper about Jean Harlow. You can guess what they said. You know women. And more than one of them had a husband fighting for air in that other corner!

Now, personally, I didn't see Jean do a thing or hear her say a word which was the least bit unladylike at that party. I did feel she was dressed more for Monte Carlo than Hollywood, where people come to afternoon affairs directly from the sets—in business attire. But she had explained that by saying she was going on to an evening affair and had to dress for both simultaneously. Whether this was the truth or an excuse for the sake of the women I didn't know, but I gave her credit for the good taste which prompted her to make some explanation.

No, I didn't see anything out of the way myself, but I heard stories about that party for weeks thereafter. Stories of how Jean Harlow acted; how she vamped husbands. The hostess was very busy for three months after it happened telling Hollywood how ashamed she had been of Jean Harlow at that party.

JEAN went home dead tired and slipped into her pajamas. She was a success; at least her foot had found its spot on the magic rug.

But Jean reckoned without knowledge of the terrible ogre which haunts all Hollywood celebrities. That old devil, gossip.

She was living up to what she thought Hollywood expected of her. Hollywood began living up to what it thought Jean expected of them.

Her picture appeared in a Los Angeles paper. It was black-captioned "Sex-quisite."

She went to New York. On the train she received a wire to return for retakes on "The

Secret Six." She was in New York exactly one night. But Walter Winchell said in his column that she was being seen and taken around (as though it were night after night) with the "big, little producer with the bow tie." George White had been on the same train. They were seen out that one night together.

JIMMY WALKER was at Palm Springs at the same time that Jean and her mother and father were among those present. The first night a group of fifteen gossiped in the huge drawing-room of the hotel. Jimmy did rather single out Jean. You couldn't blame him. But they were not alone for a moment and he did talk to many other women.

The next evening was identically the same. She did not see him alone once during the two days. The morning after the second evening in the public drawing-room she was awakened at six A. M. "This is Jimmy Walker speaking."

"Why are you calling me at this hour?"

"I just wanted to warn you we are in the headlines in New York this morning."

Jean and her family left Palm Springs in a hurry. Jean and her mother and father went to Agua Caliente for a few days. They had a suite. One morning as she was leaving the Casino, she ran into Hal Roach and Leo McCarey. "I swear we didn't stand and chat over three moments. It was the only time I saw them down there."

A syndicate writer printed a story that Jean and Mr. Roach were at Agua Caliente together and *fireside trouble was pending in the Roach home.*

Jean is naturally a democratic youngster. She almost makes a fetish of it. On the set, she chats with prop boys, electricians, cameramen, grips, assistant directors, stars and directors alike. No snobbish lines for her. As Joan Crawford did when she began in this business. You remember how Joan gave her picture to a musician, and his wife sued, naming her as corespondent? As I remember it, Joan learned his name for the first time because of the suit! Well, Jean went to work on a certain picture. Only a few days later rumor went out, "Vamp Jean Harlow is after her cameraman hook, line and sinker." Jean had never seen him off the set!

WE could go on with enough examples to fill all of our pages. A twenty-year-old youngster has become, in the public mind, one of the most blasé seducers of the film colony.

I believed it myself until I had been in her home enough times to be convinced against the seeming truth of all the published stories and word-of-mouth information.

Jean Harlow is exactly like numerous other young girls who have always been blessed—or cursed—with too much spending money. She went to half a dozen of America's private schools. She was mischievous, restless, the epitome of the modern girl who thinks it is

YOUR CHARM *need never fade*



Ona Munson (what a pretty girl!) presents her two Chihuahua pups. Names not given, but we suggest "Love 'em" and "Leave 'em." Incidentally, Ernst Lubitsch was recently noted shopping Hollywood Boulevard for a diamond ring. Now listen for the wedding bells for Ernst and Ona. They have been keeping company for months

THOUGH blessed with the lineaments of a goddess—though gowned by Lanvin, and hatted by Agnes—a woman may yet fail in attractiveness because of the poisons that collect in the system. For attractiveness, that elusive quality, depends most of all on *internal cleanliness.*

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Permanently Destroys Hair

life to remonstrate at the restraints put upon her. Jean remonstrated so vehemently that she married, at sixteen, Charles Fremont McGrew, Second, a youth with a lot of money and modern ideas of freedom. She divorced him last January. It was a kid marriage.

Jean was restless. She had the blood of her grandfather in her.

He wanted to do big things—make a lot of money.

He did it by buying lands and selling them at a profit. She refused to knuckle down to living on his money as he had refused to knuckle to living on someone else's money before her.

But she's not a vamp by nature. Because of her beauty and allure she attracts men unconsciously.

NOW, she seldom goes out without both her mother and father with her. She is home by midnight. She goes to few Hollywood parties. The other day two boys she has known for years dropped into Hollywood from Chicago. They wanted her to join a dancing party.

"We went to Coconut Grove. There wasn't even a catsup bottle on or under that table and yet I heard that I fell down on the floor I was so drunk. I hate Hollywood. I suppose

it sounds like biting the hand that feeds you. But I mean, I hate it because I just can't be myself—they won't let me."

I don't suppose I can convince you and maybe it wouldn't be good for Jean if I did. Perhaps she'll get further as the "sex-vulture." That's her own expression. Hollywood has got her scared to death. She's at the point, now, where she's even scared of men whom she has known for ages.

AS for her pictures. "In 'Platinum Blonde' (her new Columbia picture), I don't wear a dress cut beneath the throat line. I had a terrible fight with Warner Bros. over 'The Public Enemy,' and they'll probably never let me make another picture for them. I won't be a vamp on the screen again. You can't guess the pictures I've turned down because the moment I'm signed they change the script to undress me—

"I've decided I'm going to be an actress, not a professional sex-vulture. If I don't, I'll get a job as a clothes model."

Will she succeed? It's an interesting problem—one of the most interesting in Hollywood today. Once stamped as a type it's hard to break away. And there's always her figure—but somehow, I'm betting she'll live down that figure.



She inherits a great part, this pretty little Dorothy Dix. Dorothy is to play Vee in the new series of "Torchy" comedies for Educational. When the original series was made in silent form some years back, such current stars as Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow, Jacqueline Logan, Norma Shearer and Billie Dove played in the "Torchies." How about a little stardom for Dotty Dix?

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

THE DREYFUS CASE—Columbia

THIS account of the famous Dreyfus and Emile Zola rumpus (go on—brush up on your history as we did) is done with precision and accuracy (Dreyfus supervised it) but without much warmth. Taking place mostly in the French courts, it will appeal to people who like that sort of heavy film fare. Splendidly acted. Made in England with a British cast.

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal

IF you're a Lew Ayres fan you'll probably like this, but Lew is about the only reason for seeing it. The hatred between the shanty-boaters and the steam-boaters on the Mississippi is the theme of the picture. There is one thrilling scene, however, when the shanty-boaters are set adrift. 1931 Baby Star Anita Louise is splendid, but they should not have given her that Southern accent to do.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia

THE same old plot, that of the two-pals-and-one-wife, and it's a shame to waste Richard Cromwell, one of the few youngsters with real talent, on such hokum. In this he and Jack Holt are deep-sea divers. The storm and underwater scenes are thrilling and the dance hall is a nice piece of realism.

THE MYSTERY TRAIN— Darmour Prod.

A MYSTERY melodrama of the old school, with enough sure-fire hokum and suspense to satisfy both kiddies and grown-ups. Marceline Day and Nick Stuart carry the love interest, while Hedda Hopper and Bryant Washburn keep you guessing about the "mystery." Al Cooke does well with the comedy.

THE WHITE DEVIL—UFA

THE Russians are at it again—fighting seriously, loving seriously and suffering seriously in those big fur hats. This movie, made in Germany with English dialogue, is about a Caucasian leader who rescues an innocent dancer from the Czar and gets killed for his trouble. But some of the shots are magnificent. Lil Dagover, over here now, is beautiful, and it's quite impressive.

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?— Regal Prod.

A DREARY story about a doctor torn between his duty as a medico to keep silent and his duty toward his son to tell a consulting-room secret. Spoken in the most Oxfordian British, it is still pretty monotonous stuff. The cast is all English. You wouldn't know them.

THE PARISIAN—Capital Prod.

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Elissa Landi made this one in England. And it goes to show that the gals get their glamour after they hit Hollywood. At least you would never believe Elissa could turn out to be the sloe-eyed mystic. Menjou is his usual suave self either at home or abroad, but the story (peppy lad tries to make father a business man) is twaddle.

THE OLD SONG (DAS ALTE LIED)— Kreutzburg Prod.

THEY have Cinderellas in Austria, too. And they also have wicked vamps. This yarn, with German dialogue, is about a young baron who falls in love with a Viennese shopgirl. But it's interesting, mostly because of Lil Dagover, the glamorous, languorous menace, who is making pictures in Hollywood this very minute.

A STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG (EIN BURSCHENLIED AUS HEIDELBERG)—UFA

WHETHER or not you understand German this is a grand picture, with rollicking students, rollicking tunes and rollicking acting. The extras are all real Heidelberg boys and the cameras did their grinding on the old Heidelberg campus, or whatever they call it over there. There's a story, with very good actors, but the scenery and the songs are what make it worthwhile.

WOMEN MEN MARRY— Headline Prod.

THIS is a melodrama that finishes as a comedy without intending to do so. It relates the experiences of two married couples in New York. These rôles are played by Natalie Moorehead, Kenneth Harlan as her husband, and Randolph Scott as Sally Blane's. The story is obvious, but players do their best and a good time is had by all.

THE SEA GHOST—Imperial Prod.

LAURA LA PLANTE is too fine an actress and too lovely to look at to play in such an old-fashioned melodrama as this. It's a complicated story about a naval officer who is sent to find a will at the bottom of the ocean.

PAGAN LADY—Columbia

THE Sadie Thompson theme is given a new dress in this briskly moving melodrama of Cuba, bootleggers and reformers. Evelyn Brent starts out as a barmaid but is taken in tow by the two-fisted Charles Bickford, head of a bootlegging gang. In the end they both reform, and the story leaves you with a laugh. William Farnum, Conrad Nagel and Roland Young are other good actors in the cast.

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The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]



● Evalyn Knapp, Warner Bros. Picture Star, one of the Fairest of the Fair.

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Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

or now or fifty years from now. Nazimova, like Bernhardt, had that knack of never dating her clothes.

But on the set—ah, she was different. Oh, mind you, no one was allowed to watch her. She had her sets enclosed in black flats, but we kids used to dig holes in the flats and, like boys at the knot holes of a baseball fence, watch her. I shall never forget her coming down the stairs in a scene from "Camille," lithe and radiant, that strange neurotic little face contorted into what we thought then was great emotional acting.

Her leading man was a young fellow just getting a few good breaks. Rudolph Valentino was the name.

THE most beloved person on the lot was May Allison. Her disposition was as beautiful as her face. Everyone from the office boy to the greatest star loved her and knew that she had something more than beauty—charm and intelligence.

I have often regretted that May retired before the talking picture came in. She has one of the loveliest speaking voices I have ever listened to.

The picture in which I was playing was "The Saphead," adapted from Winchell Smith's "The New Henrietta," and in it was the dean of American actors, the late William H. Crane; Buster Keaton (whose first feature length picture it was), Odette Tyler (a contemporary of Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore) and Irving Cummings (now a famous director).

The first day I had to rush into the midst of a wedding with "the poipers," a group of letters that would, when read (and they were read in that good old melodrama) prove the suave villain really a villain. Just before I went on to do the scene the prop boy handed me the letters I was to carry. To hide my nervousness I ran through them. They were old fan letters addressed to Harold Lockwood, who had been

dead for months. It gave me a strange, ghoulish feeling. I don't remember what I did the first rehearsal.

William H. Crane was really the star of "The Saphead," but before it was finished dead-pan Keaton had tucked it under his arm and walked away with it. Buster was an earnest young man in those days, trying very hard to make a go of what he thought his one big chance. He took his gags very seriously and worked them out with precision. He was a different person on Wednesday night at the old Sunset Inn.

Pardon me while I brush away a tear for Sunset Inn. It was the gayest, most sparkling of places where you drank your liquor straight and danced as you saw fit. It stands deserted now, looking over the Pacific, reminiscing, perhaps, upon the glory that it once had. Other vivid amusement spots were the Vernon Country Club, the Ship Cafe, Nat Goodwin's place and a few others, now all deserted.

A gay and lusty crew sped to Sunset Inn every Wednesday night. Fatty Arbuckle (this was, of course, before the tragedy for which he has paid so dearly), Vi Dana, Shirley Mason, Alice Lake, Buster—oh, what swell times they had. Good talk, good liquor, and dancing. I sometimes wonder, when I look over those smart and studiously gowned, well-groomed, soft-voiced stars at the Embassy Club and the Mayfair, if they are having the fun we used to have at Sunset. I'll take a few small bets.

THURSDAY night was the dance at the "hotel." You didn't need to ask what hotel. You meant that charming old Hollywood Hotel that rambles, rather dejectedly now, over a square block of valuable Hollywood real estate. The dances were open to all—no admission. Just being a resident of the little town admitted you. Such a thing could not happen today. The stars must have their own private clubs to avoid curiosity seekers.



Nazimova was queen of the Metro lot and, boy, oh boy, did she emote! Here she is in "Camille." Her leading man was a comparatively unknown actor. The name was Rudolph Valentino

But then nobody cared much for picture people.

The younger crowd came to those dances and it was at one of them that a good looking boy first saw a tall, disjointed girl with slim dangling hands—and loved her.

A few months later Tom Gallery and ZaSu Pitts were married.

One evening my mother and I went to the Hollywood Community Theater to see a pantomime in which a friend of mine, Starke Patteson, was playing. It was called "The Spanish Fandango." The theater, a sweet little vine-covered building on Ivor Street (on the site of which one of the swankiest and ritziest of Hollywood apartments now stands) seemed expectant that night. Only a scant hundred people could be seated there, but that night something was in the atmosphere.

The curtain rose. The leading man, dressed in a gay Spanish costume, appeared. The small audience gasped. He was, without doubt, the most beautiful male thing we had any of us ever seen. He had grace, charm, beauty, talent and—you could rather feel it from over those improvised footlights—courage. The curtain went down upon a hushed group. I've never seen anything as lovely as his performance.

MY mother and I hurried out onto the little porch to find Starke Patteson and to say, "Who is that beautiful boy?"

We were not the only ones who had asked the question. Directly behind us a young man was saying, "Who is that boy?" And he was answered, "He's made one picture for Ferdinand Pinney Earle, 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.' And he's teaching music now."

"I want to see him," said the young man. It was, of course, Rex Ingram who had asked, and the beautiful princeling of "The Spanish Fandango" was Ramon Novarro.

Although Rex Ingram re-discovered him, it was Ferdinand Pinney Earle (you know him as "Affinity Earle" through the front pages of the newspapers and, incidentally, he is as mild a man as you'd meet anywhere and not at all the gay *Don Juan* he's been pictured) who first brought Ramon to the screen. The film was released five years after it was made as "The Lover's Oath."

Beautiful Kathleen Key, in those days clear-eyed and Madonna-like, who was recently embroiled in an ugly scandal with Buster Keaton, played the lead. It was one of the most idyllic films ever made. Too lovely for the box-office, at least in those days.

After that night at the theater Ramon worked for Rex Ingram. I remember that the Community Theater wanted to repeat "The Spanish Fandango," but Ramon couldn't because he had grown a Van Dyke beard for his rôle of *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

I COULD weep for the old Hollywood. We loved each other more in those days, we were better friends. There was so little politics and throat-cutting. There was no bustle, no hubbub. Each person did his job and that was that. It was all lazy and, somehow, very sweet.

Don't think me as sentimental as I really am. Oh, I'm thrilled by the mad parade that is Hollywood today and I realize that its crass exhibitionism and bold ballyhoo is an interesting American cacophony, but I cannot help but feel sad when I think of the passing of that old and very lovely town.

Next month I'll take you with me into the strange underworld of Hollywood and show you some of the pitfalls ready for a girl trying to break into pictures in those days. I'm approached by a blackmailer and find out about the fly-by-night quickie companies. I decide to give up acting permanently and begin my so-called literary career which gives me contact with more and more stars.

20th Prize

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Jimmie Hates Sandwiches

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

home-cooking unless mother needs a rest from cooking it for me.

"No! Life is a matter of compensations. You make money easily, you lose it more easily. You have success quickly; you lose it more quickly. I have lived high; I have starved. I have learned to appreciate an honest, sane existence. I hope for success out here but I have six months to save money so if my contract isn't taken up next time, I'll have a nest egg and not have to worry. This is just a good job to me and I'm not going to forget it.

"I am not going to believe what my press-agent writes about me.

"No matter what he says, I know it's all a matter of work and getting back exactly what you put into it!"

OF course he's sophisticated! So sophisticated that he's naïve when it's necessary. He uses naïveness as many wary men before him have used it.

When Hollywood folks heard that "Bad Girl" was breaking all Roxy Theater records in New York City and that James Dunn was heralded as the latest *Charles Farrell* screen possibility—it sat back on its collective haunches and chorused, "Who is this James Dunn person?" And when the word came that he was to be the next *Charlie Farrell*, that he was the new team-partner of *Janet Gaynor*—well, we can't blame Hollywood for wanting to know, can we?

Especially, we cannot blame the Hollywood girls! They are all a-twitter and a-chirp about this lad who has slipped so quietly into their midst and taken such a big place in such a brief period of time. In fact, to be a bit commonplace, the girls are after this new lad hook, line and sinker. The only trouble is: To date they don't know what bait to use!

James Dunn looks like the kind who would snap at the first bait thrown him. He's so unassuming and so sort of naïve appearing. He lives in a demure little house, alone with his mother.

He doesn't go out much—except to take his mother to some-of-the-places-which-she-should-see in the evening. Surely, he would snap at a really thrilling invitation.

But he didn't! He just thanked the hostesses sweetly, naïvely and gratefully and reckoned he'd better stay home with his mother. She would be lonesome. Which might have been bashfulness, but again—might it not have been wisdom? Perhaps he had watched other fish get caught in an equally guileless fashion.

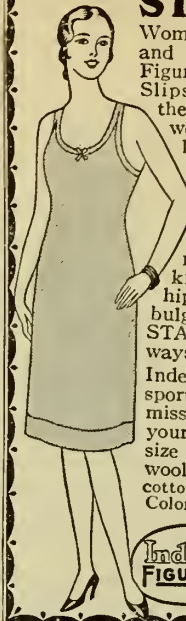
They delved further into his record. He looked about twenty-two. He was twenty-six! Still, that didn't prove anything. Life might have passed him by even until the thirties.

HE has never been out of love—not for any long period. In love now? Of course he is—with a non-professional girl in New York City. Long distance love is the cheapest! And James Dunn has been too busy getting his feet on financial *terra firma* to try anything in the short-wave length area.

He's been here six months—his second six-month option has been taken up by the Fox Company as this is written. He admits that he is just beginning to breathe freely without wondering whether there'll be another three days in his life when he will be forced to go on a sandwich diet.

P. S.—The Hollywood gossip has started in. One newspaper movie columnist says he was seen at lunch with Sally O'Neil. See story about Sally elsewhere in this issue. Perhaps they were just comparing notes on tough times.

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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

a striking evening coiffure in "The Guardsman." It is typical of the Empress Eugenie period which is influencing the new hats and mode in general. Miss Fontanne has long, luxurious dark hair which she parts in the middle, waves close to her face, pulls away from the ears enough to show the tips, and knots in an unusually large knot at the nape of the neck. The jeweled comb and the long court earrings emphasize the period influence.

Jeweled ornaments in the hair for evening are becoming more and more important.

A VERY simple but charming hairdress for the long haired young girl is that of Lita Chevret's. The hair is waved back and down over the ears to be caught in a knot which follows the downward sweep of the neckline.

You must not overlook the fact that a well groomed head requires more than skilful dressing. The care of the hair is exceedingly important. Dry scalp, oily, stringy wisps of hair, and a dull, lifeless look can never be covered up by the cleverest arranging.

To have glossy, healthy looking hair you have to allot a good bit of time every week to its care. First of all, keep your hair clean. A good shampoo once a week or at least once every two weeks, is essential. Brush your hair every night.

Massage your scalp with the fingertips so a good stimulation is promoted.

Watch your diet! Yes, it is true, healthy hair reflects a healthy condition of the body which in turn is dependent on the right foods. Starches, fats and oils in excess are more than likely to cause an oily condition of the scalp.

MARIE:

The daily use of a mild astringent will help reduce your pores. Apply it after you have cleansed your face. Avoid using water that is too hot. The large pores may have been aggravated during the Summer because of excessive perspiration. However, a good face powder will not encourage them. Be sure your skin is thoroughly dry when applying it. If you will send me your full address on a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will send my leaflet on the prevention and cure of blackheads.

LOUISE:

You must make a definite effort to overcome this nervous condition you mention. You are the only one who can do it.

Learn to relax first of all. Before you start to do anything, slow yourself down to an even tempo. Get as much rest as you can, especially after meals. Try a simple routine existence for about a month.



Seymour says that even jewelry is delving into past periods for inspiration in design. This white necklace of Karen Morley's just reeks of your grandmother's old jewelry box. Nice with your black outfit, too, Karen

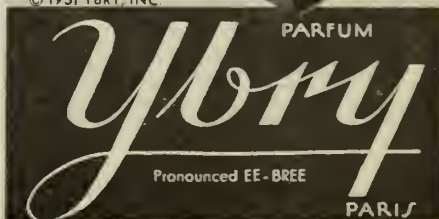
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JEAN:

Your hair is naturally more brunette than blonde and that is why it remains light for only a few days after the shampoo. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to send you my complexion leaflet.

ANNA:

An excellent exercise for improving the line of the legs and hips is as follows:

First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far as possible forward and backward, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with the other foot, weight on the left leg, swinging the right.

The following shades should be becoming

to your blue-eyed, blonde-haired type: Yellow to blend with the tone of your hair, pink and rose, most soft shades of pale green as well as deeper greens, pale and deep clear blues, black of high lustre, white, gray, bronze and nut browns.

YVETTE C.:

It is difficult to reduce the bust, but exercise is helpful. The following exercises are beneficial.

Raise the arms straight in front of you to the height of your shoulders, palms inward. With a vigorous motion, throw them apart as far as you can. Lower them to your sides for a moment. Repeat ten times.

Stretch the right arm straight down the thigh. Swing the arm to the right and up, then down, describing a complete circle in front of you. Repeat with the left arm. Follow this by describing circles with both arms.

Big Shot

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

amateur to be coming into a picture cold?" No, Reynolds wasn't making any passes. "Maybe she'd be great if she'd been playing, say six months. Maybe, if I can perform a miracle, she will be anyway."

"Hal," Sam told him solemnly, "she will. If I didn't know you were a miracle man, I'd never given you the picture to do."

From a drawer in his desk, Sam took a well-thumbed sheaf of "stills" of Margaret Sperry taken in the shooting of the picture. This photograph, he thought, looked like she did the night of his dinner party. It had occurred to him that it might be well to give her an idea of the social side of Hollywood, so he had given a little dinner party for her in his Aladdin's palace. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds were there.

She looked at him and then away.

"Why, no," she said, "not alone. I suppose every woman dreams of a man—somebody to—"

"Haven't you ever found anybody?"

"No," she said, firmly and hastily. "And I'm not looking for anybody. All this is away off somewhere in the future."

He stood beside her, silent, trying to understand a lot of things she had said and a lot more things that were making him feel the way he did at that moment.

He knew that he was just like a moving picture audience and the way he was feeling just then made him realize what she would do to those same audiences when she appeared on the screen.

"Listen," he said at last, "you like swimmin'. Come on and I'll show you my pool. It's the biggest private plunge in southern California."

And that night, after she and the other guests had gone, he realized for the first time that his palace was a little too big. And also that it was a lonesome pile in which to live alone.

Next day a buzzer rang on his desk and he piled the sheaf of photographs into the drawer and pressed down the lever.

"Yeh," he said.

"Mr. Reynolds is waiting for you in your projection room, Mr. Alwein, with the rushes."

THEY were terrible!

Seven thousand feet of Margaret Sperry, or an animated cartoon of Margaret Sperry, speaking in a raucous voice; making wooden love to another woman's husband; confronting the wronged wife; giving up the man she was supposed to love; making preparations to kill herself, with all the despair of a woman in front of a bargain counter.

They couldn't take away her beauty. That dominated every scene. But the other things made it ridiculous.

Her gestures were those of a mannequin. You could almost see the dangling strings above her.

Her voice blared. And you couldn't understand her. Why, audiences would laugh themselves to death!

Silence held for nearly five minutes after the lights went up, and you could have cut it—with an ice pick. Sam stared at the bare white metal screen. Reynolds looked at him, grinning crookedly.

"Well?" he said at last.

"Well," Sam admitted, "it ain't so hot, is it?"

"Hot? It's lousy! What are you going to do about it?"

"Why," Sam said, surprised, "go on makin' it. We'll release it as a program picture."

"Not with me directing," Reynolds flatly declared. "Listen, Sam. That girl is a peach. She's the grandest little trouper I ever worked with. And, believe me, I worked with her. Hours and hours and hours. She freezes up soon as the lights go on and the cameras start to grind. Crawls into her shell and pulls it in after her. You've just seen her. She can't act. She knows she can't act. And she don't want to act! I can't throw my reputation away on a picture like this is going to be. I'm through!"

"ALL right, Mr. Reynolds," Sam snapped, and his face was the imperturbable mask of the Big Shot. "But I say she's goin' to act. So she's goin' to act. Your resignation is accepted. And you can count on me for the best references."

Back in his office, Sam took out the photographs again and looked them over carefully. Where did that subtle something disappear to in the moving pictures—that something so apparent in the still photographs and that made her real self walk in loveliness? It *must* be Reynolds' fault. And he was such a swell director, too. He hated to lose him. But he was going to put that girl over if— The buzzer rang.

"Yeh," he said.
"Miss Sperry is here, Mr. Alwein. She says she must see you immediately."

"Show her in," he said, dusting the photographs back into the drawer.

She was dressed for the street, in something blue which brought out the violet of her eyes and the red gold of her thick, lustrous hair. When his eyes had fiercely drunk her in, he knew that hers was the image which had kept

him awake and restless and dissatisfied in his palace in Beverly Hills.

Suddenly, he knew he loved her, just as he knew she had heard of Reynolds' resignation and was bringing back her unearned salary as she said she would.

He held up his hand.
"I know what you're going to say, Miss Sperry," he said. "But don't say it. When I saw your picture on the screen, I thought you were the most beautiful woman in the world. I still think so. I thought I wanted to make you a great actress. I just found out different. I don't care whether you ever act. Only don't go away. If you stick around Hollywood a little while, we'll build that little place with the roses around it. And meanwhile we could live out at my place. I'd—"

"Are you proposing to me—Sam?" she asked softly.

"Yeh," he admitted. "I know it's kinda sudden but—"

"Sam! Don't you know love at first sight when you see it? I did. And you may be one of Hollywood's biggest *Big Shots*, but to me you'll always be—"

"DUMB. I know. Miss—Marg, you got the swellest lips I ever saw. Oh, Baby, you're sweet!"

"And Mr. Reynolds doesn't resign?"
"Resign? Why, he's the best director in Hollywood. And I'm cablin' my best woman star, Miss Henderson. She's in Bermuda. Now, what kind of roses are you goin' to want—"

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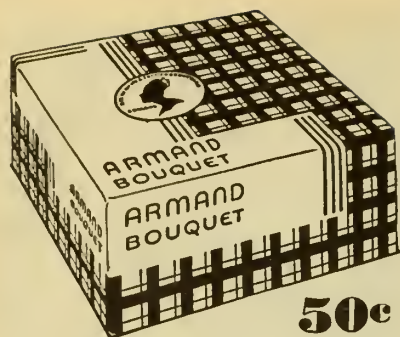
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He Is the Real Thing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

He uses the safety on his neck, for safety, and the other on his face, because he can shave closer with it. His beard is so strong that unless he shaves very close, he still looks unshaved. He trims his own moustache because he can keep it in better shape that way than a barber can. The moustache is a trick affair—starting down vertically from each nostril, and then breaking at a right angle into a short horizontal line.

IVAN is a bachelor. He lives in a hotel—has one room, not a suite. The walls of it are covered almost entirely with framed photographs of friends, acquaintances and relatives. Among the collection is a portrait of the former Czar Nicholas.

He lives in a hotel room because there is no middle course for him—it must be either a one-room arrangement, or a whole house with a complete staff of servants—cook, valet, houseboys, maids, butler, and so on. He wouldn't live in an apartment manned by but one servant.

He always has flowers in his rooms.

Lebedeff will not smoke your cigarettes. He always refuses the proffer of smokes, and uses his own instead. He has them especially made from a personal blend of Turkish tobaccos. They are made in New York and are Russian style—with the long tube of untobacco-filled paper at the lip end.

When he gets into his room, he discards the severe formality of his clothes for comfort—pajamas and dressing-gown. He does *not* wear these fancy Russian pajamas. When he undresses, no matter how late or tired, he always meticulously hangs up or lays away every article of clothing he takes off. He doesn't throw his socks and beeveedes around the bedroom, like you an' me. . . .

He takes violent fancies to certain suits he likes, and when they wear out, he goes to great lengths to have them duplicated as to cut and material.

His full name is Ivan Basil Lebedeff. The "Basil" was his father's first name.

He signs only Ivan Lebedeff, always followed by five dots—a series of three and another pair, like this: "Ivan Lebedeff" The dots represent, he explains, an "S" and an "I" in some manner. The "S" and "I" stand for his family motto—*Semper Idem*—Always the Same.

He has no steady girl friends. Oh, once in a

while he has gone out several times in succession with some one girl—Thelma Todd, for instance—but now he is rarely seen twice with the same girl. If you ask him why, he answers: "The girls are the answer to that."

He can cook Russian food, but doesn't, because he doesn't care much for Russian food. He attends a Russian club in Hollywood once in a while because "it reminds me of Russia, distantly." Once every year—on Easter night—he attends the Russian church in Hollywood.

He is six feet, one inch tall. His first name is correctly pronounced Ee-von, but because everybody calls him Eye-van in Hollywood, he has adopted that pronunciation himself.

He never goes to bed before 4 A. M., when not working. He never arises before eleven. He has breakfast served in his room always, but not in bed. When he rises, he brushes his teeth and gets under a cool shower. By that time, the breakfast he has ordered has been served. He dresses after breakfast. He does not sing in the bath and dislikes hot baths.

He uses *eau de cologne* to kill the smell of fresh laundry, which he cannot tolerate.

His chief pastime is writing—letters and stories. He carries on a voluminous correspondence with fans, and writes all his letters himself, in longhand. His choice of sports is tennis. Or riding.

He says he has no superstitions, but insists he has a sixth sense—a premonitory sense. He believes he can foretell things that are about to happen to him, good or bad. When he senses something agreeable about to happen, he allows himself to fall into a highly receptive mood; if he has a hunch of something unpleasant to come, he comports himself with particular care and guard.

He dislikes highly seasoned food, and ordinary people. He likes either extremely humble people, or extremely highly educated folk. People between the two classifications do not particularly interest him. He detests crowds, but is not afraid of facing them. He has never experienced stage fright, self-consciousness.

HE attends every theater or film première in or near Hollywood. For two reasons—they give him a chance to fix a date to repay a social obligation which, otherwise, he would be too lazy to do, and they afford him double entertainment because he can watch with interest both the show and the first-night audience.



Behind the scenes when a pretty movie star comes to town! The battery of camera boys ready to shoot (in a nice way) Marian Marsh as she arrives at Grand Central Station, New York. But what you saw in the papers was a pretty picture of Marian, and flowers, framed in the car window

He never smokes between courses of a meal. He drinks moderately but never drinks when alone. He drinks very little "when the sun can be seen"—in other words, confines his drinking virtually entirely to the night.

He has a nickname. It is "Vanichka." It means "on the gay side of life, and always on the go." It was first applied to him when, in old St. Petersburg, a well-known gypsy entertainer sang a toast to him in the song titled "Vanichka." Ever since then, the name has stuck to him, and his intimates call him neither Lebedeff, nor Ivan, but "Vanichka."

He had one other nickname—the purple-cap devil. That was during the war, and it arose from the color of his uniform cap, and his daring. He was gassed during the war, and seriously wounded when a bullet passed entirely through his body.

His hands and fingernails are always immaculate. He cannot stand the sight of the tiniest particle of dirt under his fingernail. Yet he has never had a professional manicure in his life. He manicures his own fingernails once a week. He keeps in physical fitness by taking Swedish exercises and periodical massages.

HE is a gentleman, and says there is a great difference between gentlemen and noblemen. "In Russia, we tell a gentleman by four things—first, how he deals with women in

general; second, how he deals with women who are attached to his friends; third, how he drinks; fourth, how he gambles."

Ivan is not easily offended. He is not irritated by petty attempts to irritate him. He believes he can take offense only from his equals. But once offended, he never forgets nor forgives. He does not think much of humans.

He says he has seen them, in his lifetime, do such horrible things and in such disgusting aspects that he feels it is too much to give thought to people, much less despise them.

He wears four rings—three on one finger, a fourth on another. One of the three is a very old plain gold band which was once an engagement ring of an ancestor; the other is a school ring; the third is a band of steel encased in gold. "It represents a very sacred memory," he says. So sacred that he will not discuss it further. The fourth is a ruby, heavily mounted in gold, and carved on the under side, in the likeness of Alexander of Macedonia. The carving was done nearly four hundred years before Christ. Ivan's uncle gave it to him many years ago.

Ivan does not care what people think or say about him. He pays no attention to criticisms, spoken or printed. He declares people flatter themselves if they think they're getting under his skin.

Must They Be Selfish?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

mine. I grit my teeth and tried to do it better each time no matter what happened."

When the scene was finished the two girls locked arms and walked from the set together. A tribute to both women.

Sometimes I think, during the days spent in doing nothing but watching and reporting the happenings of these famous people, that professional selfishness is the most consciously developed trait in the business. And the most necessary! It takes so little to lose all one has gained!

CLARA BOW is the most truly unselfish person I know in the profession. And look what has happened to Clara! She gave Daisy De Voe an unselfish love. I know. I have been in Clara's home when they were together. She even opened her pocket book to her. You know how Daisy repaid her. When I visited Clara in the hospital five days after her latest breakdown, I told her Peggy Shannon looked like a comer. "She's a great little girl, Clara, and a trouper. She may usurp your place."

Clara's face lit with a joyful smile. "Wouldn't that be fine? I'd like to see some other girl make a success and to know my illness helped her to do it! I do hope 'The Secret Call' is a good picture. And I hope Sylvia Sidney who took my part in 'City Streets' is a success, too. That would make it worthwhile, wouldn't it?"

She has always been like that. And look where she is at this writing. Living on a ranch far away from people; disillusioned; disgusted with pictures. Her naturally generous, impulsive, unrestrained nature could not stand the arduousness of developing the selfishness necessary to protect her.

There is an interesting battle going on out at Metro these days. At least, people call it a battle. Friends say that Joan Crawford holds Norma Shearer responsible for her own poor pictures. It is well known that Joan has wanted to play many of the pictures Norma has drawn. But she doesn't blame Norma.

Norma married Irving Thalberg, the producing boss of the lot; Norma secured the advantage through that marriage. Joan's picture, "Our Dancing Daughters," put her to the fore; Norma immediately secured "The Divorcee" which Joan wanted to play. Oh, how she wanted to play it!

Norma followed with "Strangers May Kiss" and Joan countered by packing the box-office with "Paid." And then Joan had two mediocre pictures, "Laughing Sinners" and "This Modern Age." To her intimates and sometimes *not* to her intimates, Joan blames Norma Shearer for those bad pictures. She feels Norma influenced her producer husband to give her bad stories. Joan didn't want to stay on the lot—we wonder if Norma wasn't just shrewd enough to keep her? After all, Joan Crawford on the *home* lot can be watched and kept in check; Joan Crawford on another lot might be given the very stories which would seriously compete with Norma's.

Ah, it's an interesting battle, with Joan making the mistake of all impulsive women who have trained themselves to be selfish rather than being born selfish; no one could ever persuade Norma to say an unkind word about Joan. She is too subtle. She plays a silent game of poker. And yet—who can blame either woman? Had they met in any other walk of life, they might have been friends. But meeting on the same lot in the motion picture profession, they have fought their way to the top by slow, painful steps which have been carpeted with bitter disillusion. They cannot be expected to love one another.

I have often wondered how long the deep friendship of Richard Dix and William LeBaron would endure the onslaughts of this profession. When Richard Dix was through at Paramount, dropped from their roster, Producer LeBaron, a personal friend of years standing, held the controlling reins at Radio Pictures studio. He sent for Dix and gave him a new opportunity. A salary and a commission. Richard told me, himself, that this commission had netted him less than \$2,000, not including "Cimarron," on which the profit has not yet, of course, been computed.

"CIMARRON" re-made Dix. It was a gift-rôle for friend producer. No one else wanted him for the part. Not even director Wesley Ruggles.

You know its success. Dix thought he should be worth a straight salary in well-rounded figures. Friend LeBaron went to New York. That gave Richard his opportunity. Richard has often said, "If Bill LeBaron asked me to work for fifty dollars a week, I'd do it."



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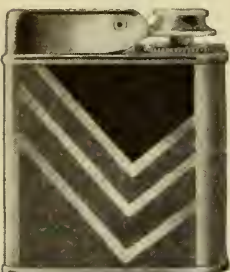
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The personal loyalty speaking. But when Richard's contract came up for discussion the producer was away. Dix hired a manager and let him talk with the Radio officials. They could not get together.

LeBaron returned home. "I'll fix it," he said brightly. And Mr. Richard Dix, intimate friend, refused to talk to Producer LeBaron. Oh, he'd talk on tennis or golf or the latest after dinner story. But when it came to business, he'd look a bit sheepish and say, "You know, Bill, you weren't here so I hired a manager. I can't talk one word. He won't let me."

THE I-must-protect-myself professional Dix had conquered the "I'd-work-for-fifty-dollars-a-week-for-Bill" personal Dix as Hollywood had expected. Bill LeBaron just laughs. Richard is a good business man, he says.

On the same lot, Radio, are two players who have made their success teamed together. Yet there are no more selfish professional men in Hollywood than Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler. In fact, I expect to be scolded roundly by Bert for putting Robert's name first in this story! You see, neither one can stand to see the other win the most simple laurels. Bert bought a bicycle; Robert came onto the lot the next morning with a motor-cycle.

Then Robert bought a new and expensive car. The publicity department had the purchase noted in Los Angeles newspapers. Three days later, Bert drove onto the lot with a new car of the same make. There is never a scene which they do not fight to take from one another.

Yet, when Robert Woolsey's single starring picture, "Everything's Rosie," called for a baby, the first thing he did was to send for the Wheeler youngster. The child was to say only two words: "Everything's rosy." She tried it again and again yet all she could say was: "Everything's Bobby!" The tot had been so trained to talk about Uncle Bobby that she could not connect even one line for Uncle Bobby's picture with anything but his name! Selfish to the point of foolishness profession-

ally, the first person Robert Woolsey thought of was Bert Wheeler's child; the one word Bert Wheeler's child could not forget, because of home-training, was the name of Robert Woolsey! Give that child a few more years (she is two now) and she will learn!

Mitzi Green is one of the most self-protecting young ladies in business. When she was playing with Lilyan Tashman in "Finn and Hattie," Mitzi stole so many scenes that Lilyan finally took her by the hand and said cajolingly, "Mitzi, please give Aunt Lil a chance." Mitzi smiled sweetly, went back into the scene clinging to "Aunt Lil's" hand and promptly used every device known to actors to steal the scene all over.

Hollywood does not blame its professionally selfish people. It understands them. They smile—I might almost say they smile fondly—at the Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford situation. They do not take sides; they merely watch the battle and bet on the winner. But the personally selfish ones—oh, those are the people who are criticized by their brothers.

For Hollywood will not forgive petty selfishness which means no advancements.

We could go on and on, as usual, but we have tried to show you enough examples to illustrate our premise: Selfishness is a necessity of our personality-commodity business.

AND there's a sad side to that premise! We, in Hollywood, are called hard-boiled. We are. All selfish people are hard; the two come together.

If we fight long enough for self—if we protect ourselves as we must for success—we cannot but influence our inner characters. We cannot be selfish in business for long years and remain unselfish in person.

Ah, the big successes—the Gloria Swansons with three husbands sacrificed to a career; the Mary Pickfords, Norma Shearers, Constance Bennetts, Greta Garbos, the big names of the industry—have sacrificed everything to a development of self—a personality which brings them fabulous sums of money.

Yet, has the selfishness really paid? We wonder!



"Please give Aunt Lil a chance in this scene," Lil Tashman begged Mitzi Green in "Finn and Hattie." Mitzi smiled sweetly, went back into the scene and promptly proceeded to steal it

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breedon
Chas. D. Brown
Ruth Chatterton
Liette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Marjorie Galeson
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green

Phillips Holmes
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffat
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allen Vincent
Charles Trowbridge
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymers
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna

Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Ledebeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lord
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lawrence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves

Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglas
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard

Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Navarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy

Pola Negri
Mary Nolan
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees
Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Sally Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Walter Huston

Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
Maed Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett

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Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
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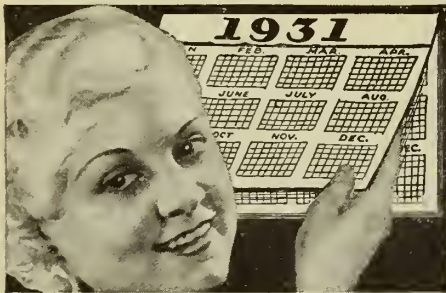
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BAD COMPANY"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Jack Lait. Scenario by Thomas Buckingham and Tay Garnett. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Helen, Helen Twelvetrees; Goldie Gorio, Ricardo Cortez; Steve, John Garrick; Butler, Paul Hurst; King, Frank Conroy; Doc, Frank McHugh; Barnes, Kenneth Thomson; Dummy, Arthur Stone; Emma, Emma Dunn; Henry, William V. Mong; Monk, Wade Boteler; Pearson, Al Herman; McBaine, Harry Carey; Buf, Edgar Kennedy; Elevator Boy, Mike Donlin; Secretary, Gladden James; Prof, Robert Keith; Bert, George Byron; Conway, Harold Goodwin.

"CISCO KID, THE"—Fox.—From the screen play by Al Cohn. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *The Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter; Mickey Dunn, Edmund Lowe; Carmencita, Conchita Montenegro; Sally Benton, Nora Lane; Sheriff Tex Ransom, Frederick Burt; Enos Hankins, Willard Robertson; Dixon, James Bradbury, Jr.; Bouse, Jack Dillon; Lopez, Charles Stevens; Gordito, Chris Martin; Billy, Douglas Haig; Annie, Marilyn Knowlden.

"CONSOLATION MARRIAGE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Bill Cunningham. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Mary, Irene Dunne; Steve, Pat O'Brien; Jeff, John Halliday; The Colonel, Matt Moore; Aubrey, Lester Vail; Elaine, Myrna Loy.

"DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A"—COLUMBIA.—From the flat by Howard J. Green. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by Edward J. Sedgwick. The cast: Lieutenant McHenry, Jack Holt; Wally Cook, Ralph Graves; Marjory Randolph, Sally Blane; Florence, Susan Fleming; Letty, Blanche Frederici; Nelson, Edward Brophy; City Editor, DeWitt Jennings; Harvey, Tyler Brooks; Lionel, William V. Mong; Tom Randolph, Fredric Santley; Plunkett, Sidney Bracy; Tupper, Charles Middleton; Peggy, Ester Muir.

"DEVOTION"—RKO-PATHE.—From the novel "A Little Flat in the Temple" by Pamela Wynne. Scenario by Graham John and Horace Jackson. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: Shirley, Ann Harding; Trent, Leslie Howard; Harrington, Robert Williams; Mr. Mortimer, O. P. Heggie; Mrs. Mortimer, Louise Closser Hale; Sergeant Coggins, Dudley Digges; Mrs. Coggins, Allison Skipworth; Pansie, Doris Lloyd; Margaret, Ruth Weston; Marjorie, Joan Carr; Elsie, Joyce Coad; Derek, Douglas Scott; Bridget, Tempe Pigott; Gas Inspector, Forrester Harvey; Maid, Margaret Daily; Young Man, Pat Somerset; Mrs. Trent, Olive Tell; Junior Partner, Claude King; Telegraph Boy, Donald Stewart; Reporter, Cyril Delevanti.

"DREYFUS CASE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Adapted from the play by Herzog and Rehfish. Directed by F. W. Kraemer and Milton Rosmer. The cast: Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, Cedric Hardwicke; Lucie Dreyfus, Beatrix Thomson; Colonel Picquart, Charles Carson; Emile Zola, George Merritt; Labori, Sam Livesey; Major Esterhazy, Garry Marsh; Colonel Henry, Henry Caine; Major Paty du Clam, George Skillan; Clemenceau, Leonard Shepherd; General Mercier, Arthur Hardy; Boisdeffre, Kay Souper; Mathieu Dreyfus, A. Sarner; Demanche, Frederick Leister; Pellieux, Fisher White; Dubois, A. Sofaer; Berillon, Leslie Frith; Marguerite, Violet Howard; President, Zola Trial, Reginald Dance; Cavaignac, George Zucco; Landh, Nigel Barrie; President, Dreyfus Court-Martial, Randle Ayrton.

"FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP"—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: Tim, Jack Holt; Myra, Loretta Sayers; Pinky, Richard Cromwell; Florine, Mary Doran; Conchita, Christina Montt; Mate, Wallace MacDonald; Brewster, Henry Mowbray.

"GET - RICH - QUICK WALLINGFORD"—M-G-M.—From the novel by George Randolph Chester. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Wallingford, William Haines; Blackie Daw, Ernest Torrence; Dorothy, Leila Hyams; Schnozzle, James Durante; McGonigal, Guy Kibbee; Henry Harper, Hale Hamilton; Mr. Tuttle, Robert McWade; Mrs. Layton, Clara Brandick; Mr. Layton, Walter Walker; Henry, Henry Armetta; Mrs. Dalrymple, Lucy Beaumont.

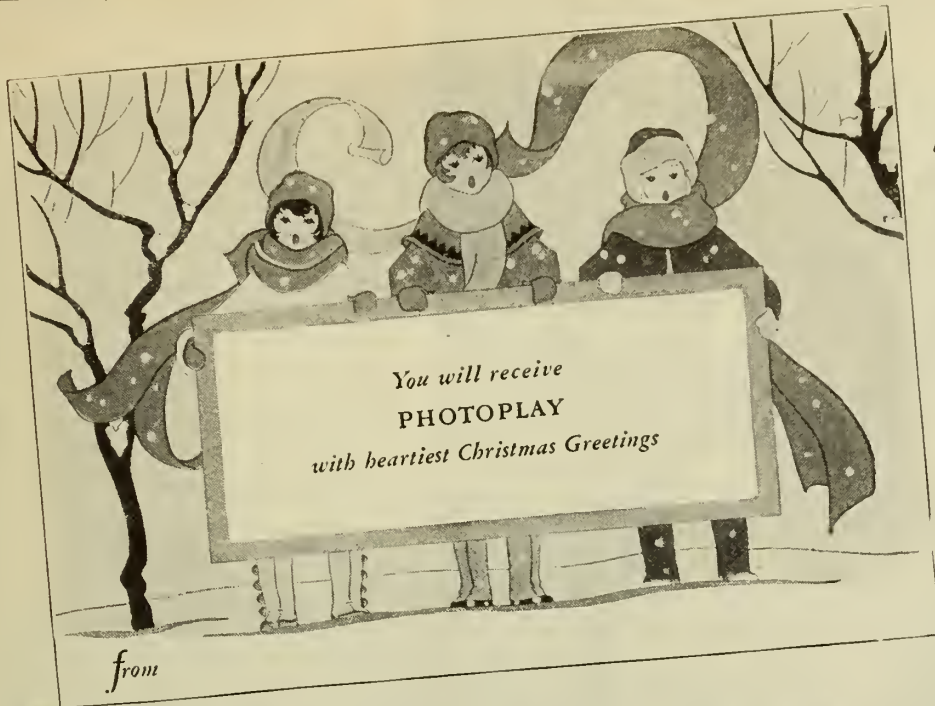
"HEAVEN ON EARTH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Mississippi" by Ben Lucien Burman. Adapted by Ray Doyle. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: States, Lew Ayres; Towhead, Anita Louise; Captain Lilly, Harry Beresford; Vergie, Elizabeth Patterson; Merchant, Slim Summerville; Butler Eye, Alf P. James; Preacher Daniel, Harlan Knight; Dr. Boax, Jack Duffy; Chicken Sam, Peter Richmond; Marly, Robert Burns; Andy, Lew Kelly; Buffalo, Jules Cowles; Maggie, Louise Emmons; Voodoo Sue, Louise Beavers; The Dog, Lew Ayres' mongrel "Fido."

