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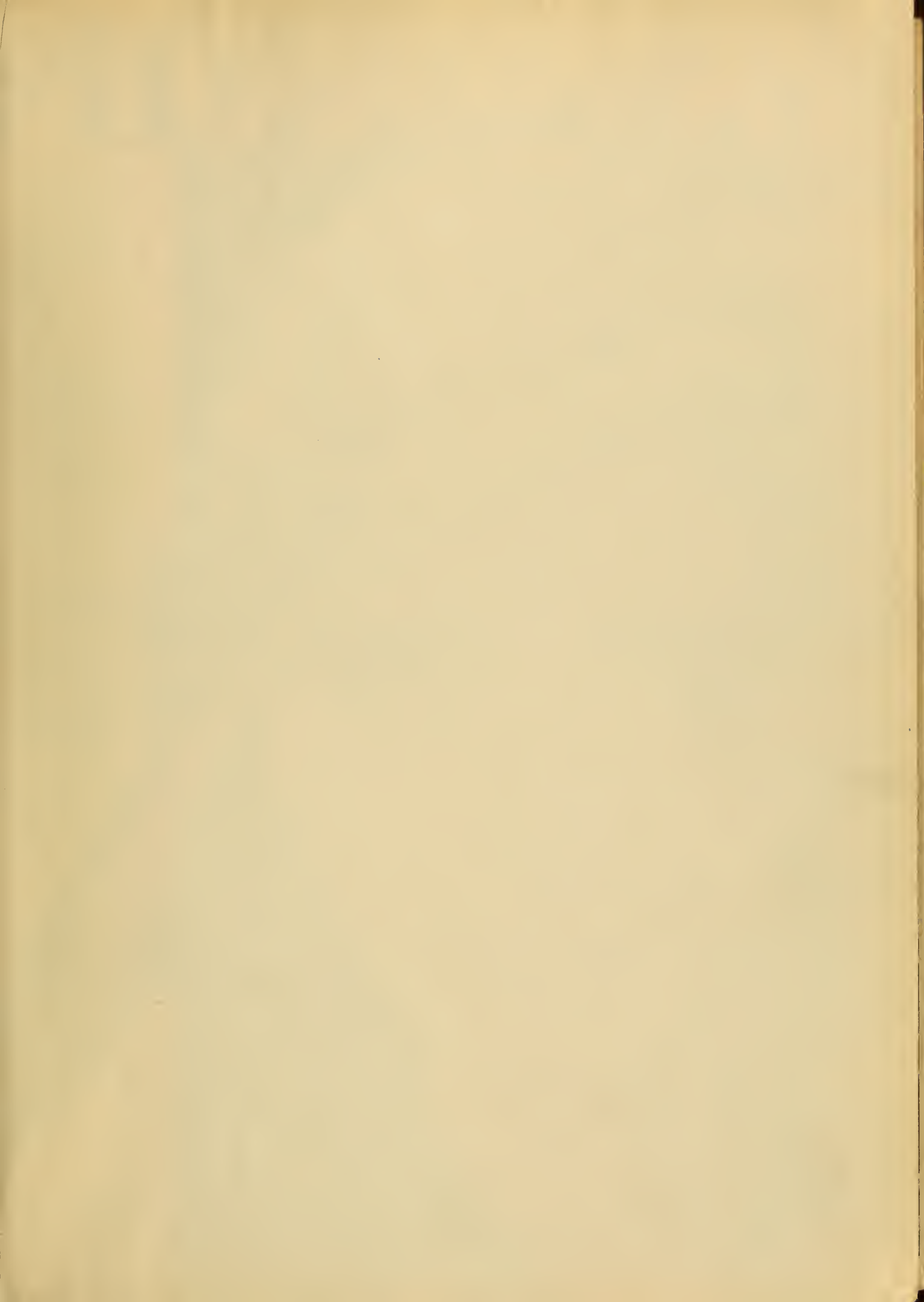
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# PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and  
FASHION  
MAGAZINE of  
the SCREEN

July  
25  
Cents  
30 Cents  
in Canada

The Inside  
Story of  
"Grand  
Hotel"

Kay  
Francis

Clara Bow  
the busy  
Housewife

*M 12-19-14*

*Karl  
Christy*





**TOGETHER AGAIN**  
*in another M-G-M hit!*

*Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.*

Joan  
**CRAWFORD**  
Robert  
**MONTGOMERY**

in CLARENCE BROWN'S  
production

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

with

NILS ASTHER  
MAY ROBSON  
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

*Letty Lynton*

Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Buys the loveliest lingerie...  
Never a thought for her gums  
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

**Y**OU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie.

But the next time you don't it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your gums, your teeth—the once-over!

Is anybody ever going to say about you: "H'm. Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

It's like this: you aren't attractive unless your teeth are brilliant and white. And good-looking teeth are

absolutely dependent on the health and firmness of your gums.

Your gums *aren't* firm and healthy.

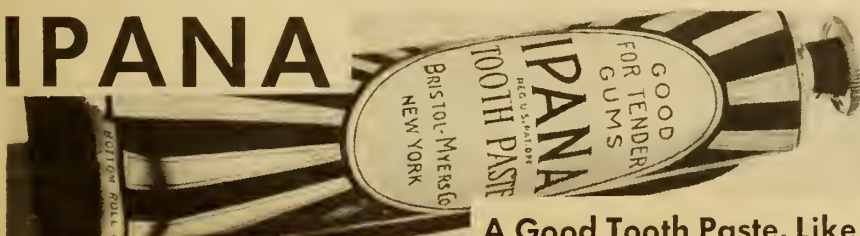
The soft foods of the present day and age don't *stimulate* your gums—give them enough work to do. And instead of staying firm and healthy, your gums gradually become flabby and weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" is more serious than it sounds. It can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." And it often leads to gum troubles as

serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the dread but far rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps them brilliantly white and thoroughly clean. Then—each time—rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those weak, tender gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, firms the gums, and keeps them firm. "Pink tooth brush" disappears—and you need never be afraid to smile!

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# Merrily we go to hell



F R E D R I C S Y L V I A  
M A R C H • S I D N E Y



## ADRIANNE ALLEN 'SKEETS' GALLAGHER

*Directed by Dorothy Arzner*

**T**HOUGH she tried her best to keep their marriage from going the way everyone predicted it would—he toyed with Love until he couldn't have it! The story was tremendously popular as a novel and newspaper serial under the title, "I Jerry, Take Thee Joan" by Cleo Lucas. As a Paramount Picture MERRILY WE GO TO HELL is not only "the best show in town"—it's one of the very best of the year! See it, by all means!



**S**YLVIA SIDNEY at last gets a chance to play a child of the rich—and appear in the gorgeous clothes she can wear so well. As the debutante darling of the "Four Hundred" she is simply exquisite, and her characterization excels anything she has ever done before.

**W**HO could go to Hell quite so merrily, so charmingly, as FREDRIC MARCH? Here he plays, as no one else could, the brilliant, irresponsible playboy reporter who wins society's most sought-after heiress—but doesn't love her until he loses her! Perfect as he was in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde", he shows his remarkable versatility in playing this gay, debonair, insouciant character so well.

Paramount  Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 2

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

July, 1932



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

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



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# The Audience Talks Back

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

"What a relief from problem plays, courtroom dramas, and heavy sob stuff!" That's what hundreds of picture-goers wrote about "This Is the Night." The folks sat back and chuckled at the grand fun making of Charlie Ruggles and Lily Damita. And Roland Young was a laugh riot



All those folks who have written to beg "No more gangster pictures, please," sang a different tune this month and heartily approved "Scarface" as not only a great picture, but one that will make the United States do a lot of thinking. Paul Muni plays the villainous gangster to perfection

## THE \$25 LETTER

Allow me to present a two-second drama entitled "Why Movie Stars Get Gray Hair."

### Act I

Scene: Theater Lobby.

Characters: Milly and Tilly, two blonde stenographers.

Time: After seeing Billy Haines in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

Milly: Why don't they give that guy something else to do besides wisecrack? I'm sick of seeing him as a smart aleck all the time.

Tilly: You said it. All his pictures are alike. See him in one and you've seen him in all.

### Act II

Scene: Same as Act I.

Characters: Milly and Tilly.

Time: After seeing Billy Haines in "Are You Listening?"

Milly: Why do you suppose they put him in such a serious rôle? I like him better as a smart aleck

Tilly: Yeah! Can you imagine? Not a smart crack in the whole picture!  
MILDRED SCHMIDT, Chicago, Ill.

## THE \$10 LETTER

I form my opinion of people by the movies. In conversation I deftly turn the topic toward the screen. The films liked show at once the calibre of the mind behind the selections.

One of my fondest friendships was formed on a mutual appreciation of "Outward Bound" and "Disraeli." Because an old school chum, whom I met after a number of years' separation, raved about some very trashy pictures, it was evident that we had drifted apart.

I see all the films, good, bad and indifferent, and to watch a number of people react differ-

ently to different pictures has become a worthwhile game. Instead of "Tell me your friends and I'll tell you what you are," I offer, "Tell me your favorite films and I'll know what you are!"

JEANNETTE LLOYD, Long Island City, N.Y.

## THE \$5 LETTER

I am a college girl and I want to tell you what movies mean to me and my friends here at college. After classes are over, they rest

**W**HEW! What a lot of fuss that "Grand Hotel" kicked up. "It's Garbo's picture." "It's Crawford's picture." "It belongs to Barrymore!" And the fight was on. Strangely enough, although she got lots of raves, there were more letters that expressed disappointment in Garbo than letters praising her.

But when the smoke of battle cleared away, there was a brand-new screen favorite crowned right under our noses. Folks, step up and make a court bow to George Raft—whose work in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface" set him right in the front lines along with Johnny Weissmuller.

The lad who played in "Wet Parade" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," one Robert Young, received some very nice pats on the back and lots of good wishes.

Karen Morley's acting and Mary Brian's return were the feminine sensations this month. "This Is the Night," "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "The Miracle Man" were highly praised. And our foreign mail is growing by leaps and bounds.

our minds and take us back into the world of reality again.

That sounds queer, for most people consider motion pictures as an outlet for illusion rather than realism. But at college we become easily unbalanced—too many text books, too many lectures dealing with theories, until we are apt to forget what human beings are really like.

Motion pictures show us life in all its phases as it really is, better than books do. They have a true intellectual value and besides being restful and entertaining, they teach college students many things.

ANNE E. TROTTER, Oakland, Calif.

## A NEW USE FOR HATPINS

An answer to a maiden's prayer is not a beer-soaked he-man in an audience. Desiring to have precious entertainment at a picture theater one Sunday evening, I went alone to a small movie house. A man, with no intention of seeing the picture, but desiring a close and friendly companion, came in and sat beside me. Being both conservative and crowded, I kept a stiff upper lip, squeezed over to the other side of my seat and conquered.

Finally he moved, still seeking the above mentioned "companion."

This happens often in any town. What is a poor girl to do? I would not have nerve to raise a commotion, and does a manager want to rout out a patron of any sort? It is a disappointment to be so disgustingly distracted, as a good picture is an appreciated recreation to me.

WILMA L. STEIN, Goshen, Ind.

## CAN I HAVE STARS' BEAUTY

I used to wonder what was the use of buying movie magazines. I was attracted by the pictures of the stars but it only made me unhappy because I could never have their beauty and charm.



Now I have a different viewpoint and PHOToplay's swell idea of publishing beauty hints of the stars, and articles by Hollywood experts, has changed my ideas. Instead of pining around, I can get to work and try to accomplish something. Sylvia has made me ashamed of myself for my laziness and the beauty hints are splendid. Instead of just gazing at the pictures and wishing I looked like that, I can get something from them.

ESTELLE BENNETT, Kansas City, Mo.

### 'TAINT TRUE, MISS McMANUS

I read an article recently, saying that Garbo was dead and this person we see now on the screen is her double. They say she did not play "Mata Hari" at all. Yet she seemed the same lovely lady of "Anna Christie." It just couldn't be so. But still the thought persists. Is the glamorous Garbo really dead? Is that why she is quitting? Please answer the cry of a troubled soul!

LOLA McMANUS, Portland, Ore.

### THE LUKE-WARM LETTER

I can take Garbo or leave her alone. Sometimes I see her pictures, sometimes I don't. I neither adore her, nor do I dislike her. I'm sure I have achieved something spectacular, by writing the first luke-warm letter about Garbo.

MYRA KINKLE, Oelwein, Iowa.

### HE MUST BE AN ARCHITECT

Can it be that the well-known depression has hit the movie companies? I noticed the same foyer and staircase in three recent films—"Husband's Holiday," "This Reckless Age" and "Working Girls."

J. ARDEN, New York City.

### EH WOT, GARY, OLD BEAN?

I view with alarm the new Gary Cooper who returns to Hollywood with all the earmarks of a "perfect gentleman." Only a monocle is lacking. And not only has our big he-man of the open spaces become an English tailor's perfect specimen, but he has gone John Barrymoreish on us and is toting a monkey.

The influence of countesses and elite society is so manifest, it breaks the heart of one who always looked to Gary to be the real, honest-to-gosh cow-boy, frontiersman, trail blazer.

RUTH MATTHEWS, Berkeley, Calif.

### TRY BREATHING EXERCISES

My heart isn't. So good anyway. But after reading. One of Sara Hamilton's articles. I'm so out of breath. From reading sentences. That aren't sentences. At all. That I almost. Suffer a real heart failure. Brought on from breathlessness. It's all right to be. Original and all. That. But honestly. Don't you think a course. In second grade grammar rules. Would help?

BESS DAY WILHELMUS, Evansville, Ind.

### FOR SHAME, MR. BEERY

I have always admired Wallace Beery and Will Rogers, but since they indulged in that disgusting burlesque of Greta Garbo I shall feel disgusted every time I see their faces on the screen. Garbo is in a class by herself. I admire her for not wanting to be exploited and to get up at openings and make a monkey of herself.

BETH LEIGH, Long Island, N. Y.

I wish to protest violently. I have just read that Wally Beery did a burlesque of Garbo at the opening of "Grand Hotel." I do not like Garbo and never have, but to burlesque her in public is caddish. If Mr. Beery does not understand that it can never be explained to him.

MISS S. BOSWELL, Baltimore, Md.

### THE "GRAND HOTEL" FIGHT

I think "Grand Hotel" will seriously hurt Garbo's career. There must have been a conspiracy between the director, cameraman and editor. At times she is made to express an animation which is so extreme that it is most unnatural to her; she is photographed with inexcusable carelessness and her scenes are cut short so that no time is allowed for the audience to become acquainted with or understand her character.

Joan Crawford need not have worried about being made "the goat." Garbo was that, but Crawford's work is splendid, though *Grusinskaya* should have been the outstanding character, as she was in the play.

CHARLES SAYRE, Chicago, Ill.

Garbo, the great and the glamorous, outshines even herself in "Grand Hotel." Surrounded by stars of the first magnitude, the glorious Swedish thoroughbred outrides her supporting cast and wins the race in a walk.

LOUISE BRAUN, New York City.

Each character seems to be molded into the plot of "Grand Hotel," yet each one is an individual. I thought that Joan Crawford should be given the victory wreath. She is truly remarkable. But so were all the others.

JO ANNE NOSEE, Cleveland, Ohio.

Just want to send in my ravings about Joan Crawford in "Grand Hotel." She walked away with that picture. She's got Garbo beat a mile.

INA BLAIR, Moss Point, Miss.

My highest praise for the fine picture "Grand Hotel." The whole cast was splendid, but the most outstanding and glorious of them all is Greta Garbo. My friends agree with me. Garbo is the supreme star. She is unforgettable as *Grusinskaya*.

EVA OSBORN, New York City.

### RAFTS OF PRAISE FOR GEORGE

I discovered George Raft for myself, about a year ago when he was an extra on the screen. The first time I saw him I knew he would make good. He is more like Valentino in looks than any other actor. In a very short time he ought to make Clark Gable look silly.

S. K. KRESNEE, Cleveland, Ohio.

I went to "Dancers in the Dark" to see Miriam Hopkins, but came away remembering a fine, outstanding piece of work by a newcomer, George Raft.

LOUISE DELL, San Diego, Calif.

### "SCARFACE"

Why does the censor board wish to ban a great picture that every American should see? I am referring to the greatest gangster picture ever made, "Scarface."

GEORGE CHAMPION, Oakland, Calif.

"Scarface" is not only a picture, it's modern history. Almost every incident is something I have read about, discussed with others and pondered over. Not until I saw "Scarface" did I really come to realize what is going on in gangland.

NANCY VERCELLINI, Torrington, Conn.

I sincerely think the government owes Howard Hughes a vote of thanks instead of criticism, for "Scarface." It gives the public such a realistic portrayal of organized crime.

MRS. W. S. BARGETZ, Los Angeles, Calif.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]

"Why didn't Robert Young get the credit he deserved in 'The Wet Parade'?" lots of folks shouted this month. In fact, Robert came right next to George Raft in reader acclaim. Here you see Bob and Dorothy Jordan in a tense moment from the widely discussed picture. Good work, Bob!