"HOMICIDE SQUAD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry La Cossit. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by George Melford. The cast: Louie, Leo Carrillo; Captain Buckley, Noah Beery; Millie, Mary Brian; Joe, Russell Gleason; Proctor, Pat O'Malley; Hugo, J. Carroll Naish.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Hey, you kids! Get away from that sound recording apparatus! Ding-bust these Our Gang youngsters—always messing into things. Here, between scenes for a new comedy, they are recording a few piratical yells and barks



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1931

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Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126]

"HONOR OF THE FAMILY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Balzac. Adapted by James Ashmore Creeland. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Laura*, Bebe Daniels; *Captain Boris*, Warren William; *Tony Revere*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Boris*, Planche Frederici; *Paul Barony*, Frederick Kerr; *Roski, the Maid*, Dita Parlo; *Joseph*, Alan Lane; *Kouski*, Harry Cording; *Capt. Elek*, Murray Kinnell; *Renard*, Henry Gordon; *Bela*, Alphonzo Ethier; *Lieut. Kolman*, Carl Miller.

"MY SIN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Fred Jackson. Scenario by Owen Davis and Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Carlotta*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Ann Trevor*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Dick Grady*, Fredric March; *Roger Metcalf*, Harry Davenport; *Larry Gordon*, Scott Kolk; *Mrs. Gordon*, Anne Sutherland; *Paula Marsden*, Margaret Adams; *Helen Grace*, Lily Cahill; *James Bradford*, Jay Fasset.

"MYSTERY TRAIN, THE"—DARMOUR PROD.—From the story by Hampton Del Ruth. Adapted by Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by Philip Whitman. The cast: *Ronald Stanhope*, Nick Stuart; *Joan*, Marcelline Day; *Mrs. Radcliffe*, Hedda Hopper; *William Mortimer*, Bryant Washburn; *Bridegroom*, Al Cooke; *Sheriff*, Joe Girard.

"OLD SONG, THE" (DAS ALTE LIED)—KREUTZBURG PROD.—Directed by Eric Waschneck. The cast: *Countess Eggedy*, Lil Dagover; *Annerl Haslinger*, Lien Deyers; *Hans von Langen*, Igo Sym; *Postsekretar Haslinger*, Gustav Rickett; *Baronin von Langen*, Ida Wuest; *Xandel*, Paul Hoerbiger; *Bob*, Bob Stoll; *Jacques*, Felix Bressart; *Frau Treilbach*, Lucie Euler; *Soffka*, Maria Forescu; *Count Hoyos*, Franz Scharwenka.

"PAGAN LADY"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by William Du Bois. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Dot Hunter*, Evelyn Brent; *Ernest Todd*, Conrad Nagel; *Dingo Mike*, Charles Bickford; *Doctor Heath*, Roland Young; *Mal Todd*, William Farnum; *Nellie*, Lucille Gleason; *Jerry*, Leslie Fenton; *Gwen*, Gwen Lee.

"PARISIAN, THE"—CAPITAL PROD.—From the story by Leopold Marchand. Adapted by Mary Murillo. Directed by Jean de Limur. The cast: *Gerome*, Adolphe Menjou; *Gerard*, Roger Treville; *Stanley*, Redgie; *Lepetissale*, Williams; *Julien*, Campion; *Yvonne*, Elissa Landi; *Secretary*, Renee Savoye; *Mado*, Valery; *La Concierge*, Pauline Carton.

"PENROD AND SAM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Penrod*, Leon Janney; *Sam*, Junior Coghlan; *Georgie*, Billy Lord; *Rodney*, Nestor Aber; *Mrs. Schofield*, Dorothy Peterson; *Mr. Schofield*, Matt Moore; *Mrs. Bassett*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mr. Bassett*, Johnny Arthur; *Marjorie*, Margaret Marquis; *Mr. Bills*, Charles Sellon; *Mr. Williams*, Wade Boteler; *Verman*, Robt. Dandridge; *Margaret Schofield*, Helen Beaudine; *Delia*, Gertrude Howard.

"PERSONAL MAID"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Grace Perkins. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Nora Ryan*, Nancy Carroll; *Dick Gary*, Gene Raymond; *Peter Shea*, Pat O'Brien; *Kipp*, Hugh O'Connell; *Mrs. Otis Gary*, Mary Boland; *Gary Gary*, George Fawcett; *Barrows*, Ernest Lawford; *Gwen Gary*, Charlotte Wynters; *Ma Ryan*, Jessie Busley; *Pa Ryan*, Donald Meek; *Mrs. Wurtz*, Clara Langston; *Anna Ryan*, Terry Carroll; *Otis Gary*, Lewis Dayton; *Buttons*, George Offerman; *Fink*, Francis Fraunie.

"RECKLESS LIVING"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "On the Up and Up" by Eva K. Flint and Martha Madison. Adapted by Tom Reed. Directed by Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Curly*, Ricardo Cortez; *Bee*, Mae Clarke; *Doggie*, Norman Foster; *Alice*, Marie Prevost; *The Drunk*, Slim Summerville; *Ryan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *McManus*, Thomas Jackson; *Block*, Louis Nacheaux; *Alf*, Murray Kinnell; *Kid Regan*, Russell Hopton; *Spike*, Perry Ivins; *Jerry*, Brooks Benedict.

"ROAD TO RENO, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Virginia Kellogg. Scenario by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Jackie Millet*, Lilyan Tashman; *Tom Wood*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Lee Millet*, Peggy Shannon; *Jerry Kenton*, William Boyd; *Robert Millet*, Irving Pichel; *Mrs. It-Fitch*, Wynne Gibson; *Hoppie*, Skeets Gallagher; *Jeff Millet*, Tom Douglas; *Elsie*, Judith Wood.

"SEA GHOST, THE"—IMPERIAL PROD.—From the story by Burnet Hershey. Continuity by William Nigh and Jo Van Ronkel. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Evelyn*, Laura La Plante; *Capt. Wintler*, Alan Hale; *Percy*, Claud Allister; *Sykes*, Clarence Wilson; *Ludwig*, Peter Erkelenz.

"SHANGHAIED LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Springer. Adapted by Roy Chanslor and Jack Cunningham. Directed by

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George B. Seitz. The cast: John, Richard Cromwell; Angus Swope, Noah Beery; Mary, Sally Blane; Neuman, Willard Robertson; *The Rat*, Sidney Bracy; Eric, Dick Alexander; *Fitzgibbons*, Edwin J. Brady; Deaken, Erville Alderson; Lynch, Jack Cheatham; *Snowflake*, Fred Toomes; *Knitting Swede*, Lionel Belmore.

"SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL"—REGAL PROD.—Directed by Manning Haynes. The cast: Dr. Bruce Smith, Basil Fill; Joan Murray, Noah Baring; Mrs. Norman, Gladys Jennings; Roger Bruce Smith, Maurice Evans; *Muriel Ashton*, Anna Neagle; John Carson, Walter Sondes; Emma, Claire Greet; *The Judge*, A. G. Poulton; *Counsel for Defense*, C. Wood; *Counsel for Prosecution*, H. Braban.

"SOB SISTER"—FOX.—From the novel by Mildred Gilman. Scenario by Edwin Burke. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Gary Webster, James Dunn; Jane Ray, Linda Watkins; Daisy, Molly O'Day; Vonnie, Minna Gombell; Ned, Howard Phillips; Johnny, George E. Stone; Editor, Clas Middleton; Pat, Eddie Dillon; *Vonnie's Husband*, Ernie Wood; Slim, Lex Lindsay; Johnny, Harold Waldridge; Fred Smith, Neal Burns; Pa Stevens, Harry Beresford; Ma Stevens, Sarah Padden; Dutch Lewis, George Byron; Lefty, Edwin Sturgis; Gimp, Maurice Black; Marcia Harris, Virginia Sale.

"STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A" (EIN BURSCHENLIED AUS HEIDELBERG)—UFA.—From the story by Ernst Neubach and Hans Wilhelm. Directed by Karl Hartl. The cast: John Miller, Ernst Stahl-Nachbaur; Elinor Miller, Betty Bird; Robert Dahlberg, Willi Forst; Bornemann sen,

Albert Paulig; Bornemann junr, Hans Brausewetter; Sam Mayer, Hermann Blass; *The Landlady*, Ida Wuest.

"THIS MODERN AGE"—M-G-M.—From the story "Girls Together" by Mildred Cram. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: Valentine, Joan Crawford; Diane, Pauline Frederick; Bob, Neil Hamilton; Tony, Monroe Owsley; Mr. Blake, Hobart Bosworth; Mrs. Blake, Emma Dunn; *Andre De Graignon*, Albert Conti; Marie, Adrienne D'Ambri-court; Alyce, Marcelle Corday.

"24 HOURS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Scenario by Louise Weitzenkorn. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: Jim Towner, Clive Brook; Fanny Towner, Kay Francis; Rosie Dugan, Miriam Hopkins; *Sicily Tony*, Regis Toomey; *Hector Champion*, George Barbier; Ruby Wintringham, Adrienne Ames; *Savina Jerrold*, Charlotte Granville; David Melbourn, Minor Watson; Mrs. Dackelhorst, Lucille LaVerne; Pat Healy, Wade Boteler.

"WE THREE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: Stella, Rose Hobart; Sidney Brock, Ben Lyon; Mr. Brock, Claude Gillingwater; Mrs. Squires, Emma Dunn; Connie, Juliette Compton; Tony, Bert Roach; Louise Brock, Florence Britton; Mrs. Bird, Adele Watson; Mrs. Mansey, Louise Mackintosh; Sandy, Delmar Watson; Tipton, Edgar Norton.

"WHITE DEVIL, THE"—UFA.—From the novel "Hadschi Murat" by Tolstoy. Directed by Alexander Wolkoff. The cast: Hadschi Murat, Ivan Mosjoukine; Nelidova, Lil Dagover; Satra, Betty Amann; The Czar, Fritz Alberty.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



Acme

A CERTAIN Hollywood boy was paying unwanted and marked attentions to Maureen O'Sullivan.

He was asked so repeatedly to stop annoying the lady that at last some wit dubbed him, "O'Sullivan's heel!"

The name has stuck.

VARIETY reports the one about the temperamental director who was listening to an actor read a part.

"Is it O. K.?" asked the actor.

"Not yet," said the director.

"Would you come back tomorrow and read it again, wearing a grey suit?"

FORTY homely girls wanted for "Flying High!"

And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could not get enough answers from that call. There simply aren't forty girls in Hollywood who will admit they are homely. Production is being held up until they're found.

FELINE Observation by Hollywood Chatter-Writer:

"Lily Damita has gotten down to normal weight by riding horseback—and so has the horse."

NOT negligible is the trained animal population of Hollywood. Talkies hit them a nasty wallop, for most of the commands on which they worked were given in sound, and the mike picked up the trainer's calls, of course.

But the owners adapted themselves and have now taught their animals to obey sign commands. So the lean days that fell upon the animal trainers in the first era of the talkies have passed.

There's a trained goose, for instance, who gets \$60 a day when she works.

There's a trained cat that rates \$35 a day.

And there's a parrot that swears in five languages.

VARIETY nominates Author Arthur Caesar for the office of super yes-man because he plays polo with Darryl Zanuck, First National-

Warner chief, and when the latter falls off his horse, Caesar takes a tumble, too.

SOMEONE asked Lionel Barrymore to describe Clark Gable. He answered promptly:

"Rudolph Valentino made up as Jack Dempsey!"

A HOLLYWOOD Tragedy!—

Noted director and wife on outs. Battle all the time.

Director finally, for peace of mind, convinced wife she ought to go on vacation. She does.

Director breathes sigh of relief.

Studio calls him. Assigns him to new picture starting with location trip. "Location" is same place wife went.

Fade out.

IT'S come to the point where a man cannot walk into the Hollywood Athletic Club with a suitcase without the newspapers announcing he's moved from his home and left little wifey lonely.

Of course, she will—but Clara Bow would never have to work again for the rest of her life, if she didn't want to.

Out of her six-year starrng, she has saved at least a quarter of a million dollars. Of this, \$150,000 is with a Los Angeles bank in the form of permanent trust fund, from which Clara will get the interest for life, enough to live on and comfortably, too, thank you. The rest is in jewelry and valuable Beverly Hills real estate.

JACKIE COOPER was the only actor invited upon a recent yachting trip given by Louis B. Mayer for a large group of personal friends.

Master Jackie rates high at his new studio.



We call to your notice Ralph Bellamy, splendid stage actor who played opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Magnificent Lie." And his wife, Katherine Willard, actress, beauty and grand cook. Here they are, balancing the budget in the new Hollywood home

twice the beauty

from face powder
if you use

princess pat

the
famous
almond base
makes it
different.



Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not “powdery.”

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried “the powder with the almond base.”

A Difference With a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are explained?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* “twice the beauty” from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason,

PRINCESS PAT



get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, almond base Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. 156-B. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print)

Street

City and State

DOROTHY MACKAILL, poised and lovely First National star . . . for sports she wears the simplest things . . . a white tennis coat, a swimming suit as active as the aquaplane she rides. But for evening . . . this magnificent couturier gown of black lace, with its stunning wrap of velvet and white fox.



VARIETY

IS THE NEW SPICE OF FASHION

THE modern girl may revel in a veritable galaxy of gowns. There are charming costumes for almost every hour of the day. But if these are tempting, they are none the less exacting. They require a figure with graceful curves, with rounded contours to set them off to best effect.

Clinging gowns reveal the form almost as much as the audacious swimming suit. Both are subtle compliments to the vibrant beauty of modern women.

Fortunately, most women can attain this fashionable figure—by wise control of their weight. Yet there are pitfalls. Unless a reducing diet, otherwise adequate, contains plenty of roughage, improper elimination may develop. Poisons spread through the body. Headaches, dizziness, yellow skins, pimples are natural results.

There is a pleasant, modern way to insure plenty of roughage in the diet.

Simply eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. This delicious cereal is guaranteed to overcome the danger of faulty elimination. Isn't it much better to enjoy this natural food than to risk habit-forming pills and drugs?

You will like the many ways Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can be eaten *without adding many calories to the menu*. Milk brings out the delightful nutlike flavor. Use ALL-BRAN in cooking



too. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also provides iron, Nature's rouge for cheeks and lips. Eat it regularly. Ask for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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"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."

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Address _____

The NEWS MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY ^{N.S.E.}

DECEMBER

25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada



How
Madge
Evans
Grew To
Stardom

JEAN HARLOW
SEE PAGE 34

Latest Beauty Fads
of Hollywood Stars

"I insist on Lucky Strike"

"There's nothing like a microphone to show up the voice in its true colors. So I insist on Lucky Strike—the cigarette that I know will be kind to my throat. And you've certainly scored another hit with your new style Cellophane wrapper that opens so easily."

Sally Eilers

Sally Eilers will always call this her big year. First, she learned to fly a plane. Then she married and found domestic bliss. Then she made a smashing success in "Bad Girl." As a reward, Fox is co-starring her in "Over the Hill."

"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!**



★ Is Miss Eilers' Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Eilers to make the above statement. Miss Eilers has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2½ years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and ours.

A WRITER OF ROMANCE DISCOVERS THAT

"pink tooth brush"

HAS AN UNHAPPY ENDING!



"BUSY? Of course I've been busy! In the past twelve months I've traipsed across a couple of oceans . . . done Egypt again so I could finish that serial . . . taken a peek at Vienna . . . and sold nine short stories, besides giving a few lectures.

hair looks *dead*. Why, even my *teeth* look wrong lately! And goodness knows, I've never neglected *them*.

"Or have I? Who was it? Must have been that nice young American dentist in Calcutta who told me I'd better get rid of 'pink tooth brush' or I'd regret it. That was a year and

"And I look it. My clothes are a sight. My

a half ago. I suppose I'm paying up now for *that* piece of negligence. Well, here goes for Ipana and massage. *Today*. I may be 34—but I'm going to have sound gums and white teeth for a good many years longer. If I know myself" . . .

"Pink tooth brush" is a sly trouble that may slip up on you no matter who you are—where you are—or how old you are.

"It's the soft foods we civilized people eat!" your dentist will tell you. "They don't stimulate the gums. And without exercise your gums relapse into laziness. They stop working. Get flabby. And the next thing is that they're so tender that you find 'pink' on your tooth brush."

And he'll go on to tell you that if you don't get "pink tooth brush" under control, you may find yourself with gingivitis or pyorrhea or Vincent's Disease. It may even endanger sound teeth through infection at the roots.

There's no need to take chances with "pink tooth brush"—not with Ipana Tooth Paste in every drug store. Clean your teeth with Ipana. That will help. But for the best results, each time put a little fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and massage it directly into your gums.

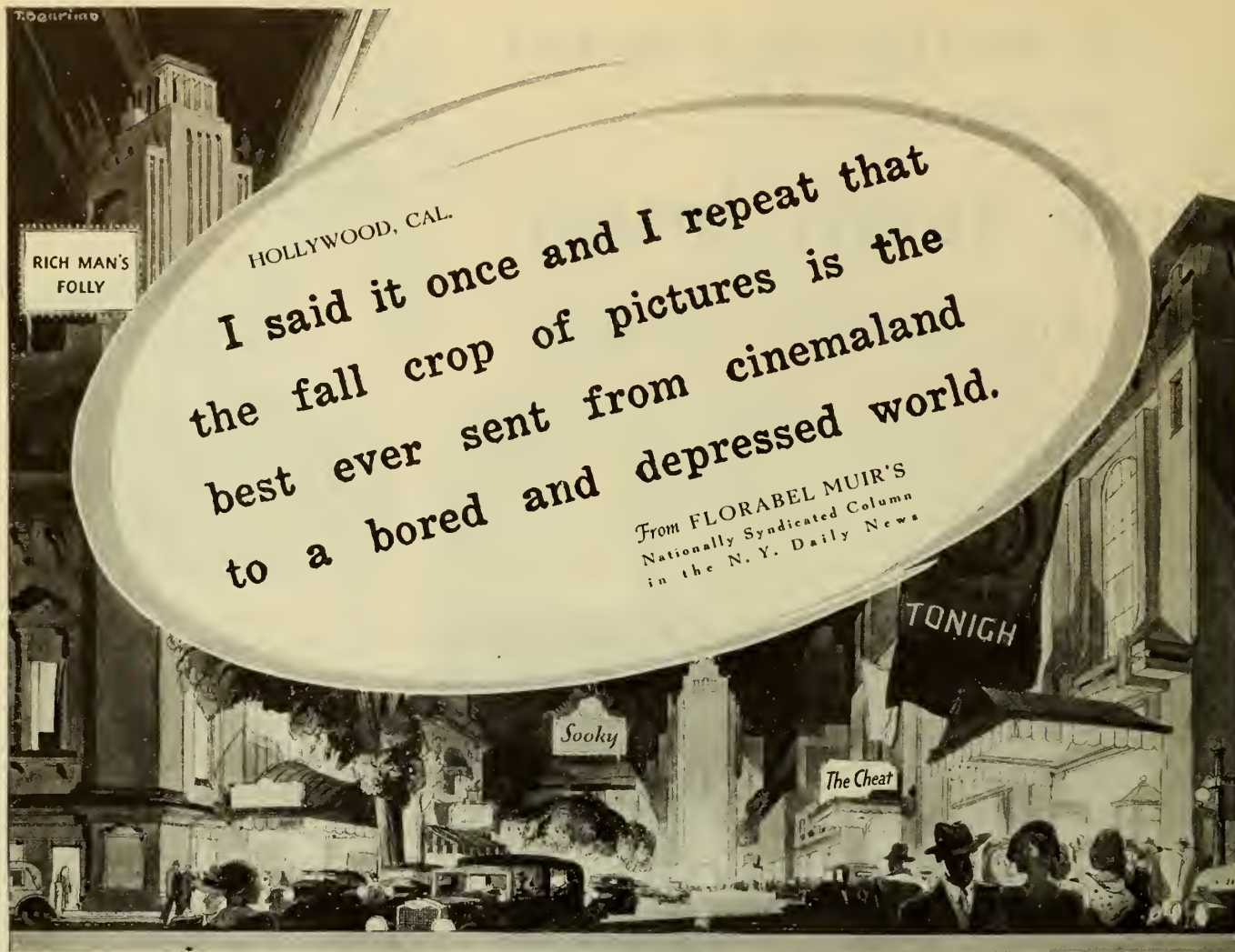
Even in the first few days you'll see a new brightness taking the place of the grayish look your teeth have developed. And before that first tube of Ipana is gone, you'll find that your gums are *decidedly* firmer. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you'll be safe from "pink tooth brush."



IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" • BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-121
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.....



and most of them are

P A R A M O U N T !



"24 HOURS"

with Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey

Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by Marion Gering

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR"

With Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles, Vivienne Osborne. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan

RUTH CHATTERTON

in "Once A Lady" with

Ivor Novello, Jill Esmond, Geoffrey Kerr
Directed by Guthrie McClintic

"TOUCHDOWN!"

With Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon, Jack Oakie, Regis Toomey and Charles Starrett.
Directed by Norman McLeod

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about for days! "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 1

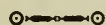
JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

December, 1931



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



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The Audience Speaks Up

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

HAIL the new king! Leslie Howard is the boy who brings shouts of delight this month. Too bad he says he's tired of Hollywood and won't come back. Even so, Clark Gable's crown is still secure on that sleek black head. And it looks like a comeback for John Gilbert. The folks went for him in "The Phantom of Paris."

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor spelled romance in "Merely Mary Ann" and possess the biggest chunk of the fan heart. "And don't separate them," is the cry. Some "yesses" and some "nos" on "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene," but not a single brickbat for "Bad Girl." Everybody is crazy about James Dunn and Sally Eilers and said so with flags waving.

Cries for human stories and comedies. And they want the old swash-buckling, singing Ramon Novarro back. "Son of Ind'ia" was a big disappointment. Besides the players mentioned, top-notchers for discussion were Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, George Arliss and Lionel Barrymore.

James R. Quirk's editorial in the October issue found plenty of agreeers who don't want favorite book titles changed for pictures. This was a big writing month.

Join the word parade. Dip your pens in vitriol or saccharine. But dip. Here's your chance to express your opinion.

THE \$25 LETTER

She was one of those sweet young married things who had always had just what she wanted. She had a little red brick house with a large attic that would have made a lovely nursery. There was a big back-yard that would have held a sand pile and a swing. But she did not want a baby. Her time and plans did not permit. And then she found out she was going to have one. She was furious. She determined she wouldn't tell her husband just then.

A show tonight—that would take her mind off her trouble. Here was one that sounded sexy and entertaining—"Bad Girl."

Not having read the book, she was totally unprepared for what she was going to see. She watched the film.

On the way home her husband reached over and took her hand in his. "Weren't that boy and girl sweet and didn't it get hold of your heart when the nurse brought the baby to her? I wish . . ."

Softly she said, "I'm glad you liked it, dear. We're going to have a baby."

MRS. D. STICH, Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE \$10 LETTER

Many times one reads letters, in the columns of leading newspapers, from a bashful boy who simply can't get up enough nerve to tell the sweetest girl in the world he loves her and wants her for his bride.

I think there is no better cure for such a malady than a clean, wholesome love picture by America's greatest screen lovers—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Take my advice and try it and see. And then if your nerve fails you I believe your case must be entirely hopeless.

JOSEPHINE MILLER, Covington, Ohio

THE \$5 LETTER

The folks in our neighborhood seemed to misunderstand me, because I was always out for a good time and did not act as poised or ladylike as I should have. Of course, they talked. Well, I became hardened until I went



Here's Trouble!

I'VE just read "The Book of Dilemmas," published by Simon and Schuster, and it gave me an idea for one to put up to PHOTOPLAY readers:

Lost in the desert were the following twelve stars:

Greta Garbo	Marlene Dietrich
Clark Gable	Gary Cooper
Lupe Velez	Constance Bennett
Clara Bow	Nancy Carroll
William Haines	Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford	Jean Harlow

You can save eight, and leave four behind to perish in the desert. Which ones would you save?

NORA MYERS,
Detroit, Mich.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has enough troubles of its own, but if readers lack excitement just let them ask this question the next time the bridge club meets. We will have no part in it.

THE EDITOR

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 no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

to see "The Common Law" and "Laughing Sinners." These pictures made me realize how common I was acting without meaning to.

Now I am a different girl in actions and talk; I even feel different. My parents are proud of me again. I think pictures like those are wonderful as well as the actors and actresses in them.

A. M. BLACK, Wenatchee, Wash.

ONE FOR JACK

When anyone can stir a Baltimore audience to applause he must be great. This town, as a rule, has about the most unresponsive audiences that are to be found. But I want to congratulate Mr. John Gilbert for doing something to wake up the audience to such a pitch that they forgot "The Phantom of Paris" was just a picture and applauded with a vigor that has not been shown here, to my knowledge, since "The Big Parade." Mr. Gilbert, do it again.

JOSEPH S. BOHANNON, Baltimore, Md.

SO DO WE

I want Fatty Arbuckle back and I want Clara Bow back. I don't want to criticize their affairs. They gave me pleasure and I thank them.

HAZEL L. SMITH, Stratford, Calif.

THIS TEACHER KNOWS

Now, as never before, the modern teacher is called upon to know and understand the interests of her very modern children. Inasmuch as the proximity of Hollywood creates an exceptional interest in the screen for our youngsters, we Los Angeles teachers find it necessary to keep pace with them by "knowing our movies."

I invest in PHOTOPLAY each month and study "The Shadow Stage." I feel that it is important for children to know they may discuss current films with their teacher, because it opens one of the avenues through which the teacher may guide and protect the tastes of her charges and tactfully discourage their seeing some of the poorer productions.

GERTRUDE M. YORK, Los Angeles, Calif.

BUT PARROTS TALK BACK

I'm sick of all this bunk about Marlene Dietrich. Why, she can't even act. She imitates Garbo, but Garbo is like PHOTOPLAY—imitated but never duplicated. Von Sternberg's parrot—that's a good name for her.

CHRISTINE CLAY, Jackson, Miss.

CHEERS FOR LES

Why not do a little shouting and commenting upon a truly good actor—Leslie Howard?
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



MIRTH...

NAPOLEON OF NONSENSE...

GULLIVER OF GLEE...

HE-MAN OF HILARITY...

FOREMOST FUNSTER OF THEM ALL

HJACKER OF THE BLUES..

... KING OF KOMICS

Get acquainted with

JOE E. BROWN

The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by J. C. and Elliott Nugent

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

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 Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *La Landi*. (July)

★ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sydney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

ARIZONA—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-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.)

★ **BARGAIN, THE**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Fame.") Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

BLACK CAMEL, THE—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathé.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-razy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

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! (Sept.)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAUGHT—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

CAUGHT PLASTERED—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

★ **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.)

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sydney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathé.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

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 Sydney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

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-Pathé.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

DREYFUS CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, locale of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

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—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—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Hollywood's Cruelty to Greta Garbo

Here, at last, is the real inside story of why the Swedish star has become a hermit in the gayest city in the world.

In next month's PHOTOPLAY

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (Nov.)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

The **YELLOW TICKET**

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

**WATCH
FOR
THESE
TWO
GREAT
PICTURES
FROM**



Know all men by these presents: that
 78493 REV. Nov 12 1913
 I HEREBY GRANTED THE PRIVILEGE OF RESIDENCE
 IN ANY PART OF THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS
 TO
 Anna Merik
 514 1/2 Grand Ave. Boston, Mass.
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 514 1/2 Grand Ave. Boston, Mass.
 MUST REPORT TO THE POLICE
 FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers... first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Bluc cannot save. (July)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

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. (Oct.)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compton and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (Oct.)

GREAT LOVER, THE—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE**—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-ra-zy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

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 Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress 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.)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A edious Tyrolian story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

JUST A GIGOLO—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 Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

★ **LARCENY LANE**—Warners.—James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (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 Carillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelme's work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

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 rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia.—(Also shown under the title of "Arizona".) Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

MEN OF THE SKY—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **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]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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*Jim's
back!
with a
brand
new
LINE!*



**"BLONDE
CRAZY"**
with **JAMES CAGNEY**
and **JOAN BLONDELL**
NOEL FRANCIS

Here's Jimmy, in a red-hot laugh-riot!... He's just crazy about blondes... Tall ones!—short ones!—fat ones!—They go to his head... They go to his heart... The blonder they come the harder he falls... And what a team Jimmy and Joan make!... Sizzling!... A love team loaded with laughs! Don't miss seeing our red-headed rascal put over his new line in "Blonde Crazy."

RAY MILLAND

Story by Kubeck Glasmon and John Bright

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

He is my favorite 100 per cent, and has more admirers for the few pictures he has made than anyone I know. Why all the hoovey about Clark Gable? Let's give Howard a hand. He deserves it.

HELEN CHAPMAN, Waukesha, Wis.

THOSE THIEVES!

Picture stealers of the month: Irving Pichel, the prosecuting attorney in "An American Tragedy." Monroe Owsley as the inevitable drunk in "This Modern Age." Johnny Hines in "The Runaround." Joan Blondell in "Big Business Girl."

WILLIE MAE ADAMS, Chattanooga, Tenn.

NIGHT NURSE

Many questions are answered in Barbara Stanwyck's "Night Nurse." Would that all mothers of nurses could see it. They would not be so shocked when their daughters come home on vacations and they would know why they speak a different language, so strange sounding to their parents.

MRS. A. F. MEIS, Dubuque, Iowa

A TRAILER BOUQUET

I think the talkie trailer is a great advantage in helping movie fans to pronounce the stars' names.

Often I have not known how to pronounce such names as Menjou, Eilers and Colbert,



It's happened! Ronald Colman is playing an American at last—the name rôle in "Arrowsmith," by the famous Sinclair Lewis. Ronnie plays a country doctor who becomes a great bacteriologist and fights plagues.

With him here is Helen Hayes, his leading woman

but as soon as I saw the trailers my difficulties were over.

MRS. WALTER S. MOODY, Lake City, S. C.

TIP FOR MOTHERS

Mothers in our town have found the perfect solution for the birthday party problem. They entertain at an early supper, then take the entire party to the local movie house. The manager of the theater cooperates with mothers by flashing birthday greetings to the fete-day child upon the screen. These parties minimize a mother's worry and are less tiring and upsetting to the children.

PHYLLIS-MARIE ARTHUR, Lowville, N. Y.

AN ARGUMENT

I have just been reading the *New York Sun* and notice that the movie critic says that Leslie Howard steals Ann Harding's new picture "Devotion." He doesn't do anything of the kind. He is fine for his part—couldn't be better (and besides he is one of my favorite actors), but he's not a bit better for his part than Ann Harding is for hers. She's beautiful and natural and believable. Good to look at and to hear. What more can you ask?

I agree with the *Sun* critic that the story is weak—but I think Ann Harding is fine and makes the weak story into good entertainment. I want to see these two fine actors in a better story.

HENRIETTA FISK, Harrison, N. Y.

MAKE 'EM WICKED

The movie powers that be are coming to their senses and are beginning to realize that

the public is weary of the saccharine-sweet virtuous type of heroine and hero that was so popular in the dim, dead days beyond recall. In that era Mr. Movie Mogul would have sooner shot his own mother than try to force upon a fickle public players like Clark Gable and Tallulah Bankhead. Goldilocks and Sleeping Beauty's Prince are dead! Long live Cinderella's step-sisters and Bluebeard. It's the pinch of salt that brings out the flavor.

MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

SERMONS IN CELLULOID

I think Marion Davies in "Five and Ten" teaches a heart-rending lesson. I feel it is far more impressive than sermons preached on the breaking up of the American home.

A. B. WHITING, North Hanover, Mass.

THE FIVE FOOT SHELF

You may be interested to know that I have a *PHOTOPLAY* magazine for every month in the year including the first issue, and that I have kept a diary of every motion picture I have seen with players' names, dates and cities in which I have seen them.

MADELINE NAGLE, Milwaukee, Wis.

ZOWIE!

I sometimes wish that the movie stars might see their images, free of glamour. Only in this way could they ever be able to know just how ridiculous they are—pretending indifference, assuming a worldly wise pose, imitating wild youth—such utter nonsense. They are not



Keystone

Comical Eddie Cantor picks a pippin! Eddie, scouting for beauty for his next talkie, was handed his java by this peach, Adele Bailey, nineteen, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He promised her a screen test. If she passes, it'll be from flapjacks to closeups for her

With Brickbats & Bouquets



Wide World

Up in the air goes Evelyn Asther in the arms of Papa Nils, while Mamma Vivian Duncan Asther looks on proudly. Though born in Germany of an American mamma, Evelyn is a Swedish citizen. And doesn't Nils look young and handsome? How about a good talkie part for him?

celestial beings to whom earthly people must humbly bow. Instead, they are merely men and women, like you and me, neither better nor worse.

EVA ANTONEN, Worcester, Mass.

STARTING SOMETHING?

Why don't they give Joan Crawford some good stories? Even though Garbo and Shearer are fair they do not have the acting ability and looks that Joan has. Garbo and Shearer get all the breaks and the best stories.

JESSIE CONNER, Fort Worth, Texas

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

Why don't the fans give Mary Pickford a break and crowd the box-office on her next picture? Have they forgotten "America's Sweetheart"? How could they? Didn't she work hard to please her public and fame never went to her head.

There's something about Mary that the others just haven't got.

ANN WHITNEY, Chicago, Ill.

SNICKERS WANTED

We have with us tonight those who love drama and the art that makes for its production, but above the tragedians we bless those who make us laugh our troubles away. May I cite ZaSu Pitts as the reigning comedienne of the cinema?

The scenes she dominated with her cleverness in "The Big Gamble" and "The Guardsman" will not soon be forgotten.

ROBERT DOWNING, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

JANET AND CHARLIE

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are just as romantic after both have married. "Merely Mary Ann" was great and we fans are glad to see them back together again.

MARIE MANDERS, Green Bay, Wis.

IDOL OR HEAVY

Lost, strayed or stolen—one splendid character actor and magnificent heavy. Found—Clark Gable, the great lover, the matinee idol. He'll last one year at most, until Clark has one of his pictures stolen by some other smart and sex-appealing villain. Clark might have been the darling of the public had he not chosen to strut and pose and grin for the matinee trade.

RUTH GRAVES, Philadelphia, Penna.

MORE ABOUT CLARK

Please don't make a "sheik" out of the one and only Clark Gable. Leave him as he was in "Sporting Blood" and "Laughing Sinners." To ask him to go into the desert, all wrapped up like a sore finger in some bed sheets and a towel around his head, would be just plain murder of a new idol. Gable is a man, not a sheik. Please don't spoil the illusion.

SALLY PARSELS, Orangeburg, N. Y.

THAT TRAGEDY

After the seemingly endless procession of song and dance pictures, the melodramatic and sickeningly sweet Gaynor-Farrell type of things, the "who killed Cock Robin?" stuff and the gangster boy who paid and paid, it is a decided relief to see such pictures as "An

American Tragedy" and "Street Scene." The production of such pictures is a definite step forward and a concession to the intelligence of the theater-going public.

MARJORIE LYLE, Kansas City, Mo.

"STREET SCENE"

May I express my appreciation of "Street Scene"? After all the cheap sexy trash, we are grateful that one producer gives us credit for normal adult intelligence. It absorbed our interest while there and it sent us home a little finer than when we went.

FLORENCE WAGNER, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

I have a university degree which includes a minor in sociology but I have never had a sociology course that was as graphic and stirring as the picture, "Street Scene."

HELEN E. DUNN, Holland, Ohio

I would like to ask somebody whoever had the nerve to release "Street Scene"? I have never seen a less entertaining, near nothing than that. I had to stay and see Flip, the Frog and Charlie Chase over again to take the bad taste away.

FAE WALKER, Norfolk, Va.

SING, RAMON, SING

What about Ramon Novarro? Why don't they wake up and give him a good picture? Quit thinking of Garbo all the time. "Day-break" and "Son of India" are about two of the rottenest pictures of the year. A man with

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



Frosted Yellow Willows at the age of eighteen months, and wearing her best go-to-temple hat. In other words, Anna May Wong in babyhood. Of course, you know she's never been to China. But she did all right in Los Angeles' Chinatown, as this attests

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

a silver voice—yet they refuse to let him sing. Ramon is just about the best on the screen when they give him a Novarro rôle.
JAMES ADAMS, Birmingham, Ala.

"BAD GIRL"

I want to express appreciation of what I consider the best illustrations of real, natural acting since the advent of sound pictures, and that is the splendid performance of James Dunn in "Bad Girl." Personally I disliked the book, and my attitude when I went into the theater was rather one of scorn, but I went in "to mock and remained to praise." Sally Eilers, too, merits praise for her characterization of the girl

CLEMENTINE JAPOUR, St. Petersburg, Fla.

There isn't a married person in the whole world who won't weep and laugh and know sorrow and have moments of divine happiness return while seeing "Bad Girl." There never was a more human picture made.

MRS. W. E. FAIR, Augusta, Ga.

SNOW SCENES

I do not see it commented on very much, but as an artist I am entranced with the beautiful scenic photography more than anything else. Especially is this true of most of Ramon Novarro's pictures and also most of the shots in "The Southerner." It is so satisfying to watch a lovely snowfall and as I have never really seen one, I doubly enjoyed the ones in "Inspiration" and "Seed."

WINIFRED POWELL, Atlanta, Ga.

MORE OPINIONS

I do not think that an actress needs glamour to be good.

MARY E. CRABTREE, Gardner, Mass.

Let us enjoy more of the real acting in which the artist impersonates a character other than his own. George Arliss, Chic Sale and others are a real joy.

MRS. EMMA BOX, San Diego, Calif.

In "A Free Soul" Norma Shearer was not the star. It was Lionel Barrymore's picture.

J. W. CARROLL, Chicago, Ill.

It seems strange that very few letters commend or criticize the work of a director. Second only to the cast is the man who directed the picture.

ROXIE LE ROY, Cleveland, Ohio

I am getting tired of these sexy pictures like "Night Nurse." After all, what did she do but marry a bootlegger?

ANNE LYLE STALL, Chicago, Ill.

Now at last the picture companies have begun to wake up and realize that the gangster pictures have made wrecks of the American juvenile.

JACK LESSER, New Haven, Conn.

OPINIONS FROM ABROAD

When we came here two years ago, we had no amusements. I was often so homesick I felt like throwing up the sponge. And then an enterprising Dutchman opened up a talking movie theater. My husband and I go every Saturday night and look forward to it like school kids. The pictures are a little late but we enjoy them and don't grudge the \$1.25 a

seat, either. We feel nearer to the good old U. S. A.

MRS. JEANIE CLARK, Aruba,
Dutch West Indies

JOHN BULL SPEAKING

Whatever doubts we may have had for the success of your American talkies have been forever dispelled. I have seen and heard Grace Moore in "Jenny Lind." When we see pictures like this we, who live in a remote corner of Wales, realize what a tremendous service is rendered by the talkies.

HILDA THOMAS, Barmworth, North Wales

LA BELLE FRANCE

You, in America, have so many good actors and actresses, who understand to play the true

AUSTRALIA HEARD FROM

I am the wife of a business man who can spend but very little time in my company and most of my friends live in other states. If it weren't for the talkies and the splendid actors and actresses I would be a lonely woman.

MRS. E. S. ADAMS, Victoria, Australia

WE BLUSH

I shall continue to subscribe for PHOTOPLAY in spite of the ten cent movie magazines. It is worth the difference. Your articles are more daring. Not afraid to say the truth even though it seems to dim the stars sometimes.

LYDIA HOLLINGSWORTH, Manderbille, La.

Please do not in this depression lower the price of PHOTOPLAY. I have seen other magazines on sale for ten cents and that's all they're worth. I gladly pay twenty-five cents for yours and find it is worth it. James Quirk's editorials are so fine and sincere. Cal York's tid-bits the best movie news I have ever read.

DOROTHY M. GOLDENBERG, Philadelphia, Pa.

I like your new colored photographs. They are a great improvement over the conventional black and white and must save the Answer Man a lot of work by showing plainly the color of the eyes and the hair, which are factors very dear to the hearts of us fans.

ELVA A. SMITH, Portland, Ore.

HAPPY ENDINGS

Honestly, do people ever get bored with happy endings? I don't. So please do put a stop to so many sad ones. One can "emote" with the actors and share all kinds of trouble, but please send us home with a smile.

MRS. L. LA FONTISEE, Gainesville, Fla.

NO CUSTARD PIES?

Because of the triteness of the short comedy, I prefer the double feature program. The very great majority of two-reelers are hackneyed plots that have been used over and over again. Can't we have better stories for these shorts? The double feature program makes a show too long but a long show is infinitely preferable to a comedy which is not amusing and which leaves a bad taste in your mouth.

A. J. PARR, Chicago, Ill.

"MONKEY BUSINESS"

Three cheers for the Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business." When it came here they gave a morning matinee for children at reduced prices. As I am twelve years old my girl friend and I took advantage of that and when we finally got in after nearly thirty minutes of standing in line, we sat through two hours of grand entertainment. When it was over the noise of cheering would break anybody's eardrums.

LUCILLE BULL, Tampa, Fla.

SUBTLE

What a relief to see a villain who does not resort to such obviousness as talking out of the side of his mouth or wrinkling up his face in order to express a menacing character. Clark Gable assumes his character with such subtlety as to be completely convincing.

EDNA LUDWIG, Buckhurst, L. I.

Look for The Winners!

Maybe you or a friend will be found to have taken one of the 70 prizes in PHOTOPLAY'S \$5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. Announcement will be made in the next, the

JANUARY

issue of

PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands
on or about December 10.

life and not only the show. But in France we don't see many of your pictures, because French people, as in all nations, like better their own players who are not very numerous and not always human. But I love your talkies and keep myself aware of what happens in Hollywood.

BLANCHE FLAJOLLET, Lyons, France

FROM LONDON

We like American talkies. Clara Bow was and is still popular. We like most of all your films because they show young, lively, quick, energetic and sometimes a sentimental and a childish spirit. We liked "Hell's Angels," "The Big House" and "Trader Horn." We could not make them.

LUZANNE BEUZI, London, England

IS THERE A
SUBSTITUTE
FOR LOVE?



Howard Hughes
P R E S E N T S

"The AGE FOR
LOVE"

- As interesting as "Hell's Angels" — as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"
- It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem — should the young wife work? It will grip you — interest you — entertain you — let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.
- "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S
SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A

FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

She wanted
FREEDOM!

Could she know
that a career
meant bondage?



"LEFTOVER LADIES"

Bored by the hum-drum existence of married life—fired by ambition to make her own way—she stepped from a heaven of love and protection into an inferno of blasted hopes. "Leftover Ladies"—powerful drama of modern woman's struggle for a place in the sun—is based on an article by Ursula Parrott, famous author of "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss."

featuring

CLAUDIA DELL—WALTER BYRON

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Directed by . . . **ERLE C. KENTON**
Produced by . . . **SAM BISCHOFF**

"Keep Your Eyes On Tiffany Pictures" for the finest entertainment on the screen. You won't want to miss those smashing, dashing westerns featuring Ken Maynard and Bob Steele —"Murder At Midnight," hair-raising mystery thriller —"Morals For Women" with Bessie Love and Conway Tearle —and Leo Carrillo in the James Cruze super-special "Race Track."

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MONKEY BUSINESS—Paramount.—Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

MOTHER AND SON—Monogram Prod.—Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Paro Lil*. (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 Fredric March in 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-huh, 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.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, 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 ADVENTURE**.

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinerella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

PAGANLADY—Columbia.—The *Sadie 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. (Oct.)

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 that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newlyweds, but the story is weak. (June)

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 namby-pamby plot. (Nov.)

PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Cheri Bibi.") Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

★ **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.)

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.)

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.—Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (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 racketeering 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 pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY**—Paramount.—The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)

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.)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up game a of bridge for it. (Aug.)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Delicious Spaghetti Recipe

Irene Purcell Gives This Tempting Dish for Sunday Suppers

SUNDAY suppers require one hot dish that is more or less elastic. Irene Purcell finds that her special spaghetti recipe provides ample and delicious fare for as many guests as happen to drop in.

In her small but efficiently equipped kitchenette, Irene demonstrated just how she goes about it. The recipe is one taught her by an Italian chef, and it has all the subtlety of flavoring that has made Italy the spaghetti capital of the world. Here it is.

Spaghetti Purcell

Boil your spaghetti according to taste; some like it underdone, others well cooked. Then to a can of tomatoes add chopped onions, celery and a green pepper; cook these well.

Cut slices of bacon into small pieces and fry, then add curry powder. Add the tomato mixture to the bacon. This done, place the cooked spaghetti in a deep casserole and pour the bacon-tomato mixture over it. Garnish with cheese and serve very hot. The number of guests, of course, will determine how much to add to these ingredients to make more than the recipe calls for.

IRENE is very proud of the fact that it was Caruso, the famous tenor, who taught her how to eat spaghetti in true Italian style. She was guest at a dinner in Chicago a number of years ago which he also attended. She said he managed the unwieldy strings with skill by holding a large spoon in the left hand to keep the spaghetti in place, while the fork in the right hand wound it into a mound around the prongs. Try it at home first!

Spaghetti isn't the only dish that Irene can prepare skilfully. She believes that modern living with its hustle and bustle is inclined to make everyone a trifle anaemic and for that reason she thinks liver ought to be included in the weekly menu.

The liver is fried in butter. Then the juice of a lemon is squeezed into a cup. To this is added a teaspoon of sugar. When the liver is removed from the frying pan, this mixture is heated in it, then poured over the liver.

"It is so tasty that there isn't a word in the English dictionary that quite does it justice," she says.

Irene is very particular

about the preparation of salad dressing, too. She has her own special concoction. It has a variety of ingredients that give it a definite zip.

It consists of the following mixture:

A little lemon juice, salad oil, vinegar, anchovy paste, mustard, curry powder and garlic, well stirred and mixed together. Sounds hot—it is!

Adds a new flavor to salads.

HERE is a recipe for cheese straws. These thin straws are perfect to serve with your spaghetti dish Sunday evenings.

Cheese Straws

1 cup flour
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Yolk of one egg
Dash of cayenne pepper

Mix together flour, cheese, salt, cayenne and the egg yolk, then add enough water to make paste of sufficient consistency to roll to ¼ inch thickness. Place it on a board and roll. Cut in narrow strips and then roll each piece to the size and length of a lead pencil. Place in baking tin and press each end on the pan. Bake to a light brown in moderate oven. Serve hot.

JOAN CRAWFORD FAIRBANKS enjoys being hostess in her beautiful home but she rarely gives large dinner parties.

Even though these dinners are of an intimate character, Joan's dinner table always looks like a banquet board. She has exquisite appointments. And she gives every small detail her personal approval—from planning the dinner herself with the cook in the morning to the crystal, silver and white lace for the table.

Douglas hates carving so all the serving is done from the kitchen. Perhaps that is one reason why a special *filet mignon* dish is so popular in the Fairbanks household. The dish is prepared thus:

Small filet steaks for each guest are ringed with bacon and skewered. These are broiled and then placed upon a slice of pineapple which has been browned golden. Around this are arranged little pig sausages, kidney and new potatoes. The whole is garnished with parsley.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



A famous Italian chef taught Irene how to cook spaghetti—Caruso showed her how to eat it! That hefty hold is the first step to take in its scientific preparation

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.



For colds
and irritated
throats

Gargle with the *SAFE* antiseptic

Make sure that the mouth wash you use kills germs. But make doubly sure that it does not irritate tender tissues with which it comes in contact. Mouth washes so harsh as to require dilution may irritate tissue and thereby make it easier for germs to gain entrance to the body. Such irritation also slows up nature's processes of recovery.

Safety wins acclaim

There can be no question of Listerine's safety and its germicidal power. Both have won the commendation of the medical profession. Its entire reputation as an aid in preventing and remedying colds and associated sore throats is based upon these two properties.

If you compare the

TASTES
PLEASANT



product itself and its results with ordinary mouth washes and their results, its superiority is at once apparent.

Aid in preventing colds

To keep the mouth healthy, gargle with Listerine twice a day at least. Used thus it is a precaution against colds, other mouth infections and bad breath. When you feel a cold coming on increase the frequency of the gargle to from three to five times a day. That often nips the cold at the outset or checks its severity. Millions realize this.

Half as many colds for garglers

Controlled laboratory tests contribute further proof of Listerine's ability to prevent infection.

Of 102 persons under medical supervision for a period of sixty days, one-third, called "controls" did not gargle

Listerine; one-third gargled twice a day; one-third gargled five times a day. Note these amazing results:

Colds less severe

The group that gargled twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. The group that gargled five times a day contracted one-third as many. And in both groups the colds contracted were less severe and of shorter duration than in the group that did not gargle.

These scientifically controlled tests, performed on average people under average conditions, definitely indicate the high value of Listerine in arresting infection.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Gargle with it twice a day at least. It keeps not only your mouth but your breath clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

.. Reduces *Risk of Colds 50%, Tests Show*



THERE'S no stopping the popular progress of Ash-Blonde Ann, pride of the House of Harding and joy of millions! Why, in her new "Devotion" she covered that spun-gold hair with a wig—and our hearts still thumped in high at her beauty and brilliance. That's acting! That's "Devotion"



Hal Phyfe

ANOTHER of Scandinavia's prettiest presents to the American public—one of the blondes that gentlemen cry for! A luscious eyeful in silent days, Greta Nissen, staging a great comeback, is now an earful, too, in the talkies. Watch for *La Belle Nissen* in "Ambassador Bill"



Max Munn Autrey

THE whole short life of beautiful Anita Louise seems to have been one long posture before the buzzing cameras! She came to the studios in 1921, a golden-curled tot of five—now, at fifteen, she is a grown-up leading lady and a Wampas Star of '31! Her latest talkie is "Heaven on Earth"



Otto Dyar

A LITTLE Georgia cracker who exploded with a loud roar into immediate talkie fame—sizzling, sparkling Miriam Hopkins, with tousled yellow curls and perfect pout! She was a smash with Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant"—now, as the cabaret lass in "24 Hours," she's tremendous!

"It ISN'T the same Diamond he gave to Janet!"



JACK and Janet had been engaged. Then Betty came back to town. Jack and Janet split up. And Betty wore Jack's ring. You know what the gossips said. That it was the same diamond. *But it wasn't!* And Jack had been thoughtful enough to give Betty the proof . . . a Virgin Diamond, backed by a Certificate of Title which guaranteed that *never before* had it been individually owned or worn.



There can be no doubt or question about a Virgin Diamond. You are the *first* to wear it. It is untouched by previous ownership, unsullied by past associations. Naturally, too, Virgin Diamonds are perfect for only the finest quality would satisfy those to whom Virgin Diamonds appeal. In a wide range of standard prices from \$25 to \$25,000, they may be secured only through Authorized Virgin Diamond Jewelers.



Virgin Diamonds (Guaranteed Perfect) are genuine diamonds of certified origin. For your protection each Virgin Diamond may be identified by the sealed metal tag, and the words "Virgin Diamond" (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) and the registered number which are stamped in the mounting and which appear on the Certificate of Title.

Authorized Virgin Diamond Jewelers may be identified by this trademark.

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This interesting booklet about diamonds. It tells you how to judge diamonds, what factors to demand and what to guard against. There is no obligation—just mail the coupon now, before you buy your diamond.



18k. White Gold Ensemble, \$75.
 ● Virgin Diamond Ring, \$62.50.
 Virginia Wedding Ring, \$12.50.



18k. White Gold Ensemble, \$162.50.
 ● Virgin Diamond Ring, \$125. Virginia Wedding Ring with 5 diamonds \$37.50.



Platinum (10% Iridium) Ensemble, \$265. Virgin Diamond Ring, \$200. Virginia Wedding Ring with 10 diamonds, \$65.

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Send a copy of your *free* booklet, "Diamonds, their History and Romance," to

Name _____

Address _____

Jean Harlow's heart goes pitter-patter at the golden clear voice of this dashing cavalier. "Cough Drop Life Savers," says this brilliant United Artists' star, "keep voices clear . . . golden . . . and throats soothed. I am told it is due to the delicious blend of menthol, horehound and eucalyptus."



Dorothy Mackaill, First National star, in a gayly modern interior, has forgotten all the old fashioned cough drops. The modern up-to-the-minute Cough Drop Life Savers—the delicious candy in the handy roll package . . . will check a cough in a single minute! "And," she says, "Life Savers are so cooling to the throat . . . so refreshing to the mouth!"



Out Hollywood way they shoot the cough—not the cougher—and here's First National's captivating star, Loretta Young, Mistress of Ceremonies just after a sunrise shooting. Cough Drop Life Savers certainly soothe that cough away. She says, "They're voice-savers as well as Life Savers . . . they soothe and clear the throat!"

Dorothy Jordan, lovely M. G. M. star, gently soothed by the quick-acting Cough Drop Life Savers—the amazing cough drop that relieves a cough in one minute by the clock. "Hard to believe, at first," she says, "but Cough Drop Life Savers really check a bad coughing spell in a minute flat. Try 'em and see!"

DECEMBER, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

James R. Quirk

THIS is the sort of thing that keeps the army of half-starving extras in Hollywood. It gives them "the hope that springs eternal."

Paramount executives were testing a new type of movie film. An extra named Kent Taylor was on the lot, waiting to go to work. He was asked to pose while several hundred feet of the new film were run off as different lighting effects were concentrated upon him.

Then executives looked at the rushes to see how well the new film worked, photographically.

But when they saw Taylor, they forgot all about the film and got excited over the lad. And the result was that he's been signed to a contract, and given his first important rôle in "Husband's Holiday."



THE letters that interest me most are those that tell how pictures affect their intimate lives, change their mental and emotional processes, create new desires and ambitions.

Every month PHOTOPLAY reprints a score or more of them and they are worth reading.

Here are a few that have come to my desk in the past few days:

"As a beauty culturist and hair dresser, I have noticed that our movie stars are to a very great extent the dictators of current hair styles. So whenever I go to a movie or receive my copy of PHOTOPLAY, I particularly notice the hairdress of the actresses, because I know that countless feminine eyes are watching to see how their favorite star is now wearing her hair."

"I carry a mental image in my mind of an ideal girl, coined from motion pictures and from your articles about stars, and I try to live up to that ideal, and still be myself. Once a shy, *gauche* girl, I am now well-groomed and have plenty of subjects to talk about. I read in PHOTOPLAY that Lilyan Tashman has the same creed as I have—"If others can be confident and poised, so can I." "

"I have been out of work for a period of time and have very little money, but I was anxious to see a show, so I took my last half-dollar and went to see 'Merely Mary Ann.' Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are wonderful together. Their love in pictures seems so real that I believe it is."

"When I began to plan the building of my home I could not convey to architects what I wanted. I attended a movie one night and there, staring at me, begging me, was my home. I knew it immediately. I have succeeded in drawing up my plans, and a home that is more charming, more cosy, more perfect, nobody could desire."

IN a sociological research, which is being conducted for the government, a group of college professors is studying the reactions of the audience of many millions to motion pictures. Included in its activities is the reading of thousands of letters that come to my desk from readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The reading of those letters, which come from every corner of the globe, is not a task. To me, they furnish more fascinating reading than any current literature. And they are vastly more human and significant than ninety per cent of the professional writings of today.

They come from all walks of life; from congressmen and doctors, school teachers and club women, stenographers and housewives, motion picture exhibitors and actors.

They, with the voting on the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year, are a scientific barometer of the constantly changing likes and dislikes of millions of "fans," folks whose motion picture habit constitutes the greatest asset of this billion-dollar business.

AND here is a very remarkable one which came in on stationery of the Ziegfeld Theater, the headquarters of the glorification of the American girl:

"You would, of course, know that every girl in our show would like to have the charm and grace that Miss Greta Garbo has. It is my opinion that we have girls with much more beauty. But there is nothing as beautiful to me as the thing some of us lack—*personality*. It is the wish of us all to see Miss Greta Garbo enact 'Devil's Due,' by Phyllis Bottome. We would be so grateful if you would let Miss Garbo know that we are rooting for her and are waiting impatiently for her next picture.

FOLLIES SHOW GIRLS, Ziegfeld Theater, New York City."

IT was a super-super-special-feature in the shooting. A supervisor walked onto the set, and glared. He beheld some small potted palms.

"Stop!" he screamed. "This is a BIG production. We've got to have BIG palms."

Shooting was held up for two hours at a cost of \$2,000.00 while property men replaced the little palms with BIG ones. Ho, hum.

THE milliners of the world take off their hats to Greta Garbo—their Empress Eugenie hats. They are grateful to her for making the Eugenie hat so popular that it sold to over a million women in America. Hat manufacturers that had been on the verge of bankruptcy were deluged with orders and thousands of unemployed were called back to work to supply the demand.

Was Paris responsible for this rage? It was not. Greta, sitting silent and apart in California, was responsible for it all. Listen to the words of Ferle Heller, one of the most famous and outstanding milliners of New York:

"I WAS in Paris when Suzanne Talbot introduced what you call the Empress Eugenie hat. As a matter of fact, the Empress Eugenie is a trick name thought up by some smart advertiser. What it really is, is the return to the feminine in styles, a reaction to the mannish clothes worn during and since the war. Suzanne Talbot felt that the romance of hats should return. So she included that type in her collection.

"Thrilled by them, I brought back a number of models. But my customers, who are among the smartest and wealthiest women in New York, would not buy. They were afraid. They did not see them on the streets. They thought they'd make themselves ridiculous, even when I explained that it was the new movement and that they were truly straight from Paris. This was more than two years ago.

"AND, then, what happened? Greta Garbo made a film called 'Romance.' It was a period picture. In order to portray her character she wore the clothes of the time—romantic clothes, topped by a hat pulled over one eye and a feather at the back. At the time that picture was released Garbo's clothes were 'dated.' They looked strange, even ridiculous. But today Garbo could walk down Broadway in the

hat she wore in the period picture 'Romance' and fit perfectly into the modern scene.

"Women saw Garbo. They saw how lovely she looked. Women have copied Garbo before—as witness the long bob. Garbo is one of those rare women with style courage, who can make a fad popular. She definitely popularized the new hat.

"Paris could make thousands of hats of this type—but women would not have worn them had they not seen Greta Garbo in them."

IT is truly one of the most astonishing and sensational results of Hollywood. That a tall, slim girl who entertains the world by appearing in movies should be able to change the course of an important business, to alleviate, even in a small way, a nationwide depression; to have a finger in big financial matters simply by wearing a hat, is a thrilling commentary on the influence of the motion picture.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG has had many invitations to become an inmate of Hollywood studios but he won't be lured from his New York atelier. Having escaped the terrors of "No Man's Land" he says he has no intention of chancing the horrors of what he calls "Yes Man's Land."

"JOHN OTT, Co-Worker of Edison, Dies When Told of Death of Great Inventor."

That newspaper headline appeared the day after Thomas A. Edison, among whose other great inventions was the kinoscope, grandfather of the motion picture projection machine of today, passed on.

The name sounded familiar. I turned to Terry Ramsaye's history of the motion picture, "A Million and One Nights." And there it was, in that work which was based on a series of Mr. Ramsaye's historical articles which ran in serial form in PHOTOPLAY for three years.

JOHN OTT started to work for Edison fifty years ago as a mechanic in his experimental laboratory. He brought along his brother, Fred.

Fred was the life of the laboratory and was the first actor to perform before a motion picture camera. A picture of him taken in the act of sneezing was the first motion picture comedy and the first "close-up." Another picture of him, taken sitting at a desk while a mischievous office boy slipped up behind and shook a pepper box, causing him to sneeze again, was the embryo of scenario construction, the first screen gag.

That was in 1893.

JIMMY DURANTE'S favorite joke:

A gangster approached another gangster: "Suppose we kidnap the daughter of a millionaire and hold her for ransom."

"No! No! I'll kidnap no girls for Ransom. Let him get his own girls."

Our Guest Page

Every month PHOTOPLAY will have a guest writer. We didn't pay Eddie for this and if you read it you'll know just why—The Editor

By Eddie Cantor

I HAVE been asked by more than a dozen important minds in this country, including the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, to say something about the Depression. Oh, you must have heard of it! The mere mention of the word makes a lot of business men see "red." Let's get away from this depression business for a minute.

In "Palmy Days," you will find for the first time that beautiful girls have been properly photographed. Dozens of 'em, not just one or two. The critics all over the country have raved about these gals. They were selected with the same care that leading ladies are picked. Just because "Palmy Days" happens to be a musical comedy picture is no reason why the producer should send out a call for a bushel of pretty girls. No sir! They were hand-picked and they look it.

Personally, and with all due modesty, I have never been funnier in my life than in this picture. There are two dances in it, and I venture to say that the staging of them will never be duplicated. True, the story has no great weight, but if you find yourself laughing and applauding for an hour and a half, brothers and sisters, you have been entertained. "Palmy Days" is a swell picture. I am in it.

NOW back to the Depression. If you heard my Sunday night broadcast on the Chase & Sanborn hour, you probably have wondered why I've been doing it. When Jimmy Wallington said to me last Sunday, "Eddie, you ought not to talk about the depression so much—maybe there's no depression," and I answered, "Well, if there ain't no depression, Jimmy, this is the smallest boom we have had in years," I just knew people all over the country enjoyed it.

After each broadcast, for a full week, they wrap me in cellophane to retain my fresh-

ness. For instance, in the book "Yoo Hoo Prosperity," which is sold at most book stores and railroad stations at \$1.00 per copy, I've explained the why's and wherefore's of the depression and the Five Year Plan for bringing back prosperity. If you haven't read the book I think you're a sucker. If you have read it, I know you are.

At any rate, in the Five Year Plan, I speak of doing away with unemployment. How? Listen. You've never heard of my doubling up system. In baseball, why should there be only nine men on each side? Why not eighteen men-per team? Instead of

three umpires, let's have six. Instead of having two fighters in a ring, why not have four on each side? Then maybe there would be a fight. Instead of one referee, let's have three.

Take the races, for instance. Why should there be only one little jockey on a horse? For the smallest horse could take care of at least two jockies. This is just a rough idea. I can go on with this indefinitely. But is PHOTOPLAY paying me? Don't be silly.

Now regarding this topic of Depression. Before I left for New York, I signed a nice contract with Samuel Goldwyn to make one picture a year for the next five years. Why one? Well, we figured it would be better to make one good one than three not so good. Good?

I OPENED at the Palace Theater in New York City on October 31 for a run. If you happen to be in New York, drop in and see me. Also, speaking of Depression, I've a piece of property at Great Neck, Long Island, that I would like to sell at a bargain. Write me about it.

So you see, the way to write about any subject is to tear it apart and make it clear to your readers. If you think what I've written is sound, one of us is crazy.

I wonder how much I'll get paid for this.



Eddie Cantor is known in private life as the logical successor to Rudolph Valentino. That's because of his Latin impetuosity. Here he is in one of his most passionate moments in "Palmy Days." A true lover's gesture. The clinging vine is Charlotte Greenwood

Latest Beauty Fads of Hollywood Stars



Found! A new use for those superfluous finger bowls. Credit Anita Page with the discovery. Because evening gowns as well as many fall afternoon frocks are short-sleeved, Anita keeps her elbows lovely by giving them a weekly ten-minute witch hazel bath

*Age signs go—look ten years younger overnight!
Amazing beauty secret lost for years now found!
Woman of 60 drove young men wild—her secret of beauty discovered!
Complete rejuvenation of your skin instantly!*

*New and priceless
aids for PHOTOPLAY
girls from the beauty
center of the world*

By Lois Shirley

YOU'VE seen them around—those wild-eyed newspaper ads that guarantee a miraculous transformation before you can say Sessue Hayakawa. But don't let them kid you. You'll never see them in PHOTOPLAY.

There isn't any magic beauty recipe. ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF BEAUTY. Hollywood stars—those women whose lovely skin, hair, eyes and hands are their stock in trade—know this. Each new crop of stars brings new beauty culture to Hollywood. And PHOTOPLAY knows that you want to be kept informed about every latest trick. For the stars can give more time to the discovery of tricks than you can. And they're generous enough to let PHOTOPLAY in on their secrets.

This is a beauty article, but I promise to keep specific. No vague, intangible, impractical advice will you find here. I raise my right hand and solemnly swear that you'll have direct information about what your favorites do to get that way. And, surprisingly enough, it is all as simple as the Cinderella plot.

Did you know you can improve the appearance of your hands with a handkerchief or a ribbon and a few minutes' time?

That pipe cleaners do more than clean pipes? They'll improve your general make-up.

That a thimble has another use than as a sewing implement? It keeps your fingers beautiful.

Oh, I'm simply bursting with perfectly grand new tricks. It's not just one thing, mind you, but a combination of them all that makes you lovely.

Draw up a chair. Here's stuff hot from Hollywood.

Hands and Arms

ADRIENNE AMES is a newcomer to Hollywood. The wife of a New York stock broker, she moved from a Park Avenue pent-house to a Paramount dressing-room. She has the loveliest hands I've ever seen. They are always white, with no ugly red blotches or veins which stand out. Here's

her method. Daily, of course, she uses a good lotion and a whitener. But when, after a day's athletics, she notices redness, this is her method.

She ties a handkerchief or scarf above the forearms—not tight enough to stop circulation but merely to retard it—places her elbows on a table and holds the position for ten minutes. The blood drains from the forearms, leaving the hands white. Adrienne always does this before she goes out in the evening. Easy, simple, neat—yes? But the constant use of lotions and whiteners must be kept up as a daily practice.

Here's a trick from Peggy Shannon, and if you've ever noticed her dimpled elbows you'll say it's a good stunt. She puts her elbows in cups of cold water twice daily, holding forearms upward, for ten minutes. And Anita Page does the same thing with witch hazel. But she does it weekly. Remember—the cold water daily, witch hazel weekly.



This girl uses pipe cleaners. But not for pipes. Claudette Colbert knows they add to her attractiveness. Soft and pliable, they take powder off the eyebrows, accent the eyes and remove make-up from the natural indentation in the upper lip. This last casts a shadow and makes the mouth more beautiful



Beauty Stunts All Girls Can Copy



To keep hands white, tie a scarf or ribbon around the forearm fairly tightly and allow the blood to drain from the hands. That's Adrienne Ames' secret. She also, of course, uses lotions

It seems to me that you could kill a couple of birds with one stone by combining the handkerchief trick and the water and witch hazel business. And you can read *PHOTOPLAY* while you're doing it!

When Karen Morley walked into a shop and bought ten thimbles the salesgirl thought she had lost her contract and was setting up a dressmaking establishment. She wasn't. She was chasing that elusive nymph, beauty. She wears thimbles on her fingers as often during the day as she can, to make her fingers taper. Frances Dee uses hot oil on her nails frequently.

You may not have noticed them when you saw her as the old derelict in "Min and Bill" and "Anna Christie," but in Hollywood, where Marie Dressler is the most popular woman in town and had to go to New York to get a rest (yes, honestly, she's invited out so much and she's so loath to say "no" to invitations that she's given no peace), her neck and shoulders are famous for their beauty. She looks stunning in evening gowns.

This is the trick. She sleeps without a pillow and turns her head from side to side hundreds of times during the day.

Loretta Young admits that she learned the trick of beautify-



Dorothy Jordan has not returned to childhood days. She wears a baby cap at night to keep her hair wave in place and make her ears lie flat to her head. Easy and it does the trick

ing her hands from Perc Westmore, make-up artist extraordinary of Hollywood. He taught her to make them up in the evening—giving them composition rather than blank whiteness—by the use of a few deft touches of rouge upon the finger, wrist and elbow knuckles. Not enough to look rouged, but merely as shadows and accents—to give life and warmth to the hands.

Preparing For Sleep At Night

YOU don't need me to tell you that you shouldn't go to bed at night with your make-up on, but just a dash of cold cream hastily rubbed off with a towel won't do the job. I'm going to tell you exactly how Joan Crawford prepares for bed and manages—miracle of miracles!—to look attractive when the job is all done. Some of the most beautiful girls look like orphaned slaveys when they're ready for bed. But not Joan.

She takes off the make-up with some good cream or remover, using a soft tissue. But she doesn't stop there. She uses an astringent after that—to get all the cream out of the pores—and follows with a good washing with soap and warm water, and cold water plentifully dashed on to remove the soap entirely. This leaves her face pink and glowing and not greasy from the cream (face builders she uses during the day).

When she's working on a picture her hair is finger-waved every night, but even if it isn't, she wears a marcel cap to preserve her wave. This is drawn tightly over her head. (Incidentally, Dorothy Jordan wears a regular baby cap not only for her hair but to keep her ears tight to her head.) A marcel cap is not a ravishingly beautiful head-gear, so Joan wraps a soft, colorful scarf about her head over the cap and knots it just above her forehead so that it won't be uncomfortable. This also holds the hair more tightly in place.

She wears pajamas in winter, gowns in summer, and uses

From The World's Loveliest Women



First thing in the morning, last thing at night and often during the day, Judith Wood puts pads of cotton soaked with eye lotion over her eyes. It keeps them fresh and sparkling

a fresh one every night. Her face radiant from the cold water, her head wrapped in the bright scarf—she is almost lovelier when she's ready for bed than when she's fully dressed and made up.

Hair

THE standard for beautiful hair today is lustre. The fluffy-haired doll of a few years ago is passé as the pug dog. Hair must be sleek and lie flat to the head. Sylvia Sidney uses ten drops of rose of geranium oil to one glass of water with each shampoo.

Incidentally, if your hair is dyed it should be soaked with oil before and after each bleaching.

With hair combed back off the forehead the hair line is important, and many of us are troubled with those small, new hairs. Fifty strokes each night and morning does the trick for Evelyn Brent. She brushes those small hairs up and back, vigorously. They're trained to grow that way.

Arlene Carlyle, who plays with Chic Sale in comedies, warns stout women to avoid having their hair waved round. It should be done on the bias. This adds height and makes the matron look less plump.

Eyes

YOU know all that stuff about eyes being "the windows of the soul." The soul can take care of itself nicely, thank you, but eyes *are* the most important feature and your entire make-up should be built around them. You must start first thing in the morning, as Judith Wood does. Before she gets out of bed she places a piece of cotton soaked in some good eye-lotion over each eye and allows it to remain there for ten minutes. She places the wash and the cotton on her bed table before retiring. That starts the day with a sparkle. From



Going to do a lot of sewing, lady? No sir, Karen Morley has discovered that thimbles worn over each finger makes her fingertips beautiful and tapering. She uses them every spare minute of the day

then on it's a matter of keeping up that sparkle. Judith repeats the eye pad business as often during the day as she can.

The Westmores (brothers Ernie and Perc) recommend the use of white vaseline on the lids to catch the light, followed by eye shadow to be made as inconspicuous as possible in color to blend with face and hair. Mary Astor, whose hair is copper-colored and whose skin is tannish, uses copper-colored eye shadow.

Now what about eyelashes? There are comparatively few stars in Hollywood who do not use false eyelashes on the screen and some do so on the street. I'll tell you how Loretta Young does it.

You can buy false eyelashes. Mix the glue that comes with them with a good mascara. Dip each individual lash in the mixture of glue and mascara, holding it with a tweezer. Apply over the real eyelash. Repeat until every real lash is covered by a false one. The glue makes it stick, the mascara kills the color of the glue. These lashes will remain for a good many days. It takes practice, time and patience to do it but it produces a stunning effect.

Gloria Swanson believes that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

My Uncle Egbert

The posse of alleged movie queens had drunk seven terrific toasts to the King of Bongoland, and the orgy was on! At that point Uncle Egbert began juggling glasses adroitly with his little pink tootsies



SOME day I hope to meet Theda Bara face to face and enthusiastically thank her for rescuing my inheritance from the ash-can.

You've never seen Theda Bara on the screen? Too-o-o bad! Serves you right for being young. Yea, brother! Them was the good old days!

When that baby got through vamping 'em they never were the same.

My outburst of gratitude, I might add, will come as a great surprise to Miss Bara, who has never heard of me, my legacy, my Uncle Egbert or my new Rolls-Royce. (It isn't really a Rolls-Royce—I just call it that for fun.)

My Uncle Egbert was just another misguided pilgrim who came to Hollywood to gawk at the movie stars. In fact, he was a bigger than average sap because he came from so much farther away.

I present the record of his downfall honestly, frankly, in all its distressing details, hoping it may serve as a warning to all unfortunate mortals plagued with a desire to gaze enraptured—and at close range—on the fascinating, fragile and frequently fretful females of the films.

Uncle Egbert itched something awful to get close to a real, live movie queen. Yep, Uncle Egbert was all primed to "See Hollywood and Die." He got the first part of his wish but the jury barely failed to convict him on the second count.

I just shipped him home to Bongoland, a flea-bitten African empire where the native ladies cavort in broad Ethiopian smiles and headgear much funnier than Empress Eugenie hats. What's more, I shipped him home happy, though slightly frayed.

And the lies he'll tell the home folks about the Hollywood cinema cuties will make a comparatively honest man out of Aloysius Horn.

In one respect I am glad Uncle Egbert came. Between us we

BY BOGART ROGERS

solved that perplexing problem of what to do with the friends, relatives and total strangers who infest the village from afar to oogle the picture folk—just as they do the animals in the Bronx Zoo. Will they never learn it's much easier to see the animals than the stars—and a lot more fun?

Uncle Egbert's case was simply this:

He wired from the train: "Arriving tonight. Meet me." I did, and exclaimed, "Uncle Egbert! Fancy seeing you here!" Fourteen years with the Bongos hadn't changed him at all. As I am his only nephew and sole heir, I was delighted to see him. You've got to be delighted to see people who make you their sole heir. We exchanged tokens of affection.

Uncle Egbert said: "I have come eleven thousand miles through jungles teeming with venomous reptiles and over shark-infested seas to meet all the movie girls."

I should have known there was a catch to it somewhere.

"That's not so easy, Nunky," quoth I, "but we'll do the best we can."

"I come," said Uncle Egbert impressively, "as an emissary of the king."

"What king?"

"The King of Bongoland. We're great pals."

Right here is a good place to remark that Uncle Egbert is a

O P S

Meets *the* Stars



ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

Promptly at 11:42, warmed by frequent nips at the jug, Uncle Egbert went into his dance—a hot collection of native African steps and whoops, while Imogene lustily thumped a boiler with a potato-smasher

big potato in Bongoland. He runs ivory, smuggles diamonds, traffics in an occasional contraband pearl and peddles grog to the natives as a sideline—just a typical tropical business tycoon.

I explained that seeing *all* the movie girls might be hard to do. The famous *femmes* of the films recoil convulsively from the polluting public gaze. Maybe we'd be able to peek at two or three. Uncle Egbert registered surprise. "These folks are all your neighbors, ain't they? And ain't I a special emissary of the king?"

To make the problem more complex he announced he could remain in our midst only four days.

That was Monday.

Tuesday morning I phoned Harry Chinn, a big director in the Excelsior Studios and a bosom pal of mine. Harry would be able to arrange everything. I said I wanted to take Uncle Egbert through his studio and have him shake hands with the beautiful fillies. I added that Uncle Egbert was an emissary of the king.

Harry said, "You're talking to the wrong guy. I can't even get into the joint myself."

I inquired why.

"It's like this," Harry explained. "Not even employees can get into studios now without an official pass. I lost my pass."

"Why don't you get another one, you sap?" I inquired. "Because Hermann Schmaltz, the only man in the world who can issue one, is in Bombay."

"What about the picture you're shooting?"

"Production suspended until Mr. Schmaltz returns and issues me a new pass. Sorry I can't help you, old boy, but you see where I stand."

I said it all sounded rather foolish and ineffably sad. Harry said it was a lot of dirty names.

I free-wheeled Uncle Egbert over to another film foundry. A magnificently important youth stood guard at the front door. (Magnificently important youths stand guard at all Hollywood studio front doors.) I begged admittance, both because I had friends within and because, as I carefully explained, Uncle Egbert was an emissary of the king. The magnificently important young man seemed pretty sore about that. "Kings don't mean nothin' here," he said. "You gotta have a personal note from Will Hays."

"Would a note from Herbert Hoover do instead?"

This was supposed to be a sarcastic gem. It missed fire. "Nope—Hoover don't rate either. Only notes from Will Hays is good."

We launched spirited attacks and determined onslaughts the rest of the day but were driven back by withering fire from every studio front door.

Uncle Egbert was very nice about it all. He merely said, "That's a hell of a way to treat an emissary of the king. Just you wait 'til some of these blankety-blank blankety-blank movie people come to Bongoland."

Wednesday morning I convinced [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Cal York

Announcing-

WHEN Jean Harlow was in New York, Earl Christy, PHOTOPLAY'S cover artist, called upon her to draw her portrait. He was particularly interested in the color of her "platinum blonde" hair, and has carefully reproduced it for you in all its light and shade on the cover of this issue. As told in last month's issue, "platinum" is the most extreme shade of blonde, almost white, and the bluish tint is secured by a light bluing rinse.

GARBO'S house will be thrown open to visitors and everybody will have a grand time! Oh no, Garbo won't be there. And she won't know about the party. Here's how it happens.

Garbo never owned that house you've read so much about. She did not even lease it. She simply stayed on month-by-month paying, if you like exact figures, \$600 a month. Now

she's given it up and it's rented to a writer who has announced he is going to give a party so that all the curious may see Garbo's erstwhile domicile.

GARBO, herself, is "somewhere in Santa Monica." Nobody knows the address—not even studio execs. More mystery stuff. And there are wagers now that she'll return to Sweden when her contract is up in April. Return for good, I mean. "Mata Hari," her picture with the three leading men, Ramon Novarro, Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore (what a cast!), is being rushed.

A WOMAN who knows Garbo very well said recently, "I think she will go back home and live on her huge fortune which is in cash and American government bonds. I think her peasant nature will predominate and she will



International



Another real romance blooms out in the reel world. Wesley Ruggles, of "Cimarron" fame, became engaged to Arlene Judge while directing her in "Are These Our Children?" Now wedding bells have rung. She's nineteen. Wesley's age? Well, he's old enough to pick 'em pretty

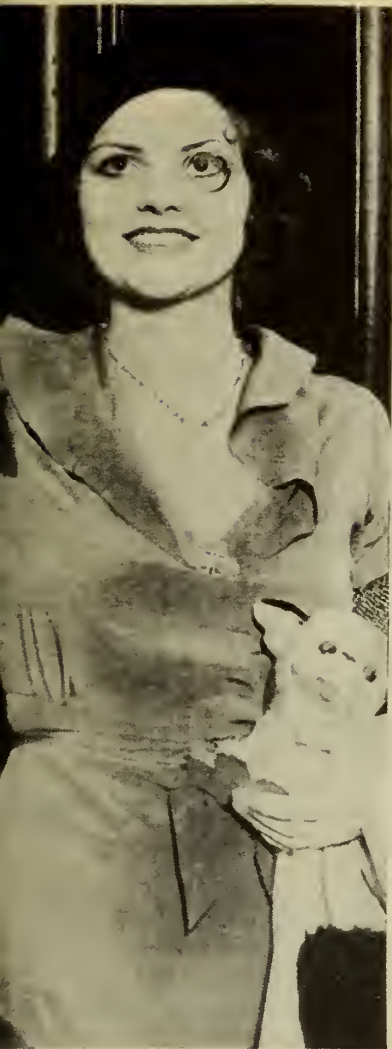
retire from the glory and excitement which the flame of her genius has brought her."

Fancy words, those! But peasant or genius Garbo's a business woman and it's our guess that she won't leave Hollywood if M-G-M comes through nobly with plenty of salary.

COME, come, Lupe! Act your age, Jack! Don't you think all that carrying on is just a little silly?

Loop-the-Lupe Velez and Jack Gilbert are the latest railroad romancers. Spurred on, no doubt, by the publicity that Connie and the Marquis and then Gloria and Michael Farmer got when they crossed continents together, Lupe and Jack stepped off the train in New York side by side. Posing together for new

A New York arrival that had the whole country twittering in a few hours! John Gilbert and Lupe Velez as they stepped off the Hollywood rattler. That night Lupe bade Jack goodbye on his European bound liner—but no, she did *not* stay on board! She went over later



World Wide

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

say, "We're just good friends" in every European capital.

JOAN BENNETT'S back! And that means three cheers and a day off to Hollywood. For everybody admired the pluck she showed during her recent hospital assignment as a result of a fall from a horse.

She got the most attention of all when she appeared at the opening of "Consolation Marriage" at the Carthay Circle Theater. She was dressed in blue satin and one hand rested on a cane, while the other was in the crook of Hugh Trevor's arm. Yes sir, it's the same Hugh who used to be Betty Compson's beau.

SISTER CONNIE and the Marquis were, of course, along but none of them would talk over the microphone. "Hank" hesitated before the instrument for a moment but Connie

motioned to him to come on and whatever words of wisdom he was prepared to utter were left unsaid.

Although this was Joan's first formal appearance, it was not her first venture out. Every day during the championship tennis tourney in Los Angeles she went to the matches in an ambulance, specially fitted so she could be propped up in it, and watch the play.

Each day, she took a doll with her. And each day, the doll was dressed in an exact miniature replica of the costume Joan herself was wearing that day.

THERE is a bracelet of platinum which is always to be seen on Connie Bennett's wrist.

The Marquis Henri de la Falaise gave it to her. On his own wrist, the Marquis wears its twin.

Whoops and what-ho! Look what happens to a little actress when she thinks about dear old Lunnon! Lillian Bond comes back to Hollywood and the talkies from a stage tour with a bally old monocle and a silly old woofle-hound. Does the accent match the props, Lillian?

Photographers they pulled all the old lines. You've heard them many, many times before. "We're just good friends." "I admire her greatly." "I admire him greatly." "I'm not yet legally free from Ina Claire, so how can I discuss another marriage?" "I won't say we're engaged but—maybe—later, I'll have something to tell." "He has such a sense of humor." "She has such a sense of humor." "We're just good friends."

Oh Jack hopped off to Europe alone. By the time you read this Lupe will be in Europe, too. That continent is pretty big and there are a lot of fine cities there. They'll probably both

No, Jane and Junior—Joan Blondell's blonde pate isn't sprouting an electric light plant, as you suspect! But our camera shark caught her getting a permanent wave during the filming of "The Greeks Had a Word for It." She actually suffers for her art!



Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!



LOUD weeping and gnashing of teeth in Hollywood! The most eligible bachelor, the prize romance and international "heart" of filmdom is married! Richard Dix, whose engagement had been reported, and sometimes verified, to more girls than there are in a Ziegfeld chorus, dashed to Arizona and made those old vows. And the lucky little lady isn't even a home town product. No sir, a San Francisco lassie, a society girl with no movie connections, just upped and walked away with Hollywood's big moment.

Her name is Winifred Coe. She is twenty-three. Dix met her about five years ago and they corresponded spasmodically. Then, a month before the wedding, she came to Hollywood and twenty hours after their engagement was announced, a justice of the peace wished them joy. Dix gave his age as thirty-seven.

THE picture, "Bad Girl," will go down in history. First of all it re-discovered the talents of Sally Eilers. Sally had been doing good leading woman work, always dependable, would give a creditable performance but never sensational. And then she made Hollywood and the rest of the world sit up and bark when she turned in that marvelous job in "Bad Girl."

But the five-day wonder is the lad, Jimmie Dunn. John Barrymore, who seldom sees pictures, went to "Bad Girl" two nights in succession and wrote Jimmie a note of congratulation, which the kid will keep forever.

JIMMIE is invited everywhere and whenever he's seen with a new girl it's news. He and Molly O'Day have just denied their engagement and Jimmie says he can't even think of marriage until there's a lot of money in the bank. But Anita Page doesn't make any secret of the fact that she thinks Jimmie is her idea of a swell guy.

He's a favorite at the studio and, to show his appreciation of the part the workers played in his success, he invited all the electricians, prop boys and "grips" to his house for dinner. And he bought fifty dollars worth of spaghetti!

HERE'S the news you've been waiting for, all you loyal Clara Bow fans who have been pulling for the Brooklyn burr-'em-up kid. She's going back to work. Starts December 1. And a few months later you'll actually be seeing her on the screen again. Her first picture is called "Get the Woman," and Sam Rork, an independent producer, is the clever one who got Clara to write her name on the dotted line.

Clara spent a couple of weeks in Hollywood



Wide World

"Marrying James" Kirkwood, one of Hollywood's chronic husbands, tries again! Dauntless Jim, once married to Lila Lee, with his fourth wife, Beatrice Powers. She's a pretty twenty-two-year-old blonde who plays in pictures. James is in the late forties



Keystone

Here is four-star news for Joan Bennett's fan army! Photographic proof that the darling is on her feet again, after weeks in a Hollywood hospital with spine injuries received when she was thrown from a horse while on location. Glad you're up, Joan—we can't spare a single member of the house of Bennett!

recently. More dental work. She was looking better than she has for months. But the noise of the city upset her so she went back to Rex Bell's ranch, where she was when the announcement about her return to the screen was made. She'll be perfectly fit by December first. The nurse has already been dismissed.

Everybody kept mum's the word on salary, but she was demanding \$150,000 a picture when Universal was angling for her.

INCIDENTALLY, Clara has rejected all offers of help or "ghost writing" on the book she is doing—her own life story. Clara says she is going to write every word of her autobiography herself.

LILYAN TASHMAN and Eleanor Boardman have made up. You know there was a coolness between these two old friends soon after both joined the ranks of Paramount.

It seems to have begun with a casual remark of Lilyan's about Eleanor's not always being as careful as she might be in her choice of clothes.

A "mutual friend" (a man) dashed right back to Eleanor and said Lil claimed Eleanor didn't know how to dress!

And just about the same time, Eleanor had Adrian do over her (and King Vidor's) home. In green and white. Now, Lilyan had used red and white in her new Malibu home decorations. She thought that Eleanor might be copy-cattin' a little, especially as she'd carried her home scheme to her dressing-room, just after Lilyan had done her dressing-room.

Beauty! Success! Failure! That's Hollywood!



Acme

Oh dear—this picture has us all confused and bothered. The dark man on the left must be Charlie Gandhi, Hindu film comic, and the gent in the bed-sheet looks like the Mahatma Chaplin, of Hollywood. Goodness, the engraver has messed this all up!

HOW far it might have gone, one never can tell.

Then one evening, Eleanor called a friend and asked her to come up to the King Widor's.

The friend had guests. "Bring them along," Eleanor pleaded.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were among the guests. They went along. Lilyan dashed right up to Eleanor and said graciously, "Your house is lovely!"

Eleanor smiled. "I hope you like it better than my dresses—"

Lilyan laughed gaily. "Now, Eleanor—"

And being two intelligent women all was forgotten and they're as chummy as before.

BARBARA STANWYCK was pretty mad when everybody said that Frank Fay had caused the trouble between her and her studio. "He didn't, he didn't," she cried. "Why, he's the grandest man in the world and he wanted to patch up the trouble peacefully while I was so stubborn about it." Anyhow, the trouble got patched up and Barbara started to work, only to run into some more tough luck.

She was riding a horse (for the purposes of the picture) along the beach, when the animal reared and fell into the sand. Both of Barbara's legs were sprained but (you know the-show-must-go-on stuff) she said, "We'll have to hurry and finish this scene before my legs start to stiffen."

Right after that she and Adolphe Menjou swam fifty yards into the water. Immediately



Wide World

Why, Mary Pickford! You'd tell us a fish story, and what a whopper! Anyway, Mary deposes and says she caught the 150-pound sword fish and 175-pound shark with her own little rod and reel. And the photographer proves her story. Now does Doug have to take a cameraman along to prove his low golf scores?



that they reached the shore again, Barbara fainted and was taken to a hospital.

She's better now.

LOTS of people got excited over that report from Paris that Gloria Swanson had married Michael Farmer, the handsome Irish playboy there, last August.

But Gloria herself only laughed.

"How silly!" she said. "My divorce isn't final until November."

And now it looks as if these two have come to a parting along the love route. It may be just a lovers' spat. Or it may be serious. Time is the old boy who tells.

THE Doug Fairbanks, Juniors, are still having to utter daily denials that the stork is on the way.

And only slightly less persistent is another rumor they busily deny—that Doug and Joan are to separate.

The inside report is that M-G-M has cautioned Joan against having a baby. They feel that she could not afford to take the time off, just when she is at the peak of her career, and that motherhood would have a bad effect upon her popularity.

As for the separation, Hollywood persists in buzzing.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug, Jr., have done their house over again. First it was Spanish, then English, and now Billy Haines, who has become a grand interior decorator, has changed it to early American and it's perfect.

FRIENDSHIPS come and go in Hollywood—like romances. Here's a new one. Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich. They have become intimates—go to previews together, exchange calls, and discuss their domestic problems, like a couple of old cronies. Joan has just one large picture on her dressing room table at M-G-M. You've guessed it. It's Marlene. And photographs of Marlene's baby decorate the walls.

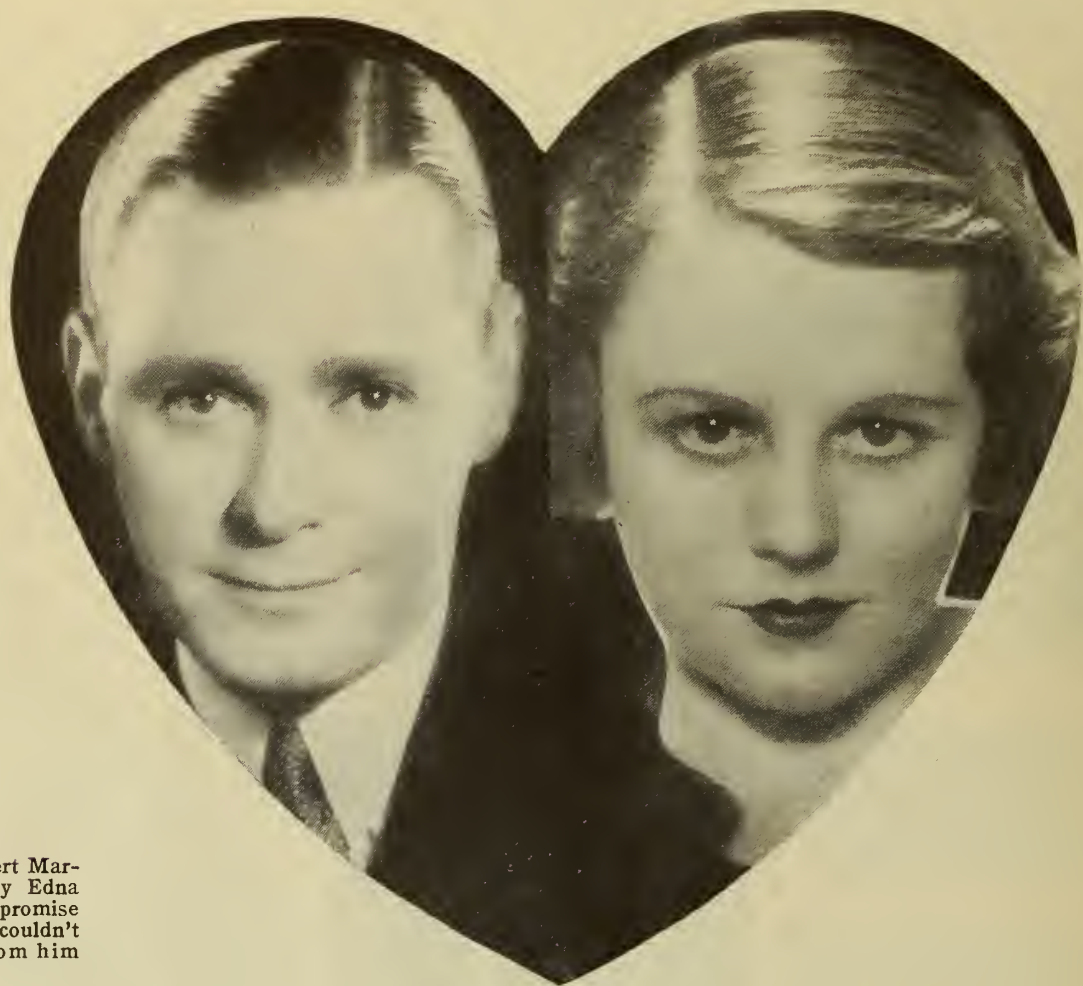
THEY were quite sure that the title "The Impatient Virgin" would never get by the Hays office.

So they thought and thought and thought. And finally, Carl Laemmle, Jr., had the bright idea for a change of title for the play when Universal talkifies it.

It'll be called "The Impatient Maiden."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

LOVE *Laughs* AT *Locksmiths*



Suave Herbert Marshall — lovely Edna Best. The promise of stardom couldn't keep her from him

WHEN, some months ago, a New York stage actress named Edna Best suddenly ran away from the M-G-M Studios and left Jack Gilbert gasping and leading-woman-less on "The Phantom of Paris" set, giving as the sole reason for her astonishing gesture the fact that she couldn't be separated from her husband—Hollywood said, "Pooh pooh and a couple of pish-tushes."

Things like that weren't done. Jobs were too scarce to chuck for husbands. There must be another reason. But there wasn't.

Edna was sorry if she'd caused the studio any trouble. She hoped Mr. Gilbert wouldn't be angry with her. She returned the money she'd received in salary and sent a telegram to the officials from her Eastbound train. The executives had been so awfully kind to her—but, you see, she had discovered she simply couldn't stay in Hollywood when her husband was in New York. Hollywood raised a nonchalant left eyebrow and snickered behind its well-manicured hand.

And then we were given a look at the reason for the sensational walk-out. And there never was a more valid one. In New York, Edna's husband, Herbert Marshall, made a picture called "Secrets of a Secretary" with Claudette Colbert. If you've seen the film you know that Herbert's fine profile and his charm are something to go to New York for.

On the stage he was already well-known. His acting in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was one of the bright glows in the dullest theatrical season New York has had in years. The show was an outstanding hit and the "Standing Room Only" sign was a nightly fixture as the crowds clamored for a look at him.

Matinée idols, as dear old grandma knew them, no longer are in fashion. But Herbert was the nearest approach to a matinée idol New York has had since Lou Tellegen's face fell and John

Barrymore transferred the elegant outlines of his classic profile to the Gold Coast.

The show was a hit, but the triumph was largely Marshall's. It was while he was charming them into insensibility in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" (by the way, Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas are going to do that on the screen) that the movie magnates got after him and deluged him with offers.

"I believe deluge is the word," he said. "I had three and when an actor gets three offers in America his public statements should read 'deluged.'"

IT was while he was working on the stage that Edna went to Hollywood and returned as quickly as she went. Then Herbert accepted the Paramount offer to make a film in New York. Edna was near him when "Secrets of a Secretary" was being filmed. And that's one of the reasons that he was so good and won such a large chunk of the fan heart.

Herbert is English. His father was a well-known English actor. But it was for a business career that the young Marshall was educated. "But," he said, "I seemed utterly unable to hold a job. I was fired so often that I finally gave up in desperation and went on the stage."

He was wounded in the war and spent many months in the hospital. It left him with a stiff leg, but so skilfully does he carry himself on the stage that very few of the thousands who saw him in New York last season knew it. And I'll bet that even you sharp-eyed fans will be surprised when you read it here. It seems only to make his carriage more attractive.

Seeing Herbert, you know why love laughed at locksmiths and studio contracts and big chances. Edna and Herbert are now in London together and will not be separated again.

But Not AT THE Grocer



Marriage ended when Loretta Young told the judge that hubby Grant Withers didn't pay some bills

WHEN Loretta Young took the stand to testify in her divorce complaint against Grant Withers the judge asked, "Did he buy you any food?" "I should say not," Loretta answered. "I paid all the grocery bills."

And there—pfttt!—was the end of a beautiful romance. You remember their mad-cap elopement to Yuma. You remember Loretta's mother's attempted annulment. You remember that Loretta was under age. You remember the storm of protest. But these hazards simply brought the two kids closer together and made their little love nest—in a swanky Hollywood apartment—all the more exciting.

The studio which held their contracts cashed in by playing them together in a picture called "Too Young to Marry." Oh, love laughed at parental disapproval. It was a grocer that separated Grant and Loretta. He, along with a dressmaker and a butcher, called around at the flat for some unromantic money. Loretta had to open her pocketbook. And that is something that love can't stand.

But don't get the idea that Loretta is a bent and broken flower on the stem of life. Living at home again with her mother and sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, she has become a thoughtful and poised young woman. It is almost incredible that she has done so much in her short span of years. A leading woman for four years, now being groomed for stardom, and a divorcée she is—yet this is the first winter that she will not be accompanied by a school teacher while she's working.

"I thought I was madly in love with Grant," she said, "but I guess I wasn't. Had I been I'd have put up with everything he did and would not have divorced him.

"I've only seen Grant twice to talk to since our separation. Both times he wanted to make up. But the feeling I once had for him just isn't in me any longer. I don't love him now and I see that our natures are too different for us ever to get along.

"My marriage has robbed me of the ideals I once had. I had notions of a perfect husband. When they didn't materialize I was disappointed. But there's no use crying about it. Now I know what to expect from marriage. Though our marriage was a mistake and a failure I'm glad it happened. It changed me from an idealistic girl to a practical woman!" And she's only eighteen, the age when most girls are entering college.

BUT with Grant it's different. His closest friends say he was frightfully cut-up by the divorce and his screen career indicates as much. When they were married they were of equal importance in Hollywood—two well known featured players. They both had good contracts. Now Loretta is being fitted for stardom by Warner Bros. and is treated with all the respect of a Chatterton or a Shearer. Loretta is going up, while Grant's luck has not brought him so many big parts.

Grant has never cared much for financial success. Interesting, yes. Amusing, oh sure. But a dollar, according to his vagabond philosophy, was made for the spending. And his idea of a good time is hob-nobbing with his men friends. Whereas Loretta is so much of a fad that if she doesn't watch herself she'll be taken up by the *litterati*. People are always drawing you aside to confide, "This Loretta Young—that girl has a real mind!"