A couple of cheers—Mary Brian is back and knocking off a sophisticated performance in "It's Tough To Be Famous," which was one of the favorite flickers. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., got plenty of pats on the back, but Mary's return was what caused the most excitement



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

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

**AIR EAGLES**—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

**ALMOST MARRIED**—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (Feb.)

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

**ANYBODY'S BLONDE**—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

★ **ARROWSMITH**—United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

**BEAST OF THE CITY, THE**—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (Feb.)

**BEHIND THE MASK**—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and thrill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

**BEN HUR**—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (Feb.)

**BIG SHOT, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (Feb.)

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

**BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE**—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

**BRANDED MEN**—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Feb.)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (March)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

**CAIN**—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

## The Famous CUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

which thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers look forward to each year, will begin in the

**AUGUST** issue  
On sale at all newsstands  
**JULY 15th**

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

**CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE**—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

**CHEAT, THE**—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

**COCK OF THE AIR**—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risqué. (Feb.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

**CORSAIR**—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

**CROSS-EXAMINATION**—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

**DEADLINE, THE**—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

**DECEIVER, THE**—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

**DELICIOUS**—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

★ **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL ON DECK**—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]

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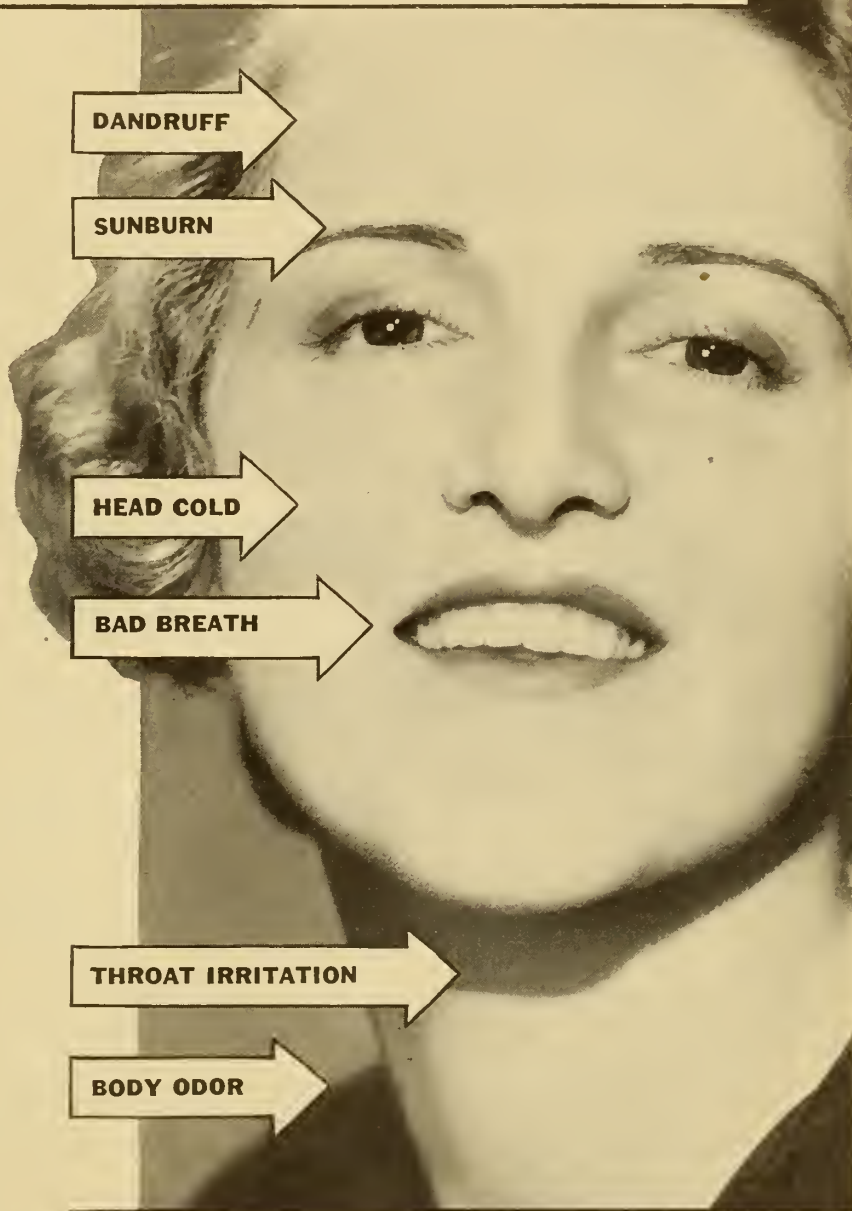
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Voice Hoarseness	Mouth Irritations	Blisters	Tired, Aching
Bad Breath	After Extractions	Loose Dandruff	Feet



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

**DRAGNET PATROL**—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

**DRIFTER, TIE**—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Feb.)

**EXPERT, TIE**—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

**EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD**—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (Feb.)

**FALSE MADONNA, TIE**—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (Jan.)

**FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, TIE**—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

**FILE 113**—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (March)

**FINAL EDITION**—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

**FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (Jan.)

**FOOL'S ADVICE, A**—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

**FORBIDDEN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (Feb.)

**FORGOTTEN WOMEN**—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN**—Universal.—Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (Jan.)

**FREAKS**—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (March)

**FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY**—RKO-Pathé.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

**GAY BUCKAROO**—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

**GAY CABALLERO, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

**GIRL CRAZY**—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

**GIRL OF THE RIO**—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (Feb.)

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

**GOOD SPORT**—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (Feb.)

**GUILTY GENERATION, THE**—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (March)

**HEART OF NEW YORK, THE**—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Feb.)

**HER MAJESTY LOVE**—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

**HIGH PRESSURE**—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

**HIS WOMAN**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

**HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

**HOUSE DIVIDED, A**—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

**HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (Feb.)

**INFORMATION KID, THE**—Universal.—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Low Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

**IS THERE JUSTICE?**—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

**KEEPERS OF YOUTH**—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sydney does her best work. (Feb.)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (Feb.)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

**LAW AND ORDER**—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

**LAW OF THE TONGS**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (Feb.)

## 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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**LAW OF THE WEST**—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Letty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skillful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

**LOCAL BAD MAN, THE**—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naive. (March)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

**MAKER OF MEN**—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

**MANHATTAN PARADE**—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (Feb.)

**MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE**—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Feb.)

**MENACE, THE**—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

**MEN IN HER LIFE**—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (Jan.)

**MEN OF CHANCE**—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (Feb.)

**MICHAEL AND MARY**—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

**MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

**MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

**MONSTER WALKS, THE**—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

**MORALS FOR WOMEN**—Tiffany Prod.—This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouper Bessie Love. (Jan.)

**MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

**MURDER AT DAWN**—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (March)

**MY WIFE'S FAMILY**—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

**NECK AND NECK**—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the dol-drums. (Jan.)

**NICE WOMEN**—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

**NIGHT BEAT**—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

**NO ONE MAN**—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (March)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

**OPERA BALL**—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.—English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this brightly German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

★ **OVER THE HILL**—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

**PANAMA FLO**—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

**PEACHO'RENO**—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

**PLAY GIRL**—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

**POCATELLO KID, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (Feb.)

**POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

**POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

★ **POSSESSED**—M-G-M.—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

**PRESTIGE**—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this hazardous yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risqué, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (Feb.)

**PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

**RACING YOUTH**—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW TRAIL**—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (Feb.)

**RANGE LAW**—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

**RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)



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MARKED FOR "GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS FUND"

**RICH MAN'S FOLLY**—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (Jan.)

**ROAD TO LIFE, THE**—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

**RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

**SADDLE BUSTER, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

**SAFE IN HELL**—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (Jan.)

**SALLY OF THE SUBWAY**—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

**SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

**SECRET WITNESS, THE**—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

**SHADOW BETWEEN, THE**—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

**SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE**—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

**SHOP ANGEL**—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

**SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

**SILENT WITNESS, THE**—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

**SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street wail. (June)

**SKY DEVILS**—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

**SO BIG**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

**SOOKY**—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

**SPECKLED BAND, THE**—First Division.—Sherlock Holmes is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

**SPORTING CHANCE, THE**—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

**STEADY COMPANY**—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

**STEPPING SISTERS**—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)



**STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

**STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

**STRANGERS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

**STRUGGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

**SUICIDE FLEET**—RKO-Pathé.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

**SUNSET TRAIL, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

**SURRENDER**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan. (April)

**TAXI**—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

**TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

**TEXAS GUN FIGHTER**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

**TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

**THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

**THIRTY DAYS**—Patrician.—A wealthy tenement owner plays the regeneration scene in jail. Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (Jan.)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians.

**THIS RECKLESS AGE**—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

**TIP OFF, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (Jan.)

**TOMORROW AND TOMORROW**—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (Jan.)

★ **TOUCHDOWN**—Paramount.—A football picture that's different—with inside foot on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (Jan.)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

**TWO KINDS OF WOMEN**—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

**TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)**—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

**UNDER EIGHTEEN**—Warners.—A neat little picture. Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

**UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE**—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Huh-huh! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (Feb.)

**UNION DEPOT**—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

**U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE**—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

**VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

**WAYWARD**—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

**WHEN A FELER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

**WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

**WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

**WISER SEX, THE**—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

**WITHOUT HONOR**—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

**WOMAN COMMANDS, A**—RKO-Pathé.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

**WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE**—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (Feb.)

**WORKING GIRLS**—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

**X MARKS THE SPOT**—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (Jan.)

**YELLOW TICKET, THE**—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (Jan.)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

**YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathé.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

**ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES**—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)

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# Have you pet likes and dislikes?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7 ]

## "THIS IS THE NIGHT"

Want to know what my friends thought of "This Is the Night"? Well, a bunch of us went to the show together—three couples. One of the boys said: "That was a swell picture, and even if a couple of those risqué scenes did embarrass you girls, you're old enough to bear up under it. Guess your moral characters are formed, or whatever it is that worries the censors." Another boy said: "Gosh, what a relief to see some good-looking dames again on the screen, without having to wade through a lot of weepy scenes. I'm fed up on the tense, dramatic stuff."

As for us girls, especially myself, it's the first picture I have seen in weeks that didn't leave me with red eyes and my hanky rolled up in a wet ball. Honestly, the deluge has been awful—what with "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," "So Big," "Night Court" and all the other good tear-jerkers. This time it didn't take us more than a minute to repair our make-up before tackling a round of marshmallow nut sundaes.

And that Roland Young—well, all I can say is, he made me forget Clark Gable *completely*.  
ISABEL ELDRIDGE, St. Louis, Mo.

## "FLESH IS WEAK"—ALSO STORY

Robert Montgomery has always seemed a clever, capable actor but the slip he made in accepting such a story as "But the Flesh Is Weak" is unforgivable.

He dashed around too fast, got nowhere, won his race with nobody going nowhere and became the dashing bridegroom of a woman deserving clothes, cars and jewels, without a jit in his jeans! Boy, oh boy, what an ending—what a beginning—what a picture! Terrible!  
HARRIET SALISBURY, Independence, Mo.

## CHARACTERIZATION CLOTHES

It is a mystery to me why some people are always shocked at the clothes the actresses wear. Many people thought the gowns Norma Shearer wore in "A Free Soul" were immodest. Naturally, Norma couldn't play the rôle of a daring and unconventional person sincerely in the dress of a Puritan Priscilla. Clothes play an important part in creating an impression of

the character being portrayed. I think that the actresses should dress according to the type of rôle they assume.

REGINA DANOSHIKI, Milwaukee, Wis.

## A SOCK AT THE CENSORS

We natives of the Buckeye state pay the same price to see a motion picture that those in other states do, but owing to censorship in Ohio our pictures are so cut and slashed and so many scenes are eliminated that I feel as if I'm paying first-class prices for second-hand merchandise. Censorship is politics—nothing more.

ELSIE C. BUCHSIEF, Columbus, Ohio.

## WIFE OR STAR?

Why isn't Ann Harding more like Barbara Stanwyck—a real wife? When it came to a decision and it meant husband or profession, for the sake of her baby and her self-respect, she should have chosen the man she married and loved and forgotten all else. This episode in her life will not endear her to her public.

MRS. E. A. GLIDDEN, Melrose, Mass.

## RICARDO'S SYMPHONY

For a long time I have wished that I might see Ricardo Cortez in a star part. I saw him in "Symphony of Six Million" and he was fine. I have wondered why the studios did not give Cortez rôles in which he could show his great acting ability. I'm glad they have done so at last. We want to see more of Ricardo and his fine profile.

MRS. G. H. PERCY, Walpole, Mass.

## "THE MIRACLE MAN"

College seniors aren't supposed to be interested in religion and God but "The Miracle Man" got me. I've heard lots of discussion around the campus and I think all young people should be forced to see that picture. If they've anything at all above the eyebrows it will make them use it. "The Miracle Man" is a challenge.

LAWRENCE JAMISON, Lima, Ohio.

"The Miracle Man" did me more good than any sermon and I am sure that it had that effect on millions of others who saw it.

KATHERINE CHRIST, Henderson, Ky.

My sole purpose in going to a picture is to forget the daily grind and relax, but I get fooled sometimes and I find myself coming out of the theater feeling as if I had been to a funeral.

D. W. TAYLOR, Spartanburg, S. C.

## CRYING FOR GILBERT

Why can't John Gilbert have a real chance? It seems that the public must accept the actors the producers want them to see and the others must go down the street of forgotten men. Why, for instance, didn't Gilbert have the name rôle in "Arsene Lupin"? The part cried Gilbert loudly enough for many fans to hear, but apparently the producers could not.

L. HORTON, St. Louis, Mo.

## JOHNNY CAN DRESS UP

Somebody said that Johnny Weissmuller cannot succeed as an actor in regular productions because he does not look well fully clothed, is too tall, etc., etc. All of which is the bunk! I prefer to watch Johnny Weissmuller on the screen rather than Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jimmy Durante, Charles Ruggles, Clark Gable and many others.

E. M. WIGHTMAN, Asbury Park, N. J.

## MORE GOOD THAN BAD

I here give the opinion of a woman who is a great church worker, an earnest student of the Bible and a wonderful wife and mother with several grown children. She said, "I am in favor of the Saturday midnight showings of the talkies. When my boys and girls are attending these I know where they are and what they are doing. As for the sort of pictures they see—one has to take the bad with the good in all things and I believe that there are more good pictures than bad."

MRS. J. K. ENGLAND, Harlingen, Texas.

## WELCOME BACK, MARY

Hurrah for Mary Brian, back after her too long absence from the screen. She and Doug, Jr., were both splendid in "It's Tough to Be Famous." And that's what I consider a dandy picture—lively, up to date and well directed.

MRS. J. A. CALDWELL, Dallas, Texas.



Just look at the crowds that tried to get in to see "Grand Hotel" on Broadway, the most blasé street in the world. And it seems that every other person in this photograph wrote us a letter to praise or criticize Garbo, Joan or Beery



# Here's your chance to air them



"Every young person should be forced to see 'The Miracle Man,'" wrote a college lad. And hundreds seconded his motion. Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney, John Wray and Ned Sparks were liked, but the picture itself was the star

## A BOOST FOR BOB

I want to express my thanks to Robert Young for his wonderful performance in "The Wet Parade." I think he will reach heights that have been vacated by some of our formerly great stars.

VIRGINIA FEENEY, Washington, D. C.

## 'RAY, 'RAY, KAREN

Why not give Karen Morley a starring part? She proved her acting, dressing and looking ability in "Arsene Lupin," one of the best pictures of the year. This is the general opinion of the fellows here, so she must be good, for college students are generally pretty hard to satisfy.

B. W. TOILLE, Princeton, N. J.

## RECAPTURED ROMANCE

A year ago when my husband died all the romance and glamour seemed to go out of my life. Then a friend gave me a copy of PHOTOPLAY and suggested that I seek comfort in motion pictures. I have recaptured the romance that I thought would never be mine again. I owe more to the movies than I can ever express.

BARBARA WINFIELD, Oakland, Calif.

## MORE ABOUT "TARZAN"

The best picture of the year so far is "Tarzan," because it is clean, it is educational, it is entertaining. We liked the acting of Johnny Weissmuller and thought he was perfectly cast. The picture appeals to all types. It is marvelous for children, there is romance for the young folks and the gorgeous scenery and man-to-beast encounters thrill the more serious minded.

JOAN HERBERT, Denver, Colo.

## OPINIONS FROM FAR AWAY

I like such films as "Common Clay." Connie Bennett's acting was enjoyable, but I observe that she speaks so rapidly it is difficult to follow her. I should say that she was simply reciting her rôle. If she would try to be plain and steady, she would gain more admiration.

A. SOLIMAN, Giza, Egypt.

Several years ago I lived in an isolated native village in Alaska where there was no contact with the outside world until an enterprising merchant installed a motion picture machine. Some of the films were ancient and in very bad condition. But the people would wait patiently until a broken film was mended. To most of the inhabitants trains, automobiles, street cars and airships were myths. Motion pictures made them actualities.

MRS. A. C. ERSKINE, Ketchikan, Alaska.

Motion pictures should be made to point the way to a better life. Sex is given too much importance in pictures. The producers should think less of making money and more of making beautiful pictures.

LIEM TOEN LOK, S'baia, Java.

Garbo is a machine made actress, turned out by Hollywood. Dietrich acts under the influence of Von Sternberg, but the perfect understanding between star and director makes Dietrich the most interesting and beautiful actress of the age.

LEILA RONALD, Middlesex, England.

"The Son of India" was a grand picture, but there were many mistakes. One would hardly expect a one hundred per cent American to have a Russian name—then why allow a prince, who was obviously a Hindoo, to bear a Mohammedan name? Hindoos and Mohammedans are as far apart as the poles in everything. Another thing that did not go well with the crowd here was to see a Hindoo kiss a woman. Such a thing is absolutely not done, be the woman his wife, mother or sister.

EUSTACE CLARENCE BARR, Bombay, India.

America goes to talkies mostly for entertainment. In Europe we look upon them not only as an amusement, but as an important branch of art.

E. GOULD, London, England.

In my opinion, Paul Lukas is the most lovable and fascinating personality on the screen.

MISS J. HUTTON, Adelaide, So. Australia.

At last a picture has arrived that makes us think for ourselves. That picture is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

JIM ROBERTS, Victoria, Australia.

We want to see Maurice Chevalier in gay little romances like "Innocents of Paris." I have always liked him, but if I have to watch many more of his screen philanderings as in "The Smiling Lieutenant," I shall give up the ghost.

LILLIAN DUSKY, Gisboom, New Zealand.

The alluring beauty and the fascinating personality of Joan Crawford have placed her at the head of the star list. I consider her the best screen actress and the most wonderful woman in Hollywood.

ANGELA RIVERA, San German, Porto Rico.

Six months ago we left America to make our home in Stockholm, Sweden. We had been in the habit of taking our young daughters to a movie about once a week, but here we discovered the existence of a new form of censorship. About nineteen out of every twenty pictures are marked, "Children forbidden." Now we are doubly thankful for every clean picture, which the whole family may enjoy together.

Our monthly copy of PHOTOPLAY is welcomed with great rejoicing and read from cover to cover. It's "news from home" to us now.

MRS. ROLF HURUP, Stockholm, Sweden.

According to an American lady reformer I heard lately, "The movies appeal only to children and illiterates and leave a bad effect upon young people." Why do these American reformers have to come here to poison our minds against American movies? Do they not realize what a wonderful appeal the motion picture has?

CARLOS BERNABE, Philippine Islands.

Why give so many young girls with nothing but sweet faces so much prominence upon the screen?

ARNE DENCKERT, Stockholm, Sweden.

## RANDOM OPINIONS

Why in the name of good movies don't they give Richard Arlen a break? He is one hundred per cent perfect.

MARGARET CONRAD, Philadelphia, Penna.

Here's a bouquet for PHOTOPLAY for having such an intelligent answer man.

MARY A. BALL, Torrington, Conn.

YOU WANT THEM TO

# GROW Sturdy

*Here's the dish to help them—  
"better bran flakes"*



DON'T you often hear the children talking about the champion golfer, the tennis stars of the year, about the outstanding figures of today's sports? They know all about them, imitate them, hope some day to grow as strong and sturdy.



This desire comes from the eagerness of their muscles. They need nourishment . . . lots of it. They need the healthful food that helps keep you fit and well.

There's a delicious ready-to-eat cereal that meets this need . . . Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. They're filled with whole wheat goodness.

Whole wheat is one of the most nourishing foods. Nature has made it a storehouse of rich value, of iron and other minerals, vitamins and proteins.

Kellogg has made these *better bran flakes* extra delicious by adding the wonderful flavor of *Pep*—and extra healthful because of the bran—just enough gentle bulk to be mildly laxative.