Edna Best wouldn't have a continent between her and Herbert Marshall. But one apartment—when it was cluttered by bill collectors—could not hold Grant and Loretta.

How Madge Evans Grew To Stardom

A RECENT New York visitor to Hollywood who knows the New York stage as Webster knows the English language, said: "I believe the most amazing untold story in Hollywood lies in Madge Evans. In the first place, child stars are not supposed to make good when they return to pictures as men and women. Madge was a child star.

"In the second place, she was a simple little ingénue on the stage. A dainty figure; a sweet face. Like dozens of others. But in Hollywood! Sophisticated; alluring. She has that new glamour that PHOTOPLAY talked about a few months ago."

The woman mused a moment. "Really, someone must have lifted her vocal cords. Now, even her voice is deep and intriguing. They must have pulled her out in front and tied her up behind. Her figure has curves. She's even learned what to do with her hands and her feet. Why don't you find out what happened to her?"

I hurried out to inspect Madge Evans.

And although she was in loose, rather indifferent house-pajamas, I'll have to grant the visitor was correct. If I had been a man—but I wasn't!

Now, I have always had a secret belief that sincerity is the hidden reason for success. Of course, it isn't fashionable to admit sincerity in this age of pretense. But I came from Madge more convinced. I had discovered that even indifference which is sincere leads to fame and money and all the other words which represent that indefinable something for which we yearn.

For no one could have been more indifferent to re-entering pictures than Madge. For that matter, she was completely indifferent at her first entrance. She lived in an apartment with her mother—where lived a director.

He asked permission to use her in a production. At five she was a child star with her own company, like Lillian Gish and the others. One hundred and fifty a week and all expenses. Big money!

HER mother saved it. And then Madge signed for the Madge Evans hats. In those days it was unheard of for a star to tie-up with a commercial product. Therefore, when promoters persuaded her to use her name to boost children's hats, they promised her an excellent income for as long as they used her name on the hats. They are still using it. Madge's personality has long been completely divorced from the hats but she still draws a little income from them, and they have kept her name before the public.

At ten she shot up as unexpectedly as a water-spout. At twelve she was as tall as she is today. She weighed 85 pounds. She was through with pictures because pictures were through with her.

Just jump your eye
from this page to that
and see a little girl
grow into a young lady

By Ruth Biery

She was glad. She had wanted to go to boarding school, anyway. She had been sending for booklets for months. When she found she couldn't be admitted because she had learned only reading and history on the picture sets, and no arithmetic, she was heartbroken. She had to content herself with special teachers. But she must find some diversion from such a bore-some routine!

The stage. She knew actresses because she, herself, had been an actress. By the time she was adolescent, she had determined to be an Ethel Barrymore or Mrs. Leslie Carter. She was

through with the screen forever.

She wavered once. They couldn't find a girl in New York to play with Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." Someone remembered Madge Evans. She had had experience. She was fifteen. She turned up her hair and tried to turn on maturity in the same manner. It was a failure. Time had not had a chance to act as plastic surgeon for either her youth or her figure. She was miserable while making the picture.

Hatred of pictures became a complex; a yearning for stage fame became an obsession!

HER début on the stage was as easy as her original début in pictures. William A. Brady, who had headed the World Film Company, was now a stage producer. He had remained a family friend. He pulled the wires of New York's theatrical politics, so Madge stepped into a rôle in "Daisy Mayme" as easily as you step on a rug which is cushioned.

The play ran twenty-two weeks and at its conclusion another sweet little thing, another natural ingénue, was definitely established.

It was only natural that producers played her as she looked. Lovable, youthful, pretty. Not
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



At eight, with three years of stardom behind her. Madge wasn't as interested in pictures as they were in her. She wanted to go to boarding school



Hurrell

SHE didn't want to go back to Hollywood and possible talkie fame—this lovely Madge Evans who was a baby star fifteen years ago! She was in love with the New York stage—and a New York boy. But producers dangled big, plump checks—and read on the opposite page how Madge tackled the problem!

New Screen Fashions that



DON'T underestimate the value of your screen fashions. Even though you can't run out to your favorite shop and buy things exactly like them, you can go back home with a wealth of ideas for pepping up your own clothes picture. Do you spot the new trends on the screen? The star's clothes are all ahead of the procession. They're designed by skilled stylists who know every beat of the fashion pulse. When a star wears a wide cuff on a dress—it's news! A new hat is an event you don't want to miss. Get the habit of shopping with a thought like this: "Where can I find a dress that has sleeves like the one Norma Shearer wore in that picture I saw last night?" And another thing—the screen shows you how, when and where to wear its styles. Fashions with a setting!



THE EUGENIE hat is dead—but long live such rakish, tilted caps as this one, say I. It has a come-hither air augmented by Lil Tashman's devastating look. It matches the suit Lil wears in "Girls About Town," but you will be seeing it "about town" in various guises. It's well dubbed a pancake hat, don't you think?



YOU can use fur about as you please this winter—the more, the better. Mae Clarke wears a vest-like arrangement of that popular animal, baronduki, on a tan wool crepe dress. Cuff detail with button fastening points to the trend for sleeve elaboration. See this in "Frankenstein."

"DON'T go whoopsy-doopsy with these new hats," says Lilyan Tashman. And to save you from such a fate, Lil wears this trim blue felt in "Girls About Town." Note the modified line. It rolls up in back and down over one eye.

Show the Trends of Style



A BACK twist! Not an acrobatic stunt, but one of the cleverest costume details I've seen. This one, on a white crepe gown worn by Juliette Compton in "Rich Man's Folly," is formed by the bodice and shoulder straps. Unlike that of Kay Francis', it tends to build up the back decolletage somewhat. The neckline of this dress is quite high in the front—a popular characteristic of many new dresses.

— Seymour —

KAY FRANCIS is one girl who need not moan over any backless evening trend, if this stunning green crepe evening dress she wears in "Girls About Town" is a sample. That knotting of the shoulder ties with the belt is a new twist you'll be seeing.

HERE'S romance for you! Black fox on peach velvet. Fur is that extra elegance you will find on everything this winter. The bias cut gives Linda Watkins' figure a svelte line. I like the shoulder bows, Linda—makes your waist look so small. See it in "Good Sport."



Hurrell

A DISH of fruit, a few nuts, a cheery fireplace, a couple of stone dogs—and Joan Crawford, dark-haired again and more beautiful than ever! And even at home she's giving us that glowing smile that burns up the camera. Don't worry about Young Doug! He's just coming in the front door after a golf game!

The Comeback Champ

By
Evaline
Lieber



Ricardo Cortez went down, but he refused to be counted out. He began his fight back and made a big hit in "Transgression," with Kay Francis

WE talk much about "comebacks" in this business.

You know what we mean. The actors and actresses who reach the heights only to toboggan with such suddenness and forcè as to make us, as well as themselves, dizzy; who pick themselves up and climb the steep grade again exactly as though they had never climbed it.

They are legion; enough to populate a small town. They are like those who inhabit a hamlet. A cyclone sweeps relentlessly upon them. Proud and majestic one moment; destitute and bereaved the next. But a few years later? — rehabilitated; reorganized. Again, proud and majestic.

Our population of the rehabilitated is increasing daily. Think of the past year! Sally O'Neil. Three years of almost complete oblivion, and today a new contract with Fox. Lois Wilson; Ben Lyon, Billie Dove; Lew Cody.

Adolphe Menjou; Pola Negri; Doris Kenyon; Neil Hamilton; Sally Eilers; Mae Marsh. Mae! A wife and a mother, long retired.

The list seems almost endless.

Yet, there is a champion among them. Ricardo Cortez has made so many pictures for major companies in the past eighteen months that other Hollywood tobogganers could not but say, "If he can do it, we can do it!"

Yet there was a time when he was as extinct in pictures as the horse and buggy in transportation.

When you ask him how he did it, he answers in one word: "Fight!"

IF Cortez was ever self-satisfied, it was when he was leading man, top-notch, at the Paramount studio, from 1922 to 1926. Fame; big money.

"I was never late on the set; I didn't smoke on the lot; I left the girls, on the lot and off, alone. They didn't have a more conscientious worker. I knew it."

Yes, he knew it. Proud of his blameless record. He thought it made him safe. It didn't.

They wanted him to make a picture at Universal. He didn't object if it was a good story. Remember, Universal in that day was the step-daughter of the industry. It had slid the toboggan, too; had not re-climbed to its present glory.

A Paramount executive told him it was a great part.

"Have you read the story?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it is a good part?"

A bit superior! Possibly so. Anyway, Ricardo went to see the man who was to direct it; one who had never before made a picture.

"Do you want me for this picture?"

"No. I want Francis X. Bushman."

Ricardo returned to his Paramount executive.

He said the director didn't want him; he didn't wish to make the picture.

"You must."

"I won't."

HE decided Paramount was trying to get rid of him. Like a small boy who is being punished for something he can't understand and who suspects it is because his mother and father don't love him.

He asked for his release. And he was so certain of instantaneous success in other studios that he voluntarily gave up the \$60,000 due for the remaining ten months on his contract. Proud; independent.

He drove from Hollywood to Culver City and signed for "Love," with Greta Garbo, at M-G-M at twice his Paramount salary. See? He was right! He had used his head—

Only, big studios don't let little boys teach them lessons. They do the teaching. "Love" had been in work three weeks when production was stopped. John Gilbert replaced Cortez. And Cortez played a small supporting rôle to Lon Chaney; another to William Haines; other inferior rôles.

Black-balled? Perhaps. We've heard of it. When a star breaks a contract or displeases one studio, it frequently asks protection on its decision from the others. The star doesn't work.

Alice White, for example. Sometimes this is fair; more often it isn't. However, we can't go into that in this story.

There is an old bromide: "It never rains but it pours." But old bromides are conceived from generations of experience.

The first year of his toboggan slide was Cortez' honeymoon year with Alma Rubens. He adored her then; he adores her memory today. Little money coming in; much money going out. A home in Beverly; a beautiful wife with a great illness.

Eighteen months ago he hit bottom. Money gone; friends talking; a domestic separation. He had never been on the stage. There is always vaudeville for Hollywood down-and-outers. Could he do it? He looked at his bank balance. He *must* do it.

A vaudeville act. Endless hours of practicing something of which he knew nothing. Opening [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET*—M-G-M

IF this one doesn't pull your heart-strings taut and leave you a limp and weeping rag, then there's something wrong with you. But it ends well enough, so be sure to see it. It's the old mother love-sacrifice stuff but it makes every other picture of this type look sick.

Helen Hayes, a stage star, does things to your emotions from which you won't recover for quite a spell. Starting the picture as a young girl she goes the downward path for her son's sake and ends up as a pathetic little old hag. It's one of the greatest performances to reach the screen. Lewis Stone and Neil Hamilton are both excellent—but it's Helen's show.

Originally called "Lullaby," this picture has been almost entirely remade with great success. Don't miss it.



★ *PLATINUM BLONDE*—Columbia

HERE'S a picture that will put a broad smile on the exhibitor's face. And you'll go away with a nice glow, feeling that you have been well entertained.

It has just about everything—excellent direction and dialogue, youth and beauty, comedy and enough drama. Robert Williams, as the wise-cracking reporter who falls in love with and marries a platinum blonde society girl, Jean Harlow, is a natural for the part. He finds it impossible to adjust himself to the ways of the "400." So *Gallagher*, a girl on his paper who has always been in love with him, gets him eventually. Loretta Young's part of *Gallagher* is small, but she does it well. Louise Closser Hale, Edmund Breese, Walter Catlett and others in the cast are all good. See this.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE CUBAN LOVE SONG*—M-G-M

WHEN you put Lawrence Tibbett's glorious singing and splendid acting, Lupe Velez' entrancing lovmaking, and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness all together in one film—you've got a picture. This is the best Tibbett opus since "The Rogue Song," and they'll be starring Durante soon. He's great.

It tells the yarn of a trio of marines—Tibbett, called *Terry* in the story, Durante and Ernest Torrence—in Cuba. Although Tibbett has a patrician sweetheart in the States, he falls in love with a concentrated bundle of heat named *Nenita*, a peanut vendor, who is, of course, Lupe. There follows a love sequence that is idyllic in its sweetness—and then comes the war, and the marine goes to battle. Ten years later, married to his American sweetheart, he hears in a café the peanut vendor song and it recalls *Nenita*. In a hilarious jag he finds his ex-buddies and goes back to Cuba—only to discover his *Nenita* married and mother of three children. But the eldest is named *Terry*.

How sweetly it's told you won't know until you see it. And when Tibbett sings, you forget you're in a theater. There's no hesitancy in recommending this because it has everything—romance, comedy, music!

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG THE CHAMP
THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET
PLATINUM BLONDE THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME
ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?
LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD
GIRLS ABOUT TOWN STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

The Best Performances of the Month

Lawrence Tibbett in "The Cuban Love Song"
Lupe Velez in "The Cuban Love Song"
Jimmy Durante in "The Cuban Love Song"
Wallace Beery in "The Champ"
Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"
Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"
Robert Williams in "Platinum Blonde"
J. Farrell MacDonald in "The Spirit of Notre Dame"
Eric Linden in "Are These Our Children?"
Arlene Judge in "Are These Our Children?"
Lilyan Tashman in "Girls About Town"
Paul Lukas in "Strictly Dishonorable"
Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable"
Madge Evans in "Heartbreak"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 125



★ THE CHAMP—M-G-M

THERE isn't a machine-gunning in it. There's no more sexiness in it than there is in an annual crop report. No colossal sets; no song-and-dance routines . . .

But boy-oh-boy, is "The Champ" one grand picture! It is—it's one of the best talkies of the year, and if you don't get many times your money's worth out of it, you'd better see a psychiatrist.

Wallace Beery is an ex-heavyweight champ, who's slid down the toboggan via booze and gambling, until he's just a Tia Juana bum. Jackie Cooper is his son—and the love between them, Jackie's supreme faith in his dad, is a thing beautifully played by these two artists.

As the story unfolds, you'll howl with laughter, you'll thrill at exciting scenes—and, suddenly, you'll come up against a bit that'll tear your heart out. Whether you're old or young, woman or man, you'll cry at least once, and you won't be ashamed. There's never been an actor who can yank tears from audiences as Jackie Cooper can. And there's never been an actor who can play a no-good bum and still make you love him as Wally Beery can.

Direction (by King Vidor), story, dialogue, photography—all grand. Don't miss "The Champ."



★ THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME—Universal

HERE is the first feature-length football picture of the season. It's in commemoration of Knute Rockne, with some of his finest players cooperating.

It opens appropriately with Rockne's powerful, magnetic instructions to his team. To J. Farrell MacDonald was given the difficult task of playing the famous coach, and no one could have done it better.

The story concerns the experiences of Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell and Andy Devine, but they no longer seem actors when surrounded by the great Carideo, the Four Horsemen, and others. Ayres deserves credit for taking a fearful beating (he is of slight build and not an athlete) and for playing a rôle in which he is not the hero. This will stir the imagination and enthusiasm of the youth of the country



★ ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?—Radio Pictures

EVERY parent and every adolescent should see this. Which sounds as if it taught a lesson. It does—but without detracting from the excitement of the story.

Youth is the theme. The plot is powerful in its simplicity and truthfulness. Eric Linden, a high school lad, yearns to win honors. His first attempt is a failure and study seems monotonous. There's a little high school temptress. There are road-houses, petting parties and easy ways of making money. See what happens. Wesley (Cimarron) Ruggles has done a remarkable job of directing the young people. But he has weakened his story by trick camera shots. The acting is superb, with eighteen year-old Eric Linden and Arlene Judge, who recently became Ruggles' bride, winning honors.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**LOCAL BOY
MAKES
GOOD—**
First National



**GIRLS
ABOUT
TOWN—**
Paramount



REMEMBER the old Nugent play, "The Poor Nut"? Remember the college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations and how he won a track victory in spite of psycho-analysis? They've taken all that old stuff and made a picture that's a scream, with Joe E. Brown funnier than he's ever been and Dorothy Lee and Ruth Hall as the girls. You'll chuckle over this for weeks.

ALL that old business about the beautiful gold digger and the not too tired business man seems new in this, so scintillating is the dialogue, so gorgeous the clothes. Luscious Lilyan Tashman outdoes herself and Kay Francis is grand. Lucille Gleason, Joel McCrea and Eugene Pallette put plenty of pep into their parts. There's comedy and—yes, sir, some romance. The lines are pleasantly risqué.



**STRICTLY
DISHONOR-
ABLE—**
Universal



**ONCE A
LADY—**
Paramount



CARL LAEMMLE, JR., paid a lot of money for this successful stage play, had the shocking scenes cut out, left in the sentiment and made a knockout movie. You'll love the story of the grand opera singer who was captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas—oh, such charm, such finesse. Lewis Stone—excellent as usual. And Sidney Fox—surprisingly good. Excellent entertainment.

CHARMING simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting justify recommendation. The story is not original. It depends upon dialogue and situations rather than dynamic action. However, Ruth, as a Russian woman with a dual personality, not only gives a deep and intriguing performance, but rather startlingly blossoms forth as a real beauty. She shares acting honors with Geoffrey Kerr, Ivor Novello and the others.

**SECRET
SERVICE—**
Radio Pictures



**HEART-
BREAK—**
Fox



IF this weren't so furiously over-acted, it might have been better. It's that famous old stage play of the Civil War, recounting the hazardous and amorous adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. A little slow after the reign of World War pictures. Richard Dix takes the bit between his teeth and acts for all he is worth. But it isn't as fine work as he did in "Cimarron."

HERE'S a delightful love story with war background, yet not a "war picture." It's the tale of the love of an American embassy attaché in Vienna for an adorable countess—and of how that love triumphs over the things war can do. Madge Evans is grand—beautiful, and an actress of rare depth. She takes top honors from Charles Farrell, who is, nevertheless, good as the American.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**AMBAS-
SADOR BILL**
—Fox



THE cowboy star, Will Rogers, is again operating in a mythical kingdom, and while you are convulsed with laughter at some of his antics, the memory of "King Arthur's Court" keeps bobbing up. Rabid Rogers fans won't mind this and there is fun enough to keep you hilarious for an hour. Marguerite Churchill is a very lovely queen while Greta Nissen makes an attractive vamp.

**THE
BELOVED
BACHELOR**—
Paramount



ASCULPTOR'S fiancée leaves him through misunderstanding when he adopts a little girl, but returns years later to become the grown-up ward's rival. The ward wins out, but only after many teasing turns of the plot. This story alone is pleasing, but backed up by Charles Ruggles' screamingly good comedy the picture becomes excellent entertainment. Paul Lukas plays the sculptor and Dorothy Jordan his ward.

**THE RANGE
FEUD**—
Columbia



YOU'LL think you've seen this picture before, so familiar is all that shoot 'em up, jump on a horse, ride, ride, ride stuff. Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star—but you'll twiddle your thumbs while watching this offering. John Wayne, Susan Fleming, Wallace McDonald and others try their best to push it along, but only in the last reel does it pick up a little speed.

**LEFTOVER
LADIES**—
Tiffany Prod.



ONE of those "should a woman be free" things, with divorcées served for breakfast and mixed up in your shoe laces. A bit over-acted in spots, it is fair entertainment with convincing work done by Claudia Dell, who has gone brunette, just to be different. Marjorie Rambeau plays another of her priceless rôles, while Walter Byron and Alan Mowbray do the masculine honors.

**WAY BACK
HOME**—
Radio Pictures



THIS picture will strike no half-way responses. Either you will be crazy about it or you won't hand it a thing. Thousands follow *Seth Parker's* radio hour, and his first film repeats all his old-time songs, so if you're a fan of his you'll shut off the radio when this picture is in the neighborhood and see it. It's home-town comedy—by cracky—and at least a relief from the current sophistication.

**RIDERS OF
THE PURPLE
SAGE**—
Fox



A PERFECTLY grand Western, produced with all the thought and care of a big feature. The plot of the Zane Grey yarn is typical and well known—but the Arizona scenery, the smooth-flowing, fast action and a breath-taking cattle stampede are things to cheer about. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill do good work.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 122]

Sound! Camera! *Sync it!* A Dramatic



UNEARTHLY quiet has fallen on the First National stage where Dorothy Mackaill is making "Safe in Hell." The sound man has given his gadgets their final twist—the blond lad at the camera has achieved the last perfect focus

Moment on the "Safe in Hell" Set!



Photo by Stagg

DOROTHY and leading man Donald Cook are ready, and Director William Wellman, with his foot on the rubber-tired moving camera "dolly," says go! And here you see the actual shooting of a dramatic scene—actors, crew and mechanical effects

Wandering With The



Since becoming a cinema celebrity, Freddie March has revised Horace Greeley's advice to read: "Go west, young man, go east, go west, go east, go west!" Confusing? Well, rather. It's been that way for him—

In keeping up with a cross-country movie career, they've found that Home is just a place to leave behind

By James M. Kahn

WITH the Fredric Marches (she is Florence Eldridge) it's a case of "Home, Sweet Home—If Any!"

Or, as Groucho Marx sang in "Animal Crackers": "Hello—I must be going!"

For the forward march of Fredric March's itinerant career has kept them leaping from Coast to Coast, from apartment to apartment and from house to house in a bewildered scramble to keep abreast of it.

Home life, they are coming to believe, is a delusion and a snare. They are a little breathless and considerably lease-shy, and instead of hanging the embroidered "God Bless Our Home" on the parlor wall, have revised it to read: "Reach for a Pullman instead of a door-knob."

It was just a few weeks ago that they were in their Great Neck, Long Island, home. But they weren't lounging on that spacious, glassed-in veranda, drinking deep the warm, fragrant joys of a summer on Long Island, nor content in the knowledge that when winter came they'd still be there. No. They were huddled in each other's arms, crying: "Pul-leeze, pul-leeze, we've only *just* moved in here," and wondering if Paramount was really going through with its plans to send Fred back to Hollywood.

Paramount did, and today he's back on the Coast—back on the Coast *again*—making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

HAVING labored at Paramount's Long Island Studios for a year, Fred had worked up a timorous hope that their stay in the East was going to last. It didn't. They were on the leap again!

It's been that way since Fred first stepped into pictures. When he was signed he was playing on the stage in Los Angeles. Playing, as a matter of fact, in "The Royal Family," the picture version of which boosted him into the front ranks of talkie prominence. Back in New York they had a five-year lease on an apartment.

Miss Eldridge had signed for five years because, with a talent for home-making and decoration, she likes to knock down walls, arch doorways, build book-cases and commit other forms of architectural anarchy. The landlord said she couldn't do it on anything under a five-year lease, so it was signed and the apartment turned into a home.

Now they had to get rid of it, for Paramount's plans were for Fred to stay on the Coast. They got out of it, after an involved procedure, and settled down in Hollywood. They leased a house for two years. It was a nice house, so nice that they didn't bother to knock down any walls.

But Fred, who likes to play tennis—and plays it well—had a tennis court built beside it. At the same

Marches

time they decided to build a beach house at Laguna Beach. They stayed just long enough to see the tennis court finished and play a few sets on it. The beach house was still being built when Fred received orders to march on to the Paramount Eastern studios in Long Island.

In New York they went to live at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel where, with a sigh of relief, they could live on a month to month basis. They could leap for a Pullman at a moment's notice.

But the home instinct is strong in the Marches. Also the urge to knock down walls and build tennis courts. They like to putter around and there's no puttering around with the gilded elegance of the Sherry-Netherland.

SPRING came along, too. That didn't help any, either. In addition, Paramount seemed to have an extended program mapped out at Astoria for Fred. It looked as though his work in the East would take on some aspects of permanence. So, with prospects of a long stay in the East, a wall-knocking urge and the sniff of spring in their nostrils, they made the plunge and pulled up with a home in Great Neck.

It was there I found them. As I arrived the phone rang and Fred answered it. It was a friend. A friend with a sense of humor. He just called up to tell Fred, in a voice hysterical with glee, that he heard Paramount was going to send him back to the Coast. Hehehehehe. Well, good-bye.

And so, with that bit of news to start us off, I heard all about the lease-leaping of the Fredric Marches.

If it had merely been a case of going back to Hollywood, there wouldn't have been this cry of plaintive futility seeping out through the shrubbery of the Long Island home of the Marches. They would have been glad to go back to swim and play tennis and ride and see old friends again—and look at the beach house they built but never got a chance to live in.

But it meant more than that. It meant another pulling up of the tender young roots of a home Fred and Florence have tried to plant time and again.

A home means a lot to them. They like to stay in it, and have their friends in it, too. They live modestly and simply. So far, Hollywood hasn't done things to them. If they can help it, it won't.

To find a Hollywoodite without *something* wrong with him sets one to investigating. I tried to find out what was wrong with Fred March.

"I'm normal!" he confessed.

AND he was right. He *is* normal. He's an actor who rejoices in being an actor. Now that he's a movie actor and making more money than he ever could have made on the stage, he still wants to be an actor.

He hasn't worked up an English country squire complex, with a yen for Irish setters, horses, a wooded estate named Breeming Downs-in-Woode, and a yacht. If he did, the Little Woman would knock it right out of him. And, what's more, he'd pay attention to her.

For, to take the words out of Harry Leon Wilson's mouth, she's his best pal and severest critic. Only that's not kidding. He tries out all his rôles on her, because as an actress whom he played with for years before they were married, he formed a deep respect for her talents and judgment.

The story they tell about them when he was making "The Royal Family," has become a classic around New York. He carried the rôle home from the studio and continued to act it around the house. Every time Florence looked up

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



While Florence Eldridge, the Little Woman, is coming to believe that a quiet evening at home consists in being curled up in a Pullman berth with just a good timetable to study for the return trip

This really happened in a Hollywood studio to a girl who stood in the

BREAD LINE

AS she stood outside the director's office—just one of a couple of hundred other folk sent on approval from Central Casting—Molly realized that she was hungry, that she hadn't eaten for the past two days. Realized it with a bitter pang that traveled from her tummy to her heart—and back again to her tummy! She almost laughed at the idea. Why, only a matter of a month ago—well, two months ago—she had been buying butterscotch pecan sundaes, back in New York. And telling herself that she must eat less—or she'd grow plump.

The thought of being plump, now—Molly looked down at the thinness of her hands, clasped loosely in front of her—had a sense of hysteria about it. The thought of a butterscotch pecan sundae brought hot tears to her eyes.

She had given up her well-paid secretarial job so blithely, had Molly. Because the whole movie racket had seemed so easy—to read about. Because so many people had told her that she had a figure like Joan Crawford and eyes like Gloria Swanson. She had invested the savings of five whole years in railroad tickets and pretty frocks.

She had—with a wave of one slender hand (it had been slender then, not thin!)—dismissed the three-fold offer of a slim platinum and diamond band, a three-room apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, and security. To say nothing of love.

"But I don't want marriage," she had said to Preston Crowell, the young man who had made the offer, "I want a career!"

And then, suddenly, she was crying, and the star was saying, "My God, she really acts as if she *is* starving!"

"Don't you care about me?" Preston Crowell had asked. He was a modern young man with sleek hair and a walking stick and a smart roadster (very nearly paid for, too)—but despite all that, his voice was just a shade unsteady.

"Don't you like me—a little bit?" he had implored.

Molly had been near to softening when she heard the quaver in that usually steady, sophisticated young voice. For she did like Preston—she more than liked him.

She had known many a joyous hour in the roadster—speeding through Westchester, parked in the twilight of Riverside Drive. She had thrilled to the tiled kitchenette of the little apartment. She had also thrilled to certain not exactly stolen kisses. But for all her momentary softness, she did not relent.



BY
MARGARET
E.
SANGSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. F. JAMES

"I want," she told the young man, "a career. I want to go into the movies. I photograph beautifully—really I do, Pres! My voice—according to all I've read about voices—is the right sort of voice for the mike. I don't want to settle down before I've had a chance. At least—" her tone was suddenly gentle, "not yet."

It was Preston Crowell's cue to be grateful then, and tactful. Had he shown a proper feeling for that hesitant "not yet," the three-room apartment might have been leased at once. But after the manner of young men, he turned suddenly sullen.

"It isn't as easy as you seem to think," he said almost harshly—the quaver had quite gone from his tone, "this breaking into the movies. Lots of prettier girls than you, Molly—

with better voices, too—are wearing out their shoes, and the sidewalks of Hollywood, looking for work. Maybe you'll be sorry—you'll regret—that you—"

But Molly interrupted. She was just in the mood, then, for argument.

"If you think," she said hotly, "that I'll ever regret not marrying you—"

It was Preston who interrupted, this time.

"I wasn't going to say that," he told her, "at all! I wasn't going to bring myself, or marriage, into it! But if you want to be mean—well, I bet you'll think that this old town, and everything in it, looks pretty good a few months from now. *When you come back to it.*"

"But I won't come back," Molly told him fiercely. "How do you get that way? Not until I've made good. *See!* Not until I've made good!"

Preston Crowell brushed his hand back, nervously, across his sleek hair. And then all at once his reserves had crumbled.

"Oh, honey," he begged. "Oh, Molly dear. If you change your mind—and you probably will, you know—just wire me. And I'll come all the way out—"

But again he was unfortunate in the matter of phrasing his thoughts. He shouldn't have said, "you probably will." For—

"I won't change my mind!" Molly told him. "And I won't wire—not ever!"

But just two months later, as she stood outside the director's office, rubbing the scuffed toe of one patent leather slipper against the back of her darned stocking, Molly was thinking of New York. And of the tiled kitchenette, and the little roadster, and Preston, and—everything. And it wasn't easy not to cry!

And, oh God—how hungry she was!

SHE had gone out so blithely from New York, with her smart summery dresses packed in two new suitcases, and her ticket paid for, and three hundred dollars left over. She had registered at one of the best hotels, never counting the cost of best hotels! For, she told herself, three hundred dollars would certainly be ample until she got a job in pictures.

Of course, Molly didn't expect a starring part at first, not quite that. Although she'd fed her soul on a million Cinderella-like experiences in half a million magazine articles! But she did expect something that would supply bread and butter and jam and new silk stockings—supply them almost immediately.

It was with a sense of acute surprise that she reviewed her resources at the end of her first week in Hollywood, and realized that more than a third of her money was gone and, as yet, she hadn't even seen the inside of a movie lot.

Even at the end of the second week she was already scanning her features almost forlornly, in the mirror. Why, she didn't even look as pretty in Hollywood as she had in New York—Hollywood was crowded with prettier girls than she! The clerks in the shops were beautiful, the waitresses in the tea rooms were radiant.

"But after all," Molly told herself, "I've got a good voice, if I do say it." And so she took a sharp tug at her mental boot straps and moved from the good hotel which had by this time absorbed two-thirds of her capital, to a cheap boarding house.

But cheap though it was, the boarding house had eaten acidly into her remaining hundred dollars. So that at the end of a month Molly, a trifle wild-eyed, was looking for stenographic work, the sort that she had stopped doing in New York—stopped doing several years ago, before she assumed the dignity and title of a secretary. It surprised her acutely that she couldn't even get a chance to show her skill on a typewriter. Surprised her, that is, until the boarding house keeper gave her the proper slant on Hollywood's economic situation.

"You'll not get a job out here, dearie," the boarding house keeper said, not ungently. "The place is over-run with stenographers who came out to act—and who need jobs! Take my advice, girlie"—the woman was a kindly soul—"and go home and marry some nice young fellow and settle down."

At that moment Molly found herself almost wishing that she could go home and marry some nice fellow. But her denial of Preston had been far too definite to admit of failure—at least yet.

"Oh," she told the boarding house keeper, and though her tone was not exactly airy, it at least had a touch of confidence, "oh, something will turn up yet, I'm sure."

But nothing turned up—nothing. And at the end of six weeks—well, tramping from office to office can make even the smartest new clothes and the most trick little shoes look shabby!

The seventh week found Molly haunting employment agencies, standing like a shadow among a couple of hundred other shadows in front of forbidding closed doors. They were always closed . . .

The eighth week—and eight weeks, as any mathematician figures it, equal almost two months—brought her to actual hunger! Hunger—with her last pair of silk stockings in a regrettable state, and her last week's board bill unpaid, and the freshest of her frocks sold to a second-hand dealer.

And then on the last day of the second month had come a magic summons. Central Casting had given her a sudden call. She was to report at a studio. If she suited it might mean anything. Even—a job.

"If I could only get one day's work," she told herself fiercely, as she waited in front of the director's office, "it would help. I could pay some rent, on account, and perhaps have a hamburger sandwich, too, on the way home."

The thought of a hamburger sandwich, sizzling, smelling not too faintly of onions, made her feel acutely giddy.

THERE was a bustle about the place on this day. But perhaps, for all Molly knew, there was always this sense of nervousness in a studio. It spread through the crowd as bustle and nervousness always do. Molly wasn't the only one on edge—for the girl standing next to her gave a sudden sharp little sigh.

"You and me," she said in an aside, over her shoulder, "haven't got much chance, kid, I'm afraid. There are too many near-society girls coming in here, trailing new chiffon dresses. You and me—well, I'm down on my luck. I haven't had a day's work since St. Peter was a little baby. And you don't look so prosperous either."

"No, I'm not so prosperous," answered Molly wearily.

"Been here long?" asked the other girl—not that she cared much, just for something to say.

"Oh, for two months," said Molly, still wearily.

"Say," the other girl was suddenly confidential, "I've been here two years, and it gets harder all the time; I mean more competition and everything. You're new at it still—you can break away. Why don't you beat it back to the place you came from?"

It was Molly who sighed now. "It's a long walk to New York," she said.

The other girl persisted. "Haven't you some friend who'll stake you to a train ride?" she asked Molly.

But at the question Molly's head snapped up sharply and her chin became all at once firm again. Nearly firm! She was remembering what Preston had said about "when you come back."

"No," said Molly, "I haven't." And that was that.

THE crowd in front of the director's office was growing. It was in the air that there had been a large order for extras, but nobody seemed to know just what kind of a picture was in process. The crowd contained all sorts of people, too. There were the aforementioned near-society girls, trailing their chiffons . . .

There was a stout, matronly woman whose round cheeks looked placid, and whose eyes looked scared. There was a tall, shiny black man, with a little pickaninny clutching at either hand. There was a fussy, be-ribboned mother, with a fussy, be-ribboned child in tow . . .

There were old men, bearded and bent and hopeless. There were young men, arrogant and bold-eyed and a little worn at the elbows.

And then suddenly a door opened somewhere and a girl came out with a slip of paper in her hand. On the paper were names, neatly typed. Molly, with her eyes, followed the progress of the girl—evidently a secretary—who consulted the list and made checks against the names. And, as she watched, all about her, through the line of extras, a whisper grew and swelled and traveled.

"They're casting for that New York picture," ran the whisper. "They want fifty extras today. My God—fifty! It's New York stuff. It's— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

He Ages Thirty-Five Years in Three Hours



It takes this man just three hours to add thirty-five years to his life! But it takes three hours every day. The natty young fellow in gray hat is named Phillips Lord, but you know him over the radio as *Seth Parker*. He and his troupe are making "Way Back Home" for Radio Pictures, and the greatest make-up job

since "Cimarron" is done on Lord by Ern Westmore, who was responsible for aging Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in that picture of Oklahoma frontier days, and Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill." Westmore works on the human face in much the same way an artist paints a canvas. They make 'em young or old in Hollywood

"All Quiet

on the
WESTERN
FRONT"

WINS

The Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal
As the Best Picture of the Year 1930

THE motion picture audience of the world has awarded PHOTOPLAY Magazine's famous Gold Medal for the best picture released in 1930 to Universal Pictures for "All Quiet on the Western Front."

This is the eleventh annual award of this honor which has from the beginning been recognized as the highest distinction that can be earned by a motion picture. It is the second talking picture to win the medal.

The previous winners were—"Humoresque," 1920; "Tol'able David," 1921; "Robin Hood," 1922; "The Covered Wagon," 1923; "Abraham Lincoln," 1924; "The Big Parade," 1925; "Beau Geste," 1926; "7th Heaven," 1927; "Four Sons," 1928, and "Disraeli," 1929.

"All Quiet" is, without doubt, one of the greatest sermons of peace ever preached. And that the pulpit for this sermon should have been a silver screen is significant indeed.

WHAT went into the making of the film is a great story in itself. Carl Laemmle, Sr., had but recently turned over his Universal Film Corporation to a smiling lad of twenty-one—his son Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Junior had read Erich Remarque's amazing book, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Junior wanted to make a picture of it. Hollywood laughed.

Why, you couldn't make a picture out of a book like that! But Junior thought you could.

He cabled his father, who was on his way to Germany, asking him to buy the book. Carl, Sr., shook his head, but was eventually persuaded to sink nearly a million and a half dollars into the film. The boy, Carl Laemmle, Jr., had a vision. He saw it fulfilled and glorified.

Young Laemmle selected Lewis Milestone to direct "All Quiet." Milestone—himself a young man—had been known as a comedy-drama director. This was the first deadly



Carl Laemmle, Sr.—he bought the story

Erich Remarque—he wrote the book



serious story he had attempted. When "All Quiet" was released he was recognized as a directorial genius. In the 1930-31 vote of motion picture critics, polled by the *Film Daily*, a trade publication, he was rated as the best director. Also this year he was singled out by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the man who had done the most able directing in 1930.

"All Quiet" was not a star picture—yet it introduced a new and vivid star to the screen—Lewis Ayres. Again Laemmle, Jr., showed courage in

choosing an almost untried actor for the difficult rôle of the boy Paul. Ayres had had but slight film experience. Immediately upon the release of "All Quiet" he became a sensation. But it is not his performance alone that you recall—it is the cast as a whole that remains a fierce and beautiful memory.

ONE of that troupe, Louis Wolheim, the lovable, humorous *Katzenzinsky*, died a few months ago. But his work in this great picture will never be forgotten. The younger men who played with Ayres—Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Scott Kolk, Walter Browne Rogers, Ben Alexander, Owen Davis, Jr.—began the picture as boys but, realizing the seriousness of their work, finished it as men.

John Wray and Slim Summerville deserve attention, as does Raymond Griffith for a magnificent "bit." The others were all excellent and added to the force of the picture.

Maxwell Anderson and George Abbott must be given great credit.

These two famous playwrights wrote treatment and dialogue.

In every way "All Quiet on the Western Front" was a perfect film.

The number of votes received this year has been tremendous. A word of explanation must be said about why the 1930 award is not made until December, 1931. This is so the people throughout the world may have a chance

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Lewis Milestone—he directed it



Lew Ayres—he won fame in it



Carl Laemmle, Jr.—he produced it at the age of 21

The Nobel prize of film-dom—Photoplay's Gold Medal which goes this year to Universal

Jimmy,

Sylvia



The nose that has launched a thousand laughs



She collects first editions and hates exercise

ON February 10, 1893, Mrs. Barthelmo Durante became, at the Durante flat at 90 Catherine Street, New York, the mother of a 7-pound, 9-ounce baby boy. Three and a half pounds of that weight, they saw, was the baby's nose. He still has it, and that's why they call him "Schnozzle" instead of his given name of James, or Jimmy.

Early in life, Jimmy realized, like *Cyrano de Bergerac* before him, that nobody'd ever take him seriously with a nose like that. So he became one of the greatest comedians there is. Papa Durante wanted Jimmy to follow in the barbering trade, and had him lather customers' faces. But they laughed so hard at Jimmy's beak that papa cut them here and there, so Jimmy went out into the world. He still hates to shave. And now he makes as much in one week as seventeen barbers in a row of months.

He loves parties. Let him loose in one, and he steals the show.

Cornflakes with milk is his favorite dish! Give him a box of flakes, a bottle of milk, and he's happy. He even entertains, now and then, at cornflake dinners.

He's as nervous as a cat; does everything jerkily and quickly. Walks that way and with a slight stoop to his shoulders. Doesn't care what he wears. When he gets up he puts on the first things he lays his hands on, regardless of color combinations or appearance. Smokes cigars constantly.

When he was ten, his mother started him on piano lessons at a dollar apiece. Jimmy learned that half the time he could spend the dollar on ice cream and things and make up the lesson by practicing at home. He did, and can play anything from opera to jazz on the keys. Once, in his early days, he was accompanist to a singing waiter named Eddie Cantor, in a Coney Island cafe.

He never sleeps more than five hours a night and is an early riser.

His wife is Jean Olsen. He met her when he was "Ragtime Jimmy" at Coney Island. Her first remark to him was, "You're the worst piano player I ever heard." That started a romance that's still hot fourteen years later.

DID you happen to see a picture called "Thru Different Eyes"? Can you remember a furtive, not too attractive girl who gave a piercing scream in the courtroom? You can recall her vaguely, yes? But she left no impression on you? If you haven't already heard, what I'm about to tell you will be a shock. Maybe you'd better sit down.

That little nonentity in "Thru Different Eyes," that stage actress who came to Hollywood and failed—well, that was Sylvia Sidney! The Sylvia Sidney who, later, played a melancholy tune on your heart strings in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene." The girl with the crinkly eyes and the sweet, fresh mouth. The young woman who is, at the moment, the outstanding sensational success of Hollywood!

Your guess as to the reason why she failed first and, a few months later, became the talk of the town is as good as mine or Mahatma Gandhi's. Good parts, I suppose. Careful direction. Any number of things. The fact remains that, despite Paramount's effort to make her a second Clara Bow, Sylvia stands on her own two feet and is now considered their second biggest box-office draw. Marlene Dietrich is first.

Her eyes are gray-green and change their color, but one of them has a brown birthmark that doesn't change.

When she was ten (the daughter of a Bronx dentist and a dress designer at Wanamaker's, living in Greenwich Village) something happened to her. She could not talk to anybody. If someone spoke to her tears would pour down her cheeks.

PUZZLED by all this, her parents insisted that she take dancing and elocution lessons—both of which she most cordially loathed. She gave up the dancing but the elocution teacher persisted. Apparently he saw in her what critics were later to discover when, at fifteen, she did the leading rôle in the Theater Guild School play.

She collects first editions but hates all form of physical exercise. She can't stand to have anyone manicure her nails.

So near-sighted she cannot see a movie without her glasses, six rows back. An exceptionally bad memory, but she's as shrewd a little business woman as Hollywood has known.

Linda And John



Her hobby is eating and she can bark like a seal



He can play the piano but he won't play golf

THIS "debutante" Fox star is going to cause a mutiny among Hollywood women. Her hobby is *eating*.

When they see her, 5 feet, 4½ inches, maintaining an unvarying weight of 108 pounds on *two* double scoop chocolate ice cream sundaes each noon, two chocolate bars at frequent intervals during working hours, and a repeat on the sundaes for dinner, then pink skins turn a jealous green.

But Linda Watkins has a swell sense of humor. Her wit flashes as brightly and unexpectedly as a divorcee's engagement ring. And, unusual attribute, she can laugh at herself.

Her laugh is famous. It barks like a seal. The comparison is accurate. So accurate that director Al Santell threw her a fish every time she laughed while making her first picture, "Sob Sister." Nor did the broad hint stop her. She only barked the louder.

Her family is impeccable. Her uncles include: Lord Brougham of England; Professor Michelson, father of the philosophy of light; Major Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore, painter and sculptor; and Williams Watkins, inventor of the automatic fire alarm. You'd know, seeing this impressive list, that she has money. She has.

She went to private schools. Because she didn't like being a lady of ease, she entered the Theater Guild School, in the same class with Marguerite Churchill and Sylvia Sidney.

Because she magnetizes success, Linda appeared immediately in "The Devil and the Cheese," was featured in "The Ivory Door," and had other stage successes including a season with Blanche Yurka in high-brow Ibsen. She's afraid of the screen and refused point blank to attend a public preview of her picture but saw it alone. She came from the projection room looking as though she had been to a wake. "I'm terrible," she wailed.

But she wasn't. "Sob Sister" (Linda plays the hard-boiled girl reporter) has already made her thousands of screen friends.

In Hollywood she's invariably the life of the party. She usually seats herself right on the floor and proceeds to be the focal point for a large and admiring group.

Her favorite drink is a concoction of orange ice cream and cream, shaken together.

GIVE John Arledge a perfectly strange piano and in no time at all he'll make it sit up and say, "Poppa!" He can do more with pianos than Mr. Heinz can with pickles.

But that's not strange. You see, ever since Johnny's childhood—that was down in Crockett, Texas, where Papa Arledge was a wholesale grocer—music has been his hobby. It still is—and his only one. He started learning to play the piano, and incidentally the pipe organ, when he began saying da-da, and he's never stopped practicing.

That's how he broke into pictures. It certainly wasn't his face. Johnny doesn't think much of that face. He always figured it'd get in his way for a screen career, so he hoped for a chance at grand opera. Instead, he drifted to California with a stock company, and in the course of events found they needed a nifty piano player to do the "Rhapsody in Blue" number in Universal's "King of Jazz." He got the job. And from that, his step into his current contract with Fox is just one of the usual Hollywood up-from-the-ranks stories.

John (they call him Johnny, for short) Arledge is his real name. He first bawled his defiance at the world on March 12, 1907, down there in Crockett. Dad wanted him to follow in the grocery business but Johnny wasn't interested.

HE'S one of the sweetest dispositioned lads in Hollywood. "A sort of he-Janet Gaynor," somebody characterized him. One of the first things you notice about him is his swell Southern drawl. With it goes a Southern charm of manner.

He's quite ga-ga over Una Merkel. When those two get together, it sounds like all Dixie let loose.

He weighs 140 pounds, and although he doesn't look it on the screen, he's only two inches under six feet. His hair is light blond and wavy, and his eyes are that interesting gray-blue.

He hates biographies and too heavy reading, but if you give him Hemingway, or Maugham, or Walpole, he'll like you for life. Yes, he smokes, but moderately. He likes swimming and tennis, and thinks golf is blah.

And do the girls like him? *Do they!*

"Ding bust me if it isn't another, and what a whopper!"



Rudy Vallee At Home

By Leonard Hall

SCENE—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Vallee. She was formerly Miss Fay Webb of Santa Monica, California. He was formerly Mr. Rudy Vallee of Westbrook, Maine, and The Villa Vallee, New York. Mrs. Vallee was formerly in pictures. Mr. Vallee is a two-handed saxophone player who leads Mr. Will Osborne's jazz band, and also sings through a megaphone. He once made a talking picture called—called—oh, dear me suzz, what was it called? The Vallees are discovered in the living room of their New York apartment.

MR. VALLEE—Wall, haow do you like our settin' room?

MRS. VALLEE—Living room, dear. Don't go Maine on me! It'll do for the nonce, when we get a good reliable nonce. Is it time for your broadcast?

MR. VALLEE—Wall, let's see, naow. I'm due at the Bliff Theater at 7:32. At 8:01 I'm at the Bloppo Cafe, and then at 8:03 I goes on de air ovah de Barbed-Wire Hairnet Hour at Station FOOF. An' den, sugah, ah aims to come on home an' croon foh mah mamme!

MRS. VALLEE—Just what act are you supposed to be doing now, baby? You're getting your dialects all scrambled.

MR. VALLEE—Oh Lor', I am confused! There I was doing a bit from the Royal American Roughage Hour over Station PIFF on odd Tuesdays in Lent, or is it Advent? This business does keep one dizzy!

MRS. VALLEE—Never mind, ducky! We'll soon be home in California where all you have to do is make nice little talkies. I'll bet—(A shot is heard off) OOOOH! Rude, what was that?

MR. VALLEE (cautiously peeping past the chained door)—Law! Isn't that a dad-burned shame? Another of those silly gells has shot herself, right here on the door-mat! We'll simply have to order Gus not to let any more into the building! Dod-rat me if that doesn't make sixteen today.

MRS. VALLEE—Sweet sixteen who'll never be missed. I think it's a darned shame! Can't a bride and groom have a little peace without some fool girl firing a gun into herself every ten minutes? I'm going to write to the Mayor!

MR. VALLEE—Won't do a lectle mite o' good, dear. They will do it, though I make a speech about it every performance. Why, the shows the critters have busted up, with their screams

and pistols! Some of them shoot blanks, too. It's a rotten shame.

MRS. VALLEE—Well, I do think that (BANG! another shot). Oh,

gosh! There it goes again!

MR. VALLEE (taking another peep)—Ding-bust me if there isn't another—and what a whopper! Two hundred and fifty if she weighs an ounce!

MRS. VALLEE (proudly)—The bigger they are the harder they fall for my Rudy! Do call Gus, dear, and have her swept out. Your songs all set for tonight?

MR. VALLEE—Well, I thought I'd give them "Moonlight," then follow with "Crooning in the Moonlight," "Moonlight Crooning," "Croon to the Moon," "The Moon Is a Croon," and then wind up with "Crooning."

MRS. VALLEE—That's a nice selection, dear.

MR. VALLEE—It has variety.

MRS. VALLEE—That's what they like—variety. (Looking out the front window.) You'll have to take the freight elevator again, dear. There's a terrible mob down there. Got everything you need, dear?

MR. VALLEE—Everything, dear.

MRS. VALLEE—Got your big white sweater with the blue Y, and your hair grease, and that new gold megaphone with the diamonds and emeralds, dear?