Give your children these delicious flakes often. For breakfast, for lunch, for an after-school snack. For the bedtime meal. And enjoy them yourself.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green package at your grocer's. *Quality guaranteed.*

FOR CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon, except Saturdays and Sundays, over stations affiliated with the N. B. C. from Coast to Coast. 5.30 Eastern Daylight Time, 6.00 o'clock Central Daylight Time, 5.30 Pacific Coast Time. Songs and stories children love.



# A Buffet Supper Idea



Adrienne Ames gives Sunday suppers buffet style

Good substantial food is Adrienne's recipe for successful Sunday buffet suppers. Note her smart tucked sheer silk frock—perfect, isn't it?

**A**DRIENNE AMES is one of my favorite Sunday night supper hostesses. You can go to her house with hardly more than a late breakfast foundation and know that your ravenous appetite will be done right by!

Adrienne's parties are planned with a very good thought in mind, and that is, that guests are more likely to carry away a lingering memory of simple but good food, rather than fancy, indigestible things.

The buffet type of Sunday supper is quite the rage in Hollywood now. A large or small number of guests can be entertained so easily this way—and buffet affairs have that charming, informal atmosphere everyone likes. Chafing dishes or hot plates will keep things warm while the guests file past to take their choice. A typical menu for one of her suppers is as follows:

- |                             |                            |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Oysters and Mushrooms       | Scrambled Eggs with Corn   |
|                             | Cheese Rolls               |
| Red and White Cabbage Salad | Tomato and Artichoke Salad |
|                             | Stuffed Dill Pickles       |
| Coffee                      | Tea                        |
|                             | Petits Fours               |

*Oysters and Mushrooms*—Here's a delicious dish! Peel and stem two pounds of mushrooms, cut into pieces and stew slowly in two tablespoonsful of butter for an hour. Ten minutes before they are done, add two more tablespoonsful of butter. When this butter is melted, add one tablespoonful of flour, blend well. Let the whole mixture simmer a little longer before adding three quarters of a cup of cream. Then add one cup of cooked finely cut celery and oysters. The oysters should be cut in half, lengthwise. Before pouring your mushrooms and oysters in a chafing dish, add a teaspoon of bitters.

Adrienne's scrambled egg and corn dish can be made in a jiffy.

She scrambles together one dozen eggs, one cup of whole kernel corn, half cup of cream, salt, pepper and paprika. This, too, is served from a chafing dish. Strips of bacon curls can be used as garnishment.

If you have never had *cheese rolls* the way Adrienne makes them, you have a treat in store for you. She orders hard club rolls from the bakery. These are cut in half, crosswise. Then the soft part is removed and packed tightly with a cheese mixture consisting of a half pound of cream cheese, two table-spoonsful of mayonnaise, one tablespoonful of cream and one half cup of cooked, finely chopped chipped beef. The rolls are then set away until the cheese mixture is firm. Adrienne then slices these in half-inch slices and serves. Don't fail to try this!

*Red and White Cabbage Salad*—This salad is as colorful looking as it is good. Two cups of shredded white cabbage and two cups of shredded red cabbage are mixed with one cup of thin mayonnaise. To this is added two dozen and a half Spanish spiced olives. Chill and serve in a bowl bedded with lettuce.

*Tomato and Artichoke Salad*—Four large tomatoes, sliced and cut into fours are combined with a medium sized jar of artichoke hearts cut into small pieces. To this is added one table-spoonful of tiny pickled onions and the whole mixed with French dressing to which a table-spoonful of caviar has been added. Chill and serve in a deep bowl of lettuce.

Have you ever eaten *stuffed dill pickles*? Ends are cut off the large dills and the centers are scraped out. Then this tasty mixture is stuffed into them: one small can of deviled tongue, one table-spoonful of celery chopped very fine and a dessert-spoonful of mayonnaise. Chill for several hours so that the mixture will stiffen.

Cut in thin slices and serve on crackers.

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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"A week ago  
I had dandruff  
so badly . . . .

**NOW NOT A TRACE"**



**DO THIS ONCE  
A WEEK**



"After a bad cold, which kept me in bed nearly three weeks, I began to have trouble with my hair and scalp. My scalp felt itchy. Every time I combed my hair quite a little of it fell out. And I developed a very trying case of dandruff.

"I had never been bothered this way before and naturally was quite alarmed. I tried several expensive treatments, with very little success, and then my husband suggested that I try Listerine. I was pretty skeptical but I decided to do as he suggested. I used it four times.

"You can imagine my delight at the end of a week to find that there wasn't a trace of dandruff and that my scalp no longer itched and burned. I have told other women about

it, and they say they too have found it wonderful in keeping the scalp and hair clean and healthy."

This statement is typical of those contained in letters from thousands of people all over the country.

If you are troubled with loose dandruff, give Listerine a trial. We do not claim that it is infallible but in most mild cases it gets quick results. Even severe cases have yielded to it.

Listerine attacks surface infection, removes and dissolves scaly crusts, soothes inflammation and cleans both scalp and hair.

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. P.H.7, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE** *relieves itching and burning scalp*





Cecil Beaton

**W**HILE Janet Gaynor is in the process of going sophisticated, Connie Bennett breaks out with a fresh young girl smile minus a single taint of glamour. Bet you never saw a picture of the Bennett girl like this before. And the reason? Connie is happy. Recently she said, "I've found everything I want in my marriage and work"



Irving Lippman

**I**N success or failure Barbara Stanwyck stands by her husband, Frank Fay. Their vaudeville turn—which Barbara did with Frank when she might have been making movies—did not fare well at the Palace Theater in New York. Frank was not offered fabulous sums for his independently produced picture, for which both had such high hopes. But Babs doesn't care. She loves her Frankie and that's that. She's back at the studios now. "Night Flower," for Warners, is her next





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**G**ARBO'S "ridiculously long lashes," as Ramon Novarro called them in "Mata Hari," are real. And that passport in Garbo's pocket is real, too. But just to make your day brighter—and ours, too—we'll let you in on the grand secret that there are heavy negotiations afoot between Garbo's manager and her studio that will probably mean Garbo will go to Sweden only for a visit, but will return to Hollywood in a few months to take up her picture career exactly where she left it

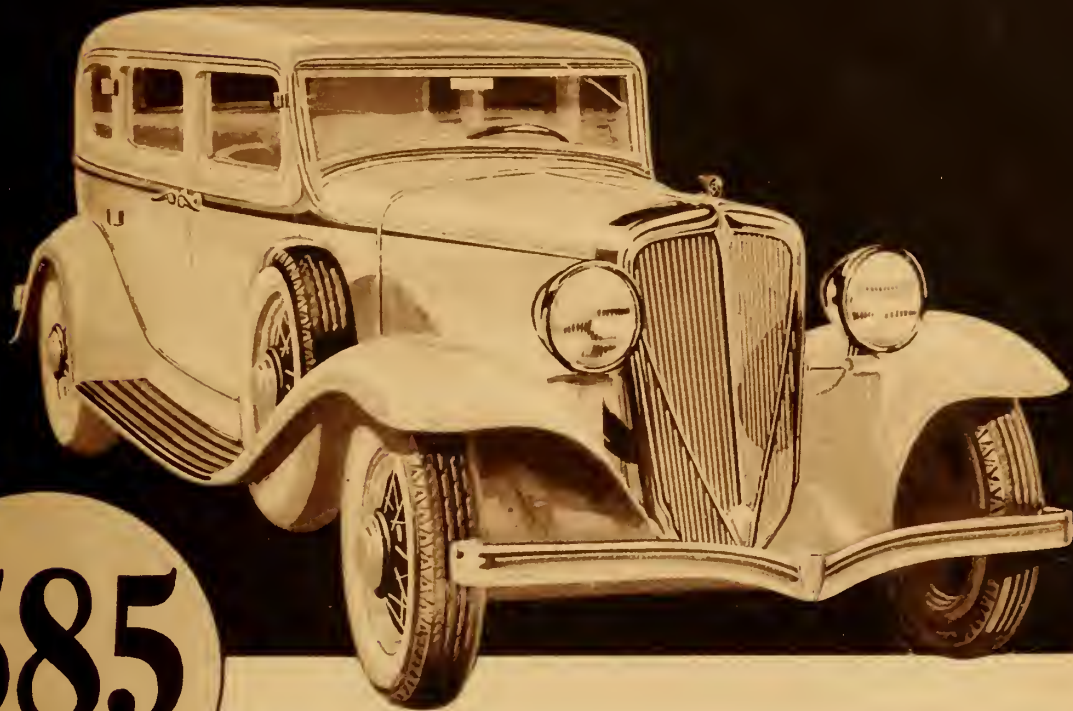


Ernest A. Bachrach

**A**NN HARDING went for new bangs and a new personality with her divorce. Once known as "the happiest woman in Hollywood," she has now become aloof and introspective. Right after her Reno decree she kissed her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, with tears in her eyes. Everybody believes they're still in love



It's smarter because  
it's *aerodynamic!*



**\$585**

and up, at the factory

**T**HIS sensational Rockne Six is aerodynamic in *speed* and aerodynamic in *style*.

Its tremendously powerful six-cylinder engine gives you a pick-up of 50 miles an hour in 17 seconds! A top speed of 75 miles an hour in 21 seconds!

It's a long car with a low-slung, rigid frame that allows you to make turns at a pace other cars don't dare.

The flare of its fenders, the streamlining of its hood, the slope of its radiator and windshield, the sweeping gracefulness of its top combine to decrease wind

resistance and increase speed.

Try to match what the Rockne does with anything any other low-priced car has to offer! Try to match the advancements the Rockne *gives* without extra charge—Free Wheeling and Full Synchronized Shifting, Silent Second, Automatic Switch-Key Starting, 4-Point Cushioned Power!

Even though you're not yet ready for a new car, go to a Rockne dealer and take out an aerodynamic Rockne for a trial drive. Before you've traveled a mile you'll understand why motorists who know *value* when they see it are putting their money in the Rockne.

Models and Bodies	Model "65"	Model "75"
Coupe, 2 passenger	\$585	\$685
Coach, 5 passenger	595	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	620	720
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Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	675	
Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger	695	

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**ROCKNE SIX**

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# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

IF any human being ever did turn over in his grave, such a thing must be happening in the old French cemetery where lies the body of Gustave Flaubert. For out there in Hollywood one of the minor producers is taking his great masterpiece, "Madame Bovary," which is considered one of the greatest novels ever written. The copyright game laws are off this great work, but because of the nature of the story no one has ever thought of making it into a picture.

The Hollywood producer has retitled it "Indecent." Now to be consistent all this producer has to do is to take "Hamlet" and retitle it "Lust." Anything to get the dough, I suppose, but it is a flagrant example of the highest crime in motion pictures, bad taste. Ugh. Ugh.

GARY COOPER, our silent he-man of the great Gopen spaces, has returned to Hollywood from his European travels with more continental polish than you would ever expect a Montana boy to acquire in one month. He is now a perfect example of what the well-dressed man should wear—in London. We hope an accent does not crop out on the sound track of his next picture.

Gary was taken right to the hearts of the public because of his own simple personality, and if there is any change in the lad we are going to recommend that he take a six months' leave of absence, throw away those perfect fitting duds, go right back to Montana, and rub that polish off.

IN spite of the fact that there was a plot afoot at her studio to make Marie Dressler save herself from unnecessary strain and that everyone, from Louis B. Mayer to the lowliest prop boy, insisted that she take plenty of rest, "Grand Old Girl" may be Marie's last picture.

Marie isn't ill—the Lord be praised! She is just tired.

She has never conserved her strength. During the war, when she was already beyond the half-century mark, she delivered twenty-eight Liberty Loan



speeches in fourteen days. And that's just like her.

She has given of her money, her time and—most important of all—her energy. She has made thousands of people laugh with her and cry with her and love her.

"Grand Old Girl" is going to be a different type of characterization from any Marie has created. She's going to remain a bad old girl right to the end of the picture instead of turning goody-goody.

BILL POWELL has a message of hope to all aspiring drama students. If you aren't at the head of your class, don't worry.

At Sargent's Dramatic School, there was one lad who took all honors and it was said that when the boy hit the boards of Broadway the Barrymores might just as well give up.

That was years and years ago. The other day an unkempt extra player sidled up to Bill on the First National lot and struck Powell for a dollar. "You don't remember me, do you Bill?" he asked.

And then Bill looked and knew. It was the bright boy of the class.

"WHY," writes a reader, "do you never in PHOTOPLAY tell us about what the motion picture industry is doing to overcome the terrific drop in the value of the stocks that were sold to the public? I will venture the opinion that thousands of your subscribers like myself still hold stocks bought at peak prices."

Possibly, my friend, because I am personally more interested in pictures themselves than in the finances of the business. And, furthermore, because the men who are attempting to bring the business out of the slough are as much at sea as you and I.

The human equation is greater in this business than in any other because each unit of product depends upon the initiative and cooperation of so many individuals. Its raw materials and its machinery are human beings. Writers, directors, players, executives, each a cog impossible to design and tool with any degree of precision. The bankers who asserted that it

could be run on a strictly business basis have found to their sorrow that when they attempted operation on such a principle the financial results were ghastly.

The patient isn't dead, but it's pretty darned sick.

**A** YEAR ago, when the entertainment stocks were right in the middle of a terrific slide, the boys at the steering wheels of the sleds decided it might be seemly to do something about putting on the brakes and slowing down.

So they slashed salaries of stenographers and clerks in the mahogany panelled offices in New York and, in a few instances, marked the salaries of the big shots from \$3,000 a week down to \$2,950. The economy craze became such a mania that in several cases the salaries of relatives were actually cut ten per cent.

**"H**ERE, here," they wired the big shot producer executives in the Coast studios, "you must cut the cost of pictures."

So the Coast big shots fired a few gatemen and office boys and wired back, "We are with you heart and soul," and went back to the backgammon tournaments which had been so rudely interrupted by the stupid New York businessmen. Time enough when the important tournament was over to find a story for the five and ten thousand dollar a week stars. And besides, the Eastern executives were crass fellows, thinking only of money and knowing nothing of art.

"Creative artists like us," said the backgammon players, "need mental relaxation after our colossal mental efforts. I will double you, Max. Shoot the dice."

**T**HAT goes for seventy-five per cent of them. The other twenty-five per cent are eccentric fellows absorbed in the making of good pictures for the very joy of it. Simpletons who never experienced the ecstasy of throwing two double sixes in succession, or know how to play a grand slam with thirteen trumps, or go around a golf course under a hundred and twenty.

If the proportion between these two sets of men could be changed around it would result in you and I going to the movies two or three times a week like we used to, thus solving the major problems of the boys in the New York offices and putting up bigger numbers under the stock exchange symbols representing the entertainment stocks. We don't say we are going to pay off in a hurry the appalling losses piled up by the former managements of some of the companies, but we will contribute a trifling hundred million dollars a year or more, and that ought to help a little.

**B**UT, as our old pal Dr. Munyon used to say, There is hope. Listen to Sidney R. Kent, the new president of the Fox Company:

"This industry has got to quit kidding itself. We must strike a balance on the worth of executives as

well as stars, writers, and directors. . . . A lot of brains have not had a chance here in Hollywood because of executives protecting their thrones and positions. Deliver or else . . ."

**L**ISTEN to John Hertz, new chairman of finances of the Paramount Company:

"You must fight your way upstream. That is where the coonskins are. You must fight clean with recognition of the other fellow's rights. No hitting below the belt. No kicking."

A Chicagoan who fought his own way up from the streets to millions, he knew what he was talking about and so did his auditors.

**I**NTO the volatile panorama rides a bright and eager eyed young man from the West, Merlin H. Aylesworth. He comes with a brilliant record of accomplishment in the world of public entertainment in that he is the man who, as president of the great National Broadcasting Company, guided radio from its crystal set days to its present potency.

A few weeks ago he was drafted as president of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Company, known on the picture billboards as RKO. He's got a job of reconstruction and reorganization to do that will require all the vision and ability he showed in building the world's greatest broadcasting system, and all he has in reserve as well.

He showed his mental and executive wares in one of his first statements. He said:

"The greatest asset the motion picture business possesses does not show on the balance sheet of any company. It is the motion picture habit of the American people. Compared to that the physical assets of theater properties and studios are negligible."

Mr. Aylesworth, you said a mouthful. Good luck to you.

**T**HE box-office seems to be more quickly effective than the ballot-box, when it comes to public reaction.

When a majority shows its mind at the box-office the producers bow and say, "Thanks. We need the money. We'll try to give you what you want."

When a majority shows its mind at the ballot-box the statesmen say, "Thanks. We needed the votes. Now try and get what you want."

**M**R. STOCKHOLDING SUBSCRIBER, I may have bored a lot of my readers by trying to give a few close-ups and long-shots of the picture business, but I've got a lot off my mind and I crave the indulgence of thousands who are more interested in what is happening to Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. I promise not to talk business next time, because I am taking a train for Hollywood and will give you the real inside on those three and others next month.



# The Nuttiest Quartette in the World

By Sara Hamilton



Zeppo

Harpo

Groucho

Chico

THESE are some people who swear the Four Marx Brothers were pulled out of a silk hat along with two white rabbits and a soiled dove. For their grandpappy, as a magician, toured Europe for fifty years in a covered wagon that carried his wife, innumerable children, together with his scenery and a harp. He could just as easily have been a sewing machine agent for all the magic he knew. But he got by. For each night at the end of a dubious performance, grandpappy very generously offered to cut off anyone's head and put it back on again.

So you see the Marx madness began with grandpa who lived to be one hundred and one, and thought nothing at the age of ninety-five of snitching a cold potato from the ice box, in the middle of the night, and eating it.

For several reasons no one ever hastened to take up grandpa's offer of a head amputation.

So his standing as a worker of magic, stood. Doubted of course, but still stood.

Until one eventful night when a huge German yokel decided grandpa knew his business and volunteered.

Grandpa was flabbergasted. He produced an ax. Hoping the victim would back out. He never flinched. Deciding the ax was too easy, he came on with a saw. Rusty around the edges. The yokel thought he saw a big improvement. He was for it one hundred per cent. Grandpa was stumped. Finally he came on carrying a basin and towel. And the yokel loved it. Actually grew impatient for the proceedings to begin.

So grandpa stepped quietly out the back door and somewhere else, his career as a magician considerably damaged in places.

But one of the little girls beneath the cover of that wagon, felt the call, the lure of the theater even after she grew up,

## The "Mad Marx Brothers," who act just as goofy off the screen as they do on

came to America, and married Sammy Marx, the tailor.

Hence the Four Marx Brothers on an American stage and screen.

They have caught the spirit of grandpa's gay blufferino and they carry on.

As a matter of fact the way they carry on is the stock-in-trade of the four Marxes.

Theirs is an indefinable, gay, swirling, sweeping madness that's beyond description. Or understanding. Or explaining.

There is nothing of the practical joker about them. Or crudeness. Or maliciousness. As a matter of fact, beneath it all lies a smattering of common sense, which makes it all the more confusing.