MR. VALLEE—Got it all, dear.

MRS. VALLEE—Got a big kiss for me, dear?

MR. VALLEE—Yes sirree, dear! (He administers it.)

MR. VALLEE—Wall, time to be a'goin'. I can just make it with the motorcycle escort. What are you going to do, dear?

MRS. VALLEE—I'm going to sit right here and crochet my big boy that new megaphone cover for his birthday!

MR. VALLEE—My little woman! Well, 'bye, dear!

(He tiptoes into the hall. A shot is heard.)

MR. VALLEE (from the freight elevator)—She missed me, dear! See you in the morning!

FEMALE VOICE FROM HALLWAY—Hussy!

MRS. VALLEE (slamming and double-bolting door)—Dope!

THE FAMILY RADIO—"Hi-Ho, everybody! This is Rudy Vallee, broadcasting from the stage of the Bliff Theater. Our first number tonight will be a little waltz I just wrote called—"

MRS. VALLEE (succumbing to honest tears)—Nuts!



Hal Phylfe

COME good stories, come sour—the interesting and capable Mr. Warner Baxter, ably supported by his neat mustache, goes right on knocking out the box-office naturals for Fox. Putting on his chaps and best Mexicano leer, he makes “The Cisco Kid.” Quickly changing into store clothes, he stars in “Surrender”

Stars Broaden Shoulder Lines



YOU should look as if you have the shoulders of a football hero these days. Bulky at the top, slenderly tapering below—that's the new silhouette. Look at the fur massed on collar and sleeves of Mae Clarke's red woolen suit. Smart side closing. And nice black accessories. Worn in "Frankenstein."

LILYAN TASHMAN knows just the right one-eyed angle at which to tilt a sailor. Simplicity plus, from shallow crown to narrow brim. Just felt and hatter's plush done with a manner. From "Girls About Town."

WHY such big sleeves? "The better to achieve the new silhouette, my dears," says Kay Francis. Huge brown fur sleeves in leg o' mutton effect give pencil-like slenderness to a green coat she wears in "Girls About Town."

Wear Satin For Leisure Hours



WHEN you see "Shanghai Express" don't miss these pyjamas of Anna May Wong's. White satin contrasted with brown—and well done, I think. I like the simplicity of the whole thing—that high neck, fitted sleeves—note that the trouser fullness is subtly disguised.



NORMA SHEARER'S next picture is that gay, sophisticated comedy, "Private Lives." And here is one of the many delightful lounging costumes she wears for her "private life!" It's a tailored, mannish sort of robe made gay by gold dots on brown satin. Just the thing you should have—it's smart and practical both. How do you like that modern cabinet in the background? I think it's a beauty.

— Seymour —



Gene Robert Richee

EVER since young Phillips Holmes, as *Clyde Griffiths*, sat down in the electric chair, he has been getting more and more famous. Given a reputation by his labors in "An American Tragedy," he trots from stage to stage trying to catch up with his rôles. He will soon appear in "The Man I Killed." Always murdering!



“Ginsburg!”

Maurice Chevalier and one of his fiddler boy friends sneak up on the microphone and make a record that sparkles with pep

By *Ida Zeitlin*

THE time is 10:15 of a pleasant morning. The place is the recording studio of the Victor Company—a huge, windowless room, artificially lighted and ventilated, and equipped with an assortment of musical instruments of so many shapes and varieties that you would probably have trouble naming half of them.

Yet so vast is this room that, despite its paraphernalia, despite the twenty people, the piano, the platform and the score of chairs held comfortably within its middle region, it creates an impression of emptiness. You notice at once that the floor you walk on, the ceiling over your head, the walls around you, are different from the floors and the walls and the ceilings of your every-day existence; and upon inquiring, you are informed that, for technical reasons, all these surfaces have undergone some special and mysterious process of treatment.

The chairs are occupied by musicians, mostly young. On a dais facing them, close to a microphone, stands the conductor—a curly-haired, pleasant-faced youth whose manner is friendly and free of any trace of bumptious authority. Yet make no mistake. This amiable young man, who works in shirt-sleeved brotherhood with his orchestra and addresses them for the most part as “chiselers,” is no less surely the boss of his outfit than Toscanini standing in glory on the stage of Carnegie Hall.

There is a sense of expectancy in the air—that feeling which pervades a theater just before the curtain goes up. The orchestra is rehearsing an unfamiliar melody, at the same time keeping its eyes cocked toward the door that leads into the street. The prevailing spirit of good humor is catching. It even manages, somehow, to sneak its way into the dreamy notes of the waltz they’re playing, that sounds as if it were destined to become one of the season’s favorite dance tunes.

There seems to be some confusion as they near the end. The conductor sends an inquiring eyebrow toward the piano. “Say, Len!” comes a plaintive voice from that direction, “these four bars at the end don’t mean nothin’!”

“Len”—otherwise Mr. Leonard Joy, whose name seems singularly appropriate to the genial atmosphere he creates—joins the pianist. Their knitted brows and rhythmic fingers are bent above the score. The others relax. One of them eyes me speculatively; then, taking the plunge, calls in a confidential whisper, “You gunna write us up?”

But the whisper isn’t confidential enough. “Hey, fellas, look what wants a write-up!” chortles his neighbor. “It ain’t us she’s gunna write up, nitwit!” he adds severely. “It’s the French egg!”

THIS releases a flood of contributions.

“What a guy that is!”

“Does that bird know his business!”

“Takes him an hour ’n’ a half to do his stuff where it takes the rest of ’em double.”

“An’ that’s no buggy-ride!”

“Say, lady, watch him talk to the mike. It’s a laugh!”

“All right, boys, let’s go!” calls the leader. “We’ll take it with the second ending.”

Once, twice, three times they play the song—play it until each note emerges, clear and round, and the melody seems to assume an airy shape of its own that floats charmingly about the room on its dancing feet.

The last quiver of sound dies away. “Ginsburg!” comes a deep-throated chorus from the players who look rather pleased with themselves as they lower their instruments. Ginsburg? Well, it certainly sounded like Ginsburg, unless my ears are playing me some fancy trick. Mr. Joy takes pity on my mystified face and explains.

“It’s a gag,” he says. “One of the fellows brought it back from a picture studio where he worked. Every time the director shot a scene he’d say to his head yes-man, ‘It’s good, Ginsburg!’ So they started

**Maurice Chevalier,
the boy who breaks
records, also makes
them. Now read how!**

“Geenzborgh!” yells Chevalier, and another record’s made!

yelling it here whenever they liked themselves—and after a while it came to be just ‘Ginsburg!’ Means—” he concluded with a deprecating grin, “it’s swell!”

It is past ten-thirty—the hour at which the French singer for whom they are waiting is scheduled to arrive. He had, to be sure, stepped off the Hollywood train only that morning. Tardiness under such conditions might be considered excusable.

Yet when, at promptly ten-forty, a man of average height, in a gray suit and a fedora hat, with warm blue eyes and a slightly protruding lower lip, makes his appearance—producing, incidentally, on the occupants of the room the effect of a slight and stimulating electric shock that stiffens their backs and brings a sparkle into their eyes—there is apparent on the newcomer’s agreeable face a look of genuine distress.

“I am late,” he says, turning to Joy, and the voice and the accent are those that within the brief space of three years have grown to be a familiar delight in every corner of the world. But the still more famous smile is missing. In repose Maurice Chevalier’s face is unexpectedly grave, even stern—reflecting, perhaps, the sternness of the poverty-haunted years of his early youth. “I am late, but I think it is not my fault. No one told me I must come here, so I went first to 44th Street. I am terribly sorry.”

THEY get down promptly to business. Mr. Joy raises his baton and the notes of the waltz they have just been rehearsing drift once more through the room. Chevalier, having removed his collar and lighted a cigarette, hums the air as he listens. The first violinist, a boy with great dark eyes who looks about eighteen, smiles up at him and Chevalier smiles back. Impossible to analyze that smile, still more impossible to resist it. It seems to hold the essence of all the friendliness and kindly warmth that one human being may feel for his fellows.

Chevalier nods his approval, hangs his coat and vest over the back of a chair, and, hands in pockets, takes his place at the microphone. The god of the control room, where the technical equipment is housed, emerges, makes some adjustment in the combination radio-Victrola that stands against the wall, and disappears.

A second’s pause is followed by a long, wavering buzz, which is the signal for silence. Another buzz, long and steady. Two flutes in the back stand up. A third buzz, repeated, short and sharp, and the music floats out.

Chevalier begins to sing. Gone is the serious mask, gone the preoccupied air. His face lights up, his hands move easily from gesture to gesture, and wherever he puts them is the place where they should be; his shoulders talk, his eyebrows are more eloquent than most people’s tongues. His whole body is the sensitive instrument through every inch of which he conveys, far more vividly than in words, the spirit of his song.

FINISHING the first chorus, he steps away from the mike to make room for the dark-eyed, long-lashed boy who, looking more childish than ever with his grave face bent above the violin, plays a brief solo into the microphone. As he in his turn steps back from the instrument, Chevalier makes him a low bow which he as ceremoniously returns.

It’s a love ditty that he’s singing, written by the authors of “Louise,” that popular ballad of his first picture. Its words contain none of the humor, none of the sophistication of the French favorites with which he earned his European reputation. It is a purely American product, boasting a purely American flavor. “Will I ever find the girl in my mind, the girl who is my ideal?”

Yet, those of you who saw “Innocents of Paris,” who saw Chevalier standing by a flower-covered wall in the moonlight singing to the wistful girl above him, who remember the half-tender, half-mischievous smile with which he seemed to mock the sentimentality of the words as he sang them, who realized how by the deftness and grace of his touch he lifted that scene out of the commonplace, and transmitted it into a genuine emotional expression of the beauty and pathos of young love, will understand how he worked a similar miracle with this one.

The first test is finished. Everyone gathers about the radio-Victrola to listen with professional concern to the reproduction. There’s something a little eerie about this instantaneous mechanical repetition of the sounds that a moment before were being made by [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114



Here’s a new experience for a little fellow with a big reputation! Mervyn LeRoy, the youngster who made himself famous by directing “Little Caesar” and “Five Star Final,” puts Gloria Swanson through her paces in “Tonight or Never” for Goldwyn. Look, everything must be all right—they’re smiling!



Bert Longworth

GOODNESS gracious alive to Betsy! Can't we girls get any privacy at all? Take Ruth Chatterton—and that's a pip of an idea! Here she is, reading her "Tatler" in bed, and a pair of brash young cameramen have pushed past the maid and are firing away point blank—the brutes! A scene for Ruth's new "Once a Lady"

\$2,000.00 Prize

As human and as romantic as the winning story itself is this one about the girl whose words meant dollars

copied, all of them typed on the same kind of paper, set up in the same way, bound together with the same patent clasps, alike as blonde chorus girls.

No name, address or other identifying mark was put on these typewritten copies, except that each was given a number corresponding to the number that had been placed on the original manuscript as it was received at the PHOTOPLAY office. The judges saw only the typewritten copy—the originals having been placed in locked steel cabinets. There was no way of determining whether the writers were men or women, young or old, rich or poor, worthy or unworthy. The winning manuscript had to stand or fall on its own merit as a story that best suited the requirements of Warner Bros. and most strictly followed the rules and the spirit of the contest.

Therefore, it was with all the expectancy of the unfolding of a mystery drama that the original copy of ms. 109 was brought from the filing cabinet and, for the first time, the name of the lucky winner read. This gesture had all the elements of suspense and surprise that the winning story itself has. It was called—as suggested by the contest—"Beauty and the Boss," although this was not obligatory.

THE name? The writer of the mysterious yarn? "Jane E. Considine, Philadelphia, Pa.," was written in the upper right hand corner of page one.

She is twenty-one years old.

She is medium height, with dark hair and eyes and an olive skin. She loves sports, is a great movie fan and does not believe in diet.

She is a typical young American girl—modern, up-to-date but not a flapper. Thoughtful, but not solemn. She has stamina and courage. She is the highest type of American young womanhood.

And this yarn of hers that won first place in an international contest that attracted writers of much greater maturity and experience and produced numbers of promising picture stories, is the *first attempt at story writing for a motion picture that Jane has ever made!* It bears out the theory that was advanced at the beginning of the contest that there is always a place in the movies for good *original* stories, whether they be written by professionals or not!


Three years ago, when Jane was a high school junior in West Philadelphia, she won first prize in a newspaper essay contest for that year. That was just before her eighteenth birthday. The name of the essay was "Words, Words, Words" and the second paragraph read:

"Only words, but what important things they are! A world of usefulness and beauty is embodied in their letters. . . 'Tree' is a beautiful word. It is free and green and leafy all at once. 'Leaves' belong to a tree and not between the confining covers of a book. But sometimes, when the book is opened and its world of words are quickened to life by your mind, they are suddenly living 'leaves.'"

At twenty, entering her junior year at college, Jane Considine proved that when "quickened to life" by the mind, words might become "living leaves." For Jane's words, 1700 of them, quickened by her imagination and her orderly, clear thinking into a story, have won the \$2,000 cash award offered by Warner Bros. through PHOTOPLAY!

Since writing the prize winning story Jane has had another wonderful experience as a direct result of her literary and general scholastic attainments.

As a pupil of Rosemont College, a beautiful school for girls just outside of Philadelphia, Jane stood highest of the four girls, who, because of excellent grades, are privileged



Lovely Marian Marsh, who will play the leading rôle in the story selected by the PHOTOPLAY-Warner judges

STORY number 109 wins!

The PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. story contest is over. The judges—who read and re-read those 10,000 manuscripts—are resting at last. Warner Bros. are preparing to film the now famous "Beauty and the Boss," with Marian Marsh and David Manners in the leading rôles.

Story number 109!

What does this mean? As the 10,000 manuscripts were received they were given to a corps of stenographers to be

Won by Girl

From Philadelphia

to spend their junior year at the affiliated school in Switzerland, the University of Fribourg.

So, three weeks before the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. award was made, Jane sailed for Europe and a thrilling year at the foreign university. Two days before the boat landed in France, she celebrated her 21st birthday.

Her parents are not wealthy. Sending Jane to college abroad means sacrifice to them. Just before she sailed Jane said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could do something to earn my own way?" So that is where the \$2,000 will go, to continue the education of a girl who may some day be one of the great literary figures of America.

And yet her parents did not know that their daughter had entered the contest! That's the sort of girl Jane is. She did not want them to become unduly excited or disappointed if she did not win.

But the family were all singularly unsurprised by the announcement. Jane has always had a way of coming through with unexpected victories and triumphs. No one had known of her entering the newspaper essay contest three years before until the publication announced it by a telephone message and reporters from the Philadelphia newspapers asked her to pose for their cameramen!

Apparently Jane's family wouldn't be bowled over if they were suddenly told that Jane had been elected President of the United States.

And not until this issue of PHOTOPLAY appears on the news stands will Jane receive the cable telling her that she has won the contest.



Here's the lucky girl. Name: Jane Considine. Age: 21. Her first attempt at writing for the screen has brought her fame and fortune. She typifies the best of young American womanhood

This is our handsome hero, David Manners, who will have the other principal part in Miss Jane Considine's winning story, "Beauty and the Boss"

A reporter from PHOTOPLAY made a trip to Philadelphia to discover what manner of person Jane Considine is. She is a native of Philadelphia, born in the house, comfortable and unpretentious, that she and her family still call home, in a pleasant section of the city. She has an older sister Mary, a sixteen-year-old brother Jimmie, and little sister Betty, who is twelve.

Jane's father, James P. Considine, was manager of the old Philadelphia North American newspaper for twenty years. Mary E. Considine, Jane's mother, was for many years a contributor to the magazine section of the Philadelphia "Record," writing articles and stories of interest to children and advice on marketing and household helps for the women's pages. So there's "printer's ink" in Jane's veins.

Jane had already sailed for Europe when the fateful manuscript was chosen, but from the family the reporter learned much about the winner.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

When *THEY* Were *VERY*



Just a wistful little fistful, or Portrait of a Flaming Youth Before They Put the Torch to Her. Joan Crawford at the age of six, when she was just Mrs. LeSueur's little girl, Lucille. Do you see any resemblance to the dashing Joan of today?



This young lady really believed there were birdies in cameras when this was taken, but that was because she was only eight months old. Bebe Daniels knows a lot different now



Booful! That's what we'd say that hat is. Or rather, what we'd say it is if we were Winnie-the-Pooh. Being ourselves, we'll just say, "Some Hat!" And the little girl? Norma Shearer, of course

Young

Can You Tell Whose Ittie Bittie Baby Is Oo Without Reading Names?



We won't even try to fool you with this one, for it doesn't take a *Philo Vance* to see that the five-year-old charmer above and the grown charmer on the left are both Marlene Dietrich. No difference at all, is there? Except Marlene's showing a little more leg these days

Three poses of a little lass who seems happy enough to be in her Seventh Heaven. But she didn't get there until many years later, for Janet Gaynor was just five when these were taken



The Unknown HOLLYWOOD I Know

Part Three

Filmdom's sinister underworld . . . Cecil B. De Mille's pose . . . what Mary Pickford's mother thought about her daughter . . . and a lot more inside stuff



This coy damsel in natty shepherd's plaid suit (how about it, Seymour?) is the author as a comedy queen

By Katherine Albert

HOLLYWOOD, in those days, had a back door which was mean and ugly. Through it there came, in the night, dark and sinister figures—fantastic shapes with furtive movements, sharp eager eyes and shifting hands ready to pounce upon foolish girls who wanted to become actresses.

They played upon ambition.

In the last two chapters of this story I've told you of the brighter side of Hollywood, the gay days at the Griffith and Metro studios. I was soon to discover the ominous underworld that operated on the small side streets of the little town.

The place was covered by a hord of petty racketeers as a democratic convention is covered by reporters.

Anybody can buy an ad in a newspaper. It was through these columns that the tawdry underworld sent out its slimy octopus-like feelers.

The legends read, "Big opportunities in show business and movies for ambitious girls—very little experience necessary!" It sounded great.

HOW many stupid girls answered these calls I don't know. The returns must have been tremendous. My first experience was fairly typical of them all.

The address given was a shabby office approached by rickety stairs.

I discovered two tobacco-smoke laden rooms in one of which sat a sleazy girl making a few false gestures on a decrepit typewriter. A greasy lock of hair hung across her forehead and her lips were scarlet. I told her I'd come in answer to the advertisement.

deep wrinkles cut into his cheeks appeared.

His mouth was curled into a smile but his eyes, as they met mine directly, were humorless. I was stupid enough to believe that honest men were those who looked you square in the eye. I've since learned that this is the trick of the crook. I've never known a first class confidence man who did not give you a direct, straight-forward gaze.

He motioned me in—the girl had left through some outer door—and offered me a seat across from the mean, littered desk.

"SO, you're an actress, are you?" he began, rubbing one jeweled hand over the other.

"Yes, I suppose I am," I said, "I've been at the Griffith studio and I've just finished a part at Metro in 'The Saphead.'"

His lips drew back from his broken teeth. "Ah, you know Griffith, then?"

I nodded. "But he's in New York now," I said.

"Who directed this 'Saphead'?"

"Herbert Blaché and Winchell Smith."

He leaned back and tapped his teeth with an unkempt forefinger. "I've a great proposition for some bright girl—like yourself, for instance." He leaned forward. "My partner and I are starting a motion picture company. We've a great story and it will put some girl right on the top of the heap. But what we need is a great director. Now you've been in Hollywood long enough to know that the personal contact is what counts and if you're to play the starring rôle in the picture . . ."

I interrupted. "Oh, I couldn't



"Jack has caused me heartaches. Mary hasn't!" Thus spoke Mrs. Pickford—that amazing human dynamo who made movie history. Here she is with her children many years before her death



Here he is! Cecil B. De Mille in his old office. Here it was he surrounded himself with the pomp and ceremony befitting one of the world's greatest personal showmen. He terrified young actresses by having them walk the length of floor to his desk. All a trick!

play a starring rôle yet. I haven't had enough experience."

His mouth smiled and his hand waved aside my protest. "Nonsense. Why, I can tell by looking at you that you were born to act. You'll be a great little actress with the proper director. Sure, you can play the star part. You've possibilities—wonderful! But you'll need a director you understand and who understands you. I want you to pick your own director. The Blaché who directed this 'Saphead'—he sounds okay. So here's what you're to do. Get to know him socially—see him a lot and . . ."

Amazed, I listened to the tale unfold. After the clumsy beginning the real idea began to seep through. It was one of the oldest rackets in the world—the oldest blackmailing stunt. I was to compromise a director and my benefactor was to rush in to act as my champion, accusing the director of making advances to an innocent girl who had come to him on a business matter.

The director would, rather than be subjected to the scandal which the racketeer threatened, settle for money. Simple, easy, direct. By using a young, naive girl the director would be taken off his guard and more easily victimized.

I FLED from the office as quickly as I could. But there were other girls who remained to play his game and many important directors and executives have been duped in just this fashion.

A few days later—through a friend of my mother's—I secured an interview with Cecil De Mille, and that remains one of the most fantastic experiences of them all.

De Mille was, at the time, at the peak of his bathroom career and, if that be possible, a greater *poseur* than he is today. He guided the figments of his imagination through impossible antics at the old Paramount studios, that low rambling green building on Vine Street that has now passed into the limbo of forgotten things but which once so proudly boasted Wally Reid, Bebe Daniels, Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson and little Lila Lee. De Mille was, then, preparing to film "Fool's Paradise" with Dorothy Dalton, Conrad Nagel and Mildred Harris.

I came to the studio dressed in my ordinary street clothes but I was whisked immediately to the wardrobe department

where the head designer, Claire West, told me it would be better if I saw De Mille in evening clothes. She proceeded to have brought in the most amazing assortment of gowns I've ever seen. It was a dress that Gloria Swanson had worn in one of the director's so-called society epics that Miss West at last chose—a thing of heavy silver cloth trimmed with ropes of beads and hanging fringe. It had a long train but no back at all.

I was helped into this dress feeling pretty doggone silly about the whole affair. There is nothing that makes you feel quite so absurd as the wearing of evening clothes in the broad daylight. The gown hung on me. My unformed shoulders were but barely able to hold the weight of all those beads. Young and silly as I was, I realized it was a mistake and would rather have seen the director in my comfortable street clothes in which I felt at ease. But Miss West assured me that De Mille enjoyed interviewing embryonic actresses in décolletage. Mine not to reason the why of a god.

We trailed into the outer De Mille office. We waited the proper number of minutes and then, at last, word came from on high that I was to be admitted into The Presence. I had expected that Miss West [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Ten years ago Mary Miles Minter, although a "snooty" kid was a beautiful one. She assumed an attitude of boredom at parties

Now, retired from films, this is the way Mary looks. Note the extra poundage. What! No diets, Mary?

Beauty! Charm! Poise!

ASK yourself what you want to be—and be honest about it! Look deep into yourself, at that inner person that is really you. I am willing to wager that nine out of ten of you will say that you want to be a person that has charm, that is sought after by men and women alike, that is a real personage and not just another face in the crowd. Am I not right?

A very delightful friend of mine was once asked before a class in high school what she wanted to be. The other boys and girls who had answered the question before her had said that they wanted to be nurses, lawyers, etc.—but she arose and made the startling admission that she wanted to be a siren in Hollywood! She was honest with herself, she wouldn't kid herself that the most natural of all feminine desires is to be fascinating. Today, she is one of the most popular women I know. The sense of humor of high school days, the honesty and the individuality that prompted such an answer are still there—she is unspoiled, she is *real*.

When I say that you can be what you want to be, I mean just that. Furthermore, I think I know whereof I speak. I watch closely the women I meet in both the social and business worlds, I study women that I have never met—and I know that the secret of feminine beauty and charm lies within the easy grasp of everyone. How can it help but be there at hand when the couturiers, the cosmeticians and every modern agency are directing their ingenuity toward making you the thing of loveliness you yearn to be?

If you are one of those girls who say, "I

could be lovely, too, if I spent as much money and time on myself as she does," I feel sorry for you. Really I do, because you must have been joggled off the bandwagon of this generation.

Why don't you put yourself on a paying basis? Sit down in front of a mirror and go over yourself as a business that has been steadily losing. Look your liabilities in the face but don't let them floor you. Don't fail to count your assets. See just where you are failing now and how with a boost mentally and physically, you can pay dividends in beauty, personality, charm, popularity and poise. It can be done, you need only to make a career of yourself for awhile!

Every day I receive letters from you who lament a freckle or two, or the fact that you wear glasses, or that your hands are too large. What of it? Hundreds of attractive women have similar troubles but they overcome their slight imperfections by playing up their good points. Beauty is a manner that you wear

gallantly these days. Perhaps you are not perfection feature for feature, if analyzed—but few people will notice it if your skin looks fresh and well made-up, if your smile is gay, your eyes sparkling and your hands exclamation points of animation.

Just the other day I had a letter from a woman who had read my article recently on make-up. She said that she answered the description of the woman I mentioned, who had never realized how lovely she was until one day she *found* herself in a beauty salon by the simple aid of rouge! And so she wrote to tell me that she had achieved a flashing new self, too. "And to think," she said, "that a light coating of liquid rouge over my whole face under my powder could transform me from the drab Cinderella that I was."

How do you acquire personality and what is it? I wish I could tell you how many girls have asked me that burning question in the past few years. Asking what personality is, is another way of asking how to be popular. The two go hand in hand. It is the girl with personality and lots of it, who is sought after in business and society, whose telephone starts ringing at nine in the morning. Personality is the iron in beauty's dish, charm, the flavoring. You can't put your finger on personality, in many ways it is an elusive something. However, you can analyze yourself to find the missing ingredient. See if you can find where you fall down by asking yourself:

Do I have a sense of humor?

Am I well dressed, carefully groomed?

Do I appear well in public?

Am I a sympathetic friend and good listener?

Have I a good disposition or am I short tempered and caustic in my remarks?

Have I tried to talk entertainingly?

Do I make an effort to dance well, to be a good sport?

Can I see both my bad and good points?

Friendly Advice on GIRLS' PROBLEMS

I will gladly send you an answer to any personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type, and shades in make-up. Merely send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Ask for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Or for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne.

Address Carolyn Van Wyck at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Here's Claire Dodd's recipe for slender ankles: Walk on tiptoe, without shoes, for ten minutes each day. Also take a stationary position and alternate the body weight from the toes of one foot to the other. Lastly, bandage your instep and ankles in gauze before doing strenuous sports



Personality and Popularity!

Any Girl Can Be What She Wants To Be Says Carolyn Van Wyck

The writer of these pages is a well known and cultured New York society woman whom PHOTOPLAY secured several years ago to assist our young women readers in their problems. Write her about yours, no matter what they are. She will be glad to help you

See yourself with impartial eyes, then build for personality.

Don't overlook poise along with personality. The girl who can stand alone with assurance, who is at ease, is the girl with personality. Self-consciousness can ruin the best of social and business opportunities. You don't have to be conceited to have poise, you merely need an intelligent evaluation of yourself. Know that you are well-dressed, carefully groomed, charming—and people will know it, too. That's the magic of it!

I don't know why but the word *charm* seems to have a warm glow about its very sound to me. I always feel so satisfied after meeting a woman who radiates it. I like to have you

Do You Know That—

Fewer really smart women are wearing those bizarre shades in nail polish?

Shrugging the shoulders is an excellent exercise for filling out those hollows in the neck? Try from twenty-five to fifty high, wide shrugs a day and just see what they do for that new neckline!

The body is composed of eighty-five per cent water? And that drinking water daily is essential to good health?

Your feet should be given a daily "breathing spell" if you would avoid irritating foot ills?

A prominent beauty authority has introduced a new rouge that she says is "the essence of the 18th century blush"?

A porcelain tone is the basic ingredient for new powders that give you that new transparent look?

Silver blue, silver green and silver

Are You Thinking of Someone?

ARE you an active, worthwhile, Aenthusiastic friend? Does your friendship really mean something—or is it just an empty term that stands for nothing at all? Do you show your friendship in those little, but all important ways? Do you, for instance, let your friends know that you are thinking of them?

In other words—do you write letters to your friends? Or do you put off letter writing until it is perhaps too late to express the friendship that you feel? Do you find your days so full to overflowing that the writing of a letter becomes an unpleasant task?

There are ever so many things that crowd out the business of writing letters. Shopping and sewing and cooking and contract—housework and homework! They all cut into our time, one way or another. And then the day is gone—and the friendly letter is still unwritten.

It's a horrid thing to neglect

the people of whom you are fond, isn't it? And it's unnecessary, too! Because you can let a friend know that you are thinking of her (or him!) without going to the worry and fuss and work of writing a long letter. It's that thing which the French call the *beau geste* that counts, really. It's the beautiful gesture—the letting a friend know that you have her (or, again, him!) in mind.

Here is a simple and satisfactory solution to your letter writing problem. Instead of giving up a whole evening—or a whole week, for that matter—to caring for your correspondence, try this: Buy some ordinary postal cards, and write—on each one—the address of some dear but neglected friend. And then, on the message side of the card, write simply this—

"The answer to the question on page 75 of the current issue of PHOTOPLAY is—

"YES!"

write to me about your little problems of beauty and manners because every letter I answer, I like to feel that I have given each of you a gift of charm. Seymour, in his section every month, is contributing his bit to making charm widespread. He knows fashion and he knows how important a factor it is to a girl's charm. He makes fashion a refreshing picture full of hints on how to carry your clothes off with the air of a star.

And popularity is the sum of these attributes. If you have them, you have popularity without asking. You can't be popular if you are self-conscious—but you can't be popular either if you are overbearing. I had a letter from a girl this morning who frankly admits that she is not popular with either men or women. She has no friends. How pitiful, you say, but wait! She finds single girls silly and shallow, and married women too busy to introduce her to men. Is she at fault or are they? She is, of course. She would be angry if told that she is conceited. She thinks she has an inferiority complex—in- stead she has a disastrous feeling of superiority! She needs to look at herself rather searchingly

and then unlock some of the doors on her ego.

There must be balance, a happy medium of knowing when to do and say the right thing in order to achieve lasting popularity, to be *wanted, beloved* as every girl does.

LOUISE:

You will find that it is necessary to take especially good care of your hands in cold weather.

Cold has a tendency to absorb the natural oil of the skin, leaving the hands red, dry and rough.

Be sure to dry your hands well after subjecting them to water. Keep a hand lotion close by, rub it into your hands several times a day. Most of the lotions dry immediately so that your hands do not remain moist. Never go out without gloves.

If you do housework to any extent I would suggest that you wear gloves.

Try creaming your hands at night before retiring, then cover them with cotton gloves so that the grease will not rub off in sleep.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

mauve are new shades in eye shadow that another well-known beauty authority is promoting for evening? She says they give the eyes a starry lustre.

This same house puts out a midnight blue mascara that shades and curls the eyelashes to intensify their natural coloring?

There is a new type of eye glass frame that is beautifying? It comes in flesh-colored gold and is scarcely discernible at a distance.

These

It's a brutal place, this jolly Hollywood, where the sun always shines and fame is given and snatched away between breaths

By Kay Evans

It is not, really, the producers who are heartless brutes. It is the town itself. It is the form of the fourth largest industry. Other businesses are not so personal. The films deal with emotions and hopes and dreams instead of buttons or linoleum or automobile accessories.

IF the president of a soap factory makes a mistake it costs him merely a million cold dollars, perhaps. If a picture executive uses a little bad judgment he not only sacrifices his money but the hearts of dozens of people as well. It is this, this distinctly personal, emotional element, that makes Hollywood as brutal as a black snake whip.

A girl named Lucille Powers fought her way along the perilous path that the extras tread. At last came her big chance, the chance she'd been waiting for all those months. She was given the leading woman's rôle in "Billy the Kid," a big special picture.

It was filmed. She did good work. But when it was put together and the powers that be looked at it in its rough state they found that she was not mature enough for the part, not yet wise enough in all the tricks of the camera. It was nobody's fault. Heaven knows, the producers would have prevented such a catastrophe to their pocketbooks if they could.

Lucille was replaced by Kay Johnson. The executives were out a good deal of money. And Lucille suffered that deep seated heartache of the ambitious person who has tasted the first sweetness of success, only to have the cup snatched away.

And there have been others—so many, many others. Do you remember the story of Dorothy Sebastian and the leading rôle in John Barrymore's picture, "The Tempest"? I shall never forget the day she got it. "It's going to make me a star!" she said earnestly, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

She played in the picture for five weeks and did the best work of her career when Director Tourjansky (a Russian who had just had his first big American break) was taken off the picture and another director put on. Just at that moment Camilla Horn arrived from Germany and the studio wanted to give her every advantage. So she replaced Dorothy, who had said, "This part will make a star of me."

The fate of some of the foreign importations is woven into the tragic history of Hollywood. Perhaps nothing was so cruel as the bringing to this country of Eva Von Berne, an



Above, Dorothy Sebastian in the part that was to make her a star—the part she didn't get, after all! A scene with John Barrymore in "The Tempest." In circle, little Camilla Horn, the German girl who was given the rôle when Dot was eased out

FOUR men sat at a bridge table. "Three spades," said the first. "Pass," said the second.

The third looked up. "By the way, Mabel Doakes' contract is up at my shop. I'm not renewing. She's a bad actress. She cost me a lot of money. Pass."

"Thanks for the tip," said the fourth. "I was going to sign her for a part in our new vehicle. Four diamonds."

They were four of the biggest executives in Hollywood. Each controlled the destiny of one of the major studios and there, over a bridge table, they had put the professional finger on the mythical Mabel Doakes. She may or may not have been a bad actress. She may or may not have cost the producer a lot of money. But the executives did not stop to ask for motives. She was doomed. It was enough.

It is done like that in Hollywood, the cruelest town in the world. As finally, as brutally, as that. And Mabel's heartaches, her sleepless nights, her pitiful alibis to her friends—these are but the tiny threads of suffering in the merciless pattern of Hollywood.

Hollywood Cruelties



The part opposite John Mack Brown in "Billy the Kid" was to make Lucille Powers a big leading woman. Here she is in a scene with John. But they decided she was too inexperienced, and Kay Johnson, in circle, finally played it



inexperienced Austrian child. Young, eager, breathless with excitement, she arrived to have her little taste of fame and glory—a lead in a Jack Gilbert starring vehicle.

Those were halcyon, brightly colored days for Eva that became clouded with gray when she was found to be too plump for American beauty standards. She was shipped back home

THE hundreds who suffered when the microphone came into vogue; the dozens who had to give up their careers because they grew too fat for the two-dimensional camera; the great stars whose popularity wanes with the years; those vital actors who can be accepted no longer because of telltale wrinkles under the eyes and sagging muscles at the throat—these are but some of the heart throbs that are known to Hollywood.

Nor are the directors immune. I remember, one day, seeing King Vidor walk off his set after a day's work with the tears standing in his eyes.

It had happened like this. He had made what he thought was a perfect picture, "The Crowd." It was life. It was realism. But the producers were afraid of that very realism, that raw beauty. They had asked him to make a "tag," which is a substitute half reel or so for the end of a picture. In this "tag" King shot a banal happy ending. He must have his wretched characters suddenly become rich and happy.

King Vidor is an artist. The making of that final half reel cost him something infinitely precious. As it happened, this "tag" was not used. A better one, that satisfied everybody to some extent, was at last made.

Clarence Brown was forced to make the same gesture when he directed "Flesh and the Devil." The—to him—odious happy ending was filmed for release in the smaller towns.

A mistake that cost a producer a neat \$300,000 and plenty of heartache to all concerned occurred when the genius Maeterlinck was brought to this country to supervise the making of his immortal "The Blue Bird." The picture was a failure. Its beauty did not register. Maeterlinck left, to ponder on the strange ways of the movies.

Perhaps no more bewildered writer than the late William J. Locke ever came to Hollywood. The author of "The Beloved

Vagabond" discovered that his great talent had no place in the studios.

With the loud trumpets of press agents and the usual hullabaloo that accompanies a visiting celebrity, Max Reinhardt, one of the greatest minds in the theater in Europe, was brought to this country.

IT was his task to direct Lillian Gish in "The Miracle." He was a god in Europe, a failure in Hollywood. Somehow he could not adjust his ideas to the requirements of pictures. For months they worked to find something suitable for him. He returned, at last, minus the trumpets. The same tragic fate seems to be the lot of the Russian director, Eisenstein.

Mind you, these people may go home. They may go back to occupy the same positions they held before. But there is something devastating about failure, as far as an artist is concerned.

One of the most merciless circumstances took place during the filming of that exciting, amusing picture, "In Old Arizona."

Maria Alba was given the woman's lead in the film because of her excellent histrionic ability and her natural Spanish accent. Delighted, she helped design her own costumes and evolved a fascinating way of wearing her hair. The company worked for two weeks when it was discovered that Maria's natural Spanish accent was not understandable on the sound track. So Dorothy Burgess, an American girl, was given her rôle.

It was Maria's assignment to coach Dorothy in the accent, to dress her hair and to sit on the set watching her play the rôle she loved, while she showed her correct Spanish mannerisms.

There is no helping all this. For mistakes are bound to be made. And each one spells the suffering of dozens of hearts!

Sally Eilers was in pictures four years, played twenty rôles, and was a Wampas Baby Star before she was given her big chance in "Bad Girl"



She couldn't get extra work, but when Carole Lombard brought her to Mack Sennett, she was in a big part with Carole ten minutes later

Sally's Not A "Bad Girl"

WHEN Sally Eilers played in "The Good-Bye Kiss," Mack Sennett said she was the best bet in pictures. It was three years later that she was given a long-term contract by Fox. In 1930, Ziegfeld declared she was the most beautiful brunette in California, but not until she made "Bad Girl" did six directors ask for her at once, and three studios try to borrow her from her own lot.

She is married to Hoot Gibson and much in love with him. Thinks he is the most distinguished-looking man in California in evening dress and handsome enough for anybody in his riding togs.

The only time she gets angry with him is when he is dressed first and hurries her by saying "come on." Then she wants to throw something at him.

The only time "Hooter" ever got mad at her was when she went "blonde" for her last picture. He wouldn't speak to her for two days.

Sally loves children and takes care of Hoot's little girl. Hopes to have children of her own later. This is her first marriage, though she was once engaged to Matty Kemp and later to William Hawks. Thinks every woman can act better when she knows about life. Therefore advises all girls to get married, but only after an engagement of at least six months.

Loves associating with men and women of intelligence. Likes to keep her own individuality and make her own money, but is not a "Lucy Stoner." Has a fine sense of loyalty and fairness; a great sense of humor and love of fun. Likes playing jokes on her friends and will take one, too. Has many superstitions and never stays alone at night. Despises vicious gossip but loves "dishing the dirt" if no one is hurt.

A MEAL to her is a quick route to the dessert. Her favorite dish is peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce. She can eat anything without increasing her weight, much to the chagrin of the other girls.

Blue is her favorite color. She wears it a lot. Wears clothes well, designs many of them, but does no sewing. Likes tailored clothes best. For evening, prefers velvet. Has light brown hair, beautiful brown eyes, weight one hundred nine pounds.

By Maude Lathem

Rides a horse well, pilots a plane perfectly. Doesn't talk about her golf score, but plays a fast game

of tennis. Would rather dance than eat, but will swim if you prefer.

Has a poor memory for faces and has to meet people several times before she remembers them well.

Among her close friends are Bebe Daniels, Marian Nixon, Joan Bennett and Marion Davies. She has all the buoyance of youth, with an amiable temperament, willing to meet people at least halfway.

If they don't like her then, it's just too bad.

All classes of men are attracted to her. They love her beauty and bright repartée.

BEFORE she was married she lived at home with her mother and father. Her father insisted that she be in from dates at a certain hour. Her mother usually sat up for her.

Yet she was, at this time, a leading woman, earning a good-sized pay check.

She was one of the most popular Hollywood debs and is now a popular matron. Belongs to several clubs. Entertains a good deal. One of the favorite methods of entertaining is giving barbecues at Hoot's ranch.

Friends drive the forty miles from Hollywood, arriving about two in the afternoon and staying until they get ready to go home.

There's always grand food, cooked outdoors before your eyes.

Weekends are usually spent at Hoot's cabin in the mountains, although they always have loads of invitations from their friends for weekend parties. She and her husband fell in love with each other while Sally was playing leading woman in one of his pictures.

They thought it would be a grand idea if she'd be his permanent and personal leading woman.

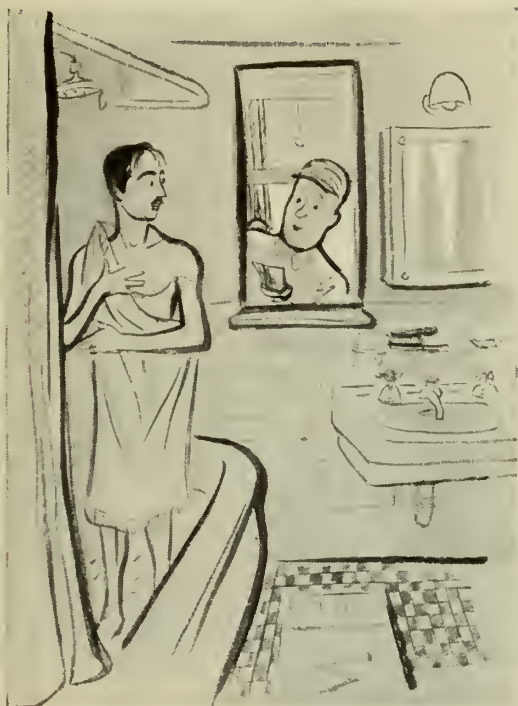
She loves to play bridge and usually lunches with a different girl friend every day she isn't working. She's the type of person in whom people are always confiding. Maybe that's because she looks sympathetic.

Hollywood has pronounced our "Bad Girl" good!

H O L L Y H O O

[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

You Can't Fool A Horse-Fly



"Putting on weight, ain't you, Mr. Menjou?"



"In this big, vast movie industry of ours, we mustn't forget the dear little kiddies; there's millions in it!"

Speed Queen—Blanche Tweet crossing the finish line at Daytona Beach. Experts declare that she never would have won this thrilling race is she hadn't taken the bonnet off the car and put it on her head



The Latest Thing Ingagi—This exclusive photo of the Marquise de la Malaise was taken just after she won her third consecutive tree sitting contest. Note the hands, extended in the proper position for landing. Note also the streamline body. Note the string of croix de guerre on the head. Note anything you want

Seemore, Our Out-of-Fashion Expert,



The Bull's Eye— And one hundred per cent bullet proof, too. Those things sticking out of the lady's head are spears thrown by African savages. Absolutely no harm was done to the lady, as you can see by the unruffled expression on her face



*The Crow's Nest—*A headgear designed for ladies who are fond of pets. Dogs, cats, rabbits, canaries, marmosets, parrots — almost any small animal can be carried in it with comfort and safety. We advise you not to try goldfish, however. The lady in this illustration did, and they ate up all the lining. The ingrates!



The Hollywood Bowl— This smart creation serves the double capacity of style and utility. Made of solid oak and trimmed with re-enforced concrete, you can break beer bottles over it without causing any discomfort to the owner. The lady in the picture is about to sock someone. Look, she is putting on her brass knuckles, too!



The Ocean Spray— A practical, yet fetching hat for yachting, surf bathing, or other rough water sports. The tulle which you see floating off into space can be worn in a pile at the top or let down over the face, depending on the weather. Also, it can be taken off entirely, but you will need a crew in order to do that



The Stop-Go Hat— Invented by Gloria Swanson years ago. A very useful, in fact indispensable, article for motoring. The furry growth on the top conceals a periscope which enables the driver to see where he's going and where he's been. For night driving the periscope is equipped with a red and green light, making you practically your own traffic cop

Rummages In Photoplay's Old Files



Ready, Take Aim, Thrust!—This unique parasol is known as the "Don't touch me, Sir!" Here Miss Wanson is shown demonstrating it on a studio electrician who walked into her dressing-room without knocking



Vacation Time—Going South this winter? You will need your beach pajamas, and here they are! Absolutely the last word in lounging comfort. Smart, easy to slip on or off, they suggest the woman of today more nearly than anything else. Here you see Dorothy Gish with pail and shovel, on her way to dig in the sand



Keep the Home Fires Burning—A very useful trinket for Hollywood winter nights. The bracelet around the lady's leg contains a bellows. It will start up a fire in no time, and it's always easy to get at. Also can be used as a flask at night clubs or dinner parties. The lady here is on her way out now, but whither is she going? we ask



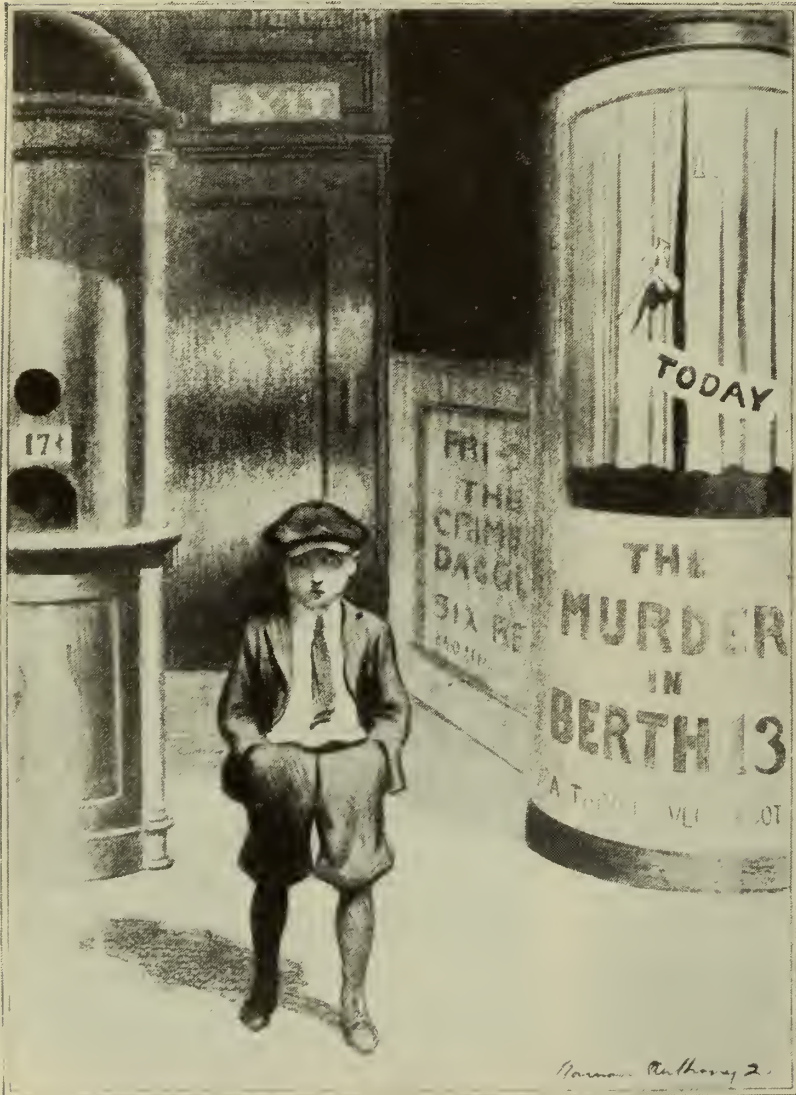
The Kick-in—Popular among football players, but equally correct in the boudoir. The toes are designed from an old Chippendale model and are finished in bird's eye maple. Buckles by the American Locomotive Company



"Between you and me, professor, do you really think that Doug and Joan are going to have an—er—addition to the family?"



The inventor of Slow Motion Pictures plays bridge



"So that's the stuff that dreams are made of"

This Drawing by
Norman Anthony

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Young and lovely, her frank good sense points the way to beauty for every woman

YOU catch a glimpse of her over intent masculine shoulders, at Belmont Park races . . . at country house parties in Long Island or Westchester . . . dancing at the most exclusive night clubs.

Yet she is as popular with women as with men—young Mrs. Morgan Belmont, with her lovely laughing eyes, her red-gold hair, her dazzlingly fair complexion. To a host of friends she is "Maggie."

Beauty . . . and brains! The gay wit that sparkles in her ready repartee is kin to the unerring taste that guides her striking individuality in dress. And to the forthright good sense with which she eschews fads and frills of beauty care and will have nothing but the simplest care for the flawless radiance of her skin.

"**C**OMPLICATED beauty preparations" she calls "needless extravagance" . . . "The Pond's Method keeps one's skin fresh and clear, in less time, at less cost."

Follow its four steps, and you'll agree:

1—Amplly apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt, powder and make-up to the surface. *At bedtime*, never fail to repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores, promote a lovely natural color.

4—*Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer.* This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a smooth and velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!



"For practical home beauty care," Mrs. MORGAN BELMONT says, "Pond's Method carries off all honors" . . . See Pond's four famous preparations, which she uses for the care of her dazzlingly fair skin, at right.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

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Tune in on Pond's program every Friday evening
9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra.
WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

Nance O'Neil in her first stage appearance at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco.