LIKE the tea party in "Alice" when the March Hare, sadly dipping his broken watch up and down in the tea, remarked to the Mad Hatter he didn't think he should have put the butter in the watch as the Hatter suggested, as now it wouldn't go at all. Whereupon the Mad Hatter shrugged and answered, "Well, it was the best butter."

Which, of course, silenced the Hare, who nevertheless felt somewhere, something was wrong. But what?

So it is with the Marxes.

For instance, here comes *Herr* Lubitsch across the lot. The inevitable big cigar in his mouth. A genius. An artist to whom Hollywood serenely bows. Out of their dressing-room step the Marxes. Without a word, without an instant's planning, or a moment's hesitation, Harpo will seize *Herr* Ernst and into a wrestling bout they'll go. In broad daylight. For no reason. The other three standing by. Seriously contemplating the twirling two.

And Lubitsch, completely [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

# Clara Bow—Housewife



This, ladies and gentlemen, is Missus Rex Bell, generously serving her good husband with a he-man helping of he-man hash. Clara Bow does all the cooking at the rancho—not only for Rex but for the ranch hands and the guests as well. What's more, she bakes her own bread and makes her own cakes. Honest, she does!

**Y**OU'D never have believed it of Clara Bow. And yet, it's true!

It's true that Clara, of all people, has developed into as completely domesticated a *hausfrau* as any bride ever was. Up there on that hard-to-get-to desert ranch of hers and hubby Rex Bell's, she's the cook and the chambermaid and the little housewife, one hundred per cent!

She cooks hash and prunes for hubby, with her own little plump hands. She washes the dishes. She even *bakes bread*—and cries when the dough won't rise! She makes the beds and sweeps the kitchen floor and raises merry cain if anybody has the gall to come in and disarrange the pots and tins from the way she wants them to be.

She's *Missus Rex Bell*, and all the wise know-it-alls of Hollywood who said that Rex Bell would merely become *Mister Clara Bow*, when she married him less than a year ago, can go soak their heads in a bucket of brine. Because Clara Bow is *Missus Rex Bell*—and how!

Yes, I know it sounds like a dream, or like one of those things Ripley puts in his Believe-It-Or-Nots. With years of Holly-

wood experience behind me, and having seen and observed and known Clara Bow when she was *The Brooklyn Bonfire*, I wouldn't have believed this myself, even if eighteen press-agents with eighteen bibles had come and sworn to it. No, this is no press-agent yarn.

This is fact—because with my own eyes and ears and other wits (if any!) I learned it's true.

You see, with a cameraman, I popped in at Rancho Clarito (that's what the Rex Bells call that 600,000 acre stretch of cactus and yucca trees and desert of theirs) on a day when neither Clara nor Rex had any slightest expectation that someone from Hollywood was coming to visit them—much less a movie magazine writer with a cameraman to take pictures of them.

There was no chance for them to frame up the happy domestic scene. There was no advance warning for them to get ready with those happy-bride gags and things. It was a total surprise to them. Which, it seems, is proof enough that the amazing things about Clara Bow that are to be told herein are true, and not simply bunk.



Here is the Clara Bow-Rex Bell desert mansion, built in the middle of the wilderness at a terrific cost



# Of Rancho Clarito

By Carl  
Vonnell

Does that wink look familiar? Yessir, it's the old Clara Bow hot-cha. But Clara wishes that she could leave the screen forever. Only the need of money draws her back, for she is completely happy, absolutely content just being the busy *hausfrau*. You certainly must read every word of this almost incredible story



In short, it's simple fact that Clara, from the sex-appeal "It" girl of her movie heyday, has by some strange process of matrimony and love, developed into a happy bride and housewife, immeasurably glad to be away from the crowd and Hollywood, and sorry beyond words that she has to go back to Hollywood to make one more picture.

Yes, she *has* to. It's not because she wants to make a movie, or star on the screen, or be famous, or go Hollywood, that she's going to star in "Call Her Savage" for Fox. It's because—and here's another surprise!—because they need the money, do Clara and Rex.

If Clara had her way, she'd never set foot in Hollywood again, much less a movie studio. But you can't build a five-bedroom palace in the middle of a Nevada desert, with running hot and cold water, electric lights, a talkie projection room and all modern improvements, without money.

It must have taken Clara and Rex a couple of hundred thousand to build that amazing place of theirs, about which I'll tell you more. And Rex certainly didn't have the couple of hundred thousand.

And you can take it from Clara herself, all this talk about her having a lot of money sunk in a trust fund that'll support her and pay her \$500 a week, or something like that for life, is just so much hooley.

"It's just another Hollywood rumor," she says. "All this (and her hands encompass that desert castle in an embracing wave) costs money."

And so, for \$75,000, Clara Bow is going back to Hollywood, with a definite reluctance inside of her, to make a movie.

And that's the first time *that* set of facts has ever been told.

You remember, if you read *PHOTOPLAY* a year ago, the details of Clara's life on Rex's ranch, before they were married. They lived then in a match-box of a shack, unpainted wooden walls with no modern improvements of *any* kind—not even running water. Not even a bathroom.

And their only bathing facility was a canvas-walled lean-to against the side of the shack, with a pipe spraying ice cold spring water from overhead.

At that time, Clara and Rex stood in front of that funny shack, pointed off across a gully, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



And here's the shack they occupied a year ago (the new one is on the same site) where Clara learned to live





Photo by

SEE here, Kay Francis, that's no way for a lady to act—  
pointing a gun at Bill Powell. Tut, tut, didn't you  
know that Bill's wife, Carole Lombard, has just had a  
nervous breakdown? Now you're giving Bill the jitters,  
too. Helen Vinson is the keenly observant other girl





Stagg

SCENES like this happen often on "The Jewel Robbery" set at Warners. The worried fellow on bended knee is director William Dieterle; the lad by the "mike" is the "boom man," and the curly haired boy at the right is the sound mixer who can make or break a star's voice



# The *Lion* Tamer



By Ruth Biery

WHEN it was decided to film "Grand Hotel" with the most important cast ever assembled for a single picture, plans were made at once to keep the making of it a secret.

The "powers that be" at Metro know that Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt could not work together without complications. Everybody else in Hollywood knew it, too. It would be contrary to star nature.

A single lion may be tamed by his keeper. But six lions in *one* cage for an indefinite period? That would be contrary to *lion* nature.

A huge, cold, gloomy, dark stage. No lights. No excited bustle of production. A long table. Ten chairs. In front of each chair a blue manuscript.

It was one minute to nine in the morning.

A man entered. Rapid, short, determined steps. Sweater. Kerchief about his neck. Edmund Goulding, the *Lion Tamer*.

Metro officials believed it would take temperament to control temperament—but temperament well-molded with common sense and a gentlemanly *finesse*. They knew this man who had insisted upon

directing a Swanson picture—made Gloria behave so that *he*, rather than *she*, should direct it. "The Trespasser" had resulted. They knew this fellow who had bullied Phillips Holmes to success in "The Devil's Holiday," and laughed Nancy Carroll into triumph in the same picture. They had chosen with shrewd acumen when they appointed this nervous, versatile, hot-tempered, and at the same time level-headed, dynamo as their tamer.

He drew out his watch and turned to greet the man who has never been late in over forty years of stage and screen experience. Lewis Stone.

Director Eddie Goulding. Lion Tamer Clyde Beatty. Their jobs were much alike when Eddie made "Grand Hotel"

Stone said, "Good morning," sat in his chair, opened his script, lit a cigarette and waited.

"It doesn't look very much," said Goulding, "but I think it will be effective."

Stone smiled charitably; closed the script; stamped his cigarette; said: "Do you need me? I know my part already."

He had looked at the script for *one moment*.

Goulding smiled. He recognized the sarcasm. The part was so small that one moment was all that Stone had needed.

A flutter and bustle. The barking of a dog. "Woggles" and his mistress entered to greet the man who had not directed her since her first days in pictures. And there had been plenty of fireworks in that ancient Crawford-Goulding combination!

"Hello, Eddie. What's this? A rehearsal?" asked Joan.

"Well, just a reading," temporized the tamer.

"I know my part. I read the script last night."

Stone looked up. "We're all right then, Joan!"

Joan ignored him. "Do you really want me to stay? It's silly. It's such a *bit*." Irony in her voice; tears near the surface.

The smile which struggled on the lips faded as Goulding answered, "I think you'd better stay."

She turned on her heel. "All right. Call me when the others get here." Her habit of punctuality had cheated her of a good entrance!

The polite silence between Messrs. Stone and Goulding was broken by a voice: "What the h— is all this? I've



Here's the funniest off-screen episode during the making of "Grand Hotel"—when Joan's dressing-room knocked Lionel Barrymore down



# of "Grand Hotel"



ILLUSTRATED BY  
VAN ARSDALE

never rehearsed in my life and never will. Let the gentlemen from the stage do the rehearsing. I wouldn't play a man like this. He's a dirty fellow. The public likes to laugh at me. Perhaps cry sometimes. But in all the years I've been on the screen, I've tried to keep the stuff clean. Here I am pitched into playing some — some —. I hate the fellow. I tell you I hate the fellow!"

Wally Beery had entered, flinging the foregoing remarks at the assistant director, Charles Dorian. A man who's afraid of nothing. Stars do not impress him. He calls them by the first name and he's always on hand with proper epithets when they're late or unruly. The *Assistant Lion Tamer*.

"I beg your pardon!" Garbo and Crawford met for the first time when the picture was half finished

"Well, tell it to the director!"  
Wally stared at Goulding. "Hello, Eddie. What's all this?"  
"Just a reading."  
"I can't read. I've forgotten my glasses!"

A MAN with a slight limp entered. Pale face. Curious, pathetic, blue eyes. Hat on the back of his head; cigarette drooping from sagging lips. "Thank Heaven!" Lionel Barrymore removed the cigarette to offer his greetings. "Here is a production on which we can get some rehearsals. Looks like the theater! It's great, Eddie. How did you persuade them to let you do this thing properly?"

Beery turned toward the door. "Well! You can rehearse without me. I can't rehearse."

Lionel plunged into his pet subject. "Rehearsal never hurt anybody. They tell me you aren't so good in your lines!"

"At least I get something out!"

The two friends glared at each other. Stone threw away the stub of his cigarette and leaned forward. He had already begun to play the part of the shell-shocked and war mutilated doctor who just watches and watches—in "Grand Hotel."

Ten thirty! The slightly Irish voice of the restrained and almost judicial tamer



Just one of the many things to drive Director Goulding mad were the seven famous microphone voices all shouting for lunch at the same time

reading lines. Only Jean Hersholt seemed to listen. Joan was tating the center of a large wall flower. Wally Beery was reading a newspaper—without his glasses. Stone sat back, smoking a cigarette, lit from the stub of another, thinking, perhaps, of where he should plant primroses in his famous ranch garden.

A voice interrupted. "Where is the Swede?"

Joan leaned forward. Her eyes narrowed. She pricked her finger. A question she had not ventured to ask but to which she wanted an answer!

"Away on a vacation!"

"A terrible thing about Edgar Wallace." No one knew who hurried the exclamation. The assistant Lion Tamer was suspected.

A whistle. Twelve o'clock. Beery arose. "Lunch!" he announced.

"Better finish this sequence," suggested Edmund Goulding.

"Lunch," thundered Beery and was gone.

Joan looked up. Should she follow? After all, Goulding had a temper, Joan remembered. She didn't want to be the first to start something. "I'm hungry, Eddie. After all, I was here early—"

"Let's finish the sequence," Lionel Barrymore interrupted.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



# Vilma

How the most publicized marriage in Hollywood has weathered five amazing and happy years

I SLIPPED into a projection room at the Radio Pictures studios the other morning to await the preview of a picture and accidentally caught one of the rushes of the new Constance Bennett picture, "What Price Hollywood."

In this picture a producer was addressing his "yes" men.

"We are going to have a wedding. It is to be the biggest wedding ever held in Hollywood. I want it to be the most gorgeous, the most stupendous—" I did not catch all the superlatives he was using. "I want a *million dollars* worth of publicity from it."

The "yes" men nodded in unison.

The producer referred to in this "take off" on Hollywood was Sam Goldwyn; the wedding that of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque.



It was a good choice. There has never been a more "Hollywoodish" wedding. I presume you have heard the story of the guest who stuck her fork into one of the turkeys and found it was papier-mache? There were turkeys to eat, of course. But that wedding had to have more turkeys than any other! Props were used for the "extras."

Naturally, everyone said the marriage wouldn't last.



Rod LaRocque's bedroom is exactly as it was when he and Vilma were first married, except for a few new gadgets. That funny looking phonograph at the foot of the bed is Rod's alarm clock. When it's time to get up in the morning the record plays "Moonlight and Roses." Rod's the world's champion sleeper



# & Rod

By Evaline Lieber

Photographs  
by  
Stagg



The lovely living room at the LaRocque home gets turned into a photographer's studio whenever Rod feels the urge to shoot. And no matter what Vilma Banky is doing she poses obligingly. Incidentally, Rod is a good portrait artist. He develops his own negatives and makes his own prints. Note his quite elaborate set of lights and his excellent camera

Couldn't! It was simply a Hollywood show. The means of securing one million dollars worth of publicity for star Vilma Banky by producer Goldwyn.

Yet Vilma and Rod have celebrated their fifth anniversary. The wedding has long been forgotten; the marriage has lasted. A few bets have been collected. Not many. There were only a few who chanced a dollar on the permanence of such an obviously show-window union.

After seeing these rushes, I drove down to the house on Lanewood to talk with Vilma and Rod. The same house where Rod took his show-bride five years ago.

I expected changes in that house. Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., have been married three years and doing-over their home has been at least an annual occasion. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg moved every six months until they built at the beach after the arrival of Irving, Jr. Clark Gable and Mrs. moved three times that I know of in less than two years.

I had been to the LaRocque home shortly after the marriage. I naturally didn't expect to recognize a piece of furniture in it.

But I found that there have been no changes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

While other Hollywood folks change their furniture as often as their husbands and wives, Rod and Vilma remain true to their home and to each other. This dainty boudoir is the perfect frame for Vilma's blonde loveliness. Off from this room is Vilma's tiny study—a miniature sun parlor





# Cal York

## Announcing-



She's captured John Gilbert's heart and all he is asking Virginia Bruce these days is say when. You'll see her in "Winner Take All" and then you'll understand why Jack feels he is making no mistake in this, his fourth venture. Serene, blonde, and—oh—so beautiful

**W**EDDING bells for Virginia Bruce and Jack Gilbert. At least, that is the way it looks as we go to press.

They have made no formal announcement but they are talking about possible dates for August, when Jack's divorce from Ina Claire becomes final.

Incidentally, she is tentatively scheduled for Jack's lead in "Down Stairs," the picture which he will make from his own original story.

Although Jack and Virginia have been going together more and more frequently since Lupe Velez went to New York and left Jack without a gal friend, Hollywood has not taken the romance any more seriously than it takes most of Jack's frequent infatuations. Then one of the little birds that reside on the Gilbert estate tipped us that the tall, beautiful, stately blonde had for the fourth time turned Gilbert's thought to matrimony.

Virginia's entirely different from any of the wives whom Gilbert has had previously. We understand that is her only worry. Can a calm, cool, stately person keep temperamental, emotional Jack happy? She is trying to decide

that question, we understand, before she sets the date.

**V**IRGINIA was a chorus girl in New York. Paramount signed her. She didn't make the grade and returned to the stage. A year and a half later, Metro brought her back to Hollywood. Her most important part, to date, was the second lead in the James Cagney picture, "Winner Take All."

She is a direct antithesis of the first Mrs. Gilbert, the little Southern girl whom Jack married and divorced before he was an international figure; from Leatrice Joy, the volatile



When Miriam Hopkins gives a party, she takes all the guests upstairs to look at this historical bed. Here is the downy couch upon which Garbo slept. Miriam rents the Garbo house now

brunette or Ina Claire, the animated, temperamental pet of Broadway.

Those who know her best, say she is the type whose natural blonde hair never gets out of place—nor her naturally serene temper. She really looks more like Greta Garbo than any woman who has interested Jack since Garbo, herself.



# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Wide World

A real movie kiss you won't see on any screen. When Lilyan Tashman came back to Hollywood from her personal appearance tour, husband Eddie Lowe was at the station to give her this greeting. In a minute Lil is going to tell him just how many new dresses she bought



Garbo likes a big bed. The mattress of this is so large that it had to be made in several sections. The quilted spread and all the furniture has a sturdy look. Now it's Miriam's guest room

CONSTANCE BENNETT has denied that she is going to retire from the screen, but I have inside information that she intends to.

She is going to England in September for a few months, and when she returns will devote one more year to pictures. I don't think Constance is any too crazy about movie work. She lived in Europe for five years, you know,

and is quite continental-minded. Both she and her husband, the Marquis, could live pretty well for the rest of their lives on a million dollars, which she will have.

The Marquis is a pretty regular fellow. I like him. So does every one, but he has his troubles. It isn't easy to be a star's husband in Hollywood. You saw what happened to Harry Bannister and Ann Harding.

YOU can't get any bets either way on the result of Jimmy Cagney's battle with Warner Brothers over his weekly check, and sentiment is divided as to whether Jimmy is

right or not. The acting profession thinks that he has a fair chance of winning out and getting the weekly stipend he thinks is coming to him because of his ability to make the box-office jingle. He is making about one-fourth of the money made by Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, neither of whom has anything like his box-office drawing power.

The producers, however, say that a contract is a contract. They have already raised him from \$450 a week to \$1,450.

Jimmy seems to be as stubborn off the screen as on. He has said that he believes that his character is so definitely established on the screen that it will be short-lived; that he must get in his hay while the sun shines.

Hollywood doesn't take his threat to chuck the screen and study medicine very seriously. It will take him six or seven years to study and serve his hospital apprenticeship before he can put out a shingle as an M. D. That would bring him pretty close to forty by the time he got down to the real work of serving pills and mending broken bones.



Kay Jones

It's our bet that Jimmy is going to be back on the screen before long and that "Winner Take All" will not be his last picture. Our guess is that the lawyers will get together in a put-and-take game, and that Jimmy will come out of it with at least \$1,000 more a week.

**H**OLLYWOOD this month was a seething city of rebellion. Almost every day some star walked into a different producer's office and said, "I won't. I won't." And almost every day a different producer said to a different star, "If you don't you'll be sorry."

Perhaps it was because the town has been kept in a state of excitement by the uncertainty of the Garbo contract. We've given you, month by month, round by round accounts of that greatest hold-out in motion picture history. Things looked pretty bright when Garbo's manager and M-G-M went into long huddles and word leaked out that Garbo would take her vacation in Sweden but return to make more "moom pitchers."

**A**ND then came the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel" and the gag that set the film colony on its collective ear. Master of ceremonies Will Rogers announced that Garbo would appear after the film was run off—which was startling enough. But when Wally Beery, who used to do comic female impersonations, walked upon the stage, made-up in a broad burlesque of Garbo and said, "I t'ank I go back to Sweden," the first night audience was knocked for a triple somersault.

**T**HE next day the company tossed off the whole thing lightly and began to rave about Joan Crawford, which is another significant gesture. For in Joan's new picture, "Letty Lynton," she is as glamorous as the divine Swede ever dared be. Joan's hats and her amazing (and unbecoming) mouth make-up are emphatically Garboesque. And you'll hear the Hollywood know-everythings telling you that this is M-G-M's attempt to build *la* Crawford up into a second Garbo.



Come right in, Leslie Howard. We're delighted you are going to make your smash hit stage play, "The Animal Kingdom," into a film, with Ann Harding. You ought to see the fan mail that poured into PHOTOPLAY as a result of your few pictures

A pair of shoes for every day in the month—almost. But this is June Clyde's studio shoe wardrobe. She wears them on the screen. Note the tricky way the shoes are hung on the back of the closet door in her dressing-room. June's a cute trick, too

**JIMMY DURANTE** was doing his usual clowning on the set the other day when an executive walked over and said, "Listen Jimmy, don't you think you are getting too prominent to be kidding around this way all the time? What would you think if you saw Garbo acting like this?"

Jimmy thought a minute and then said, "Boss, what would you think?"

**O**F course, you already know about the Marlene Dietrich-Von Sternberg squabble which was caused by the studio's refusal to okay "The Blonde Venus," a film yarn that Marlene wrote for herself. Incidentally, this row brought out the fact that there is no clause in Marlene's contract which states that only Von Sternberg can direct her. It's simply a sort of verbal agreement and you'll hear folks tell you that the reason for the trouble was that Paramount wanted to see what Marlene could do without Von.





Powolny



Jevons

Remember when Edna Best ran away from Hollywood and refused a leading rôle because she could not be separated from her husband? Look at Herbert Marshall and then don't blame her. They made a film together in England—"Bachelor's Folly"—and Herbert has signed to do one for Paramount, when their stage play closes. You can bet Edna will go along

So the difficulty was solved when it was decided that Clara should work on the old Fox lot on Western Avenue, which has been deserted since Movietone City was built.

Nobody from other sets will be dropping in on her when hers is the only company at work.

But if Clara could get money doing anything else, nothing could drag her back to Hollywood.

On another page of this magazine you'll find the reason given in one of the most graphic and amazing stories ever written about Clara, with a bunch of facts that will set you on your ear.

**P**RRICK up your ears, folks, here's great news.

That laughing, peppy, bright-eyed little Irish girl, Colleen Moore, is back home—back in Hollywood, and chances are more than even that she'll be back in pictures before Marlene Dietrich can bat an eye.

Remember how discouraged Colleen was when her contract expired and later when a play of hers flopped? She's discouraged no longer. She made a hit in the West Coast stage production of "A Church Mouse" and now has signed a contract with M-G-M.

She's a different girl—a *chic*, sophisticated glamorous young woman.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]

Now listen, Hoot Gibson, how could you quarrel with a wife as pretty as Sally Eilers? When Sal was in New York she denied a rift, then she went back to Hollywood and the blow-up came. There's lots to be said on both sides and friends suggest the couple try arbitration

Patched up as the row now is, the whole squabble was made worthwhile when a wise-cracker flipped, "The reason Marlene can't do the part is because she skinned her knee and can't play the big emotional scene."

**B**ESIDES the fact that she just naturally doesn't like pictures any more, one of the real reasons that Clara Bow took so long about signing her contract to do "Call Her Savage" was because she didn't want a lot of people watching her as she worked and she was afraid if she should ask to have her set cleared, folks would say she had gone ritzy.



Bachrach

Guess which is Dolores Del Rio? All right, she's on the left, but doesn't Josephine Ramos look like her twin? Ever since Josephine has handled Dolores' fan mail, they have been taken for sisters. And now Dolo has succeeded in getting her friend a picture break. They've known each other four years. Miss Ramos has a part in the new Wheeler-Woolsey comedy



Gene Robert Richee

SOMEONE asked Mitzi Green if she ever got a chance to play like other children, what with vaudeville and pictures. "Why, I play all the time," was Mitzi's answer. But don't think that she believes life is just one big game. She really does take her work very seriously



How a round-cheeked, chubby little girl can look so much like the elderly English gentleman, George Arliss, is one of the wonders of Hollywood. Did we refer to Mitzi as a little girl? A thousand pardons, Miss Green. She is now a grown young lady of eleven—and a trifle cynical about life, love and art



# Come On Back, Mitzi

LET your Garbos return to Sweden, let your Connie Bennetts retire, let your Janet Gaynors go sophisticated—Mitzi Green is coming back to pictures. And, as far as I'm concerned, that's the big news of the month.

You can take all your glamour girls and lay them away in cellophane. But let Mitzi cavort for the cameras. And I'd rather hear Mitzi say, "I know a secret. I know a secret," than to watch Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich do the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

For months and months and months—too many months, if you ask me—Mitzi has been doing a vaudeville turn, and Hollywood hasn't seemed the same. But a very pleasant little bird whispers that *La Green*, the divine, is going to act the title rôle in "Little Orphan Annie." You know that comic strip character. Won't our Mitzi be great? It's right up her alley!

You can count on Mitzi Green. She is one star who positively will not do a carbon copy of Garbo. What's more, *Mlle. Green* is just a bit fed up on glamour and believes that what the cinema needs is good, human stories with more heart interest and less sophistication.

Mitzi, who is now an old lady of eleven, would like to run for president on a no-more-glamour and a no-more-arithmetic ticket. "Keep glamour off the screen and arithmetic out of the school room," is Politician Green's slogan.

At the moment when I asked her about the state of her *affaires du coeur*, *Fraulein Green* was torn between strawberry *parfait* and chocolate layer cake *a la mode*. She admitted that her heart was as undecided as her stomach, for she cannot decide which is the greater passion of her life—Freddie March or Eric Linden. The fact that Freddie is a perfectly good married man and Eric as free as bad advice in Hollywood, did not enter into the calculations of this heartless home

wrecker. I remember when Mitzi was a mere girl of eight she confided secretly to me—and eighteen other people who were there at the time—that Buddy Rogers was the only man in her life.

Now, looking back over her youthful peccadillos in a mature fashion, she said, "Buddy is a darling, but he's such a boy." And that disposed of the Rogers personality for all time, as far as Mitzi is concerned.

Mitzi is very definite about her career. She's been doing vaudeville so she can have her milk and spinach regularly, but the pictures are her real love. "I like Hollywood so much better than anywhere else," she said, looking very much like her own imitation of George Arliss. "In Hollywood you can do as you please. For instance, in the morning when I'm not working I like to put on an old pair of trousers. You can do that in Hollywood and nobody thinks anything of it. But you can't do that in New York." (Just after voicing this profound sentiment, she decided upon the strawberry *parfait*. But she didn't eat it. Instead she got to musing about her work.)

"IT'S all very different now," she said. "I'm very sorry when they cast me as just a bratty little kid. In 'Honey' it was all right. But remember that I was just eight years old then. But when I played in 'Girl Crazy' I thought some of the lines were too broad. I'm eleven now and if I do the same things I did in 'Honey,' people will think I'm just a very bad person and rude to my elders. And some of the lines they wanted me to say in 'Girl Crazy' were ridiculous—lines that no child would have said."

Now maybe you think I'm kidding by putting too elaborate words in Mitzi's mouth. I assure you that I'm not. And to quote Mitzi in any other fashion, to be patronizing and say "such a little darling" to a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

By Katherine Albert

# The Girl

# with the Haunted Face

By Hale  
Horton

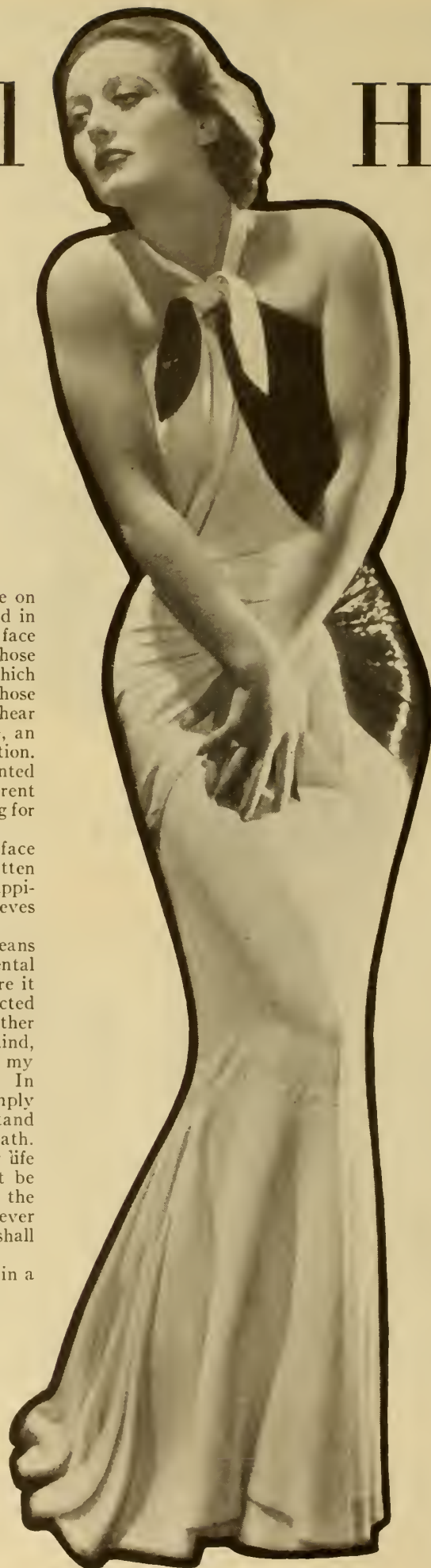
YOU have seen that haunted face on the billboards, on the screen and in magazines and newspapers. The face of Joan Crawford. You know those too-big, searching eyes, that full mouth which seems to have known suffering, and those gaunt cheeks. Around the studios you'll hear that the Crawford expression is a pose, an attempt to imitate Garbo, a rank affectation. And yet it seems to me that that haunted look could come only from some inherent loneliness or some terrible, futile yearning for a goal beyond reach.

Let us study the woman behind that face—Joan Crawford herself. As this is written she is suffering. She is searching for happiness, but deep down in her heart she believes that she will never find it.

"Happiness to me," she explains, "means peace of mind, which of course is a mental state. And I know that unless I acquire it pretty soon I'll have a severe and protracted nervous breakdown. And yet, on the other hand, if I *should* find a certain peace of mind, it would mean I had come to a point in my life where I no longer cared to develop. In other words I would be standing still, simply existing—for to develop is to live, to stand still is to exist, and to go backwards is death. Obviously, if I arrived at a point in my life where I was standing still, it wouldn't be long until I went backwards . . . . in the meantime some peculiar force keeps forever pulling me on and on, until I think I shall die unless I find rest."

So Joan is driven on toward tragedy in a wild search for a state of being, which, if she paused for breath, she might find within herself! And the driving force of her life is fear. Haunting, harrowing fear. A fear that develops from a terrible inferiority complex. And Joan knows it.

"I have one of those things all right," she nods. "And I mean it truly. I'm not saying it merely for effect. Perhaps I thought that since I was born without the advantages enjoyed by other girls it would be necessary for me to accomplish something outstanding in order to



become their equal. So I determined on a dancing career.

"After the first thrill of achievement, however, I realized that dancing alone was inadequate, that I must look elsewhere if I would taste real happiness, if I would fill that queer, aching void in my soul. I then decided to become an actress. Surely *that* would bring me the respect of the world! But somehow it left me dissatisfied. And since one invariably fears the unknown, I live each day in fear of the future."

Unless curbed, the fierce driving force of the girl, her utter inability to relax, is certain to leave her with a nervous breakdown. Indeed, she fully expects one, although her mania for "development" has left her with no conception of the phrase "over work."

"WHILE making 'Possessed,'" she relates, "I wept each morning on my drive to the studio and I wept all the way back home. And I found it impossible to sleep at nights even though I had a horror of staying awake forever thinking! So I'd lie in bed, contemplating the future. I fear it with all my heart and soul even as I fear the dark."

"I no longer enjoy parties, as I find the inaction and light pleasantries unbearably jarring on my nerves. And when I do attend them, wild thoughts run through my head. On occasion I feel that I must get into my car and speed through the night over some lonely road. Such thoughts fill me with terror and as a result I act on them at once. Naturally people are beginning to think I have gone





At a glance this appears to be the picture of a radiant, happy girl. Look more closely and you will discover intense sorrow in Joan Crawford's eyes

a little cuckoo. I'm sorry, but I find a certain consolation in these wild night drives; and especially as my car roars along the road by the ocean, susceptible to my slightest whim, fully under my control, I feel that I'm Lord of All.

"Watching the white foam lash the rocks, I order my car to move faster and faster as though to rush away from the terror of the night even as it hems me in. And during those moments I nearly fool myself into believing that I've succeeded in crushing that restless urge, that I've found peace.

"Sometimes I think that perhaps I'm just going through a period of unrest, and yet sooner or later I always realize that I am not only *not* going through a period of unrest, but that my nature has been the same since the day I was born, that I've always known this fear of the future, this haunting fear which drives me on and on . . ."

And unless Joan realizes that peace is to be found within a person and not necessarily in material achievement, it rather looks as though her life will develop into one mad, futile quest for some Holy Grail that her lips will never touch. Fortunately, through the teachings of a friend, she is beginning to understand the truth.

"When these moods are upon me," she continued, seeming to relax a bit, "I often telephone to a dear friend and beg him to come over. He possesses a great mind and the rare ability to listen. He lets me rave on about my troubles, troubles which to such a man as he must seem pitifully small, and when I calm down he invariably says, 'I understand perfectly. That's quite natural,

Joan.' He never makes me feel that I'm acting in anything but a normal manner, that I'm doing anything wrong.

"The other day he brought over a book called 'In Tune with the Infinite,' which has helped me through moments of darkest despondency. It's not that I'm necessarily getting religion. It's only that I'm gradually learning to *believe* in things, in life, in people, and most especially in myself. This friend, as well as the book, is making me realize that unless you believe in a thing you can never understand it, and as a result it frightens you. Furthermore he's teaching me to laugh at myself by explaining why it's foolish to take life so hard. Perhaps if I learn to believe in myself utterly and to chuckle at myself when I'm doing something perfectly absurd, I shall lose my fear of the future. Perhaps I'm finding a permanent relief. If so, I shall face life bravely."

And now, do you consider the hungry, haunting look of Joan Crawford's face to be nothing but a superficial mannerism shrewdly acquired for the purpose of increasing her box-office value—or do you feel it reflects the torturing doubt in her soul?

Joan has always known sorrow, but being an intelligent, as well as a courageous woman, she may eventually find happiness.

### Joan Crawford says:

**"I was born with such a terrible inferiority complex that I must keep doing things to retain my self-respect. Now I'm a star, and yet that mysterious force keeps urging me on and on.**

**"Marriage gave me a tolerance and patience that up to then I had never known, but it has not killed that force which drives me on day and night.**

**"It would be impossible for me to enjoy having my husband place me on a pedestal and worship me. I never could sit home day after day and wait patiently for my husband's return at night.**

**"Don't think because I have failed to find a certain illusive state of mind, I necessarily want to try another marriage. No one else is to blame. It's all me.**

**"Perhaps there is a new experience which, when I find and conquer it, will satisfy this longing of mine. In the meantime, I must try to develop.**

**"Perhaps if I learn to believe in myself I shall lose my fear of the future."**



*All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month*

Shade the face, and face the shade, is our July warning. If ever hair and skin need protection it is now. A broad-brimmed fascinator, such as shields beguiling Kay Francis, will prevent the immeasurable harm of an over-dose of sunburn and will add something to your personal charms as well. But this shade is not enough. Be sure that glare from sunlit sands, waters, spaces, is never reflected onto yourself. It will burn more cruelly than tarrid suns. Kay, if you need consolation, is a freckle type. Screen make-up restores her natural gardenia skin tones on the set, and for evening a powder base and deeper-than-skin shade of powder are her remedies.

Confidently June Clyde reposes beneath her cellophane blanket. It is a barrier against painful burn. Colored cellophane filters the sun's blistering rays, so with a transparent coverlet you may burn only to the degree you wish. A red blanket protects one hundred per cent; a green blanket fifty per cent, with violet and amber next in line. A dazzling new stunt for you sand sirens!





# Beauty Shop

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck

THE burning question in July is, literally, the burning question. At this time we are all more or less confronted with the possibility of our bronzed, yellowed, raspberried, strawberryed or reckled selves. It is not a pleasant picture; excessive sunburn is often painful and disfiguring, and sometimes it is fatal. Hollywood knows the case of the girl who, tanned and leathered from burning until her skin toughened and pores closed entirely, died from poisoning. This is an unusual case, but every summer brings its sun victims.

The regrettable part of this sunburn tragedy is that usually there is no reason for it. A becoming tan, a rosy outdoor look, these will earn you compliments any day. But a tan with alligator-skin texture, deep, dark freckles, a lobster hue, certainly get you nothing but the critical comments of friends and possibly the doctor's office. I know very well the temptation of sprawling under a summer sun, of going hatless, of casting yourself à la naturel into sparkling waters. But think twice before you do.

Think first of the sunburn creams and lotions, preventive and curative, the oils that divert the burning rays yet permit the degree of tan or burn you desire, and protect the skin texture. There is magic in them, you will agree after a trial. A good sunburn preparation and a daily timing schedule whereby you gradually attain your tan will give you a summer skin that others may love to look at as well as touch.

Hollywood finds the juice of fresh strawberries a successful cure for sunburn. This juice is a mild bleach, takes out the sting. Fine for Hollywood with strawberry season on forever. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 47]



Anita Louise is preparing for Malibu. Summer time is cream time if you have your skin at heart. Cream guards against weathering and burning



Wild waves and burning sands hold no fears for Betty Gillette. An application of oil before exposure, another after, and her skin avoids that too-summery look

Sheila Terry is the tanning type. Vinegar sponged lightly over her skin draws out the heat and permits her to brown evenly and without pain or inconvenience

A rich cream is Gloria Shea's panacea for sunburn, for Gloria both burns and peels. Cream before the beach, cream after, and her skin remains flower-like

## Relax for Youth and Beauty

Arletta Duncan, at seventeen, is on the sure road to beauty at forty. Notice her flat, pillowless bed. When Arletta sleeps or rests, her spine is straight, her throat smooth, relaxed. This position helps to prevent a sagging chin, those lined necks we see, even in the young. A thick pillow throws the neck into unnatural line, encourages drooping of muscles. You will grow to like your pillowless couch if you will try it for a while. Also, there is no beautifier like sleep. The quantity varies in most instances, but you can soon discover your own needs. Hollywood, when it works, is the sleepingest town you ever knew. All lights out by ten-thirty.