Nance O'Neil at the time of her first appearance on Broadway, when she scored an overnight triumph that swept New York.

Nance O'Neil as "LADY TEAZLE" in the *School for Scandal*.



"I'm over 45!" SAYS NANCE O'NEIL

Famous Stage and Screen Star tells the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

"I'M over 45—you see I admit so much," says Nance O'Neil. "Perhaps I should admit more, but it is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels.

"One of these photographs of me was made last summer. The others were taken along the way from the time I started in the theatre.

"For my part, I don't think any-

one, especially women, should tag themselves with dates, and I believe the world in general would be happier and better if birthdays were never recorded, for as time goes on it cannot but bring with it a sense of limitation which I am sure we all want to be free from.

"Constructive thought and care of the skin are certainly two things that always help one to escape the marks of time.

"Any woman who knows how to keep her complexion youthful can be charming at any age.

"Stage and screen stars know that

a skin softly smooth and aglow always has appeal. Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin, and now I am among the scores of stage and screen stars who use it regularly."

Hollywood's favorite Complexion Care

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 heartily agree with this beautiful star! So devoted are they to this fragrant white soap that it is *official* in all the great film studios!

Lux Toilet Soap



Nance O'Neil as "RAIMUNDA" in *The Passion Flower*. This rôle was one of Miss O'Neil's greatest successes.



NANCE O'NEIL

Who would dream, looking at this recent photograph, that Nance O'Neil is over 45! With so many stage successes behind her, she is today a popular screen favorite, still radiantly charming as when she first appeared behind the footlights. "Stage and screen stars *must* guard complexion beauty above everything else," she says. "It's *youth* that wins hearts!"

— 10¢

Shopping *WITH* Marian IN *NEW YORK*

Here are three of the smart things
Marian Marsh brought back home



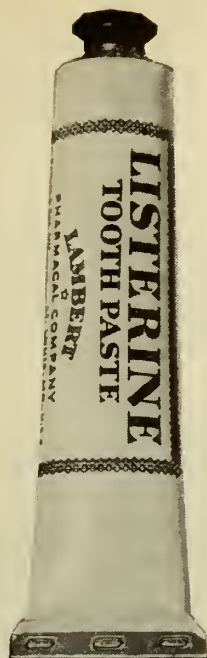
How to achieve glamour in one lesson! Wear a dress like this. It has *it*—from its lacy black bodice to its gleaming ciré satin hem. Marian says it's for those late afternoon or early evening formalities. Designed by Sally Milgrim



If you are slim you can dare red and white horizontal stripes like these—if not, beware! The blouse is hand-knitted, the skirt of red tweed. From Jay-Thorpe



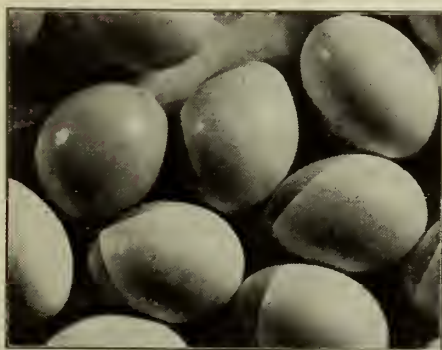
"Oh Marian — it's gorgeous!" That's what her Hollywood friends will say about this black and white satin dream. Note the Greek feeling this has with its peplum and shirred bodice. Slippers of white and gold metal cloth. From Hickson



25¢



More BEAUTY for your Teeth—
 More MONEY for your Budget
 —with this extraordinary tooth paste



Buy 6 dozen eggs
 with the money you save

There are many things which you can buy with the \$3 a year each member of your family saves on tooth paste. But very few will do you and your children as much good as eggs—especially in these winter months. Eggs are a valuable source of vitamins "a" and "b." They also supply *lecithin*, important in nourishing the nerves and aiding growth. Remember, eggs are always part of the diet which doctors prescribe during convalescence to bring back health and energy.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. Yet its cleansing and polishing power, plus safety, are unsurpassed—even by imported tooth pastes, costing 75¢ a tube.

It is entirely free from coarseness and grit. It cannot scratch even a baby's tooth enamel. And it contains, in addition to all the usual cleansing elements of value—an astonishingly effective, *special polishing agent*.

*Our methods cut costs for you
 with no loss of quality*

Though Listerine Tooth Paste is only a youngster in the tooth paste field—it is the biggest, most vigorous youngster ever seen. Over four million people have switched to it in nine years—and have kept on using it constantly. This demand calls for production on a huge, cost-cutting scale. You benefit by these savings.

*Try it! Learn how white
 your teeth really are*

Your teeth benefit as much as your pocketbook. Economy alone could not have won and kept so many users—particularly millions of women, who prize the beauty of their teeth.

The special polishing agent clears away every particle of dirt and decay. Tartar, tobacco-stains, other discolorations—vanish without leaving a trace. Yet it is scientifically gentle in action and therefore cannot injure tooth enamel.

Besides, it leaves a remarkably fresh and invigorating after-taste. Your mouth *is* clean—and *feels* clean, too.

Give this tooth paste a trial. After that, we know you will keep on using it. Its economy, refreshing taste, and safe cleansing power will guarantee that. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

ASK THE ANSWER MAN

WHAT A RACE! And the newcomers are on top. Jimmie Dunn, Miriam Hopkins, Leslie Howard and Minna Gombell, all from the stage, have given such fine performances in the talkies that the fans are writing in droves asking for information about them. This month it was a neck and neck race between these four stars.

Jimmie Dunn, the lad who made such a hit in "Bad Girl," was born in New York City, Nov. 2, 1905. His father was a stock broker. After leaving school, Jimmie spent three years in his father's employ and then deserted him for the stage. His first engagement was in "Nightstick," which was later made into the movie "Alibi," with Chester Morris in the lead. Jimmie played in stock for some time and then in "Sweet Adeline" with Helen Morgan.

His picture experience was confined to extra rôles and a few bits in short subjects made in the New York studios. Fox gave him a contract in May of this year and rushed him out to the Coast for the lead in "Bad Girl."

His hobby is collecting bright-colored neckties. Pastimes include golf, swimming and tennis. Hates to comb his hair. Is unmarried at this writing. Jimmie's next picture will be "Over the Hill." He recently finished work in "Sob Sister."

Miriam Hopkins is slated for stardom. She is from the South—Savannah, Ga., to be exact. She was born Oct. 18, 1902. Has silver-blond hair and gray-blue eyes. Appeared on the stage in "Little Jesse James," "The Home Towners," and "An American Tragedy," among other plays. She entered pictures in 1930, appearing in "Fast and Loose," "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "24 Hours." Her next will be "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in which she plays opposite Fredric March. She is separated from her husband, Austin Parker.

Leslie Howard came to us via London, England, where he was born in April, 1893. His real name is Leslie Stainer and he is married and has two children. Leslie was a prominent stage actor before the talkies claimed him. He appeared with the late Jeanne Eagels in "Her Cardboard Lover," and in "Escape" and "Berkeley Square." He also authored and appeared in a play titled "Murray Hill."

He entered pictures last year, appearing in "Outward Bound," which was followed by "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "A Free Soul," "Five and Ten," and his latest success, "Devotion." At this writing Leslie is in

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W 57th St., New York City.

Europe enjoying a well-earned vacation. He has had offers to return and make more pictures, but he says that working in one picture after another is too strenuous.

Minna Gombell made her movie debut in "Doctors' Wives." Then they made her voice instructor for the screen players who had had no stage experience. Back on the screen she clicked in "Bad Girl." Minna hails from Baltimore. She left school when she was about fifteen years old to go on the stage. Played very small parts at first. Later starred on Broadway in "Nancy's Private Affair," "The Great Power," and "Jimmie's Women." Her current picture is "Sob Sister." Minna likes to travel; admits she can sew and cook; is very superstitious. She is still single

* * *

ELEANOR G. GREGORY, TABOR, IOWA.—Yes, Eleanor, the Four Marxes are really brothers. Some years ago they were touring the country as the "Four Nightingales." Their act was a musical one, all of them being masters of numerous instruments. Their program then consisted of compositions by Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart and Bach. During one of their recitals they started to cut-up and they have been at it ever since. Harpo can talk, although he does only pantomime on the stage and screen. Perhaps that's so he won't have to memorize lines. How about it, Harpo? "Monkey Business" is the Marx Brothers' latest laugh-film.

BETTY TAYLOR, JACKSON, MICH.—That li'l picture thief, Mitzi Green, was born Oct. 22, 1920, in Flushing, Long Island. She has chestnut hair and light brown eyes. She is learning

her Three R's from teachers at the Paramount Studios. They say she is *that* smart.

EVELYN HAMILTON, ROGERS, ARK.—Evelyn, the song that Claudette Colbert taught Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant" was called "Jazz Up Your Lingerie." Am I blushing!

BARBARA LYON, YONKERS, N. Y.—Did you know that you are tagged with the same name as the new daughter at the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon mansion? She is Barbara, too. Frank Albertson is married to Virginia Shelly, and David Manners' missus is Suzanne Bushnell. Dorothy Jordan is going places with Donald Dillaway, the young chap she married in "Min and Bill." Maybe they intend to make it the real thing now.

RUTH DIXON, CHICAGO, ILL.—No, Ruthie, you haven't discovered a newcomer. The young lady you saw in "The Good Bad Girl" was Mae Clarke and she has been in pictures since 1929. Mae was born in Philadelphia, Aug. 16, 1910. She is 5 feet, 4; weighs 112 and has light hair and brown eyes. She is divorced from Lew Brice, brother of the famous Fanny. Mae's latest picture is "Waterloo Bridge."

VIRGINIA HALLEWELL, BELLEVUE, PENNA.—The little picture you sent me was a shot taken during the filming of "A Woman of Affairs." The two ladies appearing before the cameras were Greta Garbo and Dorothy Sebastian. Imagine you not recognizing Greta!

EVELYN HALLOCK, RIVERHEAD, L. I.—The title of this ditty should be "Aliases of an Actress." In her short life of eighteen years Marian Marsh has had three names. She was christened Violet Krauth. When she broke into pictures early in 1930 she took the name of Marilyn Morgan and appeared in a small rôle in "Whoopie."

When John Barrymore selected her for *Trilby* in "Svengali," Warners thought her name sounded too much like Marilyn Miller's so they changed it to Marian Marsh. Probably some young man will come along some day and convince her that she should change her name to his. Ah me!

M. C. T., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Kent Douglass was born in Los Angeles, Oct. 29, 1908. He is 6 feet tall and has blond hair and hazel eyes. His real name is Robert Douglass [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



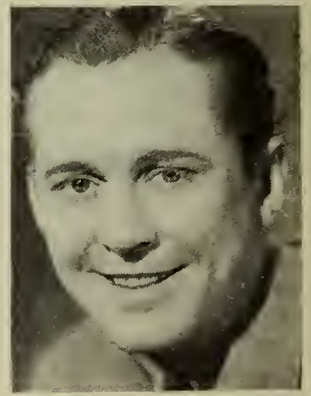
She taught them to speak



Movies are too strenuous



She's slated for stardom



He was the hit of "Bad Girl"

Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty in plaid metal box of blue and coral. Contains lovely puff. \$1.

Sachet. . . in a charming jar, is a perfect selection for the "little gift," for which one wants something new and different. 75c

Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates — and how much more, when the scent is Seventeen! \$1.25.

A *Compact* that gleams like onyx! . . . so sophisticated, thin and lovely. Single \$1, Double \$2.

Seventeen Perfume in enchanting bottles in 3 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of youth. Flacons at \$5, \$2 and \$1.

Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases.) Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brilliantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The Stunning box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . . \$10.00



Toilet Water

Bath Powder

Sachet

Compact

Perfume



Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page

Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little.

THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries!

Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off 80% of your entire list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this.



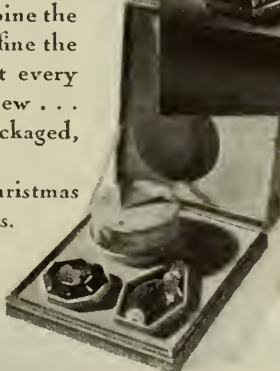
Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! . . . \$3.



Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a castly watch. Particularly easy to mail. . . . \$2.



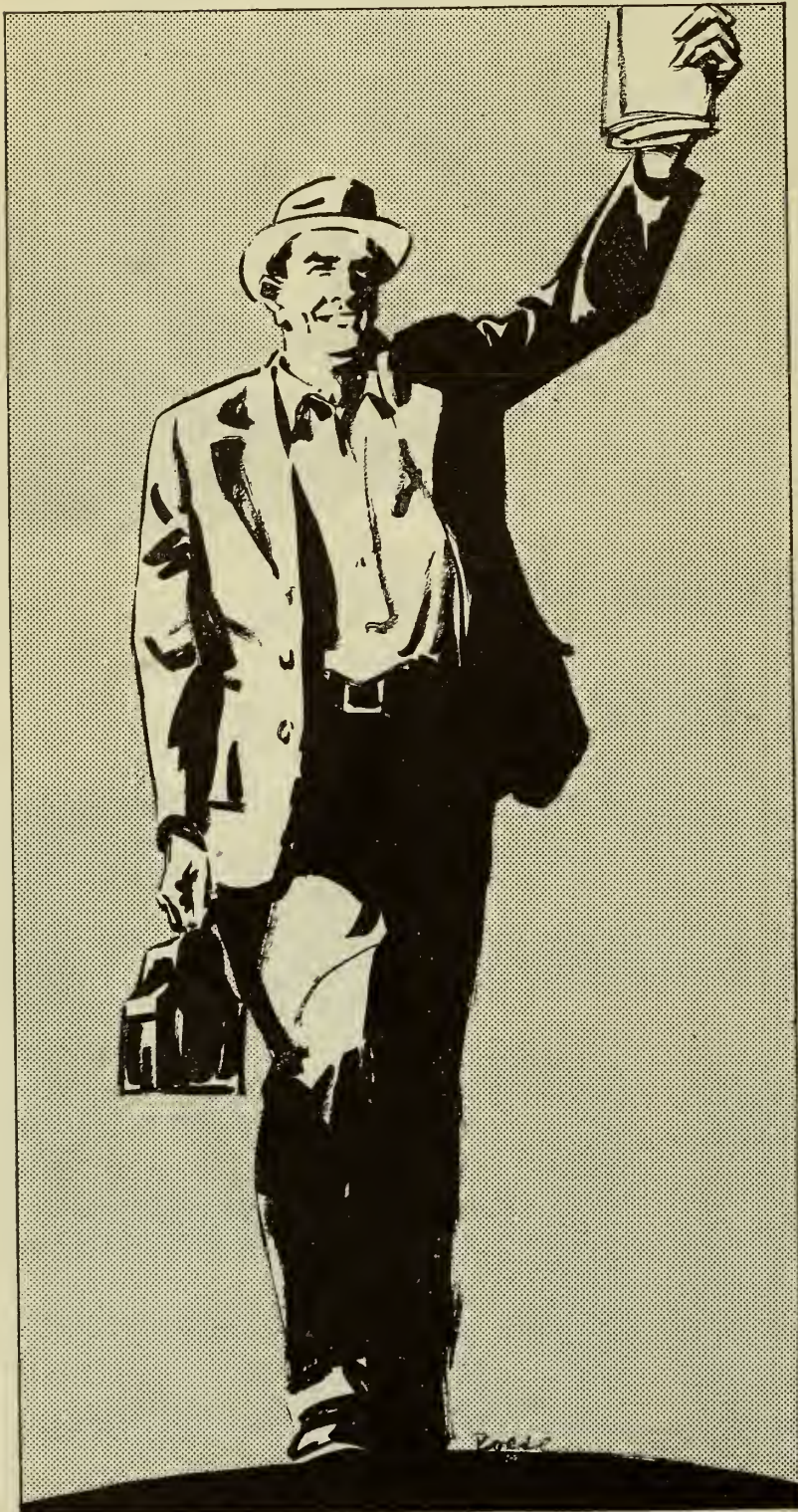
A Bath Set de luxe . . . three big, luxurious cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay metal box of Dusting Powder . . . \$2



Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for \$2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume . . . \$5

Seventeen

Keep his head up and we'll all come through!



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

*The President's Organization on
Unemployment Relief*

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

Four Famous Film Faces



HERE'S a new kind of jig-saw puzzle. PHOTOPLAY's art director (the temperamental fellow!) cut up the faces of four famous girls of the screen and scattered the pieces all over this page. Now he's sorry, and he wants you to put them together again.

Cut out the pieces with a scissors, following the outlines carefully. Then spread out a fairly large piece of stiff paper and assemble the four heads on it. As you fit piece to piece, you may find it easier to paste them down on the paper.

As a little clue, here is a brief description of each girl: One is

most often described as "mysterious," one as "sweet" or "charming," one as "smart" or "clever," and one as a "hoyden."

There are no awards or prizes offered for the completed faces, except the fun you'll get from assembling them. Please don't send them to PHOTOPLAY.

But we would like to know whether or not you like this new feature, and if you want some more cut-up faces next month. Address your letters on this subject to The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

ALL sorts of excitement about Ruth Chatterton this month. This is what was being said over those Brown Derby and Embassy coffee cups. That Ruth was determined to make her last few weeks with Paramount as unpleasant as possible for the studio; that she had gone high hat; that she refused to walk the few feet from her dressing room to the set, but must have a car; that she was late on the set; that she wouldn't work a moment after five o'clock and that she objected to Paul Lukas as her leading man.

So PHOTOPLAY sleuths got out the old two-billed hat, the magnifying glass and the trusty bloodhounds and found out the straight of the matter.

Every Paramount star is provided with a car to go from dressing room to set, so that make-up and costumes will stay intact. She has been a bit late once or twice and she has *always* stopped work at five or five-thirty. She did object to Paul Lukas, because she and Mrs. Lukas who were once the best of

friends are having one of those girlish tiffs and Ruth, no doubt, thought that an "atmosphere" on the set wouldn't help the production. She did, however, want her last Paramount picture, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," to be a wow.

THERE have been difficulties. Paul has had trouble learning the English lines, as he always does. And his accent bothers him.

But wait until Ruth gets to Warner Bros. How's this for a few fancy contract clauses? She has absolute say-so-or-no on the stories in which she will star. Her contract includes not only herself but her hairdresser and her electrician—the one who knows all the tricks about lighting Chatterton and making her look that gorgeous before the camera. And her Warner cameraman is to be especially instructed by her former Paramount cameraman.

She'll have Colleen Moore's old bungalow as her dressing room.

Zowie! Her contract gives her more than any other star on the Warner lot.

HERE is Cliff Edwards' definition for a lawyer, told since his divorce in which Mrs. Edwards came out the money-victor!

"A guy who gets paid four times as much as you do for talking five times as much and saying nothing."

CLARK GABLE has become a second Greta Garbo. No, no, little Oscar, he's not walking in the rain and going mysterious on the home folks. It's simply that he's become so popular with the lads and lassies who go to the movies that scores of reporters follow him wherever he goes, trying to get hot news about him.

Our faithful secret service makes the following burning discoveries:

He hates dark suits. If he had his way he'd wear only grey. He dislikes tuxedos because he doesn't dare have them made in light material.

His one objection to pictures is that he can't wear grey suits on the screen.

He has a new polo costume and two horses laid by against the day when he'll have a string.

And—oh, this *is* fame—a salad has been named for him.

The Clark Gable salad, on the M-G-M commissary menu, consists of green chicory chopped with romaine, a deep covering of hard-boiled eggs and a circle of slivered beets. French dressing.

Which reminds me that the Garbo sandwich now appears on the menu, as well as Garbo salad. But you'll be fooled on the sandwich because it's just plain Swiss cheese. The waitress confided that Garbo eats imported Swiss cheese "morning, noon and night."

JANET GAYNOR is making her first trip to Europe. Husband Lydell Peck, her mother and the girl who dresses her hair at the studio are with her.

It was a surprise voyage. She had planned on Honolulu with her mother. When she learned she could have two months between pictures she changed the tickets.

Incidentally, Janet and Charlie Farrell have both signed new contracts with Fox. The old figure of \$2,250 weekly for each has been increased.

EVER since the publication of Rilla Page Palmborg's book, "The Private Life of Greta Garbo," it seems that Garbo doesn't think very much of Gustav Norin.

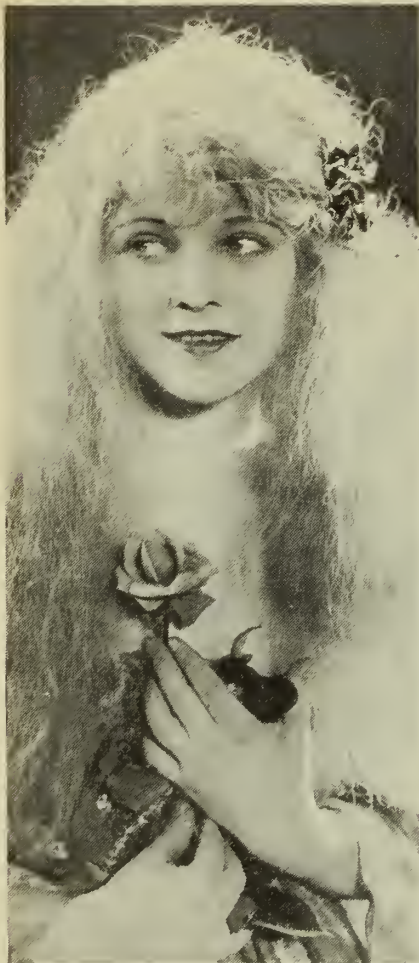
Gustav is the young Swedish sculptor who, when finances were low, worked in Garbo's house. It was from Norin that Mrs. Palmborg got much of the material for her book on Garbo.

The other day, Garbo accidentally encountered Norin on the street. She stopped short, looked him over slowly from head to foot, and then husky-voiced, in inflections of deep disdain:

"So, det are Du . . .!"

Which, in Swedish, and English, means: "So that's you?"

And is very, very crushing.



Ever wonder what became of Wanda Hawley, the lovely blonde star of a decade ago? A real fan looked up from the cosmetics counter of an Omaha department store—and there was Wanda, selling a beauty preparation made in Hollywood! Then she got into print with a kissing act before a Southern legislature



Wide World

Loretta tells it to the judge! Little Miss Young, whose blazing marital adventure with Grant Withers turned to embers and then ashes, is on the witness stand in Los Angeles. "Please, Judge," says Gretchen, for that's her real name, "Grant didn't support me, and I want a divorce!" Poor little Young Love!

ANN HARDING wanted a vacation. She had only a week's time off. Overnight she decided to spend those days in New York, so she and a girl friend (husband Harry Bannister was working) hopped in Ann's plane and—with the pilot—flew across the country.

Ann wanted a rest. Interviews and curious eyes did not have any place in her plans, so she dressed simply, avoided the smarter places and went about New York unrecognized. The most amusing of her experiences happened at the theater. Sitting directly behind her and two friends were three people, obviously celebrity seekers. Between acts the man in the party would report to the two women that he'd just seen So and So who played a small part in some obscure movie or "there's that guy that had his picture in the paper yesterday."

One of the women remarked, "Frank has an eye like a hawk. He never misses seeing an important person. And he can recognize every movie star." When the play was over Ann turned and faced old "eye-like-a-hawk." One of the women was having trouble getting into her coat. Ann graciously helped her and was sweetly thanked. But not one of them knew that Ann Harding had been sitting directly in front of them all evening. And won't they be amazed when they read this!

BUSTER KEATON got generous one day and invited the entire cast of "Possessed" to be his guests for luncheon.

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable were the honored guests.

Then he served them corned beef and cabbage and onions. And that afternoon Joan and Clark had to do a big love scene. Oh, Buster!

WHAT a party they gave to welcome Marion Davies back from Europe!

There was a Mexican band, and one room at the Ambassador, where the event took place, was turned into a miniature Mexican dance hall. For the more formal there was a dance orchestra in the French room.

Ina Claire startled the natives by arriving with Joel McCrea. But she left the "guy what brung her" for ex-hubby Jack Gilbert who staggied it. Bobby Ames, another of Ina's boy friends, was supposed to bring Anita Page. He was working. Anita came alone.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, former girl friend of Joel McCrea, was with the Marquis and a Baron Jaunez, also from Paris. Gloria Swanson was not there.

Buddy Rogers accompanied Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, Mary's steady, was burned up about that. Dorothy Jordan was to accompany Howard Hughes, but Dorothy had to work so Millionaire Hughes staggied it.

Billie Dove attended alone.

The stags included: Lawrence Tibbett, Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer was ill); Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Billy Haines; Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers working); Norman Foster (Claudette Colbert in New York).

JIMMY DURANTE, who is causing a riot in Hollywood with his wise-cracks (there's a story about him in this issue of PHOTOPLAY), was the hit of Marion Davies' party. He acted as master of ceremonies and presented Marion with the key to the city.

This was Jimmy's first appearance in high sassiety. His little wife followed him adoringly with a beaming I-knew-he-could-it expression.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



WOOLENS love their bath in IVORY SNOW

A frisk in the new quick-dissolving Ivory Snow is the easiest, safest way to wash all fine woolens.

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its most modern form—tiny, tiny pearls so fine they feel powder-smooth between your fingers. They are so eager to work that they dissolve and fluff up into velvety rich suds as soon as they

touch even lukewarm water.

With other soaps, after your hands are hot from whipping up suds in hot water, you may fail to cool the suds enough for your fine things. But Ivory Snow makes instant suds in lukewarm water. And Ivory Snow melts completely—no undissolved particles to spot the clothes!

Use Ivory Snow lavishly—the big package costs only 15¢.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Trulu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.



99 ¹¹/₁₀₀ % PURE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]



The old and the new—four-footed pinto hoss and two-winged bronco of the air. Ken Maynard, cowboy star, and his steed Tarzan watch their pictures being painted on the side of Ken's new Stearman biplane. Movie cow-punchers used to be bucked off. Now they take off!

MARLENE DIETRICH has signed a new three-year contract with Paramount for twenty-six weeks work in America each year. The other twenty-six weeks or six months will be spent in the fatherland.

Since Marlene is not on the quota list this six months is made necessary by law. But "Legs" Dietrich doesn't want to be on the quota. She demands the six months in Germany anyhow and she considers Hollywood a place in which to work and make money; home a place to live and spend it.

CHECKING UP ON HEART BEATS: Estelle Taylor says Jack Dempsey's Reno divorce doesn't count, and insists his decree is invalid in California. . . . Lily Damita denies she was secretly married . . . or even engaged. . . . Roberta Gale caught the bride's bouquet at the Rita LaRoy-Ben Hershfield wedding, and Hollywood learns of her betrothal to Aviator Major Roy W. Ammel. . . . Mrs. Reginald Denny, who used to be screen actress "Bubbles" Steiffel, presents Reg with a baby boy. . . . Josephine Dunn goes into court and has her divorced hubby, Clyde Greathouse, sent to jail for nonpayment of alimony. . . . Arlene Judge is now Mrs. Wesley Director Ruggles. . . . Lena Malena becomes the bride of Wilmer Anderson, banker. . . . George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill very much that way. . . . Nils Asther answers divorce rumors by giving an "at home" with wifey Vivian

Duncan, at which he amused guests by sitting on the floor playing with the baby. . . . Looks safe to predict that 1932 will find Russell Gleason and Mary Brian answering to Mr. and Mrs. . . .

RAQUEL TORRES and William B. Leeds, the millionaire, say they're just good friends. . . . Howard Hughes and Constance Cummings and Constance Cummings and Leslie McFadden. . . . Loretta Young and Mervyn LeRoy. . . . Comedian Harry Langdon and the Mrs. are going to tell it to a judge in spite of her remark the day before that they were "happy as turtle doves." . . . Anna May Wong and a wealthy Peruvian gentleman. . . . Corliss Palmer and Eugene Brewster have separated after all these years. . . . Mrs. Duncan Renaldo is opening legal fire on Edwina Booth again. . . . Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt got that divorce at last. . . . Walter Huston's wife's in Reno for the usual reason.

SIDNEY SKOLSKY reports that Marie Dressler made her stage debut as "Cupid," of all things . . . it was at a church pageant. . . . Beverly Hills and Hollywood churches are crowded by tourists hoping to see movie stars. . . . What's more, they often do. . . . There are 1,000 chorus girls in Hollywood trying to find work. . . . The movie musicals lured them and left them flat. . . . Harold

Lloyd rescued his children when a fire broke out in his home. . . . Because Helen Chandler's teeth didn't show enough, a Hollywood dentist made caps to lengthen them. . . . She wears them over her own teeth when she's making a picture. . . . When Minna Gombell (you were crazy about her in "Bad Girl") isn't acting before the camera she gives the newer Fox players lessons in diction, grace, make-up and general deportment. . . . Many newspaper reporters are trying to claim the discovery of Mary Astor's secret marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. . . . But **PHOTOPLAY** told you all about it first in the November issue. . . .

JACKIE COOPER'S mother is on a weekly salary as the kid's guardian. . . . His grandmother is on his payroll, too. . . . Ruth Noble, a vaudeville actress, claims that that baby Sessue Hayakawa adopted is hers—and the Japanese actor's son.

REGINALD DENNY was late on the set.

The assistant director, knowing Denny's usual promptness, called him.

"Oh, you'll have to wait," shouted Denny. "I'm right in the midst of becoming a father."

And was he pleased and how he does boast about the fact that it was a boy!

LUPE VELEZ has seventy-five hats (count 'em—seventy-five!) and enough dresses to appear in a different one every day for six months.

Furthermore, she's allowed herself thirty-five thousand dollars for clothes money while she's in Europe.

Yet, she drives to work in an old bathing suit, because it's more comfortable! Yes, Lupe is different.



Takes a goodish bit of guessing to figure this one—but it really is Nancy Carroll, as she looks in "The Man I Killed," which Lubitsch is directing. It was the German peasant-girl hair-dress that had us winging for a minute. Any chance for this style catching?

JACKIE COOPER had trouble with his multiplication tables. He couldn't learn them.

Wallace Beery heard the teacher struggling with Jackie on the set.

"Here," he said roughly, "I'll teach him."

So big Wally and little Jackie left the set and Wally pointed to the sky. "If you saw an airplane up there what would you do?"

"I'd love it!"

"Of course you would," answered Prof. Beery. "If you saw two times one airplane how many would there be? Four times one airplane—"

And now Jackie says, the words tumbling over each other, "Three times one airplane is three airplanes; four times two airplanes is eight airplanes."

If you ask him how many nine times nine airplanes is—he'll answer "eighty-one airplanes" instantly. But if you ask him what is nine times nine, he doesn't know.

WILL ROGERS has flown all over the United States and Mexico. He'll shortly be winging his way to South America.

Yet Will gets terribly sea (or air) sick from airplaning!

IT was about a quarter to five in the afternoon of the first day of work on "Mata Hari," the Greta Garbo-Ramon Novarro co-starring picture.

Greta noticed the time and said, "I think that is enough for today." And Garbo went home.

Since then Ramon Novarro is all for this co-starring business. This was the first time in ten years that Ramon had been home in time to eat dinner with his family, while he was working on a picture.

SOMEONE warned Ramon Novarro not to let working with Garbo spoil his acting. "Robert Montgomery did his only poor job with her in 'Inspiration,'" he was told.

Ramon laughed. "I know. I was so frightened when I took the test that I fell right over into her arms. But no more. Today, she missed her lines once so I missed mine *twice!*"

And isn't Garbomania strange? Ramon was a star before Garbo was heard of.

MARIE DRESSLER has a new hobby. Three guesses! No, you're wrong. It's clothes. She's wearing gorgeous pajamas and hats crooked over one eye and suits made to order.

No, she hasn't reduced. She's going to show the stout women how to look chic.

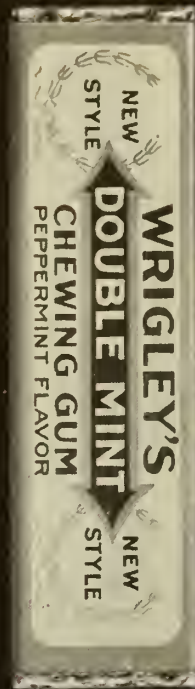
GRACE MOORE'S husband speaks no English.
She speaks no Spanish.
They converse in French.

GARY COOPER'S health is still not so good. . . . Lloyd Hamilton in an automobile accident. . . . He's seriously injured. . . . Newest dope on the turbulent career of Lya de Putti is that she must leave the United States by March. . . . A court ruling. . . . Unable to find wigs that looked natural, Mae Marsh bleached her hair white for the mother rôle in "Over the Hill." . . . Off screen she looks like a platinum blonde. . . . A baby less than six months old is not allowed to work before the camera for longer than thirty seconds at a time. . . . That's because of the glaring lights.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

TO KEEP
Young

Always have a package of **DOUBLE MINT** on your dressing table. Enjoy chewing ten minutes Twice Daily. It relaxes tense lines around the mouth and keeps lips and chin lines charmingly young.



5¢

*Inexpensive
Satisfying*

WRIGLEY'S

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]



Reginald Denny, Jr., was three days old when this was snapped, and so far he doesn't seem to think much of this silly world. He'd rather snooze in the arms of his pretty mamma, who used to be "Bubbles" Steiffel. Incidentally, the proud pop took the picture

have more time to devote to herself and sight-seeing in Europe by buying her clothes before she left, instead of waiting to get them abroad.

“WHAT A MAN” GABLE is the latest nickname for Hollywood's latest heart pulmotor.

It was started by a headline in the October issue of **PHOTOPLAY**

THE set of “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” with Fredric March has been barred to all visitors.

But to bar a set is just a double-dog dare to Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl.

They sneaked from the “Sooky” set where they were working, determined to get a peep of the forbidden.

How they got through the stage door, don't ask me. But they did. When they came to the canvas encircling the immediate set, kept there as a double protection, they crawled beneath as they would get free seats at a circus.

A rain scene was in progress. They didn't dare move, the cameras were grinding! Two wet, bedraggled little rascals crawled away when the scene was completed. No one on *that* set saw them but when they returned to the “Sooky” set, they were sent home to their mamas.

And Jackie went to bed with a sore throat.

DOLORES DEL RIO and Cedric Gibbons have moved from the futuristic home in Santa Monica to the house in which Dolores lived before they were married. . . . Stu Erwin is so fussy about his food that the good wife, June Collyer, does all the marketing in person. . . . They're planning to star Janet Gaynor in all the old Pickford successes. . . . Have you noticed how much Sally O'Neil looks like Mabel Normand in her film heyday? . . . Los Angeles real estate statisticians figure that film stars' investments in real property total about \$20,000,000. . . . Black is Pola Negri's favorite color. . . . Her bathroom is done entirely in black tiles and porcelain. . . . Talulah Bankhead is going to Hollywood. . . . Oh, boy, some fun, between the two big shots—Dietrich and Bankhead—on the same lot. Old-timers will recall the professional jealousy of Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson. . . . James Cagney's studio fight is over. . . . He got what he wanted—sure, it was more salary. . . . Polly Moran wrote one of those inside gossip letters to Billy Haines while Billy was making personal appearances. . . . Billy lost the letter and the person who found it circulated all the news. . . . Colleen Moore is now one of the most smartly dressed women in New York. . . . They've banned “An American Tragedy” in London. . . . The English object to premeditated murder. . . . And Leslie Howard, in London, refused a Hollywood contract because he “can't stand the pace.”



Look—poor, beautiful Dorothy Mackaill, breakfasting all alone in her lovely Hollywood home! Note the dreamy look and the pretty pajamas—no to mention pretty Dotty! Is it any wonder she's reported engaged every hour or so? And when this picture gets around, we expect her to get another bale of proposals by fast wire!

WHEN Lilyan Tashman left for a month's vacation in Europe, she had ten trunks full of brand-new clothes—every one of them created in New York and Hollywood. All of Lil's friends, who had been abroad, told her that she could save money and annoyance and

WHEN people talk about Howard Hughes playing the field and having a monopoly on all the blondes of Hollywood, it makes me a little weary. If you could only see the dozens of girls who fling themselves at Hughes and try to chisel some of the Hughes' millions you would wonder how he maintains any equilibrium at all. Recently, on a trip to Santa Barbara, there were ninety young girls on his yacht for tea at one time, all hanging on his words as passengers hang on subway straps. Yet Howard is a quiet, modest, retiring man who still blushes at a risqué story. Making pictures—and not blondes—is his chief interest.

MICKEY MOUSE celebrated his third birthday recently. . . . A New York store sued Ruth Chatterton for \$79.50—for two blouses. . . . George Arliss announces he has quit the stage forever for films. . . . Jackie Cooper goes to the Hollywood prize fights. . . . John and Lionel Barrymore will appear together in the same picture, "Arsene Lupin," for M-G-M. . . . And another Barrymore—Sam Colt, son of Ethel Barrymore—arrives in Hollywood intending to enter pictures. . . . Olga Baclanova took out her citizenship papers. . . . Will Rogers, Junior, enrolls as a freshman at Stanford. . . . William Powell's nickname is—ha! ha!—"Willie!" . . . But wife Carole Lombard calls him "Junior."

LITTLE Dorothy Jordan, who has been pictured as another stay-at-home girl like Anita Page, is stepping out in high sassiety. She's seen at all the yacht clubs, at non-professional social functions, and at the opera. Perhaps her friendship with Howard Hughes started it! Even Anita goes out three nights a week with boy friends and without papa and mama. Here, here, Will Hays, you'd better look into this.

TRICK Outfit of the Month:
Jack Oakie dancing at the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove in white flannel trousers, blue shirt with white bow tie, white sweater and tuxedo jacket!

WALLACE BEERY bought a swell, new car of an ultra expensive make. The salesman made the delivery late one afternoon. Beery started to a preview in it. Half-way there it stopped running, suddenly and decisively. Wally went home, got his old, dilapidated Ford, drove to the new car, tied it by two ropes to the Ford and went thus to the preview, where he showed it to all his friends. The next morning he towed it to the salesroom. "You can keep it!" he said as he drove away in the rattling Ford. "My friends know now I can afford it."

IT was like parting with an old friend when Charlie Farrell sold his yawl, "Flying Cloud." For years that boat has been as dear to him as Tony is to Tom Mix. Every free moment was spent sailing. The reason for the sacrifice? Mrs. Farrell, Virginia Valli, is not as fond of boating as friend husband.

SOMEBODY is telling the story about the man who remarked at a Hollywood party that the lad who made talking pictures possible was living in France—without a dime. "That's swell," said Jack Gilbert. "I hope he starves."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



THIS RISING YOUNG ARCHITECT says: "My ideal girl is trim and smart—but not a peacock. People like her because she is genuine, and natural and good company."

What makes a Girl a "DREAM GIRL"?

Is it laughing eyes? Or golden hair? Or pep? Or money? Or clothes?

Perhaps. But 94 out of 100 young men told me that the one thing they wanted most in the girl they married was *natural* charm!

Natural—does that word describe you? Have you the fresh, natural look that men admire? Or is your complexion sallow, artificial, "hot-house," too obviously made-up?

Camay can help you get and keep your natural loveliness. Camay has been approved enthusiastically by 73 famous doctors as an unusually gentle soap for even the most delicate skin.

No other soap has won such medical approval.

Do try Camay today. You'll be delighted with the smoothness of Camay lather, the caressing, delicately scented softness of Camay foam. And you'll soon realize you have never found anything like it to give you a fresh, clear, vital look—the "natural look" men admire.

Helen Chase



CAMAY
COMPLEXION SOAP • 10c

for the fresh **NATURAL**
skin men admire

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]



Jimmy Durante at breakfast in his new California home. "Just the kind of a shack for a big corned beef and cabbage brawl with a keg of beer," says the new comic sensation, he whom the world calls "Schnozzle"

DICK ARLEN has also sold his yacht. And not because of the depression but because wife, Jobyna Ralston, went on a strike.

The Arlen yacht was small but complete. Both a crew and guests could not be accommodated—so there was no crew.

Joby did the cooking, washed the dishes, made the bunks. After two years of it, she rebelled.

They are building a swimming pool at their house instead.

IT takes Connie Bennett one week to earn \$30,000. It takes Herbert Hoover nineteen weeks to get the same amount and Andrew Mellon a year. But—Connie doesn't get that every week.

The much publicized salary check was a fluke, when she was loaned for that amount for one picture.

She worked one week and then rested for several.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S baby has learned just one English expression in her six months in this country. It's "you're driving me crazy" and she says it between every German sentence.

Wonder if she learned that from mamma Marlene.

DOROTHY MACKAILL has a new pet. It's a Brazilian monkey named "Decatur." Decatur had a few scenes with Dot in "Safe in Hell."

Dot liked it so much, she bought it from the owner.

DEPRESSION note.

There are huge benches placed on the sets of a certain studio on which the following sign is painted in bold, white letters:

"Please use these benches and save possible damage to expensive furniture on the set."

JUST about the time Lila Lee, all healthy again and ready to resume her picture career, returned from that vacation in Tahiti, her ex-hubby ran away and came back married.

He's James Kirkwood, you know, who divorced Lila Lee some time ago. In an airplane, he eloped with Beatrice Powers, former Ziegfeld girl. They flew from Hollywood to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were married.

SHE'S a comedienne off as well as on, is ZaSu Pitts. And the other day she was driving in from the beach with Thelma Todd and Irene Edwards.

They stopped at a drug store for sodas and ZaSu, the little cut-up, slipped away from the others and drove the car home, leaving them stranded.

Thelma and Irene were in beach togs—very fancy pajamas—and they didn't have a cent. For one hour those two attractive girls tried to hail a car. But no luck.

At last a director they know happened by and gave them a lift.

That's how blasé Hollywood feels about beauty in distress.

BEBE DANIELS is off the soothsayers and crystal gazers for keeps.

They all predicted a boy and it was a girl baby.

They all missed the date of birth by two weeks, and they guessed every day of the week but the right one.

YOU remember that Kay Francis lost some valuable jewelry recently. Only the wedding ring was returned.

"They couldn't pawn that and besides it was only worth five dollars," Kay's husband, Kenneth MacKenna, said.

"Only worth five dollars!" someone exclaimed.

He blushed. "Yes. You see, I had no idea how much a wedding cost so the morning we were to be married, I stopped at the bank and drew out five hundred dollars hoping that would cover it. I paid only five dollars for the wedding ring to make sure I would have enough left.

"Then I discovered the license was only two dollars and the minister ten—only cost me seventeen bucks altogether."

IN order to rid himself of visitors who were actually impeding progress of direction on the "Frankenstein" set, Director James Whale thought up the gag of its being bad publicity for anybody to see Boris Karloff in the gruesome make-up.

Karloff is more than six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He uses forty-eight pounds of make-up and body structure.

Going to and from the set he covers himself with a white veil and it's one of the funniest sights you've ever seen.

But the weight of the make-up, plus the nerve strain and the secrecy, has caused him to lose twenty-one pounds.

THE other day Joan Crawford was so nervous she could scarcely get her make-up on.

She shook so the mascara brush would not make an even application.

"Has something terrible happened?" asked the hairdresser.

"No! No! I have to make a speech before 700 people!"

It was the first public speech of her life before 700 extras in the Philharmonic Auditorium, a scene for her picture "Possessed."

Joan (in the story) tries to get Clark Gable elected governor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Juliette Compton's quaintly "coiffed" head belies the sophistication of her black sequined gown. There is more than a bit of glitter in evening hours—even the diamond bracelets add their bit to this costume. How do you like those shorter gloves, girls? A smart change from the long, wrinkled ones

TWICE THE BEAUTY

from face powder if you use Princess Pat

the famous almond base
makes it different

Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is the softest. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its unusual softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness—beauty that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

A Difference with a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things. Consequently there really is a reason for the difference immediately notice-

For graciousness, beauty, savoir faire, complete your make-up with Princess Pat exquisite rouge, eye shadow, truly indelible lip rouge. For alluringly clear, transparent skin, use Princess Pat creams, to cleanse, nourish and refine skin texture.



Loretta Young—Star of First National Pictures—reveals a bewitching smile as she powders with Princess Pat.

able when Princess Pat, the exclusive almond base face powder, is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal*—in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat does give "twice the beauty" from face powder—and millions of women use it for this reason.



Princess Pat

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Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked.

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One sample free, additional samples 10c each

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



There is no fluff or period influence to those clothes you wear for winter sports. Empress Eugenie probably would have swooned at such an outfit—but Marjorie King looks comfortable and happy. According to our expert, Seymour, a dark woolen suit with bright accents makes the most effective costume against snow. Note the workmanlike boots, heavy socks and woolen accessories. The blouse "zips" closed and the trousers are done in the Norwegian manner

RITA LA ROY, that gorgeous vamp of the screen, who never loses her nerve no matter what the story situation may be, almost collapsed with nervousness at her own wedding!

Rita—Hollywood calls her hard-boiled—was so terrified at the ordeal of walking down the aisle of Temple Israel, the Hollywood synagogue where she became the bride of Actor's-Agent Ben Hershfield, that she wavered at the top of the steps to the platform where the marriage was performed.

Hershfield sprang forward and grasped her arm to steady her.

And throughout the ceremony, Rita trembled so that her bouquet almost came to pieces!

THE night watchman at Universal studios was making his rounds the other evening when he heard horse hoofs. No company was working. He began a thorough search for marauders.

As he was hurrying between two buildings he heard a lion's roar.

"They *must* be showing a picture," he mused hopefully, to quiet his fear. He dashed into the projection rooms, one after another. All was dark.

As he exited from the last one, he heard a baby whimpering.

Perspiration was dripping from his face. Just then the horses hoofs began again, followed by a cat's meow.

"I'm going to call the police—"

He started for the main building when he saw a tiny light from an upper window. He drew his gun, crawled up the stairs quietly, and heard:

"I can use this meow in that next picture of James Whale's and those horses hoofs in—"

The watchman lowered his gun. Jack Foley was taking inventory of the sound department. There was no screen. He was just running off sounds, which had been cut from other pictures, on a victrola-like contraption and filing them—just as you file names and addresses.

Now, Foley tells the night watchman when he is going to take sound inventory!

THEY were photographing fashion pictures of Linda Watkins, Minna Gombell and other feminine players in "Good Sports."

"The background must prove that these are really taken on the set," said the press agent. "Let's use the bar. That'll prove it's fake. There aren't any real bars in America any more."

Pardon the yawn!

YOU will remember that Monte Blue lost out on the screen because the size of his voice and the size of his body didn't match up.

Monte has spent his time studying with Dr. Fleischman, the man who trained Warner Baxter. The other day he made a reel for a news service.

The recorder jumped from the booth to exclaim, "What a voice. It's the best I've recorded in a year!"

The story got around and now several studios are dickering for Monte's services.

THE month's heart throb!

Bodil Rosing, one of the top-notch mother actresses, played the mother in "An American Tragedy." When the picture was finished, Von Sternberg decided that he just couldn't have a foreign woman for that rôle. So he shot those scenes over with Lucille La Verne.

And Bodil had been so thrilled at her big chance in "An American Tragedy."

VICKI BAUM, German authoress of "Grand Hotel," is Hollywood's latest social lioness. Here's one of her amusing stories.

Her fourteen-year-old son has been allowed

free access to his mother's library. She has never dictated his reading.

One day he said, "Mother, I have just finished reading your books."

"And do you like them?"

He went to her, put his arms around her and cuddled her head on his shoulder.

"Mother, I think they are dull and uninteresting but you are lovely."

NO doubt you'll thrill to know that Helen Chandler detests parsnips and cottage cheese, and likes her eggs "tight."

"Tight eggs," in the Chandler lexicon, means simply hard-boiled, fried or poached, and not soft.

Oh, well.

A LOS ANGELES theater newspaper advertisement announced:

HELEN TWELVETREES

in

"BAD COMPANY"

with

RICARDO CORTEZ

ADRIENCE AMES, the girl with the rich broker husband, attended the opening of Jane Cowl's "Camille" in stunning black velvet pajamas.

She wore a short llama coat and the trousers were so camouflaged that the audience divided its attention between the play and trying to answer the question, "Are they really pajamas?"



Keystone

A beautiful opera and talkie star brings her new husband home! Grace Moore and the lucky man, Valentine Parera, arriving at the port of New York. She speaks no Spanish, he no English. So they converse in French

LOIS MORAN went to Belgium between pictures to see her little adopted sister who is in a convent in that country. A nice gesture, on Lois' part, adopting this homeless youngster as her sister, giving her not only an education befitting a blood sister, but an affection which makes her cross the water twice a year to see her.

MAYBE you don't care, but Ona Munson's hobby is writing verse. Silly verse, she prefers. Here's a sample:

When springtime comes
And stern winter goes,
I weep much because
I must powder my nose.
It makes me unhappy
And robs me of ease
For powdering my nose
Just makes me sneeze.

Well, anyway, she's a good actress.

ONE of the strangest accidents in studio history gave Warner Baxter more than a week's uncomfortable vacation from acting, recently.

He was walking through a doorway on a motion picture set when the glass fell out of the transom above the door. Falling, it struck Baxter's knee, cutting a very deep gash in which several stitches had to be taken. It was days before Baxter could walk without limping, and production was held up during that time.