Anita Louise gives you a lesson in relaxation. Cover the eyes with gauze or cotton saturated in cold tea. Relax completely for fifteen minutes, preferably without a pillow. Marvelous for tired eyes, for lifting your spirits, revivifying you. Eye tonic or boracic-acid solution is also a great restorer







Coquettish veils require extra art in make-up, thinks Virginia Bruce. Brown veils need coral rouge, lipstick, warm powder. Black veils demand true red tones. All veils need more rouge, an iridescent eye-shadow



Dressing up in cold cream to be photographed is Hollywood's latest fad, as illustrated by Lillian Bond. It gives the face a lively quality. Constance Bennett and Ann Harding also appear à la crème

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

A strawberry lotion or cream would probably be more convenient for most of us.

Hollywood is also pretty well freckled, especially Joan Crawford, whispers a little bird. But Hollywood does not mind its freckles. It covers them for work; it covets them for play. The cycle of artificiality has been run until it is refreshing to get back to things put on the face by nature, such as a freckle.

O. K. Hollywood, but for the rest of us let's limit them to a mild sprinkling, a golden dust across the nose. Beyond that they are a deterrent to skin beauty and are often more difficult to bleach away than a brown or red burn.

On this matter of burn Photoplay comes forward, puts down its foot firmly and asks you not to burn recklessly.

**O**PPPOSITE you will notice Lillian Roth and her little tooth-brush which, as I have explained, she uses for something else.

Lillian has let us in on a perfectly grand home facial which she gives herself about every two weeks. It begins with cream to remove any make-up, passes on to a good soap-and-water cleansing where the little brush comes in for nostrils and chin, ends in a thorough rinse.

Next she applies a hot towel to open the pores more thoroughly, then paints her face with milk of magnesia which must stay on until it is dry like a mask—perhaps twenty or thirty minutes. Lillian then washes this off in clear water, applies an astringent. For a thin, dry skin a skin tonic or cold water might be substituted.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



One secret of Lillian Roth's glowing skin. She uses a soft toothbrush and soapsuds at nostril and chin areas to insure immaculacy against oil



Lillian Roth finds a soft black-lead pencil perfect for elongating her dark brows. The left brow is natural; the right is gracefully lengthened, arched

# Soft Curling Waves For The Blonde



Blonde hair usually is lovelier with some benefit of curl. Yet tight crinkles often destroy line, minimize the beauty of coloring, and appear very commonplace. The blonde, of all types, must choose her curls with discretion. Adrienne Dore's new shorter bob features a perfect curl for her hair. The whole treatment is unusual, too. The upper right side is bobbed in two steps, the upper step curled upward in a loose pompadour roll. This creates a very distinctive silhouette



From the right side you see to fullest advantage the gentle waves and youthful softness of this arrangement. For permanent, water wave



The back offers a double feature—swirls and close neck curls. For day wear brush this back hair into a roll; for evening cluster curls



The left side goes very tricky with a flat wave and an extended face curl. The part is high, permitting a sweep of color and sheen



# A Chic Coiffure For The Brunette

Photoplay readers doubtless held shadowy shears while Claudette Colbert was getting this new short bob. She prefers a long bob, she tells me, but has been bobbed thusly at the letter request from her followers. A grand bob it is, and a grand disposition, Claudette. The hairline is revealed at the neck, broad waves fall softly over the cheeks, and the forehead hair is brushed back to accent that little forehead point. Claudette's hair is heavy, glossy and black



The side views of this coiffure are as interesting as the front. The waves over the cheeks, which Claudette always affects, frame the face charmingly and slenderize the contour. When the hair is drawn back from the face it is immediately enlarged in appearance, although this is an amazingly youthifying trick for fair-skinned people. And since Claudette's dark eyes have crept into the picture, let me whisper that she considers the daily use of an eyewash necessary to health and beauty, and a curling device helps those lashes creep heavenward

*More Beauty Hints on Page 84*



# The Baby of the Family

Don't miss a word of this fascinating story about Fredric March, written by his own proud sister-in-law

*By Mary Dupuy Bickel*

"DON'T spoil him. We mustn't let him get spoiled!"

That's what the various members of Fredric March's family — Frederick Bickel it was then—have been reminding themselves and each other ever since he was little. To them he will always be the baby of the family.

It is only in the last year or two, since he has gone successful in a big way, that they are beginning to look at each other and realize, now that he is grown up and *still* not spoiled, that perhaps he is made of stuff that doesn't spoil!

For today he is just as quietly, humorously modest as he was the first time I ever saw him—when he was fifteen years old.

It was during the intermission of a tea dance at the Alpha Delt house in Madison, Wisconsin—the *old* Alpha Delt house—the one on Langdon Street. I was a co-ed then, sitting on the porch with a young man named Jack Bickel—quite a nice person, I thought, never dreaming I was going to marry him—when we saw a boy coming toward us across the lawn, and my companion said, "I want you to meet my kid brother. He's up here from Racine visiting me."

There was such a lot of quiet pride in his voice that I knew this must be a very special family.

We watched him come, a tall, young boy in

Fredric March—who made a screen success in spite of family objections; who is considered the best youthful character actor in Hollywood; who has stayed married to the same woman for five years and who never gave Will Hays any trouble! When he was a boy the motto which he kept stuck upon his mirror read, "Be a whole man to one thing at a time." And Freddie has not forgotten that doctrine





Here's the family to whom Freddie March (née Bickel) is still the baby. (Top row, left to right) Harold, the oldest brother; the father; brother Jack and Fred. (Lower row) Harold's wife; Elizabeth, the married sister; Mary (Mrs. Jack) Bickel, the authoress of this story, and Florence Eldridge, Freddie's wife, also of stage and screen

knickerbockers, with the serious, candid eyes of an idealist, and lips that quirked upward. His brother, smiling as he watched him, said to me in a low aside, "He's the pride of the family."

It was Freddie Bickel, who later changed his name to Fredric March, shortening his mother's maiden name, Marcher, to do so.

Later, when I was welcomed into the family as the first daughter-in-law, I decided it was the closest family group that I had ever known. In those days no member of that circle—three boys and a girl and their parents—could, or wanted to decide anything of importance without a conclave of all the others. Father and Mother Bickel would ask each other in their soft, sweet voices: "What do you think, Cora?" "What do you think, John?" followed by the oft-repeated, "You know best, dear."

I HAVE a letter which shows this closeness, which Fred, then a lovable youngster, wrote to his big brother, Jack, who was a college freshman. After telling about the hair cut he got last Monday, and about seeing Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," ("sat in pit. 50c. Gee, it was fine!") he goes on to say, "I have been very earnestly watching proceedings between you and fraternities. It may not be any of my business and I hope you won't get sore, but I thought my opinion might help a little. I hope you will not consider anything but Alpha Delt. I know what H.L. would say" (that means Harold, the older brother, already an Alpha Delt)—"to use your own judgment. That's all right, too. But looking at it another way, if I ever get as far as you are, and have to decide between two fraternities, yours and Harold's, you can readily see it might be a little hard . . . With lots of love from your kid brother, Fred."

Needless to say, Jack pledged Alpha Delt. No mere fraternity was going to come between these brothers.

Freddie, the baby of the family, was the last, perhaps, to outgrow that dependence on his family—his need for advice in making his decisions. An amusing example of

it occurred after Jack and I were married but still living near the University, and Fred was a college student (another Alpha Delt, of course!). He traipsed way out to our house one day, a good mile and a half, and explained, apologetically but very much in earnest, the object of his visit:

"I have to get a note book, Jack—and what do you think?—shall I get one that opens—" (here he spread his hands sideways) "this way? Or this way?" And he spread his hands up and down!

Naturally, that passed immediately into the treasure chest of family jokes.

For a group as closely knit, as deep in their emotions, as serious and idealistic in their aims, they have always had, however, a marvelous sense of humor.

ON my first visits to their table, not understanding them very well at first, I remember positively *suffering* with sympathy, especially for Fred, who, as the youngest, came in for the most kidding. To literal me, brought up in a family where we said what we meant and no nonsense, it seemed as if his feelings must be terribly hurt, they were so apparently brutal to each other, so seemingly sincere in their cutting sarcasms. But I soon learned to enjoy, with them, the neat comebacks which Freddie invariably had at his disposal. With as grave a face as the rest he would make some devastating remark which left them, for the moment, speechless. Until they could gather their forces for the next attack.

They were like lambs in wolves' clothing, to reverse a good old simile. Perhaps it was their apparent gravity that deceived me in the beginning. In my family, if you made a joke you laughed as heartily as—usually more [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



Recognize the future "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Freddie when he was page boy in a church entertainment



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *RADIO PATROL*—Universal

INSTEAD of a gangster tale, now comes the glorification of the police and an interesting glimpse of the other side of the picture. Full of suspense, action, thrills and tragedy; a story of an officer, tried and true, on his daily beat.

The training of rookies for police duty, their work, their lives, their thoughts, all bring a new and refreshing idea to movies.

Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton are both outstanding as officers, who are buddies in their radio patrol car and who love the same girl. Bob wins, but weakens in duty and accepts a bribe. As a result a bank is plundered, an officer killed, and Bob himself redeemed through sticking to his post to the death.

Lila Lee, well and lovely, makes a fine comeback.



★ *STATE'S ATTORNEY*—Radio Pictures

JOHN BARRYMORE is splendid. And you'll like the picture for that reason. But the story is so obviously built to give Barrymore "a great characterization"—as the producers would say—that you're kept jumping breathlessly from scene to scene.

It's about a shrewd, witty and unscrupulous lawyer whose clientele is made up mostly from the underworld, but who is made district attorney and finally turns on them.

There is nothing startling in this story, but when you see Barrymore's inimitable performance, you will have had your money's worth. William (stage) Boyd plays the gangster, while Helen Twelvetrees, Mary Duncan and Jill Esmond furnish the Barrymore feminine background. It's an adult picture and not for kids.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY*—Warners

THIS is neither unusual nor exciting, but it moves along in a smooth, pleasing fashion, free from dramatic highlights, but comfortable and homey. It will delight the thousands of George Arliss followers who have eagerly awaited his every picture since "Disraeli." What's more, it's clean—a picture fit for every member of the family to see. And although it is reminiscent of "The Millionaire," it stands firmly on its own two feet.

Briefly, the story concerns a wealthy man who returns from abroad to find his family in such a whirl of social activities that he can't get even a glimpse of them. From the sage wit of his valet, he learns that "only the poor stay at home." Whereupon, you know that he is going to become "poor" instantly. This he does in his sly, humorous manner, which keeps you interested, even though there is only one surprise development.

Mary Astor is charming as the wife. Evalyn Knapp, the daughter, shows great sincerity in her work. William Janney is the enthusiastic, polo-playing son, but the boy that will have you in stitches with laughter is young Hardie Albright, who plays the straight-laced suitor in a manner that is worth the price of admission. Arliss has done more powerful rôles, but you'll like him, anyhow.



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY      AS YOU DESIRE ME  
RADIO PATROL                STATE'S ATTORNEY  
ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE  
BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

## The Best Performances of the Month

George Arliss in "A Successful Calamity"  
Greta Garbo in "As You Desire Me"  
Eric Von Stroheim in "As You Desire Me"  
Melvyn Douglas in "As You Desire Me"  
John Barrymore in "State's Attorney"  
Edmund Lowe in "Attorney for the Defense"  
Evelyn Brent in "Attorney for the Defense"  
Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126*



★ AS YOU DESIRE ME—M-G-M

WE hate to write the words, "This may be the last Garbo picture you will see," but at this moment it appears that she will not make any more now . . . if ever. And Garbo has never been more marvelous; never has she possessed such youthful beauty or such wistful appeal.

The story begins in Budapest, where a super-gay Garbo in a platinum wig, is the sweetheart of a depraved novelist, the latter played very expertly by Eric Von Stroheim. Owen Moore, a friend of years before, sees her and appeals to her to return to her titled husband in Italy, from whom she was separated. She joins her husband (Melvyn Douglas) even though her mind is befuddled and she cannot be certain that she belongs there.

Here she appears without the wig and looks like a girl of eighteen. The photography throughout is like some lovely painting.

The love scenes between Douglas and Garbo are the high points of the film and they almost equal the ones played so long ago by Gilbert and Garbo.

If this must be her last picture, we are glad it is such a fitting swan song. And you don't need us to tell you not to miss this film.

You couldn't be kept away!



★ ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE—Columbia

IF you think you are fed up on courtroom pictures, don't make up your mind to pass them by until you have seen this.

And don't miss the performance of Edmund Lowe, who carries off the honors.

Evelyn Brent is seductive and does excellent work in the rôle of a beautiful woman of questionable morals, while Constance Cummings again acquits herself creditably in a straight rôle, the stenographer who stands by her boss to the finish. Dorothy Peterson and Donald Dillaway also have important parts in the story.

It's difficult to find anything new about this story. It has been done so many times, but it is packed with suspense and you won't want to miss it. There's a surprise finish.



★ BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE—RKO-Van Beuren

WE have had many animal pictures, but never one more absorbing than the film record of Frank Buck's expedition into the Malay jungles. In it, is an eight-minute fight between a twenty-four foot python and a tiger.

Every single frame of the picture was made in the jungles and is absolutely authentic. For years, Buck has been in the business of catching wild animals alive and bringing them back to sell to the zoos of Europe and America.

One scene shows him capturing a baby elephant with his bare hands. Five weeks were occupied in the preparation of this scene alone, as it was necessary to separate the herd from the baby elephant and drive them forty miles away.

Here is a picture that will live a long time after the current sex pictures and melodramas are forgotten.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG U S PAT OFF)

**WINNER  
TAKE ALL—  
Warners**



**THUNDER  
BELOW—  
Paramount**



**T**AKE a good look at the little red-headed fighter, James Cagney, for he says he wants more money or he will leave the screen. Again he has a sympathetic rôle—that of a boxer who, sick himself, goes into the ring to win money to help his sick sweetheart. He wins, and then goes haywire over a blonde fashion plate who deserts him. Marian Nixon is appealing as the country girl and Virginia Bruce is easy to look at in the blonde rôle.

**A** LITTLE more lightning with the thunder and this would have been a better picture. Tallulah Bankhead in a too-melodramatic plot emerges as a finished actress and a beauty. Charles Bickford, Paul Lukas and Ralph Forbes are the three men in her life. There's an unhappy ending, but excellent acting by the entire cast. Not the most thrilling picture made, but interesting.

**THE  
WOMAN IN  
ROOM 13—  
Fox**



**MISS  
PINKERTON  
—First  
National**



**M**ORE suspense, a building toward a climax and swifter direction would have made this a winner. The story deals with a wife who refuses to postpone her divorce in order to save her husband's career, only to have him blast the happiness of her second marriage. Elissa Landi as the wife, Ralph Bellamy, Neil Hamilton and Gilbert Roland add strength and conviction to an otherwise weak story.

**J**OAN BLONDELL steps forward in an entirely different rôle and you'll love her. As hospital nurse, looking for something to break the monotony, she is sent to care for a hysterical old lady who has just seen her nephew murdered. George Brent (and don't compare him with Clark Gable!) plays the part of an inspector. If you like mystery stories, you can't afford to miss this.

**THE RIDER  
OF DEATH  
VALLEY—  
Universal**



**SINNERS  
IN THE  
SUN—  
Paramount**



**R**EMEMBER the good old days? They're back—with Tom Mix racing with death to rescue a pretty girl (Lois Wilson), swaggering fearlessly after dirty villains, lost on the desert with only Tony, his horse, to save him. Who can do that grand old hokum better than Tom and Tony? No one, we'll say! The kids will eat this up and Dad will be glad of the excuse to take Junior.

**C**AROLE LOMBARD and Chester Morris do their best with this unconvincing but not unentertaining story. Carole plays a mannequin (you must see those clothes, girls!) and Chester is the poor but ambitious garage mechanic who loves her. But Carole aspires to the so-called better things of life and, only after each has had a taste of riches with someone else, do they discover that "love is all."



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**LENA RIVERS—**  
Tiffany Prod.



**SKY BRIDE—**  
Paramount



**A**N old-fashioned story with the Kentucky blue grass and its horse racing traditions as background. Charlotte Henry, a newcomer, is exceptionally pleasing and Beryl Mercer excellent as always, but the old story of the deserted mother's orphaned offspring discovering her wealthy father at the psychological moment is just a bit thick. James Kirkwood, as the father, plays a sympathetic rôle and does it well.

**H**ERE'S a swell picture with plenty of aviation thrills and a dash of some good sentiment (maybe patterned after "Broken Lullaby"—but who cares?). Richard Arlen, as the stunt flyer who crashes his pal's plane, gives one of his best, most natural and restrained performances. Jack Oakie does a sympathetic character and very well, too. Not so much love interest, but grand suspense.

**LOVE IS A RACKET—**  
First National



**NO GREATER LOVE—**  
Columbia



**S**O this is what happens when a chatter columnist falls in love. Whewie! Just human, after all. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is fine as the columnist who falls for a pretty face (Frances Dee), finds himself in plenty of trouble and loses the girl in addition. Bouquets for Lee Tracy as the newspaper pal and for Ann Dvorak as the girl about a man's apartment. Swell direction wasted on a weak story.

**N**EW YORK'S East Side is brought to your door, along with the problems of a merchant named *Cohen*, who undertakes the care of an orphaned cripple. His great love for this child and her devotion to him make a human story that tugs at your heart-strings. Alexander Carr and the child, Betty Jane Graham, bring you plenty of tearful moments. Splendid dramatic entertainment.

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD—**  
M-G-M



**THE TENDERFOOT—**  
First National



**T**HIS gets off to a fine start, but somewhere on the way it loses sight of the object of all this splendid acting and falters to the finish. Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crews are the parents of Robert Young and Margaret Perry (a bright newcomer) who try to plan for their children's good, but it doesn't work out right. The direction, in places, fairly sparkles, but the story misses.

**T**HIS time Joe E. Brown is a cowboy from Texas, who hits New York with \$20,000 which it takes a slick theatrical producer only a couple of hours to lift. Even if you don't know the show business, you'll laugh until your sides ache, so beware of sprained ribs. The story is weak, but the gags—and rubber-faced Joe—are swell. Ginger Rogers, the girl, is good.

[ ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 86 ]



# Don't Call Him "Skippy"

Jackie Cooper airs his views on life and things

to LeGare Chandler

IMAGINE yourself walking right up to the front gate of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with an appointment in your pocket to interview Jackie Cooper, no less. Of course, I'm the lucky palooka that all this happened to, but as I was saying, just imagine yourself.

Right off the bat the chap in the front office looks over your credentials and makes out a pass. Then he buzzes an electric lock on a thick walnut door and—presto! You are inside. Half a block to your left along the narrow street of the studio city and you enter the publicity bungalow.

Near the bottom of a big blackboard inside the cool, spacious office is a notice that looks like the fight announcements at the American Legion Stadium. "Cooper-Chandler"—that's what it said.

I was hardly prepared for the bout that was to follow. Some interviewers have outlines of a general conversation worked up in advance; others jot down a lot of questions to ask; maybe some of them even have psycho-analysis cards to be filled out in blank form.

Might as well tear 'em all up when J. Cooper is the interviewee.

Wouldn't be worth two cents.

What a boy! What a cyclone!

IT would have taken two dictaphones (on wheels) to have recorded our conversation *verbatim*. Nonetheless, I found out everything I wanted to know in five minutes. The rest of the dinner hour chatter was pure velvet—nothing stingy about Kid Cooper. When he hands out an interview, it's a genuine man-size affair. Another half hour and I could have written a biography with several volumes to cover Jackie's quaint viewpoint on places, things, people in general and Wally Beery in particular.

"Y'know Wally?" There was a reminiscent smile as Cooper recalled—one of those broad smiles that looks as if it is about to explode. "Well—I was over at Wally's house the other day—he came walkin' into the room—y'knew he had a new baby didincha?—sure, he adopted it—well, y'see he came walkin' into the room with this little baby in one hand (brief pause to let the picture sink in), and what d'y's'pose he had in the other hand?—yeah! (excruciatingly)—some diapers!"

Short intermission as Jackie scurries across the commissary to shake hands with someone in the next room, the while we are recovering from the shock.

"Where was I—oh, yeah—y'know, I wanted to go up in an airplane with Wally once, and Mr. Mayer wouldn't let me on account of my contract, so mother dear (here he rested his arm affectionately on Mrs. Cooper's shoulder)—mother dear and I went out on Mr. Mayer's yacht a lot of times, an' I caught a fish that was this big once (hand high above head)—honest—an' we cooked it an' ate it right on the boat.

"Well, when the boat started rocking just a teeny bit, mother

dear got tur'ble scared an' seasick an' everything—" Here Mrs. Cooper interrupted. "Why Jackie, the boat was rocking dreadfully. We were afraid it was going to sink." No reply from Jackie; only a broad grin of tolerant understanding in the direction of his mother dear.

"Did you get seasick?" I inquired.

"Naw (scrumptiously) of course not. I just stood up on deck all the time, I did—watchin' the mast lean way over—" Here Master Cooper illustrated the acute angle of the mast with a knife, leaning dangerously near the level of his mother's *consommé*.

BEFORE we had come over to the commissary, Jackie had been busy autographing a series of touching farewell messages to give to members of his company, thanking them for their *bon voyage* wishes for the success of a six weeks vaudeville tour in the East. The particular company upon which Jackie was so fondly unburdening his feelings consisted of Chic Sale, the comedian; Harry Pollard, the director, and members of the cast of "When A Feller Needs A Friend," in which Jackie plays the rôle of *Limpy* as a tragic little crippled boy, trussed in a torturous leg brace.

Jackie again.

"Y'know, Chic Sale is s'posed to be my great-grandfather—he was in the Civil War an' the Battle of Manila Bay an' maybe the World War—I forgot, but it don't make any difference. Y'see, he's my great-grandfather an' he comes out without even gettin' killed or anything. I wish," sighed Jackie, "I wish they wouldn't make mesay 'gee' all the time—I can't even say 'gee whiz,' just 'gee'—an' then I have to do a lot of crying besides. Did you

know (here Jackie opened his eyes as wide as an owl's) every time I have to cry it costs my company ten dollars! (Another pause to allow me to grasp the enormity of this terrific waste of money.) Yes sir! (emphatically) Y'see, they have to sit around and wait for me to make up my mind to cry."

I can well imagine Jackie bursting into tears at the sight of his directors and cameramen sitting idly about because of him since, besides his mother dear, there is nothing that Jackie seems quite as anxious about as "my company."

"YEAH, an' another thing, I have to do a lot of talkin' with my hands." Jackie waved his right hand through the air in an eloquent flourish that would have put to shame the most lucid gesticulations of a Frenchman or Italian.

Those hands of Jackie's are very valuable appendages. Talulah Bankhead, who is one of J. C.'s most ardent admirers, goes into ecstasies over them. It's a fact.

Some of these sensitive-faced actors who stagger around in front of a camera with their [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Cecil Beaton

"Pardon the yawn. Honest, it's not the company, folks," says Jackie Cooper. No! is that a yawn of boredom—for Jackie couldn't be bored when the world is so full of exciting things like boats, marbles, jackknives, tops, and strings





Hal Phye

SOME old meanies said that Johnny Weissmuller can't play dress up parts. So just to show 'em he can look as smart as the next fellow, he had this natty picture taken especially for PHOTOPLAY. But this isn't the way Johnny usually looks. He quite startled New York by walking along Broadway hatless and in a turtle-necked sweater *a la* Hollywood

# Fashions From New Pictures

*Seymour*



DO YOU want a hat you can wear with a dozen different costumes? Here it is, tipped smartly forward on Virginia Bruce's pretty blonde head. The brim is ballibunt! straw, the crown is a new angel-skin piqué arranged in wide strips to show the hair here and there. The brim rolls up in back. That straighter-over-the-eyes line is new.

A FASHION scoop! A first pose of Garbo in one of the striking outfits she wears in her new picture "As You Desire Me." And doesn't this prove that Garbo can be glamorous in plain clothes as well as exotic cloth of gold?

STUDY this costume of Garbo's closely—but I don't suppose I have to tell you to do that! It has all the elements of a true sports outfit plus those little extra touches that spell—Garbo! There are the sleeves that blouse like a smock—the deep blue jacket with its double-breasted parade of buttons going up to the shoulders. There's the simple dull-silk dress with boyish turn-down collar. And the beret worn visor-fashion over the eyes.



HERE'S the jacket sketched in detail. Aren't the epaulet sleeves a clever note?



SUMMER is never properly ushered in until you can dress up in a large capeline straw hat. They not only flatter your face, but your frock, too. Especially if the frock is a striking floral print like this one which Evalyn Knapp wears. Her hat is ballbunt in natural color, with a soft dipping brimline and shallow crown. This is a favorite Hollywood hat seen at smart afternoon gatherings. The sole trimming note is a colorful band.

A SMALLER brim but the same shallow crown distinguishes Virginia Bruce's stunning hat shown in two poses below. This is the type of hat you can wear on warm summer days with your printed silks and sheer cottons. Virginia wears it with a cool-looking floral-printed dress which has ruffly batiste collar and cuffs for trimming. This hat is white—the cluster of blossoms at the back and the bow in front are perfect. Many summer hats have revived the charming fashion of flower trimming.



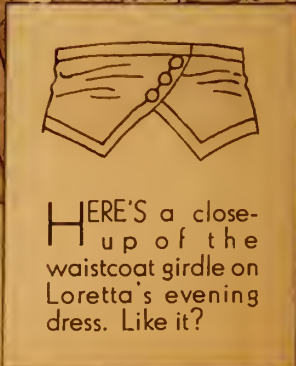
*Seymour*



HAVE you seen a more charming summer dress than this one which Loretta Young wears in "Week-End Marriage"? Pale blue satin has been fashioned with a simplicity of line but a subtlety of detail. That bateau neckline, with an organdie collar, gives the smart high effect and is new. The bodice looks almost box-pleated in its treatment. Very youthful.



THE new evening silhouette that is being seen about Hollywood these nights is quite straight, often with fullness coming directly from the waistline, rather than molded as before. Such a frock is this one of Mae Clarke's. Deep-ivory dull crêpe has been designed with skirt fullness starting from the waist. A wide girde fastens at the back with a brilliant buckle. The back is cut low, but the neckline forms a cowl at front where Mae pins a jeweled leaf. In "Night World."



HERE'S a close-up of the waistcoat girde on Loretta's evening dress. Like it?





WHETHER or not you have a chance to play bridesmaid as Anita Louise does, you should have a delightful confection like this for special summer gaieties.

IT IS pink organdie—and the designer has made it very feminine but not too elaborate. Ruffles of the organdie trim the short cape-like sleeves and outline the high waistline. Two deep ruffles edge the long, full skirt. A sash of orchid velvet is knotted high in front, falling from the waist in long, graceful streamers. Anita's wide-brimmed hat in a pale blue affects the eye-tilting line that most large hats show this season. Flowers under the brim.

ANOTHER of the fluffy frocks that young things yearn over is this one Arletta Duncan wears in "Back Street." It's cornflower-blue maline, with flaring shoulder caps in a quaint wide-shouldered effect. Maline rosettes on peach ribbon form a belt.



# Hollywood Is Wearing Blue



THE tri-color scheme of the Olympics is getting more than a hand in Hollywood fashions these days. Blue in practically every shade and as an accent is popular. And stripes are the brightest note seen both on and off the screen. Florine McKinney bands her brimmed rough white straw hat in the same tri-color stripes she wears as a scarf on her jacket dress.

IN THE sketch you will see Florine's dress with its short dark-blue jacket and light-blue silk dress. Note that the short sleeves of the jacket show the dress sleeves beneath—clever, that! From "Horse Feathers."



DON'T miss Loretta Young in "Week-End Marriage"—her new clothes will show you a lot of clever costume tricks. There's this striped girdle, for instance. It's a different belt for silk frocks. Wide at the hips, the brilliant stripes are brought into a belt at front and narrowed in the middle back. Worn on this pale beige dress it is unusually striking. The material of the dress is a new dull sports crêpe in a rather heavy texture with a corded surface. Loretta's corded turban and accessories match a blue stripe in the girdle.



*Seymour*

YOU haven't believed those rumors that prints are out of the picture this year, have you? Don't, because they bloom successfully every year. Arletta Duncan chooses a youthful flowered print to wear in "Back Street." The silk is printed in small flowers of blue, red and white. Pleated ruffles give a crisp effect. Trick arrangement of the white collar, isn't it?



HOLLYWOOD stars have adopted the little jacket as their own particular fashion fad. The briefer they are, the smarter. Loretta Young wears one in "Week-End Marriage" that I want you to look for when you see the picture. It's the one above. Hardly more than a bolero, it has tapering ends which cross at front and button on the shoulders near the neckline. The sleeves are quite full, but blouse over a tightly tucked wrist. Cuffs of the navy-blue dress material contrast nicely with the eggshell silk of the jacket.

REMOVE the jacket, and lo! you have a very simple but charming short-sleeved dress. Although the frock, which you will note in the small sketch, is without elaboration, it is cleverly fitted to the figure by means of a deep set-in waistband. The light silk of the jacket makes cuff banding on the sleeves.



Stax

**I**N spite of the ragged sweater and torn stockings you needn't be wasting tears on this little lad, for his weekly pay-check makes yours—and ours—look as anemic as boarding house beef steak. “Spanky”—of “Our Gang”—is one of those natural born actors, and if you haven't seen him yet, you'd better run to the nearest theater for a load of his cuteness



# Dick und Dof Über Alles!

Hotel Central Bar,  
German Film Headquarters,  
Berlin.

**D**EAR Editor:  
Oops! You've gone and done it again! If you hadn't given me a father's curse and then ordered me to check up on the motion picture situation in Siberia, I never should have run head-on into the film problems here in Berlin, Germany.

As it looks now, I'll never even see Siberia, let alone smell it, or even find out what the Siberian Cinemaniacs think of Joan Crawford's luxurious leggery. I am right smack up to the cowlick in the problems which face us American film fans in Berlin, and it looks as though the job would take me all summer, providing my elbow holds out. I've got a charley-horse in it already.

When you practically kicked me out of New York, editor, I took the hint. The next thing I knew I was in the grill room of the Central Hotel (they call it a "bar" here, for some reason).

Herr Schramm, justly famous tender of this "bar," came over to my table, where I was cowering and leering. "What will you *haben*?" he asked.

"I will *haben* a small hooker of lemonade, *bittel*!" I said, quick as a twink, for my German is even better than my Russian.

"We *haben* no lemonade, but we *haben* beer," replied Herr Schramm. "You are an American, no?"

"I am an American, yes," I answered, sticking seven inches of nose into the foam. "The famous editor of PHOTOPLAY has sent me to Siberia!"

"Ach!" said Herr Schramm.

"Ach me, too," I said. "He wants me to find out all about the Siberian movie situation."

"Don't you go one *steppe*!" said Herr Schramm, sticking my trunk farther into the creamy suds. "What a movie situation we *haben* here!"

**A**ND have these Germans a problem—and it is one, editor, with which every American picture fan is concerned!

There aren't enough American movie comedians to go round! You see, these Berliners want to laugh more than anything else, and there isn't a thing to laugh about except movie comics!

As a result, they paste comedy prints together with chewing gum and tire tape and run them until they fall into two-inch lengths.

Here's an idea, editor. I was stag—er, strolling up the *Kurfurstendam*, which is a sort of Broadway, giving the girls the loose eye, when I saw a crowd milling around and around. "A moider," thinks I, "or at least a good fight!" So I ups to the crowd and pushes me way in.

And what do I find? A movie theater! It was mortifyin', as Ant-Eater Durante says.



They may not be Garbos or Dietrichs in Hollywood, but the laugh-hungry German people are ready to vote for them and throw out Von Hindenberg and Hitler, who talk of nothing but the serious problems of this fretful world

By  
Leonard  
Hall

"Dick und Dof," say the biggest letters, "in 'Hinter Schloss und Riegel.'"

That, editor, meant less than the dust. But on pushing farther I found that "Dick und Dof" were nobody but Laurel and Hardy, our old pals of the kick-in-the-pants school! And the crowd was breaking noses to get in! Imagine that, editor! Laurel and Hardy running neck and neck for mayor of Berlin—which is some city, larger than Painesville, Ohio, back home!

They were even billed above a Chaplin comedy at the same house. Herr Schramm—the fellow who keeps this so-called "bar"—says it is because so much film has rotted out of the

Chaplin picture that it only runs three minutes.

Is that a situation? And Harold Lloyd! *Herr lieber donnerwetter und drang!*—which is, in American, hot zam! How they love that boy! He, too, is billed higher than a kite, in letters which make German lady stars look like ten cent extras on a quickie lot! Right down the block from the hotel, he's advertised in a film called "Harold, Halt Dich Fest!"—which my keen Teutonic brain translates as "Hold Everything," or words to that effect.

**A**ND when that's settled, what do you figure is left for the dramatic stars? A small plate of cabbage mit noodles, and no more.

Even such a twinkler as Marlene Dietrich—a real hundred per cent German product like beer and pretzels, but prettier—gets nowhere in competition with the comickers. "Shanghai Express" is all over Berlin in German, Austrian, Swiss and Bulgarian versions, but nobody goes except the folks who couldn't bite and kick their way in to Laurel and Hardy.

Now, is this a situation, editor? Can you imagine five hundred Laurels and Hardys, all on white horses, licking one Marlene? Yet they are doing it, right here in Berlin!

And that isn't all!

Maybe you remember the German picture, "Zwei Herzen in Drei-Fiertel Takt," or "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," which was such a smash in America? It was the only Teutonic tone-film to mop up a fortune since talkies ruined the silent business!

Now they are using almost the same name in everything they make, just for luck. All over Berlin a big picture is showing which is called "Zwei Herzen und Ein [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

PHOTOPLAY'S traveling  
reporter gets his beer and  
his facts mixed in Berlin



# “Cimarron”



The PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal for the best motion picture produced in 1931

WITH a landslide of votes, “Cimarron” runs away with all the honors.

This mighty picture was chosen as the best film of 1931 in the *Film Daily* trade journal poll; it was given the highest award by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, and now receives the distinction of being the choice of the millions of picturegoers all over the world. Thus the trade, Hollywood itself, and now the final critic—the audience—pay the highest tribute to “Cimarron.”

This is the twelfth annual award of this honor. PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal, which your votes present, is the Nobel Prize of filmdom, greatest distinction any film can achieve.

“Cimarron” rounds out a dozen winners in this yearly institution. 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; “Disraeli,” 1929; “All Quiet on the Western Front,” 1930.

This is a splendid array of films, but “Cimarron” ranks with the best of them and carries out the Gold Medal tradition—for it is free from mawkish sentimentality—yet it is rich in real sentiment; it is as clean as Western air—without the cheap taint of sex vulgarity; and, what’s more important, it is a



This enormous set was flung up on a strip of California desert. It is a typical Oklahoma “boom” town, complete in every detail. The town, known as “Osage” in the production “Cimarron,” cost the Radio Pictures Corporation \$100,000 to reproduce. It was here that most of the action for 1931’s best picture took place. Hundreds of extras and horses were used



# Wins!



Wesley Ruggles, whose direction made "Cimarron"

motion picture—done with motion picture technique with its dialogue subservient, at all times, to its action.

In fact it has the two elements that have characterized every one of the Gold Medal winners—pure heart interest and action.

This is, incidentally, the first time that a Radio Picture has won, and PHOTOPLAY congratulates this comparatively new company for its daring to produce such a picture.

For "Cimarron" broke many of the iron-bound rules of picture making. Edna Ferber's great story, from which the film was made, was acclaimed as a masterpiece of literature, but was thought to be impossible for the screen. The wisecracs shook their heads when the book was bought. "The story is too episodic," they said. "It covers too long a period of time. Besides, it is a costume picture—and that will never do!"

But its director, Wesley Ruggles, had a



Richard Dix and Irene Dunne were perfect as *Yancey* and *Sabra Cravat*. Irene, then a newcomer, was shot to stardom. And not even Dix's best friends believed him capable of such a remarkable characterization



That stuttering comedian, Rosco Ates, was brought to public attention in "Cimarron," and has been proving himself worthy of Ruggles' faith in him ever since. Here he is in a powerful scene with Richard Dix

vision of a truly remarkable cinema and, backed by his company (which had the vision, too), he was allowed free rein in bringing "Cimarron" to the screen.

He chose Howard Estabrook to write the continuity and dialogue—a wise choice—for Estabrook stuck closely to the story but translated it into the language of the motion picture. He and Ruggles worked together. There was a perfect affinity between director and adapter.

The result was a smooth flowing film that showed complete harmony.