WARNER BAXTER gets the most English fan mail on the Fox lot, but Jose Mojica reads his in all languages. Mojica is Fox's biggest money-maker abroad not only in Spanish speaking countries but in Germany, Denmark and even Sweden, where he is running Greta Garbo a close second.

WILLIAM HAINES, Hollywood's most militant bachelor, will have plenty of woman for a while, at least.

Playing opposite him in the vaudeville act in which he's making a personal appearance tour is a girl called Cupid Ainsworth. She weighs 250 pounds.

TO raise funds for charity work among the needy in cinemaland, officers of the Motion Picture Relief Association in Hollywood devised a novel plan which is finding pledges by the score. It is simply this: each guarantor promises to pay one half of one per cent of his or her salary to the fund. Statisticians figure the plan will raise at least \$100,000 a year. And that gives a bit of an idea of how much money there is in this picture business. Conrad Nagel suggested the plan.

THERE is no surer sign that a star has really arrived than when her dog begins to be noticed. It's Hollywood's subtle way of "yesing." Recently Joan Crawford appeared in the M-G-M commissary, and three people jumped up from their tables and ran to pet her dog, "Wattles."

When Marion Davies brought back from Berlin a Dachshund named "Gandhi," it at once changed the style in dogs. Kay Francis and Allen Vincent have already followed suit. Francis calls hers "Weenie." When Lilyan Tashman left for Europe, she announced she would bring back a Dachshund and from no other place than Berlin.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



"It's the standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading universities."



"You don't buy these tablets every day; they come in a 10-day bottle because they keep."



"So small, so easy to swallow, so handy to carry with you in purse or pocket."

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

the only kind of yeast suitable for all ages



"You'll love the nutlike flavor of these yeast tablets; swallow whole or eat them like candy."



"Being all yeast, these tablets are the richest known natural food source of Vitamins B and G."



"It's a wholesome food because it's pure yeast and nothing but yeast. No drugs or other substances."



"This yeast is pasteurized; therefore it cannot ferment or cause gas in the stomach."

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GEORGE WASHINGTON STORY BOOK FOR CHILDREN, beautifully illustrated, commemorating anniversary of 200th birthday of the Father of Our Country. Send for your copy NOW!

ON THE AIR

Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

Here are 7 reasons why you should eat Yeast Foam Tablets—the modern form of Health Yeast—read them carefully.

Is it any wonder that thousands of people are seeking to improve or to retain their health and energy through the aid of this modern, this better form of health yeast? Its advantages, set forth above, are perfectly apparent. Its potency, in the essential B and G vitamins (hence its corrective value), exceeds that of any other natural foodstuff.

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Remember that Yeast Foam Tablets are used as the standard for research by leading scientific authorities. Eat them for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, underweight, nervous and rundown conditions.

The 10-day bottle costs but 50 cents at your drug store. Made and guaranteed by the World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

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SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

My Uncle Egbert—WHOOPS—Meets the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Uncle Egbert we should make a sightseeing tour of the stars' homes. Maybe we could peep through knotholes in their back fences and see them basking, *au naturel*, in the sun or beating their husbands.

Nunky said it sounded like a punk idea, but he couldn't think of a better one, so we drove to Beverly Hills and hired one of the mendacious youths who loiter by the curbsides and volunteer to show you all the stars' homes for a dollar—cash in advance.

THE expedition failed. It started out well enough, bent in the middle when our guide said a high stone wall was Harold Lloyd's mansion and a locked iron gate was Pickfair, and collapsed with a loud report when he, miscalculating Uncle Egbert's gullibility, tried to palm off the grammar school as Gloria Swanson's little nest and the Beverly Hills Hotel as the domicile of Clara Bow.

After Uncle Egbert bid the youth a fond and profane farewell—and bandaged his skinned knuckles with a handkerchief—he turned to me and made his position clear. "Listen here, Bogie, I c'n see houses anywhere. I'm primarily interested in architecture of the human variety."

Needless to say, this ukase disturbed me. Could my venerable Uncle Egbert—sixty-three years of age—have reference to the feminine human form divine?

"What's more," he declared, "I want to see some *real* movie stars. I never even heard of this Clara Swanson and Gloria Bow."

That night I took him to the Roosevelt, hoping to be able to show him how movie stars are fed.

We were no more than seated when, right at the very next table—

"Whis-s-st, Uncle Egbert!" I hissed. "Garbo!" I pointed with such rude enthusiasm as to almost impale the lady's eye on my finger.

Uncle Egbert looked, inquired, "What is a Garbo?"

I pointed frantically.

"Right there, Nunky—Greta Garbo, the great movie queen."

Uncle Egbert looked—but at me. His visage was stern.

"Looka here, Bogie. I come eleven thousand miles through jungles teeming with venomous reptiles—and you keep pointin' out a lot of blonde women I never heard of before. What's the idea?"

Somewhat exasperated I said, "Exactly whom do you wish to see?"

The tender light of love illumined my dear old relative's eye. "Theda Bara," he murmured rapturously. "She's the one I've really come to see."

"Theda Bara!"

"Yes, sir! That woman's a revelation in what can be done. Just before I left I seen her in that a-rag-a-bone-a-hank-of-hair picture—me'n the king."

Uncle Egbert's eyelid drooped in a devilish wink. "In fact, that's what I'm here for—to invite her to visit the king."

WHILE I was recovering from my surprise Uncle Egbert went out for a cigar—he said it was for a cigar.

He returned beaming. "It's all fixed," he said.

"What's all fixed?"

"I just met a man from Iowa who told me another man told him the real way to see the studios and the stars was on a big bus from downtown. One dollar a head—they show you everything."

I protested. "Now, Nunky, I don't think those busses—"

Uncle Egbert won.

We saw every studio in Southern California—strictly from the outside.

Fortunately Uncle Egbert couldn't complain. It was his own idea.

In desperation I drove him down to Malibu Beach—nobody lives there but motion picture stars.

We had a lovely ride and an armed guard let us get within nearly a mile of the nearest star's home.

Came evening of the last day—with Uncle Egbert hinting darkly of cutting me out of his will.

I was frantic—when suddenly the fire of genius burned.

To Nunky I said, "Would you *really* like to meet Theda Bara, Uncle Egbert?"

He gave me a look.

"Didn't I tell you I come eleven thousand miles through jungles teeming with venomous—"

"You did, Uncle Egbert—and meet her you shall!"

I rushed to the corner drug store and phoned Imogene Fitzfancy. You know Imogene—head smart-cracker of the Bon Ton Beauty Shoppe, the Wilson Mizner of the marcelling mamas.

QUOTE I: "Imogene, my moonbeam, wouldst commit a little light perjury for a friend?"

Imogene said she would break nine of the ten commandments for me—and I could pick my own nine.

I explained my predicament.

"All I have to do is impersonate Theda Bara?"

I said that was all.

"Call a taxi and deliver Uncle Egbert to me. And may heaven have mercy on his soul."

Which was correct in the light of subsequent events.

I rushed back to Uncle Egbert, called a taxi, even paid the taxi fare.

We entered Imogene's luxurious den. Imogene was encased in a lavender and gold negligée and looked like a marooned mariner's dream. Soft rose-colored lights glowed seductively.

The air smelled faintly of Oriental perfume. Imogene's breath smelled strongly of gin. She greeted us languidly from a reclining position on an Everest of silken cushions.

"Uncle," said I, "this is Theda Bara. Theda, this is my very dear Uncle Egbert from Bongoland."

"Bongoland?" said Imogene.

UNCLE Egbert was so flustered he couldn't talk. I explained he was an emissary of the king.

Imogene said, "What king?"

"The King of Bongoland."

"Never heard of him," said Imogene.

Uncle Egbert dragged his voice out of hiding and said, "He's a black king."

"Oh," said Imogene, the light dawning, "like the king of spades."

Uncle Egbert reached in his pocket and produced a picture of the king. His habiliments included a white beret, shark-tooth earrings, a Sam Browne belt, a loin-cloth, Congress gaiters and rubber overshoes. All he lacked was a neon sign saying *king*.

Uncle Egbert said:

"The king wishes me to invite you to visit Bongoland as his guest."

Right at this juncture Imogene said: "How about a little snort, Egbert?"

And right at this juncture I should have packed Uncle Egbert up and carted him home.

Unfortunately I didn't—and one snort led

to another and presently Uncle Egbert was phoning for another case of gin.

And then, one by one, the following distressing incidents occurred.

Imogene rebuked me for not bringing Uncle Egbert a round to see her the minute he arrived in town.

She said she had always been nuts to meet an emissary of a king—particularly the king of spades.

And Uncle Egbert got pretty mad about this, too.

Uncle Egbert confided to me these movie queens were great gals once you broke down their reserve.

In reply to Imogene's inquiry as to his marital state, if any, Uncle Egbert revealed the startling information that he had seven wives, which is no offense in Bongoland. Imogene said, "Gwan—an old duck like you with seven wives!"

Whereupon Uncle Egbert bashfully explained when he was a younger man his help-meets had numbered seventeen.

From then on Imogene treated him as an equal.

She's had seven husbands—although only one at a time.

UNCLE Egbert expressed a desire to meet more and more movie queens. Imogene said his wish was a command—and phoned three other dolls from the Bon Ton.

When they arrived, she introduced them as Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees.

Uncle Egbert said wasn't that fine and invited them all to be the guests of the king.

To show their appreciation they all drank seven toasts to the king. Uncle Egbert said he was having a swell time.

During a lull in the libations, Uncle Egbert removed his shoes and started doing tricks with his toes.

Because of fourteen years going practically barefooted Uncle Egbert has become dreadfully adroit with his toes. Imogene said she had never kept company with a man who was so clever with his toes.

At 11:27 Uncle Egbert removed his coat; at 11:31 his vest; his necktie followed at 11:38. At 11:42 he unbuckled his repertoire of native African dances and war whoops, with Imogene beating a wash-boiler with a potato-smasher in lieu of a tom-tom.

At exactly 12:00 m. the cops broke in the front door and interrupted Uncle Egbert in the middle of a Umangi war dance. This made Uncle Egbert pretty sore. Being in a warlike mood he kicked one of the policemen in the chin and tweaked his nose with his—Uncle Egbert's—toes.

This made the policeman mad enough to hit Uncle Egbert with a chair.

The party began to bore me about then so I left. So did the girls.

I WAS waiting for Uncle Egbert at the police station when they brought him in. I was really very proud of my old relative. It took five large officers to handle him. He sold his liberty dearly but was still able to protest loudly that was a hell of a way to treat an emissary of a king.

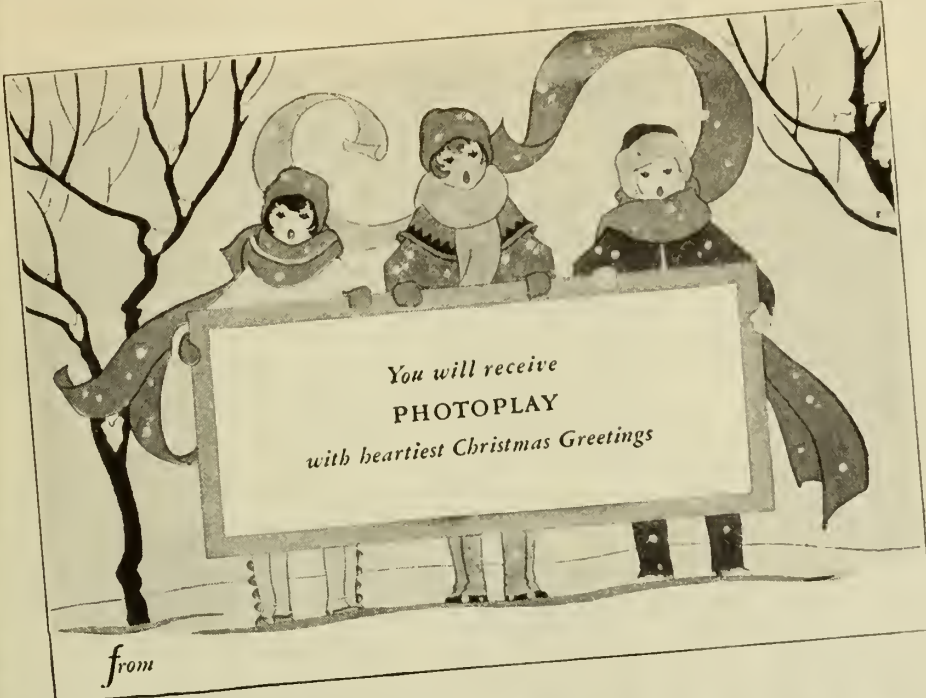
Next morning I bailed him out with a hundred dollar bill and took him home. He said:

"Gee, they won't let you have any fun at all in this town. I'm glad I'm going back to Bongoland."

I said amen—but not out loud.

A troubled frown suddenly furrowed Uncle Egbert's brow.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



The Ideal Gift!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Send Me to Friends for Christmas

I AM not just a little card or present that turns green with the spring. You can't lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend's house and say, "I'm here again, because your friend wants you to remember throughout the year the thoughts of Christmas time. I know you'll like me because everybody does. I won't allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year."

You cannot send a more economical or pleasing gift. Just make a list of your friends, attach them to this coupon and send them in right away. You can send one or twenty. There's no limit. Get your Christmas Shopping off your mind.

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12-31

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

would accompany me into the office and introduce me to De Mille. Instead she merely flung open the door of the largest room I'd ever seen and left me to stand there.

The office was enormous and very long. I had a vague feeling that the walls were heavily panelled and that it was furnished in sumptuous and over-luxurious elegance. What seemed to be miles and miles of polished floor stretched before me. This desert of hardwood was punctuated by a single oasis—a huge white bearskin rug flung upon it. The walls gave off an air of darkness and 'way, 'way off there, across that long floor, at the extreme other end of the room, was a tremendous desk behind which I saw a gleaming bald head.

I COULD see nothing else since the man who possessed the head was so far away from me. I got the impression that there was a terrific light coming from somewhere, a light focused upon the head and then shooting forth its rays at me standing in the door. Whether it was simply the expert placing of the windows at the man's back producing this effect or whether there was actually a spotlight behind him, I do not know.

I was too confused. Somehow or other my immediate duty was to accomplish those miles of floor—to trail my poor self, weighted down by my robes, over that bearskin rug. The desk and the bald head were my goal. Dangling beads hitting against my weak knees, fringe wrapping about my trembling legs, I made the supreme effort and began my journey.

They'll never say an Albert—the old "never-die-Alberts" they call us—couldn't ring the bell. I came through clean! Awed, frightened, amazed, I walked across the room. Then, just as I got to the bearskin rug, I wanted to laugh. It impressed me just at that moment as all too funny, too bizarre. But I didn't laugh. You don't laugh when you're in The Presence.

The bald head towered ceilingwards. The great De Mille, who was (as perhaps you've already cleverly guessed) its possessor, had risen from his desk. We stood there looking at each other. I began.

"Miss West dressed me up like this," I explained. "And I feel silly."

"You shouldn't," said the great De Mille, "clothes should be the frame for a woman's beauty."

"Clothes like this?" I asked, expertly entangling a couple of hundred yards of beading from another couple of hundred yards of fringe.

He did not answer. Instead he said, "Have you ever been married?"

I shook my head.

His eyes became soulful and a vibrant voice asked, "Have you ever been in love?"

Right here I made a mistake. I was flippant. "If you call that feeling that prompted me and a kid named Latimer Bates to pass notes back and forth in the English

history class, love—then we'll say I've been in love."

That wasn't the right answer. De Mille didn't like that. "Love is a Great Experience," he said. He was going to get that line over whether he got the cue or not.

"So I've heard," I said. I was tired. The dress weighed a ton if it weighed an ounce. A bead was biting into my right shoulder. I didn't care at the moment whether I worked for Cecil B. De Mille or not. "Would you like to hear about my motion picture experience?" I asked.

"Life is the Great Experience," answered De Mille. I started to say I'd heard that somewhere before. But I didn't. What was the use? I wasn't the conversational type for Cecil B. De Mille. So I thanked him for the interview and left to breathe the nice outside air.

A FEW days later I was given a call. I sat in a theater and applauded Mildred Harris upon a stage. Dorothy Dalton was in a box. She chewed gum and smoked every time the cameras weren't trained directly upon her. She seemed to like doing that and chewed the smoke up with the gum. It fascinated me more than De Mille's tirades against the younger actors in the cast.

Cecil B. De Mille was, and still is, one of the greatest personal showmen of all time. Not even the late Belasco, whom he imitated, could beat him.

Through Mary Pickford's casting director I got a few days extra work in a picture that Lottie Pickford was making. It was, I believe, her last and it was never released. We sat on a hill in Griffith Park and pretended we were artists painting pictures. Lottie was

tired and plump. It made her wheeze to run up and down the hill. She wasn't much interested in acting. She said she wanted to get back home to see her baby.

THEN I tried the quickie companies. I've neither the space nor the memory to tell you all about that. What jip outfits they were in those days! There was a small, fat Italian who was going to star me in a series of big pictures and wanted me to sell stock in the concern. There was a strange, lanky self-called director who made a test of me in a funny run down studio on Los Angeles' East Side and, like De Mille, asked me if I'd ever been in love.

There was also a fifth-rate comedian who made two-reel comedies in which I played leading lady with fire hoses turned upon me—the better to be saved from the burning building, my dears. The comedian was the son of a minister—he said—and while protesting a deeply religious nature, he told risqué stories on the set and was forever trying to get up parties to go to Tia Juana (the smart Agua Caliente had not yet been built).

Oh, Hollywood was over-run with those fly-by-nighters with small ideas for making big money. They pass before my mind's eye—a mad pageantry of faces I remember, names I've forgotten. Strange and sinister faces they were, as if they had been clipped from an Aubrey Beardsley sketch book.

There is one more incident worthy of recording. I was appearing in some sort of charity fête. Mary Miles Minter and I had a booth to sell dolls or something. Mary was a snooty kid. She was just about my age but she looked down her nose at me in an effective manner. She had just come back from Paris—

her first trip, I believe, and when I asked her about it she said, "Paris is a bore, my dear, and the clothes that the smart houses are showing this year are abominable." She was only seventeen or eighteen at the time.

While I was busy my mother happened to sit next to a woman with a sweet little girl. My mother admired the child whom the woman told her was her granddaughter and the two began to talk about their progeny. The woman said she had three children—Lottie, Jack and Mary. "Two of them," she said, "Lottie and Jack have been good children but have caused me many a heartache, but I can honestly say that Mary has never given me a single moment's anxiety. She is—and I say this without mother pride, for I'm always willing to admit my own children's faults—perfect."

Mrs. Pickford, who played such an important rôle in Mary's life and, when she died, left her heartbroken, was talking then, not for publication, not for effect—but to another woman, another mother whose name she did not



Gosh, how these stars suffer! Here's Irving Pichel doing a little high-class branding on the fair back of Tallulah Bankhead. It's a scene from "The Cheat." "Now you're mine, gal!" snarls Pichel. "Yeah?" says Tallulah.

know. It was an intimate friendly chat and these are some of the things she told.

"Mary gives away hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. I know because I keep all her books.

"She is the sweetest, most generous person in the world.

"ONCE she was on location in a small town in Northern California. The postmistress was an old lady with a bad case of rheumatism, but she lived on the outskirts of the town and had to walk to the post-office no matter what the weather was.

"Mary knew that she could never learn to drive a car, so she offered to buy her a horse and buggy to make the trip easier. The old lady said she didn't want to be so 'obligated' by accepting the gift.

"Mary thought for a moment and then said, 'I haven't any grandmother so I'm going to adopt you. People adopt children, you know, so I'll reverse it. I adopt you and I guess I can buy my own grandmother a horse and buggy.' And, what's more, she sends a check each week so the old lady can have small luxuries. No matter how busy I am and what big checks I have to write—that check goes.

"Another time Mary noticed that a decrepit gateman at the studio was looking thin so she sent him to her doctor, who said he wasn't getting enough nourishing food and would have to have three or four fresh eggs every day. He didn't have the money nor the opportunity to buy fresh ones.

"Mary worried and worried and then she had an idea. He lived in an out-of-the-way neighborhood, so she sent him a dozen hens to lay eggs for him.

"When she was making a picture once a goat was supposed to butt her. But the goat was temperamental and wouldn't butt. They tried valiantly but it was no use. Mary is very religious and believes in prayer so she went over in a corner of the set and prayed that the next time the goat would butt her properly. 'And if he does,' she said to herself, 'I'm going to give an extra five hundred dollars to charity.' She went into the scene. The goat butted and I wrote a check for the crippled children's hospital."

THE love and admiration that Mary Pickford and her mother bore for each other was one of the most beautiful that Hollywood ever knew.

The movie game was becoming more and more difficult for me. My career—which, honesty makes me admit, had not been what you might call exactly a sensation—was in the doldrums.

Extra work and promises were about all I got, so I tossed the remains of my make-up kit out the window along with my acting ambitions and got a job on a newspaper.

During this time I worked in Los Angeles and had no close connection with Hollywood. It was a few years later—1925, to be exact—that I went to work in the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A publicity woman, I discovered, is supposed to be the well of understanding and the mother confessor for the stars.

It is her duty to get things in the paper as well as to keep them out. She must see all, know all and tell nothing. Some of the secrets told me and the sights I witnessed are almost too weird for belief.

But next month I'll tell you incredible stories of the stars of six years ago. I learned to know intimately Lillian Gish, Lon Chaney, Jack Gilbert, Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, as well as the younger players who were getting their first breaks—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Billy Haines. You may read their hitherto unpublished stories in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY.



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TWIN**

TAKE the Ridgeway twins, Ches and Wal. Looked alike as two peas in a pod. Couldn't tell themselves apart except at dinner, and the only way they knew which was which then was because Ches liked navy beans and Wal didn't.

Well sir, you might go so far as to say they had equal chances in life if any two young fellers ever did. It was this way at the age of twenty when they went to work in the bank. Now Ches is president of the bank and Wal has seven more years to serve at the penitentiary.

It jest shows home conditions and trainin' ain't everything. Jest like Ches would eat navy beans and Wal wouldn't, Ches would eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box, and Wal wouldn't. Ches felt good and thought the world was with him while Wal felt bad and thought the world was agin him. So they traveled different roads.

Of course I ain't sayin' these little tablets will keep you out of the penitentiary. I'm jest tellin' about Ches and Wal, twins.

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Short Subjects of the Month



You'll love freckle-faced, grinning Ray Cooke as *Torchy*, the nonchalant office boy. Dorothy Dix is the blonde. Comedy reviewed below

TORCHY

Educational-Burr

Introducing Ray Cooke and his engaging grin in the first of a series of comedies based on the famous "Torchy" stories. *Torchy* is an office boy, you know. Dorothy Dix offers good blonde interest. Great stuff. You'll be looking for the next one.

OLD KING COTTON

Paramount

George Dewey Washington, negro singer, dashes off some grand tunes in this dramatic little short about a young darkie who leaves the plantation for Harlem, only to discover that old scenes are best. You'll like it.

THE STARBRITE DIAMOND

William J. Burns-Educational

In this latest William J. Burns mystery thriller, suspicion rests on everyone at a house-party. The diamond theft and fake shooting will hold your interest right up to the last flicker. The authenticity of these stories gives them added punch.

RHYTHMS OF A GREAT CITY

Warner-Vitaphone

This is German film art made in Brooklyn, N. Y.—weird camera angles, flashes that last five seconds, street cars, silken legs and skyscrapers. Among the lightning-like shots is the tragic love story of a shop-girl and an iron-worker. Mad, but well done.

ISTANBUL TO BAGDAD

Fox

Different from the usual travelogue, this covers a wide scope. Beautiful photography adds enchantment to Far Eastern cities. Worthwhile.

SPEED

Educational-Sennett

A riotous comedy, and beautiful color photography which shows scenic grandeur

from the Rockies to the Eastern Coast. Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Alberta Vaughn are splendid and there's a water scene that will leave your sides aching.

ROUGH SAILING

Warner-Vitaphone

This is fast and it's funny. It's all about a clothing store dummy who gets mistaken for a sea captain and has to handle a ship. Joe Penner is the lad who provides the chuckles.

TAXI TROUBLES

Educational-Sennett

All Andy Clyde has to do is bring that bewildered expression into a picture, and the comedy is funny. This time Andy is a taxi driver with more troubles than a traffic policeman.

SCREEN SOUVENIRS

Paramount

See this first of a series of cuttings from old newsreels and dramas. There's Theodore Roosevelt at the opening of the Panama Canal; Christy Mathewson doing his stuff and bits from "The Curse of an Aching Heart." Great fun.

HONEYMOON TRIO

Educational-Camco

Two's company, three's a crowd when it comes to honeymooning! But sad-faced Al St. John, as a much bullied bridegroom, finds it isn't always easy to lose a chaperon when he happens to be the bride's ex-suitor. Entertaining.

THE GALLOPING GHOST

Mascot

Red Grange, football hero, comes back to the screen in a twelve-episode serial thriller. All the old-time thrills are given a background of college football. Grange is a versatile athlete, but Francis X. Bushman, Dorothy Gulliver and Gwen Lee take acting honors.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breedon
Chas. D. Brown
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes

Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oake
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allen Vincent
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Jeanette MacDonald
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna

Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker"
Lord
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lawrence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Leah Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart

Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Myrna Loy
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Novarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

RKO-Pathé Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy

Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees
Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks,
Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde

Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peteron
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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Screen Memories From Photoplay 15 Years Ago



Marguerite
Clark

A LITTLE boy celebrated his seventh birthday this month. PHOTOPLAY ran his picture along with that of his proud mama and papa. The little boy's name was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Now add fifteen to seven and you've got Joan's Dodo's real age, unless he was kidding us then. Doug, Jr., won't talk about his age now.

We gave three rousing cheers and a tiger over the news that Marguerite Clark was giving up the stage completely and remaining on the screen. She was one of the brightest of stars in those days. Now she's content to play a starring rôle in her own home in Louisiana, where she's happily married and is one of the social lights of New Orleans. It wasn't easy for an outsider to open the closed book of Creole society, but little Mag has managed to do it, just as she broke into movie circles so long ago.

And guess what Cal York was getting excited about? The depression—of all things—and the fact that so many extra players were out of work. And that was fifteen years ago!

The style in screen villains has changed. Stuart Holmes, the most popular "male vampire," admitted that he could sleep only in a round bed and had his picture taken in one to prove it.

Our reviewing editor gave five pages to "Intolerance." "Spades are not once termed garden implements, nor are kisses paternal or platonic," said he with a sly wink. In those days that was something for comment!

"The Common Law," with Clara Kimball Young, "Ashes of Embers," with Pauline Frederick and "Manhattan Madness," with Douglas Fairbanks were also reviewed.

The starry-eyed beauty on the cover was Marie Doro and the gallery subjects included Irene Castle, Bryant Washburn, William Desmond, Bessie Love and Mary McClaren.

Cal York items: Norma Talmadge will shine as an independent star. . . . Gertrude Robinson and James Kirkwood are married.

10 Years Ago



Mae
Marsh

THE most important story in PHOTOPLAY ten years ago was called "The Unhappy Ending," and the writer said (with just pride and a slight blush), "The mental standard of motion picture patrons is a mature and intelligent type of mind which can grasp and

enjoy both truth and art." Then it was only the most daring producer who would admit a screen plot that did not end in a sunlit garden with hero and heroine in one of those fade-out kisses. But times have changed. Letters to PHOTOPLAY indicate that the public wants real, human situations.

We announced that little Mae Marsh, of the wistful face, was going to make a screen comeback and we stood up and sang a hosanna. Recently we made that same announcement. The song still goes. You'll soon be seeing Mae (so long in retirement with her husband and children) in "Over the Hill."

Remember Betty Blythe who was "The Queen of Sheba" in six strands of beads and a cloud of dust? Here's a story about her in which she admits that she once went hungry and the writer was thankful that she had the courage to say it when her fans had thought of her as forever lolling in indolent luxury.

We asked "Why Does the World Love Mary?" We meant Mary Pickford, of course, who at that time stood alone. A picture of Constance Talmadge and mama "Peg" was used. "Peg" is still going strong as one of Hollywood's favorite wits.

Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Charlie Chaplin's "The Idle Class" got the two long reviews, but we were enthusiastic over Pola Negri's "One Arabian Night" and a film called "Bits of Life" in which an actor named Lon Chaney did a small rôle.

From the cover Lillian Gish's quaint smile shone through a mass of tulle.

Cal York items: Gloria Swanson and Herb Somborn (now proprietor of a string of Hollywood restaurants) have definitely split and Gloria declares she will never marry again.

5 Years Ago



Greta
Garbo

THIS was the month of Greta Garbo's second picture! Can you believe that the lady of the Scandinavians has been with us for only five years? "The Temptress" caused a sensation. It was so good that it got editorial comment and we remarked that "Greta

Garbo, under Fred Niblo's subtle direction, puts over a new kind of vampire." Garbo, always ahead of her time, was then starting the glamour school. It took five years for others to catch on. The rest—Dietrich, Chatterton, Bankhead and Landi—had not then set foot in Hollywood.

We wrote a large welcome on the mat for Emil Jannings. Already a big shot in Europe, he had just come to America. He didn't know then that in a few short years the hysteria caused by the microphone would drive him back home before it was realized that his accent only added to his artistry.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year was awarded to "The Big Parade." (This year another war film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," walks away with the medal.)

John Barrymore was a startling figure who said startling things. With his famous nose tilted upwards he remarked, "Hollywood can't exist—but it does!" He was appalled by the "stupidity of the film colony." Now he owns one of the finest homes in Beverly Hills and is a family man with a wife and baby. What's more, he seems to like living in Hollywood.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Sorrows of Satan," "The Quarterback" and "The Better Ole" received favorable comment. Aileen Pringle graced the cover, with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Pauline Garon, who isn't Mrs. Sherman any more), Vera Reynolds, Corinne Griffith, George O'Brien, Adolphe Menjou, Belle Bennett and Carol Dempster in the gallery.

Cal York items: Constance Talmadge and Alastair Mackintosh are quits. Connie has patched up her difficulties with Buster Collier.



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The Comeback Champ

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

in Paterson, New Jersey. A paper had printed he was an old stock player. People must never know this was his initial stage appearance.

A reporter came back after the performance. "Vaudeville isn't so different from stock, is it, Mr. Cortez?" He shook his head. He didn't speak; his teeth chattered.

"You proved you were an old hand, all right."

He is prouder of his vaudeville success than any which may come to him. He will talk by the hour, if you let him, of how he sang for the first time in Boston. He'd never sung in public before in his life. No training. But he was fighting for bread and butter. People do what they have never done before for bread and butter.

A breakdown. Alma was playing in vaudeville in the same section of the country. She was fighting another kind of fight. She was losing. The long strain of the past three and a half years was too much for the husband. He cancelled his tour and took the money he had made and went to Europe.

There, Ricardo Cortez thought it over. Fight had been born during the vaudeville tour.

You have seen the sun burst through black clouds when the storm has spent its power? The sun burst through Ricardo Cortez' life when he returned from Europe. A telegram from Pathe asked if he was open for picture engagements. What had happened in Hollywood, he didn't know; he doesn't know today. But picture producers have a way of forgetting the past when vaudeville producers prove there is box-office in the present. He took an airplane to Hollywood at his own expense. He made "Her Man." It was the elevator from the bottom of that toboggan slide.

How the man on that elevator had changed from the one who stood on the peak four years before! Charles Rogers, head Hollywood producer for Pathe, said he thought William Le Baron at the sister studio, Radio, would give

Cortez a contract. Le Baron told him at two o'clock one afternoon that he would let Cortez know by six that evening.

Ricardo went home and waited. He admits his nerves were frayed, and he doesn't hang his head when he tells it. He also prayed.

Salary? Parts? He would leave them to fate and his own ability—once he secured steady employment.

They gave him the contract. He has played the-man-after-the-other-man's-wife ever since. Now, they're going to remove him from the stereotyped rôle and make him a hero. He plays Mary Astor's love-interest in a new film for Radio Pictures.

His brother lives in his big house at Beverly. Ricardo lives in an apartment. He has no valet; no chauffeur; no secretary. He plays golf, rides and plays polo. "I play on other people's horses; I can't afford a string. I would like to play on Darryl Zanuck's team, but I would have to get my own horses. I can't do it."

"You don't talk like an actor, Mr. Cortez," I ventured.

"I wasn't one for so long that I hope I learned something about being a man," he answered.

You know, I really like these people better when they are comebacks. Gloria Swanson had a bodyguard when she first hit the big money. Not today. Joan Crawford has one today. But Joan has never slid down the toboggan. "Bad Girl" was Sally Eilers' elevator, and it is the best picture she has made, before or since.

Ben Lyon was formerly a national play-boy. Since his comeback he is a model husband and father. Pola Negri is a different human being, she thinks of others—and all Hollywood loves her now.

Yes, those who live in our little hamlet of comebacks prove the one-word explanation of the champion. "Fight!"



Here's a brand-new one! Marjorie King, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress, makes sure of remembering Bob Montgomery's birthday by pasting his picture on her calendar. But she was pretty sad just the same when Jack Gilbert left for Europe

what fun to be good-looking!



WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle!*

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

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.)

SILENCE—Paramount.—Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

SKIN GAME, THE—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

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)

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE**—Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

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 Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **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.)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A—Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg.—UFA.—Rolling tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathé.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWEPESTAKES—RKO-Pathé.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA.—A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (Oct.)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (Nov.)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (Aug.)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (Aug.)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodramatic plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mustn't fail to see. (Sept.)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (Aug.)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures. Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horsel (Aug.)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (Nov.)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched 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 Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (Aug.)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.—It's morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and honest screen fare. A war background, but don't let that stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

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. (Nov.)

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. — Elissa 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.—Hoot Gibson captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's approval, all in one handsome gesture. (Sept.)

WOMAN BETWEEN, TIME—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathé.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze.—Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes a good comeback in this story of racketeers and illicit love. A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (Sept.)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY — Headline Prod. — Don't take this picture too seriously and you may not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Natalie Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)



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Two ex-Paramounters and sometime-rumored sweethearts! Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian at Marion Davies' welcome home party in Hollywood. Mary is free-lancing—Bud has organized a jazz band. And both look handsome and prosperous

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

"No guesswork here!" SAYS SANTA



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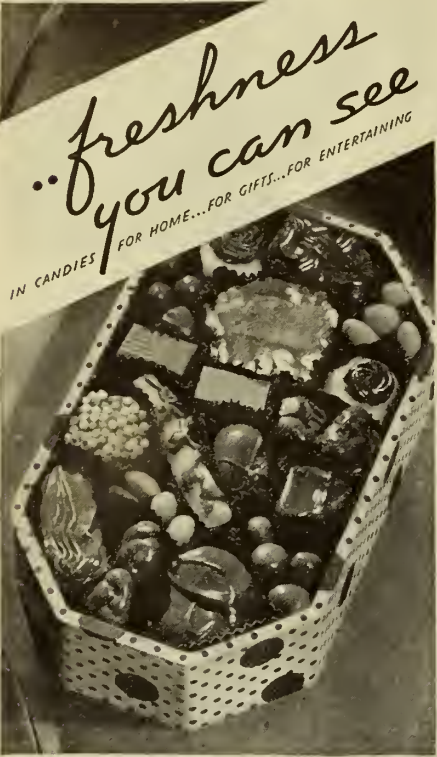


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Montgomery. For several years he appeared on the stage under the name of Douglass Montgomery. When he entered pictures he had to change his name so that people wouldn't get him confused with Bob Montgomery, also at M-G-M. His first talkie was "Paid," in which he appeared with Joan Crawford. At this writing he is back on the Broadway stage again under the name of Douglass Montgomery, appearing opposite Fay Wray in "Nikki." Kent's latest picture is "Waterloo Bridge" with Mae Clarke.

MARIAN L. ROSS, OAKLAND, CALIF.—Your old friend Pat O'Malley is appearing in "The Homicide Squad" for Universal. Others who appear in this picture are Leo Carrillo, Mary Brian, Noah Beery and Russell Gleason.

MARGARET WEHR, TECUMSEH, MICH.—"The Magic Garden" was released in 1927. Margaret Morris and Raymond Keane played the leads. Douglas Fairbanks made a picture titled "The Black Pirate" in 1926. Billie Dove was his leading lady.

ADAMAE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You are quite right. Richard Bennett was Connie's *real* father in "Bought," and he is her *real* father, too.

MARY HARDY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your little puzzle was really quite simple. Raymond Milland was the rich young fellow that Connie Bennett was engaged to in "Bought."

MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON, DETROIT, MICH.—Here is the information you want for your scrap-book. Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Penna., Oct. 29, 1898. She died in Paris, Sept. 10, 1920. William Russell's real name was William Lerche. Earle Williams always used his own name in pictures. He was born in Sacramento, Calif., Feb. 28, 1895, and died April 25, 1927. Alma Rubens was a native of San Francisco.

F. LESLIE KELLY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—You picked a promising young star when you chose David Manners for your favorite. David was born April 30, 1902, stands 6 feet tall, weighs 169 and has brown hair and green-gray eyes. He hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

VERA DOHM, NEW YORK CITY.—Yes, Vera, Clark Gable has made many a fair moviegoer's pulse race. Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, Feb. 1, 1901. He stands 6 feet, 1 inch in

height; weighs 190 and has brown hair and grey eyes. That's his own name he uses in pictures. Clark has been married three times. Don't be alarmed, he married his second wife twice. That's what you call making it a sure thing, eh? Over a year ago he married Ria Langham in an Eastern city before his California divorce from his first wife became final. Therefore, the second marriage wasn't recognized out there. When picture plans demanded that Clark remain in California, he and his wife were remarried there to avoid any legal tangles. His next picture will be "Hell Divers."

HILDA EMERICK, DAYTON, OHIO.—The lad who played opposite Alice White in "The Girl from Woolworth's" was Charles Delaney. Alice is now busy making personal appearances via the vaudeville stage.

A. C., BUFFALO, N. Y.—BRRRR! How I shudder when I have to answer questions about Bela Lugosi. If I don't say the right things about him, he's liable to pop out of an ink-well or the waste-basket and chase me. Bela left his native soil, Lugos, Hungary, in 1921, and came to America. He appeared in a great many plays and then made several silent pictures. Later he returned to the stage, coming back to the screen after the advent of the talkies. His most recent pictures are "The Thirteenth Chair," "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Dracula," which he also played on the stage, "Women of All Nations," and "The Black Camel." His next will be "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Bela recently took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

BERTHA BRYON, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Bertha, you have 'em all wrong. There are plenty of movie actors and actresses who have stayed married. For instance, Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, Warner Baxter, Jack Mulhall, Esther Ralston, Joe E. Brown and Mae Marsh have all been married to their same mates for ten years or more.

ROSIE, PORTLAND, ORE.—What is this you would have me do? Tickle the tootsies of the stars till they tell me the size of their shoes? Well, here they are: Gloria Swanson has a pair of the smallest feet in filmdom. She wears size 1½. Janet Gaynor, wears size 3; Joan Crawford, size 3½; Mary Brian, Norma Shearer and Bebe Daniels each wear size 4½; Clara Bow and Marion Davies, size 5; and Greta Garbo wears size 5½AAA.

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The Answer Man Says

"The women-folks certainly are interested in that lad Fredrie March. There's not a month when the questions about him don't roll in, even though he's one of the married stars that *act* married."

This month, on page 52, you will find a story about Fred and wife Florence Eldridge and their moving-day woes—an amusing, human story about interesting, real-folks people.

And next month there will be more, for you girls who want to know all. Fred's sister-in-law, the wife of his older brother John, has written a story of Fred as she knows him, from a lad in knickerbockers dreaming about college to the popular star of today.

An intimate, humorous story about a typical American family and a typical American boy. You won't want to miss it.

In the January PHOTOPLAY out December 10

ONE WHO WISHES TO SETTLE A BET.—Farina, the black dot who formerly appeared in "Our Gang," is a boy. Believe it or not. His full name is Allen Clayton Hoskins and he is a Bostonian by birth. He entered pictures at the age of two years and played little girl rôles. When he started to grow up a little, he was given boy rôles and continued in them until he finally outgrew the "Gang." Now he is in vaudeville. Mathew Beard, another dusky lad, known as "Stymie" on the screen, has replaced Farina in the "Gang." These lads will grow up.

F. H. L., BOSTON, MASS.—Yes, Monroe Owsley, who played the rôle of Ann Harding's brother in "Holiday," is the same lad who played Joan Crawford's hey hey boy friend in "This Modern Age."

JAS. MOORE, DETROIT, MICH.—You asked me how those hooch-drinking scenes of Eddie Robinson's got by the censors in "Five Star Final." I am leaving at you. That was only tea.

LESTER, DOTHAN, ALA.—No, Tallulah Bankhead has never been married. Her next picture will be "The Cheat." Harvey

Stephens, a newcomer from the stage, plays opposite her. Lew Ayres' latest release is a football picture, "The Spirit of Notre Dame," reviewed in this issue. This is the picture that Knute Rockne was on his way West to make when he met his death in an airplane crash. J. Farrell MacDonald, who looks enough like Knute to be his brother, was rushed in to fill the rôle of coach. The football fans (and others) will go crazy about this picture.

ALICE, UNION CITY, N. J.—The musical selection that was played and sung in "Merely Mary Ann" was "Kiss Me Good-Night."

M. SMITH, MONTREAL, CANADA.—John Darrow has been in pictures quite some time, in fact he was in 'em long before the talkies came along. He was born July 17, 1907, in New York City. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 160 and has brown hair and brown eyes. He played in "The Racket," "The Argyle Case," "The Bargain" and his latest is "Are These Our Children?"

LUCY M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Charles "Chic" Sale who played the grandfather in "Star Witness" is really only 38 years old. What that chap can do with make-up!

"All Quiet" Wins Photoplay Medal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

to see all the films released in 1930 and cast their votes. And the responses have come from all parts of the world, from peoples of all races.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal which will go to Universal Pictures Corporation is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" was rated as the best picture of the month in the June, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, Lew Ayres and John Wray winning "Best Performances."

PHOTOPLAY Magazine doffs its hat and makes a low Chesterfieldian bow to the Laemmles, *perc et fils*, director Milestone, writers Anderson and Abbott, cameraman Arthur Edeson and all the members of that remarkable cast.



One of the gripping scenes from the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal prize winner of 1930—"All Quiet on the Western Front." Louis Wolheim, who died a few months ago, and Lew Ayres are shown as *Katczinsky* and *Paul*



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“Ginsburg!”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

human hands and a human throat. “Although she may be late, I trust in fate and so I wait for my ideal.” Mr. Joy looks to Chevalier for his verdict, Chevalier looks to Mr. Joy. They shake their heads simultaneously. It may sound perfect to your ears or to mine, but their trained senses have detected a flaw. The whole thing has to be done over again.

ONCE more the signals sound, once more Chevalier sings and the young violinist plays his solo between choruses, once more a judiciary group forms about the machine. Chevalier sits with lowered head, his hands hanging between his knees. This time he makes no comment when the song is ended. “Does that sound better?” the conductor asks him anxiously. Gravely he raises his head, gravely he looks Mr. Leonard Joy in the eye.

Then, with a comic effect impossible to convey, his polite Parisian voice solemnly pronounces the single word “Geenzborgh!” which wise-crack is greeted with roars of delight from his audience, and is enjoyed by no one more hugely than the perpetrator himself.

The test having been found good, the master-records may now be made—three in all, from which the best will be chosen for ultimate use. The procedure is the same, except that the song does not come back through the Victrola; but the mechanical reception is different, and it is the engineer in the control room who passes judgment on these final recordings.

And still Chevalier hasn't done his duty by “My Ideal.” There remains the French version to be sung for the clamorous and profitable French market, for his American triumphs have multiplied a hundredfold his popularity in his own country. Whereas formerly he sang to perhaps two thousand people a night in Paris and was hardly more than a name to the great majority of his compatriots, he has now through his pictures become a beloved figure in every town and hamlet that boasts a cinema, and “notre Maurice” bids fair to achieve a place that has hitherto been reserved for *Charlot* (Charlie Chaplin) alone.

So smoothly does the machinery of this studio run, so well do the leader, the orchestra and the singer understand their business and one another, so intelligently and considerately do they work together, that this whole laborious process of tests and master-records, English and French, involving some dozen repetitions of the same song, which must—and does—sound as fresh and lively the dozenth time as the first—all this has been completed in something less than an hour. A well-earned respite of five minutes is announced, and the “chiselers” repair to the corridor to stretch their legs and smoke a cigarette, while Chevalier in his courteous fashion sits down to entertain the visitor.

“THESE fellows,” he tells me, “are really wonderful.” The appreciation of good craftsmen for one another. “I like always to come here and work with them. It cannot perhaps be seen by one who is not a singer, but usually it takes hours to rehearse such a song. Yet here they know the music already before I have come, and when I have sung it with them once, it is—” interlocking his fingers, “like this!”

He comments on the tunefulness of the air he has just been singing, and I ask him about the next song.

“Ah—the next! The next is a gay bird! That is how it should be—eh? First a sweet one, then a merry one. It goes like this—” and he hums a few bars. “It's a great life if you don't weaken; you're a great guy if you won't weaken.” When we were making the picture in Hollywood and someone on the set

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looked—how do you say?—with the mouth down, then I sang him this song, and at once he felt much better. Or so they told me. It may be—” and his smile flashes “—it may be they were just kidding me.”

The musicians are returning to their places and Chevalier goes into consultation with Mr. Joy. A moment later the first sprightly strains of the “gay bird” strike the air. The effect is instantaneous. Feet begin beating time, shoulders lift, heads sway, eyes brighten.

Chevalier is at the microphone. “If you don’t lose heart, the hardest part is the first hundred years.” And the microphone is suddenly transformed under your very nose from an instrument of wood and steel into a human being of flesh and bone—a human being with his “mouth down,” whom Chevalier is trying to cajole out of the blues as he cajoles the people on the Hollywood set.

“YES, a great world with a kick to it!” He laughs exultantly, yet sobers down at once, seeing that the man he’s facing remains unconvinced. He reasons with him, his hands plead, his eyebrows go up into his hair. “If you let him *biff* you, Mr. Gloom will knock you cold!” The words don’t matter—you hear only the serio-comic coaxing in the voice, you see only the solicitous pucker of the brows that is belied by the quizzical glint in the eye. Any second now he’s likely to throw an encouraging arm around the microphone’s neck.

Mr. Joy, glancing up from his score, catches that fugitive look, and grins helplessly across at me. We are bound by a moment’s fellowship in laughter—and it is just here perhaps that Chevalier’s greatest charm lies—in the warmth that kindles an answering warmth in his audience, that makes strangers turn to one another and laugh together as if they were old friends.

He’s coming dangerously close to the end. His arguments are exhausted, and this is a tough customer. He pins his faith to repetition and emphasis. “It’s a great life if you don’t weaken,” he chuckles, nodding his head vigorously and beaming his most radiant. “You’re a great guy if you won’t weaken!” Maybe he can flatter this fellow into a good humor. “If you do—ah, well—” Tolerance is also a virtue. “It’s *still* a great life!” he shouts defiantly, flinging out both his arms as if he would embrace not only the Melancholy Mike but all the world as well.

“Ginsburg!” comes in thunderous acclaim from a score of lusty throats. And heartily you respond, Amen.

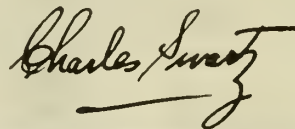
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Bread Line

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

Bowery stuff. That new gang picture, you know."

The girl with the list was reading names aloud. Here and there one of the shabby, tired men brightened. A girl in a sleazy frock sobbed in relief—and the stout man was beaming. Now the girl was looking at Molly, who drew herself up and tried to appear smart.

And then all at once her shoulders sagged miserably and, as she lowered her eyes to hide the swift tears in them, she heard the magic sound of her own name.

IT was the irony of fate! Where her pretty clothes and pretty smiles and pretty features had failed, hopelessness and shabbiness and grief had turned the trick. But Molly was too tired—and far too hungry—to feel any sense of triumph as she went with the others through the magic door that led to the motion picture lot that had once been the mecca of all her dreams. Only once she spoke, and then it was to the girl who had stood next to her, in the line. And, who, also, had been chosen.

"What are we to do?" she asked. "Do you know?"

A spark of humor glowed for just a minute in the eyes of the other girl, and then it flickered out.

"I hear," she said, "that we're to stand in a breadline—that's to be our job for today. Well, it oughtn't to be hard!"

Again it was the irony of fate. A bread line—when she was actually hungry enough to eat a dry crust of bread and thank Heaven for it!

Molly found that she was laughing beneath her breath, just a little bit hysterically—but the laughter died on her lips as she, with the rest, walked down through the set.

For suddenly the set, hopeless and ugly though it was, made her homesick. For the set, placed in the torrid center of a California studio, stood for New York.

An ugly part of New York, a dark, dreary part of New York—the Bowery. But New York, nevertheless!

Grim and sordid and crowded with failure—that was the set on which Molly and the other extras stood awaiting their turn. The dingy building that made its background was only a shell, really—a shell strung with wires and lights.

But it would photograph like a certain Bowery mission front that Molly had passed more than once, in Preston's car, on the way back from a Sunday drive.

Standing in the door of that hollow mission was a slender, flashing-eyed young man in a uniform. A man whom Molly had often, in happier days, watched breathlessly upon the screen.

She recognized him as the Star of Stars—but she was too beaten to feel any sense of excitement over that moment of recognition, of nearness.

THE girl next to her was talking again, explaining things—but the girl's very words came to Molly through a sudden confusion and blur.

"He's supposed to give us a hand-out," said the girl, and her thumb jerked in the direction of the star in the doorway. "He's supposed to be a minister working in the mission. . . . See that baby—" her hand moved toward a man in the back of the line, a heavy, bulking fellow with an underslung jaw, "he's the villain of the piece. You recognize him, don't you?"

Molly tried to nod a "Yes," for she did recognize the villain. She had seen him on the screen, also, countless times. But her head was all at once a little wobbly. Perhaps

it was the heat of this closed-in set—she didn't know.

Perhaps it was something else. She tried—with a certain bravery—to get hold of herself, for somebody, somewhere, was speaking. Was giving sharp, curt orders.

"You're to move along," the somebody was saying. "All of you! Try to walk with a sort of shuffle. Act like—like you're hungry, like you're starving. When a coffee cup is handed to you, gulp the coffee down. Bite into your bread as if you haven't had bread for a couple of days. Remember that this is a year of unemployment, this is—"

THE star in the doorway laughed with white, flashing teeth, and flashing dark eyes. He held in one hand a dirty chunk of bread, in the other a cup of something dark that might have been coffee.

"This way, folks," he shouted, boyishly—"First call for dinner in the dining car!"

Molly looked over the heads of the extras who stood in front of her—there were only a few, two or three or four—at the star. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been fascinated by the play of expression across his mobile face, but somehow today, she couldn't keep her eyes on his face. Her eyes kept drooping, with an odd fascination, to the cup and the chunk of bread that he held in his hands.

And all at once, under her breath, she was laughing again. Once more she was thinking of the butterscotch pecan sundaes back in New York—once more she was remembering a time when she had toyed with the thought of a diet.

THE set—oh, it was a noisy one! There was confusion all around—there was noise and excitement. Half a dozen people bellowed orders, a woman expostulated violently with the director, and a man who was to be the villain tickled the girl who stood in front of him in line. Taken by surprise the girl squealed a protest.

But to Molly the noises, the excitement, the sounds were just a painted, soundless backdrop, against which the star stood with a cup in his hand. Things glittered in front of her eyes, and she realized that she was tired—that she hadn't slept very much lately, what with worrying.

The confusion continued. Molly never could have told for how long. And then at last the orders and the shouting and the giggles had died away, and everything was suddenly still, so still that you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. And Molly found she was holding her breath, and realized that somebody had whispered a plea for silence.

And then, all in a moment, the line was moving, shuffling through masses of soiled cotton batting that would photograph with the mud-like quality of city slush.

The line in back of her was moving like a soft, blurry caterpillar.

The few extras in front of her moved like another caterpillar.

Molly felt that she was a part of some body—that she wasn't in any way a person, alive, whole and disconnected.

The star was smiling, was nodding. Was saying—

"Here's your hand-out, brother. Here's your coffee, sister," in the resonant voice which she had heard so often in her favorite movie theater.

The two men and the girl just ahead of her were being given their cups, and their chunks of bread.

And now—now it was Molly's turn. It was the great moment when Molly—who had

dreamed of making movie history—was at last acting in front of the camera. Only, all at once, she wasn't acting. She wasn't one of fifty extras, playing hungry in a pseudo bread-line.

It was at last her moment, but now that the moment had come she didn't realize it!

For reality had gripped her, and with a sudden hysteria she was reaching up to snatch the cup and the piece of bread from the star's hand.

With a little scared, stifled sob she was sinking her teeth into the bread, and was placing the cup to her lips.

Yes, it was coffee—not very good coffee, but coffee nevertheless.

She realized that as it ran gurgling down her throat.

AND then, suddenly, she was crying wildly and was slithering down in a heap at the star's feet and the star was saying—

"My God, she really acts as if she is starving!"

And Molly was looking up into his face, still clutching the bread and the cup. Looking up at him with the coffee dribbling in pathetic little drops from her chin. And she was saying—

"But I am so hungry!"

And then she fainted.

PERHAPS it was an hour later that the world began to move again in its appointed path—perhaps it was only a few minutes later. Molly opened her eyes weakly, felt an arm around her and knew it must be the star's arm because his face was so close above her own.

She sneezed and knew that somebody was holding smelling salts under her nose.

But, somehow the thrill of having the star's arm under her shoulders wasn't a thrill. She couldn't help wishing that it was the more familiar arm—Preston's arm—that she had known in the old days. The wonder of the star's eyes looking down into her own wasn't wonderful!

Not while she remembered that her hands

were empty—that the cup and the bread had gone from them.

She looked up, tragic-eyed, into the roof above her head, with its light and apparatus, with all the magic of a motion picture studio. And then she said very politely, "Can I have a sandwich, please? You can take it out of my day's wages!"

THERE was, once more, a buzz of sound, just as there had been before the line of extras had started to move. Again someone, somewhere, was speaking to someone else. Molly couldn't see either the speaker or the spoken to, but she heard dimly the words they said.

"That's as pretty a piece of acting as anyone will ever see!" said one voice. "We'll give her a close-up."

And the other person whom she couldn't see was answering—

"You said it, baby—that kid's got something."

Molly heard the words subconsciously, but it was the star's voice that brought realization to her mind.

"Why, sure you can have a sandwich," the star was saying. "And you can have a job, too, as far as I'm concerned. I guess I've got enough influence to manage a sandwich and—a job. Why, my gosh," the rest of his sentence was drowned out by the sea of violent sensations that was creeping in on Molly.

She tried to speak again and couldn't quite make it.

But even as somebody thrust a sandwich into her hand, even as somebody proffered a glass and a silvery thermos bottle, she realized what she was going to ask for next.

NOT for the job, certainly. Even if the star could manage it! She didn't want a career, now. All she wanted was twenty-five cents, or maybe fifty cents, so that she could send a telegram. A telegram saying—

"I've changed my mind. Come and get me."

Biting gratefully into the sandwich, Molly felt a sudden sense of peace. Almost she was able to smile.

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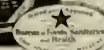
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Fashion Foibles of HOLLYWOOD STARS by Seymour

HOLLYWOOD is a fashion free lance as far as the rest of the country is concerned. Or even Paris for that matter. Paris can make a fashion clamor over a new style, but it will only be a hoarse whisper if the fashionable feminine set of Hollywood says thumbs down.

LILYAN TASHMAN was one of the leaders in the Eugenie boohing society. And then, of course, the competition started—you know how those girls are rivals for the "best dressed" cup. So Constance Bennett, Kay Francis and a number of others were found to be no-ing, too.

That clever French designer, Chanel, came out to design screen fashions for Mr. Goldwyn. Having recently viewed some of her first costumes for "The Greeks Had a Word for It," it rather looks as if she had done a bit of tongue-in-cheeking with scissors in hand. Of course, Chanel was a good choice for such a job for she is as daring a designer as any of the lovely ladies she will be designing for.

HOLLYWOOD was shocked at her appearance when she burst upon them bedecked in innumerable ropes of pearls, sundry bracelets, and a gray wool suit! Could this be Paris?

Ina Claire, for whom she is designing particularly, is an old client of hers. Ina loves the things Chanel does and she wears her unusual clothes to perfection.

Watch out for the wedding dress Ina wears in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." It is a revolutionary model.

There will be more than one shout and murmur when these clothes appear.

Anyone who didn't know there was a Mrs. Clark Gable must have had insomnia after a recent big Hollywood opening, because that fair lady appeared there in her husband's

wake decked out in black velvet and white fox.

THESE openings are gala affairs; all the best fur tippets are taken out, the dresses pressed and the florists' shops completely deorchidized. At the same opening, Loretta Young wore a black velvet frock that had puff sleeves of ermine—cute and young like Loretta, even though she is looking sophisticated these days.

Wonder if the smart stars who have been growing longer tresses are going to fall for the new windblown coiffure Paris is advocating? Watch your screen and report the first shearing! Even though you have shelved the derby, don't start pushing your hat back on your head again.

The line still forms over the right eye!

NORMA SHEARER is wearing some very smart new clothes in her screen version of "Private Lives."

You know it is the story of a very gay divorcee who remarries and regrets it.

You can imagine what an opportunity it gives her for wearing some grand things. It is nice to see her going tailored again—those whoopsy-doopsy things she has been wearing in some of her other pictures were not nearly so flattering to her type.

Watch screen skirt lines! You will find them taking the straight and narrow more and more frequently.

YOU would do well to keep an eagle eye on some of the clever accessory tricks that popular stars employ.

Sometimes only a new way of tying a scarf—but a similar treatment of your own will prove surprisingly refreshing. This business of being screen fashion-conscious has more possibilities than anyone has even started to try out. Those girls know how to wear their fashions.

Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

GLADYS P.:

If you favor Dolores Costello in looks you must be very charming, indeed. Why don't you copy her type of hairdress? I think it would be very flattering. Brush your hair up to reveal a bit of ear on either side. I do not care for long pieces hanging down on either side of the face.

It is not neat looking.

You are about two pounds underweight, you should weigh 117 pounds. The difference is so slight, however, that you need not give it another thought.

Girls like you with golden brown hair and blue eyes will find the following colors most flattering:

All soft shades of green, most shades of blue, especially those that tend toward the deep tones, gray with a warm cast, golden brown, burnt-orange, tomato reds, black with color or white.

Pale pinks, white and orchid for evening.

Light floral bouquet perfumes are most suitable for a girl of your age.

MALANE:

I do not think that much rouge would become you, but if your face is both long and wide, I would advise that you use some. Apply the rouge lightly, shading it in toward the nose. Do not bring it out and up toward the edges of the ears. And do not put any rouge on the tip of the chin.

You are about 30 pounds overweight as your doctor said.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will send you my reducing booklet which will give you specific exercises for reducing the hips and legs.

The massage I have suggested for Joan will help you, too.

I think if you had your hair waved, it would be easier to handle.

Try a soft knot in the back of the neck, rather than a roll.

Don't tamper with your eyebrows. Use a small brush on them daily and brush them to follow the natural line.

Send for my complexion leaflet, it will help you with the blackhead and large pore problems.

MERMIA:

The most becoming make-up for you would be a pale cream powder combined with a red rouge that tends toward the orange. A rather vivid lipstick, also with an orange tinge. At night you could stress the blueness of your eyes with a touch of blue eyeshadow.

Note the colors I have mentioned above for Gladys P., they will become you, too.

BEE:

Premature grayness is sometimes a matter of heredity. You are still young enough to try to prevent complete grayness, however. Good care will put off the final loss of pigment.

Keep your hair and scalp in good condition. Massage it regularly to give the hair life and help it retain its natural color. Even though the way you wear your hair is becoming, I would suggest that you comb it another way to cover up the streaks.

The basis of hair beauty is health because the hair gets its substance, like every other structure of the body, from the blood. When your vitality is lowered the hair always shows it.

You should weigh about 135 pounds.

JOAN:

Of course, there is such a thing as being too eager when you meet boys for the first time. You must learn to be interested but not too eager in your manner. That old fashioned idea of a bit of pursuit is still good in this modern age!

MARY S.:

Don't start worrying about your figure yet! At your age a girl is just at the threshold of the development she will attain in the next few years. As you grow older, you will become more perfectly proportioned. If you don't, then there will be time enough to do corrective exercises.

JANE:

I think you are being a bit severe with this lad.

You say he is a very respectable, nice chap and he has really only made one false step since you have known him.

Probably he is regretting it deeply now.

If he apologizes to you, I believe that I would accept it in good faith.

If he does not make an effort to say that he is sorry then I am afraid that you will have to wait until he does.

JOAN M.:

You will find that stretching exercises are most beneficial for reducing the ankles. The very simple one that consists of rising on tip-toe, up and down twenty times each day, is excellent.

Massage will help to reduce them, too, but it requires patience. Grasping the tissues in both hands and forcibly twisting them upon the ankle bone with the leg encircled so that the thumbs meet at front, is a good massage. You should work upward and knead the tissues as much as possible.

Reducing the bust is difficult. You must be careful not to try massage yourself, it might be injurious to the delicate tissues. An exercise that you will find helpful is one that goes as follows:

Raise the arms straight in front of you to the height of your shoulders, palms inward. With a vigorous motion, throw them apart as far as you can.

Lower them to your sides for a moment. Repeat ten times.

You did not mention your age so I can not say how much overweight you are.

I would judge that you are a trifle heavy, however.

MARY:

Glasses no longer are considered a handicap to beauty. Since your face is thin, avoid heavy rims. Hats with brims are far more flattering than those without, they shadow the eyes and do not emphasize the fact that you are wearing glasses.

If you do not need to wear them constantly, why not wear oxford type glasses on a chain?



Gene Kornman

Note the knowing smiles on the faces of Director Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson, as they sit on a porch beside the blue Pacific and grin for the cameraman. They've been keeping company for months—are they holding out a sweet secret on us? Is betrothal in the bag and matrimony just around the corner? *Herr* Lubitsch and cigar seem to be saying, "Take a good look, folks! I own a Munson!"

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Latest Beauty Fads of Hollywood Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

eyebrows are one of the most important parts of a woman's face, since she expresses so much with them, and Gloria takes great care of hers. Leila Hyams combs her eyebrows with a little fine comb, first brushing them upwards and then shaping them into an arch. Combing keeps life in the brows. Plucking them takes care of the width. A pencil should be used to add the proper length.

General Face Make-Up

YOU know, of course, what rouge will do. It should be applied high on the cheek bone into the area of puffiness under the eye—but it should be a mere shadow when it goes that high—and then blended downwards into a lighter shade of rouge. The shape of the face should be considered. Marilyn Miller, for example, has a round face, so she applies her rouge with an up and down movement, while Loretta Young, with a long face, uses a circular movement. And if the ears show, rouge the tips slightly.

I believe you know enough about general face make-up, but here's a swell trick from Claudette Colbert. She uses a soft pipe cleaner as her last gesture after the make-up is on. It cleans up the face and gives it a finished look. She runs the cleaner along her eyebrows, under her eyes to remove the powder and around the outer edge of her lips to make a defined line between them and the rest of her face and (and here's a trick worth remembering) she runs the pipe cleaner from the base of her nose to the top of her lip in that natural indentation in the lip. This removes the powder and casts a shadow, bringing out the depth of the indentation—which is always a beauty sign.

It is a mistake, according to Elissa Landi, for women to try to make their mouths look smaller than they are. Elissa has a small mouth naturally. She makes it up so that it will look larger. And Irene Dunne soaks her lips in a good cream to keep them from cracking and to make them full and attractive. It softens the lips without wrinkling them.

Lil Dagover uses a great deal of oil (being careful to get the kind that does not cause hair to grow) on her face to keep it soft yet free from wrinkles. She also takes a tablespoon of olive oil every morning of her life. And Dolores Del Rio, who has never had a face blemish, adds to the general use of creams and softeners, the drinking of four glasses of milk daily as her secret. She has done this ever since she was a little girl in Mexico.

Between pictures, the stars spend hours of their time on beauty culture, but when they're working they have even less time than the average girl. None of the things I've told you about take up much time (with the exception of the false eyelashes, which need only be done every week or ten days).

What it takes to be beautiful is the use of many different cosmetics, perseverance and vigilance. Nobody knows this better than the Hollywood actresses. You can profit by their experiences in the quest of beauty.

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TURN TO PAGE 103

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The Shadow Stage
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

THE ONE WAY TRAIL—Columbia

THE children will fall off their seats with glee when they see this one, even though the adults may find a few inconsistencies. Tim McCoy is the star and you know how handsome he can look. For support he has pretty Doris Hill, Polly Ann Young and Carroll Nye. Great entertainment for the kids.

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)—Osso Prod.

A VERY gay little French picture. The story (you get the idea from the pantomime if you don't understand zat ooh-la-la French) seems to concern a prize-fighter who is torn between his real sweetheart and the heartless, wealthy siren. The camera angles are charming and it all moves in a brisk, spritely manner.

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions

THIS is a splendidly-directed mystery tale that's packed with excitement and suspense. If you can guess the answer to Who Is The Murderer and How, before the finish, you're good! Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts score best in a splendid cast, both being good for a lot of laughs to season the melodrama.

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield

ADD a locked door, a barred window and a strangled actor to a group of suspects, all of whom have good alibis—and you have the plot of this mystery drama. It is pretty weak throughout, even though you don't know who is guilty until the end. John Holland plays a reporter. Barbara Kent is the love interest.

THE LOVE STORM—British International

A LIGHTHOUSE and the sea serve as background for this slow-moving story. It tells of the emotions aroused in three men by one woman when they are all exiled in a lighthouse. A murder is committed and the lives of the others are all but wrecked.

CONVICTED—Supreme Features

A MURDER mystery at sea—something on the order of "Transatlantic," and quite as baffling. Aileen Pringle, as an actress, is suspected of two shipboard murders. Jameson Thomas, reporter-detective, finds the real killer after thrills aplenty. Harry Myers, Dorothy Christy and Richard Tucker add fine performances to a story that will provide you with more than the usual quota of excitement and suspense.

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.

THIS is one of those north woods things where the Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. Noah Beery is the man, and James Murray is the redcoat who gets him, after Sue Carol, as Noah's daughter, gets all balled up 'twixt love and duty, and, between times, goes swimming in some pretty north woods pools. Beautiful photography; minimum of dialogue; but only fair entertainment.

THE HURRICANE HORSEMEN—Willis Kent Prod.

HERE'S Lane Chandler, playing the honest-to-goodness hero of a fast-moving thriller, with a Spanish atmosphere. That boy has the goods. He is supported by pretty Marie Quillan. The narrow escapes and happy ending will make the young offspring say: "Mom, let's go to another Western."

CAPTIVATION—Capital Prod.

TWO things of interest in this British-made talkie—a mature, stouter but still possessed-of-that-certain-something Conway Tearle, and the leading woman, Betty Stockfield. In a better story, with better lighting and photography, Miss Stockfield might (we say *might*) out-Dietrich Garbo. This one reaches its climax in one of those wife-in-name-only situations; as passé in motion picture stories today as knee-length skirts in fashion.

How Madge Evans Grew to Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

all the pull in the world could make them see her as dynamic or dramatic. She played Ina Claire's young sister in "Our Betters." What she wanted was the type of rôle Ina played. Sophisticated, smart, intelligent, emotional. But the only rôles she secured were those in which she could be natural.

With one part after another coming to her as involuntarily as rain patters in your garden, Madge turned her back upon them. She was going dramatic, youth or no youth; producers or no producers. She went to Elych Park, Denver, and joined the same famous stock company that cradled Fredric March, Raymond Hackett, Don Cook, C. Henry Gordon and scores of others.

You know stock! She played young flappers and old, grease-painted, bed-ridden women. She returned to New York—with experience. Only—producers looked at her and forgot the

experience. She was still young; still immaturely-figured; she still gave the impression that something was interfering with the sound in her adolescent throat.

There was nothing left to do but make the best of her ingénue opportunities. When "Phillip Goes Forth" was written especially for her and a salary of \$350 a week tossed on as shiny a silver platter as has ever been moulded, she took it.

This was last spring, when motion picture companies were making a new search for potential star material. They sought Madge Evans. She was indifferent; sincerely indifferent. Dislike of the screen had become a more and more deeply rooted complex; love for the stage, ambition to overcome youth and prove dramatic ability, more and more of an obsession.

Madge knows now that film companies and

\$2,000 Prize Won by Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Not interested in acting, she would like to direct or write for pictures. In high school she wrote, produced, cast and costumed a play about Henry the VIII. She averaged seeing three pictures over the week-end. Not allowed to go on school nights, she went to the movies with her family every Friday evening, took a group of girl friends every Saturday afternoon, and often went with a bunch of young folks on Sunday evenings.

HER favorite players are Janet Gaynor, Dolores Del Rio, John Barrymore, Fredric March, Bill Powell, Billy Haines and George

have written the essay without your help and encouragement."

The teacher took it. A few weeks later Jane was in the school library and she noticed a fine new revolving bookcase for reference volumes.

"How did this happen?" she asked. "We've needed such a thing for a long time."

"You ought to know," said a friend. "You gave it."

The teacher had used the money to buy the bookcase.

What will grow out of this nobody knows. But undoubtedly the \$2,000 for the PHOTO-

HERE is the way that one writer feels about the contest. Mary G. Power, of Pasadena, Calif., writes the following letter in a spirit that should give all who submitted manuscripts a message of courage. She says: "Thank you — PHOTOPLAY and Warner Bros. for holding your recent scenario contest. Here's what you did for me. For two long years, trying to lick the old T.B. I planned to write some day. Your contest was the direct stimulus to my completing a scenario. No, I probably won't win a prize, but the joy of creating is now mine. Vividly, keenly,

it seems as though, while my body remains in bed, my spirit climbs distant peaks and sails happily into strange, fascinating waters. "Mona, the heroine of my scenario, has become a living person to me. In this great world of imagination, the handicaps of ill health, the aching loneliness of long nights are forgotten. "Thanks to the kindly tips of the story editor of Warner Bros., one has some specific idea of what the companies most desire. Some day, I hope, my brain children will achieve success and recognition." Mary G. Power.

Arliss, and her favorite type of picture is the mystery story, especially "The Maltese Falcon." When she saw that she did not dream that some day her own story would be produced by the company that made it—Warner Bros.

Yet her own story is not a mystery. For obvious reasons, the plot cannot be sketched here. Suffice that it is different in theme, yet not "tricky."

It is a human, absorbing tale. With the contest money received for her essay, she made a beautiful gesture. When the \$50 check was given her she endorsed it and handed it to her English teacher saying, "This rightfully belongs to you. I could not

PLAY-Warner Bros. award has started a fine literary career. It's our guess that you'll be hearing more of Jane Considine! And soon you'll be seeing Marian Marsh and David Manners playing the leading rôles in "Beauty and the Boss." You'll enjoy the picture.

YOU who participated in the contest will have a keen interest in discovering the story that was chosen. And think of the thrill that Jane Considine will have in knowing that her brain children have come alive in the person of two such good actors as Marian Marsh and David Manners!

TO the thousands of amateur writers who submitted some excellent stories but failed to win a prize, we say: Try again. Turn that idea into a short story or a novel and then sell the picture rights after publication! It's been done before, you know. But don't ask us to try to market your stories to picture companies. That's not part of our business, except when cooperating in a special contest of this sort. And don't ask us to return any

manuscripts submitted in this contest. The rules have stated clearly, and it has constantly been reiterated that no manuscripts will be returned under any circumstances. Now that formal announcement of the award has been made, rights to the other manuscripts automatically revert back to their authors. We hope you kept a copy of yours, and we wish you better luck next time!



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agents who sought her to make tests, sign contracts, etc., thought she was merely being clever. Although they were completely unconscious of the fact she was Madge Evans, the child actress, they thought she knew that indifference breeds interest among picture producers as dampness breeds moss. But Madge never thought of that angle. She was merely being sincere.

She refused to take tests until a boy in her company asked her to help him make one. You know how she photographs. When the hungry producers saw this accidental test, they knew it, too.

THE offers poured in. She shook her head. She told an M-G-M executive, "If I go into pictures it will be solely for the money. I am not interested. But if you offer me enough, I cannot refuse it. I am getting \$350 a week on the stage but there are always long periods when stage people do not work. When I am offered \$500 a week for steady employment I will have to say yes. But the only thing you have which can possibly interest me is money."

She went to Philadelphia with "Phillip Goes Forth." Metro called her mother to say they had met Miss Evans' figure. The play closed Saturday; they left for Hollywood Sunday.

In truth, Madge was heartbroken. Oh, she felt lucky. Five hundred a week with options calling for much more, could not be shrugged off like a too-easy compliment. But she really didn't want this to happen to her. Aside from her distrust for pictures, there was love. She was deeply in love with a New York business boy. They were even considering marriage. Hollywood was so far away!

Madge knew how to cherish love which is returned. Like Joan Blondell, her first experience in life's greatest thrill had been unrequited. She had loved him; he had liked her. She had spent her nineteenth Christmas and New

Years sick in bed from suffering. She had sworn it would never happen again. But it had. And this time it had happened to both parties. And now, to trail to Hollywood just for money—

What happened to Madge Evans in Hollywood was instinctive. I don't think she, herself, realizes it. I believe she will be amazed when she reads what the New York woman says about her in the first paragraphs of this story.

Nothing nurtures sophistication like indifference! Find me the most openly indifferent woman in any city and I will point her out as the one labeled "the most sophisticated." That I-don't-particularly-care attitude has become synonymous with poise and worldly knowledge.

Madge was sincerely indifferent; she innocently became sophisticated!

Furthermore, she was unconsciously giving way to a long pent-up desire. She had wanted to be like Ina Claire. She had longed to play sophisticated women. Well, no one knew her in Hollywood. She could be what she had pictured herself for years but what producers had never been able to picture.

This was sub-conscious, of course. But the sub-conscious ploughed through the conscious. Involuntarily, her voice deepened. Unaided, that youthful tonsil-twang disappeared. Her figure had long been developed but she had not known how to show its development. An undeliberated tightening of the waistline; another unpremeditated tightening in the front and the back. Hands and arms that unwittingly imitated women whom she had long wanted to imitate, without knowing the secret of imitation.

MADGE EVANS blossomed from a child to a woman at twenty-two because a new environment loosened inhibitions of a lifetime. She had wanted to be like Ina Claire since she was ten. Her desires became actualities as instinctively as a boy turns from the pretense of



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What does an actor think about as he hangs a new dressing-room key on the old chain? Regis Toomey, one of the smash hits of old "Alibi" in the talkies' baby days, probably thinks he's doing all right. He's scored hits, lately, in "24 Hours," Ruth Chatterton's "Once a Lady," and now he crosses the goal line in "Touchdown"

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BASTIAN BROS., CO., 37 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER N.Y.

shunning women to an open chase after them. Supervisor Hunt Stromberg must have noticed this subtle change I have been describing. She came to Hollywood to play opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." A more unsophisticated, ingénue rôle has never been depicted. Her contract was for this one picture with an option for five years. She hoped they would not take up the option.

"Sporting Blood" was ready for casting. They were searching for a tough, worldly young woman who could play Lew Cody's mistress adroitly. Stromberg, who had supervised "Son of India," sent for Madge. "I believe you can do it," he said with a baffled, I-wonder-why-I-think-that expression. "Make up for the test."

She slicked back her hair, pulled her dress sleazily about her, walked in a slouchingly indifferent manner before the camera. Behold! The new Madge Evans stood before the watchful eyes of Hollywood producers. She played the part.

She returned to the unsophisticated girl with Charles Farrell in "Heartbreak" but with an unsophistication which hints of subtlety—a sort of invitational unsophistication—as different from the unsophisticated Madge Evans of the stage as a twenty-dollar-a-month tenement apartment differs from a thousand dollar apartment on Park Avenue.

Right now she's busy mulling over the problem: Shall I marry the man in New York? Do I really love him enough? Will we be truly happy?

The proof of all I have said in a nut-shell. A sophisticated woman wonders about love—weighs it as carefully as a housewife measures her ingredients for cake baking. An unsophisticated woman loves without weighing.

Wandering with the Marches

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

she saw another Barrymore pose. One night she couldn't stand it any more.

"Please be yourself," she cried, "or I'll think I'm living in sin with another man."

I shudder to think what happens when he leers home as *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

They're really a great pair together, romantic and sentimental. They're married four years and on the fourth anniversary Fred wanted to do the Big Thing. He came home with three dazzling diamond bracelets. Florence was to pick the one she liked, and they'd send the other two back. She sent them all back.

"This is enough for me," she said, showing a small diamond engagement ring, set in iron.

"Yeah," Fred explained. "I gave it to her while we were playing in stock together. I had the diamond and a friend of mine gave me the idea for the iron setting. It was different—and cheaper!"

She wears this engagement ring above a slim platinum wedding ring. Fred wears a wedding ring just like it on the second finger of his left hand. Engraved in both of them is the quotation: "No more beyond thine eyes." It is taken from a line in "The King's Henchman," Edna St. Vincent Millay's libretto, "Now I shall look no more beyond thine eyes."

That's the kind of couple the Fredric Marches are.

As an actor he enjoyed the part of *Tony Cavendish* in "The Royal Family." It was an actor's rôle, and he relished sloshing around in this satire on the Barrymores as much as Barrymore himself revels in grease paint and whiskers and make-up.

But he doesn't enjoy the stamp this rôle put on him—that of a Barrymore imitator. He wants to be himself, preferably in light comedy rôles. As a matter of fact, the part he got the greatest kick out of playing in the movies was the young artist in "Laughter."

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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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Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AMBASSADOR BILL"—FOX.—From the story "Ambassador From the United States" by Vincent Sheean. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Bill Harper*, Will Rogers; *The Queen*, Marguerite Churchill; *Ihka*, Greta Nissen; *King Paul*, Tad Alexander; *Lohar*, Ray Milland; *Prince De Polikoff*, Gustav Von Seyffortitz; *The General*, Arnold Koff; *Senator Pillsbury*, Ferdinand Munier; *Monte*, Edwin Maxwell; *Northfield Slater*, Ernest Wood; *Littleton*, Tom Ricketts.

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Wesley Ruggles. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Eddie*, Eric Linden; *Mary*, Rochelle Hudson; *Nick*, Ben Alexander; *Florence*, Arlene Judge; *Giggles*, Roberta Gale; *Grandma*, Beryl Mercer; *Dumbbell*, Mary Kornman; *Benny*, Robert Quirk; *Heinie*, William Orlamond; *Booby*, Billy Butts.

"BELOVED BACHELOR, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Edward Peple. Adapted by Raymond Griffith. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Michael Morda*, Paul Lukas; *Mitzi Stressman*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mitzi*, at 6 years, Betty Van Allen; *Jerry Wells*, Charlie Ruggles; *Elinor Hunter*, Vivienne Osborne; *Julie Stressman*, Leni Stengel; *Jimmy Martin*, John Breeden; *Wintthrop Cole*, Harold Minjir; *Hortense Cole*, Marjorie Gateson.

"CAPTIVATION"—CAPITAL PROD.—From the story by Edgar Middleton. Directed by John Harvel. The cast: *Hugh Somerton*, Conway Tearle; *Ann Moore*, Betty Stockfield; *Lady Frasier*, Violet Venbrugh; *Graves*, Robert Farquharson; *Muriel Frasier*, Marilyn Mawn; *Col. Jordan*, A. Bromley Davenport; *Fluffy*, Louie Tinsley; *Skipper*, Frederick Volpe; *Hotel clerk*, George De Warfax; *Adventurers*, Dorothy Black.

"CHAMP, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Continuity by Leonard Praskins. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Champ*, Wallace Beery; *Dink*, Jackie Cooper; *Linda*, Irene Rich; *Sponge*, Roscoe Ates; *Tim*, Edward Brophy; *Tony*, Hale Hamilton; *Jonah*, Jesse Scott; *Mary Lou*, Marcia Mae Jones.

"CONVICTED"—SUPREME FEATURES.—From the story by Edward Barry. Continuity by Joe Van Ronkel and Barry Barringer. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Claire Norvelle*, Aileen Pringle; *Bruce Allan*, Jameson Thomas; *Constance Forbes*, Dorothy Christy; *Anthony Blair*, Richard Tucker; *Surgeon*, Harry Myers; *Fenton*, Niles Welch; *Weldon*, John Vosburgh.

"CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by G. Gardner Sullivan and Bess Meredith. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Terry*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Neutla*, Lupe Velez; *Romance*, Ernest Torrence; *O. O. Jones*, Jimmy Durante; *Crystal*, Karen Morley; *Eltira*, Louise Fazenda; *John*, Hale Hamilton; *Aunt Rosa*, Mathilda Comont; *Terry, Jr.*, Phillip Cooper.

"GIRLS ABOUT TOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zoc Akins. Screen play by Raymond Griffith and Brian Marlow. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Wanda Howard*, Kay Francis; *Jim Baker*, Joel McCrea; *Marie Bailey*, Lilyan Tashman; *Benjamin Thomas*, Eugene Pallette; *Jerry Chase*, Allan Dinehart; *Mrs. Thomas*, Lucille Webster Gleason; *Alex Howard*, Anderson Lawler; *Edna*, Lucille Brown; *Webster*, George Barbier; *Simms*, Robert McWade; *Winnie*, Judith Wood; *Anne*, Adrienne Ames; *Dot*, Claire Dodd; *Joy*, Hazel Howard; *Billie*, Patricia Caron.

"GRIEF STREET"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Jean Royce*, Barbara Kent; *Jim Ryan*, John Holland; *Mrs. Merle*, Dorothy Christy; *Alvin Merle*, Crauford Kent; *Pamela Gregory*, Lillian Rich; *Frank Murray*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Ted*, Creighton Hale; *Jardin*, James Burtis; *Ralph Burns*, Larry Steers; *Michael*, Lafe McKee; *Blake*, Ray Largay; *Wall*, Arthur Brennan.

"HEARTBREAK"—FOX.—From the story by Llewellyn Hughes. Scenario by William Conselman. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: *John Merrick*, Charles Farrell; *Count Carl Walden*, Hardie Albright; *Countess Vilma Walden*, Madge Evans; *Capt. Wolke*, Paul Cavanagh; *Jerry Somers*, John Arledge; *Count Walden*, Claude King; *U. S. Ambassador*, John Sainpolis.

"HURRICANE HORSEMAN, THE"—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by Douglas Dawson. Adapted by Oliver Drake. Directed by Mandy Schaefer. The cast: *"Gun"*, Smith, Lane Chandler; *Touilla*, Marie Quillan; *Foncho Gomez*, Walter Miller; *Bull*, Dick Alexander; *Don Roberto*, Lafe McKee; *Cinco*, Charles Schaeffer; *Sheriff Jones*, Yakima Canutt; *Rand*, Robert Smith.

"IN LINE OF DUTY"—MONOGRAM PROD.—From the story by G. A. Durlan. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Felice Duchene*, Sue Carol; *Jean Duchene*, Noah Beery; *Jacques Dupres*, Francis MacDonald; *Corporal Sherwood*, James Murray; *Hugh Fraser*, Richard Cramer; *Constable*, Frank Seider; *Inspector*, Henry Hall.

"LEFTOVER LADIES"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Ursula Parrott. Adapted by Robert Presnell. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Pat*, Claudia Dell; *The Duchess*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ronny*, Walter Byron; *Jerry*, Alan Mowbray; *Amy*, Dorothy Revier; *Vera*, Rita La Roy; *Scoop*, Roscoe Karns; *Churchill*, Selmer Jackson; *Benson*, Franklyn Farnum; *Buddy*, Buster Phelps.

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "The Poor Nut" by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *John Miller*, Joe E. Brown; *Julia Winters*, Dorothy Lee; *Marjorie Blake*, Ruth Hall; *Spike Hoyt*, Edward Woods; *Doc*, Wade Boteler; *Colonel Small*, William Burruss; *Wally Pierce*, Edward Nugent; *Coach Jackson*, John Harrington.



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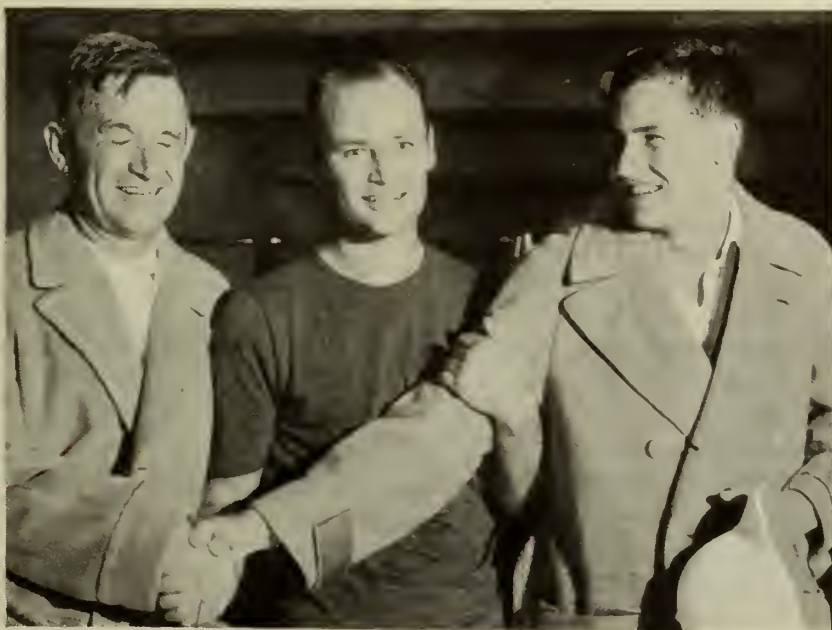
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"LOVE STORM, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: *Eileen Kell*, Fay Compton; "*Captain*" *Kell*, Frank Harvey; *Gordon Kingsley*, Ian Hunter; *Cass*, Edmund Willard; *Parsons*, Donald Calthrop.

"NIGHT RAID" (UN SOIR DE RAFLÉ)—OSSO PROD.—From the story by Henri Decoin. Directed by Carmine Gallone. The cast: *Georget*, Albert Prejean; *Mariette*, Annabella; *Le Baron*, Lucien Baroux; *Yvonne*, Edith Mera; *Fred*, Lerner; *Charly*, Constant Remy.

"ONCE A LADY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Rudolph Bernauer and Rudolph Oesterreicher. Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: *Anna Keremazoff*, Ruth Chatterton; *Bennett Cloud*, Ivor Novello; *Faith Fenwick*, Jill Esmond; *As a child*, Suzanne Ransom; *Harry Corden*, Regis Toomey; *Jimmy Fenwick*, Geoffrey Kerr; *Lady Ellen*, Doris Lloyd; *Roger Fenwick*, Herbert Bunston; *Mrs. Fenwick*, Gwendolen Logan.

"ONE WAY TRAIL, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Claude Rister. Continuity by George Plympton. Directed by Ray Taylor. The cast: *Tim Allen*, Tim McCoy; *Helen Beck*, Doris Hill; *Terry Allen*, Carroll Nye; *Mollie*, Polly Ann Young; *Coldeye Carnell*, Al Ferguson.

"PLATINUM BLONDE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harry E. Chandler and Douglas W. Churchill. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Gallagher*, Loretta Young; *Stew Smith*, Robert Williams; *Anne Schuyler*, Jean Harlow; *Grayson*, Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Schuyler*, Louise Closser Hale; *Conroy*, Edmund Breese; *Bingy*, Walter Catlett; *Michael*, Donald Dillaway; *Smythe*, Halliwell Hobbs.

"RANGE FEUD, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Milton Krims. Adapted by Milton Krims. Directed by Ross Lederman. The cast: *Buck Gor*;



What's this? Are we going back to the old hobble skirt? It certainly looks as if you girls will have to be helped on and off running boards if fashion brings back the sort of thing Claire Maynard is showing here. Note that slit in front, and the draped effect—we bet some of you still have models like this in the old attic trunk

don, Buck Jones; *Clint Turner*, John Wayne; *Jud Walton*, Susan Fleming; *John Walton*, Ed Le Sainy; *Dod Turner*, William Walling; *Hank*, Wallace MacDonald; *Vondall*, Harry Woods; *Biggers*, Frank Austin.

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE"—Fox.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Adapted by John F. Goodrich. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Lassiter*, George O'Brien; *Jone Wilhersteen*, Marguerite Churchill; *Judge Dyer*, Noah Beery; *Bess*, Yvonne Pelletier; *Venters*, James Todd; *Ohlring*, Stanley Fields; *Judkins*, Lester Dorr; *Tull*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Fay*, Shirley Nails.

"SECRET SERVICE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by William Gillette. Adapted by Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Captain Thorne*, Richard Dix; *Edith Varney*, Shirley Grey; *Lieut. Dumont*, William Post, Jr.; *Arelsford*, Gavin Gordon; *General Grant*, Fred Warren; *Mrs. Varney*, Nance O'Neil; *Coroline*, Florence Lake; *Jonas*, Clarence Muse; *Howard Varney*, Harold Kinney; *Isroel*, Eugene Jackson; *General Randolph*, Frederick Burton; *Lieut. Foray*, Carl Gerard; *Mariha*, Emma Reed.

"SIN OF MADELOEN CLAUDET, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Lullaby" by Edward Knoblock. Continuity by Charles MacArthur. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Madelon*, Helen Hayes; *Carlo Borelli*, Lewis Stone; *Larry*, Neil Hamilton; *Dr. Claudet*, Robert Young; *Victor*, Cliff Edwards; *Dr. Dulac*, Jean Hersholt; *Rosolie*, Marie Prevost; *Alice*, Karen Morley; *Photographer*, Charles Winninger; *Hubert*, Alan Hale; *Rogel*, Halliwell Hobbes; *St. Jacques*, Lennox Pawle; *Claudet*, Russ Powell.

"SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Richard Schayer and

Dale Van Every. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Bucky O'Brien*, Lew Ayres; *Jim Stewart*, William Bakewell; *Truck McCall*, Andy Devine; *Il'asp*, Harry Barris; *Coach*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Frank Carideo*, Frank Carideo; *"The Four Horsemen"*, Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher; *Assistant Coach*, Nat Pendleton; *Peggy*, Sally Blane.

"STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Preston Sturges. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Gus*, Paul Lukas; *Isabelle*, Sidney Fox; *Judge Dempsey*, Lewis S. Stone; *Henry*, George Meeker; *Tomasso*, William Ricciardi; *Mulligan*, Sidney Toler; *Cook*, Aldo Franchetti; *Walter*, Carlo Schipa; *Walter*, Samuel Bonello.

"TERROR BY NIGHT"—FAMOUS ATTRACTIONS.—From the story by Samuel Spewack. Adapted by Samuel Spewack. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Lois Martin*, Una Merkel; *Arthur Jones*, William Collier, Jr.; *Bella*, ZaSu Pitts; *Captain McGowan*, Purnell Pratt; *Larson*, Clyde Crook; *Lewis LeRoy*, Ralf Harold; *Tess*, June Clyde; *Sylvia Folsom*, Rita LeRoy; *Brannigan*, Paul Hurst; *Jess*, Clarence Muse; *Gunner*, Nat Pendleton; *Herbert Folsom*, Hooper Atchley; *Moll*, Greta Granstedt; *Mike*, Mike Donlin.

"WAY BACK HOME"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Jane Murnin. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Seth Parker*, Phillips Lord; *Mo Porker*, Effie Palmer; *"Liz"*, Mrs. Phillips Lord; *"Cephus"*, Bennett Kilpack; *"Captain"*, Raymond Hunter; *David Clark*, Frank Albertson; *Mary Lucy*, Bette Davis; *"Wobblin"*, Oscar Apfel; *Rufe Turner*, Stanley Fields; *Runaway Rosie*, Dorothy Peterson; *Robbie*, Frankie Darro; *Income Tax Man*, Wade Boteler.

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"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that does it"

My Uncle Egbert—WHOOOPS—Meets the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

"About Theda—and those other dames," he said—"do you think they really want to visit the king?"

I said they probably did but it was doubtful if they could break their contracts and get away.

Uncle Egbert seemed relieved no end. "It wouldn't work, I'm sure. The king's wives—and mine—wouldn't understand." It occurred to me what a dreadful thing it would be for a man to have seven wives who didn't understand him.

JUST before he left he gave me a nice little contraband pearl—about the size of an olive—to give Imogene in case she felt bad. She felt

terrible—but not because of Uncle Egbert. It was the gin.

AS the train pulled out Uncle Egbert said, "Had a marvelous time, Bogie—great kids these movie queens—next time I come I'll bring the king."

And presented me with a check for a new automobile.

So you can see why I'd at least like to thank Theda Bara for all she's done for me.

Maybe when, as and if Uncle Egbert dies—ah!—maybe then it will be revealed that Theda Bara, and not I, is his sole and only heir.

I never thought of that!

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of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1931

State of Illinois,) ss.
County of Cook

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1931.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]



Where's your other eye, Dolores? Even though this hat does hide one of the beautiful Del Rio orbs, we must say it is smart. Tricky the way those quills swirl around to fit into the dip of the brim, don't you think? It's brown felt with yellowish brown quills

DIRECTOR JOHN FORD, handling a mob scene of a half hundred big, tough guys, was struck by one's unusual resemblance to Jack Holt.

The extra not only facially was a ringer for Holt, but physically, too—Holt being one of the huskiest athletes in pictures.

Finally Ford, between shots, called the man to him.

"I suppose," he remarked, "that many people have told you you look like Jack Holt."

From the big, tough, husky extra came a thin, girlish, piping reply.

"Oh, dear me, yeth. Jutht oodles and oodles of people have told me tho."

So Ford sent him back to work.

VARIETY tells the story about a man who builds biceps by metaphysical culture (yes, honestly!) and who stopped at the Will Hays office to request that a talkie be taken of him in action.

It was explained that it was impossible.

"Oh, you ought to give me a half hour anyway," said the gentleman, who wears a turban. "You gave it to George Bernard Shaw!"

LINDA WATKINS, who did such a grand job in "Sob Sister" is a newcomer, but she knows what she wants to wear in pictures—There was a temporary designer at the

studio, who sent Linda a couple of sports suits for the picture. She took one look at them, "And I *won't* wear those," she stated emphatically. And she didn't. She helped to design the substitutes herself.

Not so dumb. What newcomers wear is important.

WHEN Linda Watkins arrived in Hollywood somebody suggested she get a swanky Spanish house in Beverly Hills and put on the "dog."

"A big front goes a long way in Hollywood," she was told.

Linda went to Beverly Hills, chose a modest little English home, set far back from the street amidst much shrubbery.

"Why all the bushes?" someone asked her.

"So I won't have to look at the swanky Spanish houses around me in which I was supposed to put on the dog," she answered.

PETE SMITH, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio publicity department, has spent years, and grown thin and emaciated placating stars who complain about the lack of publicity he gives them. Pete has just made a hit making "shorts" for his company. Last month he saw his name over a theater entrance and complained that the sign wasn't big enough.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (Senior) plans an air tour of the South American wilds as his next movie-making project. It will be his second travel film, since his announcement that he will never make another "story" film.

THERE'S a carpenter working on the "Flying High" set at M-G-M who carries twenty-five small nails in his mouth day and night. Certainly, he's swallowed one now and then, but he's not worried. He uses them as you use chewing gum. At least he's always sure of getting plenty of iron in his blood. This is a true story.

RENEE ADOREE spent her birthday in the Arizona sanitarium, where she has been for more than a year, reading literally thousands of telegrams and opening scores of gifts. Her friends in Hollywood were so afraid that other friends would forget the day that they sent out reminding notes and telephone calls to each other.

She was showered with greetings.

MONROE OWSLEY took his screen career so seriously that it landed him in a sanitarium. Tired of being typed as a cad and a boulder in his movie rôles, he rebelled so aggressively that M-G-M allowed him to cancel his contract with them. But, worn out by the strain, Monroe has been ill ever since. Now he is looking for a producer who will let him play the good-boy rôles he likes.

REGINALD DENNY wanted to be a painter when he was a lad, so he often took his easel to the British Royal Galleries to make copies of the masters.

One day a frowsy fellow with a torn coat looked over his shoulder and made a suggestion.

Denny, young and cock sure, spurned the old man's help.

Later he discovered the man to be the president of the Royal Academy!

"That was my first lesson in learning not to judge men by their outward appearance!" Denny says now.

LOLA LANE (just recent Mrs. Lew Ayres) went into bankruptcy because her creditors attached Lew's salary. . . . Hollywood's newest and favorite sport is cricket. . . . So bally English. . . .



Here's how Santa Claus remembers good little platinum blondes. That is a dazzling array lovely Claire Luce is wearing—bracelets, pin and stunning pendant necklace are from the famous French house, Mauboussin. And Seymour seems to think the Lelong evening dress in green crepe with white embroidery is one of the best he has seen this season

His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.



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From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy
of the Theatre
Guild, Inc.

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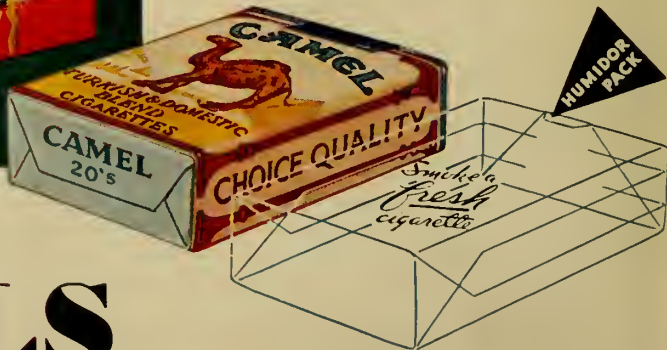
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