There are scenes which will live always in the mind. The famous "land rush" in which hundreds of people, wagons and horses make the historic dash for the new country—Oklahoma—ranks with the finest screen moments, including D. W. Griffith's famous ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Perhaps only those who worked on the picture—and it was an organization picture, with every member of the company sure of its greatness—know the terrific effort it entailed. A total of 42,000 extras were used—including Indians, brought [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111 ]

# What! More Olympic Swimmers?

No, just three Hollywood beauties playing at Malibu. Note the boyish look of the beach attire



"I'm her best friend and severest critic," said Rubberneck, the big inflated hound, as he gazed fatuously at Bette Davis. Bette, who has been busy carving out a big success for herself lately, takes the sun in the briefest of the one-piece bathing suits. It's a tweed-knit in white and the belt ingeniously crosses through the low sunback decolletage to fasten in front. Rubberneck remarked that white is one of the favorite bathing suit colors with the stars, along with red and blue

Adrienne Dore is crazy about the beach and beach clothes. She has any number of clever suits, each entirely different in coloring and style. For both sunning and bathing, she likes this bright red and white suit with its halter neck. The back is cut low enough to allow a liberal suntan. Notice how the white is carried out in a design at the front. A brief skirt covers the trunks beneath. And when sunning, Adrienne keeps her waves in place by a printed scarf which she ties about her head





You would think everyone was in training to be an athlete the way exercise is being taken seriously at Malibu. Beach clothes are of the most practical type. One of the popular fads is Olympic shorts like those track stars wear. They either lace or button like these Ruth Hall is wearing — shirts, sweaters and quite often a bandana bib form the top half of the costume. Joan Blondell has a whole wardrobe of shorts in various colors with bibs similar to Ruth's



That Dore girl certainly knows her beach and yachting fashions. Here she is all dressed up and looking for a yacht! She tops the popular white flannel slacks with a swagger nautical white coat in three-quarter length. Slacks have stolen the show from beach pyjamas this year—they are worn over bathing suits, sweaters or shirts. Adrienne has another coat in bright red she wears with these

Does the higher waistline appear in beach clothes? Decidedly, look at this smart blue and white suit Adrienne Dore wears. A high tide in blue marks the waistline here, which is further emphasized by the clever detail of white buttons. The white top has a moderately low neckline outlined in blue stitching. Again you will note that Adrienne prefers a brief skirt to the strictly one-piece effect



# How Do YOU Look In A Bathing Suit?

**S**YLVIA is known throughout the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. She is responsible for many of the beautiful figures you see on the screen. For the past five or six years she has been making the stars lovely and she has received as high as \$100 for a half-hour's treatment. She is the masseuse de luxe of the film colony. But now she devotes her time to teaching women and girls throughout the United States how to do for themselves what she has done for the actresses. And hundreds of readers of PHOTOPLAY express delight with results. Sylvia is ninety-five pounds of concentrated energy, and the magic of her reducing and form-remedying knowledge is imparted to you each month on these pages. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she writes.

By Sylvia

do you look in a bathing suit? Here it is summer and you've got to look nice on the beach. But do you? Take stock of yourself, you in-between girls, and then get to work.

And, incidentally, you fat girls and you thin girls can listen in on Aunt Sylvia's little lecture. It won't do you a bit of harm. I'm going to tell you how to reduce the lumps on your figure and how to fill out the holes.

Dozens and dozens of famous film stars have come to me simply to reduce certain parts of their figures. They have said I have worked miracles on them. But if you do what I tell you, you can be your own miracle worker. Ready? Now listen.

## Squeeze Off Extra Flesh

**I**'VE told you fat girls that unless you take off the extra weight, your brains are as fat as your bodies.

I haven't been any too kind to you thin girls, either. But your letters tell me that I have shown thousands of thin and fat girls the road to lovely figures.

Now I've a special message for the in-between girls. Don't think, just because your weight and height conform to those silly charts, that you can sit back smugly and say, "I don't need to diet or take exercises. My weight is correct for my height." Listen to Sylvia, instead.

Now stand in front of your mirror. Take a good long look at yourself. You're not so fine as you thought you were, are you? No, you're not fat. Neither are you thin. You're just in-between—but that doesn't mean you're perfect, not by a darn sight.

Look at yourself closely. You have a flat chest. Your abdomen sticks out. There's a lump of flesh on your hip bone. Your legs are skinny and there are flabby muscles on the inside of your legs. Well, you'd better do something about it and do it quick!

I'll wager that you probably look very fine in a smart evening dress especially designed to show off your best points and conceal your defects. But how



A close-up of the most famous pair of hands in Hollywood. These fingers have moulded the figures of hundreds of stars. Powerful and supple are Sylvia's hands, but you can do for yourself what she has done for the stars. Says Sylvia, "Any stubborn lump of fat can be squeezed off as I am doing here—and that goes for arms, legs, hips, thighs, stomach—any part of the body except the bust. Take up handfuls of flesh and squeeze hard—then let it slip through your fingers like mashed potatoes. You can smash off the fat cells. Get to work, girls, and get rid of the lumps. You can if you really try hard"

**T**HE first thing to do is to start on a good diet—one that will give you plenty of nourishment and plenty of pep and will keep you at an average weight. (I'm talking to the in-between girls now—you fatties and you skinnies stay on the diet I've already given you.) While you're on the diet, start working on the lumps. Here's the building-up and nourishing diet for the in-betweens.

### Breakfast

Glass of water.

Dish of strawberries or any other kind of berries with a little brown sugar (no cream)

or

Cantaloupe or any other melon with a few drops of lemon juice (no prunes, plums or apricots).

Half a glass certified milk.

One coddled egg. (Tocoddle an egg, boil water in a pan, shut off flame underneath it. Put egg in the water and cover pan with a top. Leave egg in for ten minutes. This is the healthiest way to prepare eggs.)

Two slices of whole wheat toast with butter.

Cup of coffee with brown sugar and cream.



# To Build Up And Shapen The Legs And Hips



To build up and shapen the calves of the legs, hips and thighs take this exercise, which I call the scissors movement. First lie on the floor in the position that I'm in here, place both hands under your hips to raise the hips up and spread the legs as wide apart as you can get them



Now pull legs together as you see me doing. Then stretch legs out again and cross left leg over right leg—that is, reverse the position of legs. This works very fast and just like a scissors. One two and one two, etc., fifteen or twenty times a day and you'll get results

## Luncheon

Half a head of lettuce and half an avocado. Over this pour two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese in which sour cream has been stirred. Salt and pepper.

Jello with thin coffee cream. Iced tea.

## Dinner

Cup of jellied soup. Double French lamb chop, broiled

or

Small steak, broiled or Two small pieces of broiled fillet of sole

or

Broiled liver or whatever meat agrees with you.

Two heaping tablespoons green lima beans or

Small baked potato and be sure to eat the skin (if large

baked potato scoop out middle and eat the rest, including the skin).

Two heaping tablespoons of steamed turnip tops.

Eight stalks of asparagus (on all vegetables you can have butter, put on cold after the vegetables are off the fire.

Lettuce and cucumber salad with French dressing.

Small dish of fresh fruit with brown sugar and cream. (If you use canned fruits, pour off the juice and take a few drops of lemon juice before eating the fruit. Use no sugar.)

Demi tasse.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]

# To Reduce Upper Leg and Thighs

Lie in the position I am in here, raising the hips with the hands underneath. Slowly draw the right knee forward and lower the left leg—but don't touch the floor, yet. Now reverse, drawing the left knee forward, toward the chest, and lowering the right leg to about three inches from the floor. Then put both heels on the floor and relax. You'll need to relax. This is one of the most tiring exercises I've given you—but it absolutely will do the work. It will also reduce the stomach. Do the complete exercise only about three times at first—working up to as many times as you can stand. But concentrate on the part you want reduced and feel those muscles pull! You'll be tired for a few minutes when you've finished. But it takes off lumps, too







A new use for cellophane—baby-proof wrappers for bachelors





Marian Nixon and Janet Gaynor. Great friends and they look alike—but they are different. Marian more the woman and Janet the dreamy little girl. Theirs is, surely, a strange and tangled story



# Marian and Janet

A story of the part Fate played in the careers of two girls

By James M. Fidler

But just at that moment Fate, disguised very neatly as the Universal Studios, stepped in and offered Marian a contract at twice the money she had been offered for a new Fox contract. Marian took the cash and let the credit go.

With Marian gone, Fox was having trouble casting two of its biggest pictures, "Johnstown Flood" and "7th Heaven." That studio tried to borrow Marian from Universal but Universal said "Nix."

Marian thought of her friend Janet, got her on the phone immediately and told her to go at once to Fox and apply for both jobs. She got them and rode instantly to fame, while Marian strung along in second rate rôles that never once—with the possible exception of Richard Barthelmess' "Young Nowheres"—brought out all of her talent and charm.

Janet became a star after "7th Heaven." Marian was merely a capable leading woman. Janet followed "7th Heaven" with "Street Angel," "Sunrise," "Sunny Side Up," "Daddy Long Legs," etc., etc. Janet was an important personage, a money-maker for her studio, a real screen find.

And Marian—who might have had the rôle of *Diane*—found herself going down the other side of the hill of fame. Each time that she thought she was to come into her own, something happened. She received a good salary, but no glory. And for the last several years she has been just one of the many good leading women who are consistently forgotten when good parts come along.

THIS might have been the end of the story, except that Fate—the zany—had a few more threads to weave together before she was through with Marian and Janet.

Janet was assigned the co-starring rôle with Charlie Farrell in "After Tomorrow," but Janet was making one of her periodical decisions to get away from the honeycoated heroines and prove herself a real actress, so she turned the part down and Marian took it—just as, years ago, Marian had given up "7th Heaven" and Janet had taken that.

What's more, Frank Borzage was given the job of directing the new Nixon-Farrell team. Just to make things more tangled up than they already are, it was Borzage, you remember, who brought Janet and Charlie to fame [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115 ]

WHEN "After Tomorrow" was shown throughout the United States, ardent movie-goers began asking each other, "Where has Marian Nixon been hiding?"

"Why wasn't that girl discovered before?"

"What's kept her off the screen so long—why, she has the same sweet and poignant charm that Janet Gaynor has."

"Marian Nixon and Charlie Farrell are a lovely team."

The answer to these questions and opinions is found in an amazing chain of circumstances, a couple of flukes of Fate and plenty of "What would have happened if—" For not so many years ago, Marian Nixon was a star and Janet Gaynor was an extra girl. And not so many years ago Marian played Lady Bountiful and sent Janet to apply for a part for which Marian was wanted but couldn't take. The part was that of *Diane* in "7th Heaven."

What would have happened if Marian could have taken that part? Would she have skyrocketed her way to stardom and would Janet have kept on being an extra girl? I'll leave that poser to folks with a lot of spare time and get on with the story of Marian, Janet and Fate.

Ten years ago Marian and Janet were unknowns. Marian had come to Hollywood in a vaudeville act that found itself suddenly stranded in Los Angeles. She became an extra in pictures. Janet was also an extra and occasionally danced in theater prologues to help out with family bills.

So these two girls started from scratch, as thousands of others have done, with nothing but pretty faces, charm and ambition.

But Marian struck a faster pace than Janet, got herself noticed by good work and good behavior and was rewarded by a one-year contract with Fox. Janet kept on being an extra for a year, while Marian got some good parts—good for a beginner.

Janet, Marian, Janet's boy friend and I were pals and that year we were together almost constantly. It was along toward the end of Marian's contract that we went to the theater together one night to see the stage play, "7th Heaven." We were especially interested because Marian had been promised the rôle of *Diane* in the film version, provided she re-signed with Fox. I remember we all talked about what a good opportunity it would be for her and how well she could handle the rôle.



# An Extra Girl's Diary

**H**AVE you ever wondered what an extra girl thinks about?

About the stars, you've read everything. You know what they wear, whom they love, what they think of this and that, what they cook (if any) and eat, how they live—you know the stars better, you movie fans, than you do your next-door neighbor.

But the extra girl you don't know at all. And for every star in Hollywood, there are hundreds of them—each of them working, living, thinking kids. Each of them cherishing in her heart the hope, the wish, perhaps the conviction that some day she, too, will be a star.

And so few of them ever make the grade. Once in a while, one of them pops her head up over the mob, starts climbing the ladder to the heights. How far up she gets is a matter that depends on her—and luck. And one such is Ann Dvorak.

Ann Dvorak isn't really her name—it's just the name she took because she didn't want people to know whose daughter she is. Her mother is Anna Lehr, as *PHOTOPLAY* told you last month. She was a star in the days when the name "Vitagraph" meant big things in movieland. But Ann, graduating from high school, her heart set on a movie career, didn't want to crash her way on her mother's name. So she reached back into half of that Irish-Czech ancestry of hers and chose Dvorak, of all names.

She started at the bottom—an unknown, like countless other girls who struggle in Hollywood. She must have something—because today Ann Dvorak's head is above the mob.

She's the girl who was the sex-appeal in "Sky Devils." You'll thrill to her exotic allure in "Scarface" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Already, the fans are writing in, asking to know about this "different" girl they've seen on the screen. Ann Dvorak's heart is leaping high with hope. How far she's going to climb the ladder she's started, time alone can tell.

But that's not what



An amazing self-told tale of one girl's heart-breaking climb up the slippery Hollywood ladder

By Ben Lloyd



Ann Dvorak, who recently married Leslie Fenton, despaired of ever having a studio seat with her name on it

this story is about. This story is to give you what you rarely get—a glimpse into the heart and mind of an extra girl. For, during the days when she was just one of the thousands, Ann Dvorak confided her hopes, her heart secrets, to a little blue book, her diary. And, to anyone who is interested in Hollywood and its people, some of the things she has written there are a revelation—both of Hollywood and of Ann Dvorak.

It begins back in 1928, when she graduated from school. She wanted to be a movie actress. At first, she asked her mother for help. There's this entry in mid-1928:

"Made an appointment (or rather, mother did) to see Douglas Fairbanks. Imagine it! One girl out of a hundred—nay, two hundred!—gets a chance to see a man like he is. That is, they never can see him in his private office and have a little talk about themselves. I'm lucky, that's all, in having a mother who knows these people personally.

"Mr. Fairbanks is a very courteous and interesting man. He is very handsome, too. He wore a little black beret, and his face was tanned to a dark brown. He has a very pleasant laugh, which I found out through his amusement over my extreme youth and inexperience.

"I HAVE found out that the really big people—that is, those who amount to something and who have a great deal of responsibility—are the ones most likely to be tolerant and understanding. Some little fortieth assistant director would probably have just taken my name and address, shooed me out of the studio, and thrown away the paper he had written it on. Instead, Mr. Fairbanks introduced me to his secretary, and she is going to attend to the details of my costume and wigs, etc. for a test. You see, they are making a picture of the Louis XIII and XIV period. Oh God, I hope I photograph well enough . . ."

That same day she turned critic: "I saw John Barrymore in 'The Tempest.' He just misses being marvelous.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



# “It’s so easy to keep your skin lovely at home...”

## MRS JOHN DAVIS LODGE

*New York society leader shows you how she gives herself a beauty treatment . . .*

FRESH and flawless as a tea rose, Mrs. Lodge’s complexion is as uniquely lovely as her long golden hair, like *Mélisande’s*.

She gives herself her daily beauty treatment in her own home.

“Cleansing, first,” she emphasizes. “Yes, and here’s what gets the skin really clean—Pond’s Cold Cream. No matter what price you pay, nothing else cleanses so marvelously!

“Relax . . . Now wipe away the cream. How? With Pond’s Cleansing Tissues! They are much softer. Pond’s Cold Cream and Cleansing Tissues are all you need for exquisite cleanliness.

“But the skin needs stimulating, too, to keep it looking young. Pat, pat with Pond’s Skin Freshener. To refine pores—pep up your color.

“Finished? Not yet! *Protecting*—that’s what our skin needs next—to keep it fine and smooth. Pond’s Vanishing Cream gives this necessary protection. Invisibly! It gives the loveliest peach-bloom finish, and you needn’t powder again for hours.

“That’s all I do—never neglect this simple routine. And always repeat it after exposure.

“AND, of course, at bedtime! That’s a special ritual. Cleansing always with Cold Cream and Tissues to remove the day’s grime. Then smooth in fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate. Leave on overnight.

“You see, the skin needs four things to keep it lovely—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting. Just these four preparations are all you need. It’s so easy—just in your own home!”



MRS. LODGE as she applies Cold Cream over face and neck . . . lets it sink into pores to float out dust and grime. Wipes away with Cleansing Tissues.



SATURATES COTTON with Skin Freshener and pat-pat-pats until the skin glows . . . that refines pores, tones, firms and brings fresh natural color.



BEFORE POWDERING, smooths a protective film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, when dressing for the evening.



MRS. LODGE, AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT • Photographs by Nicholas Muray

TUNE IN on Pond’s every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND’S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS  
 POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. G • 114 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY  
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“I’m  
20”

*Screen stars  
keep the  
charm of Youth*

**S**CREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: “I learned Hollywood’s secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio.”

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: “Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best.”

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: “Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.”

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so exceptionally *white* that no other soap can rival it!

Begin today to let it care for your skin. You’re sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

**JEAN HARLOW**, favorite of the screen: “I have found the secret of a fresh and youthful complexion — regular care with Lux Toilet Soap.”

**LUX**



“I’m  
30”

“I’m over  
40”



Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

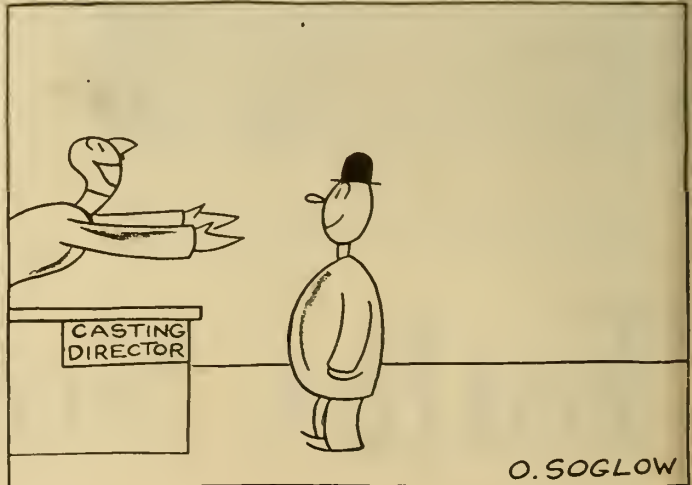
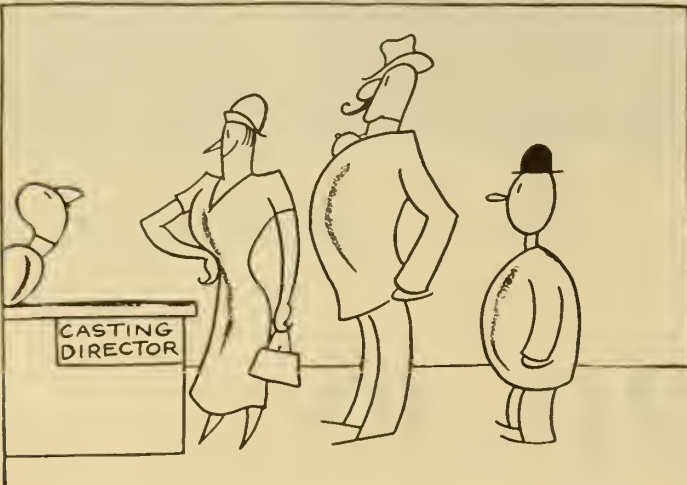
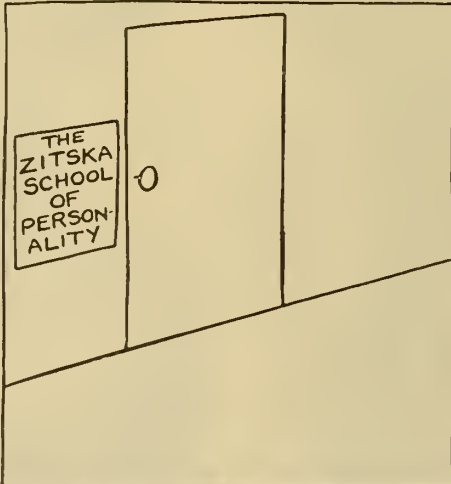
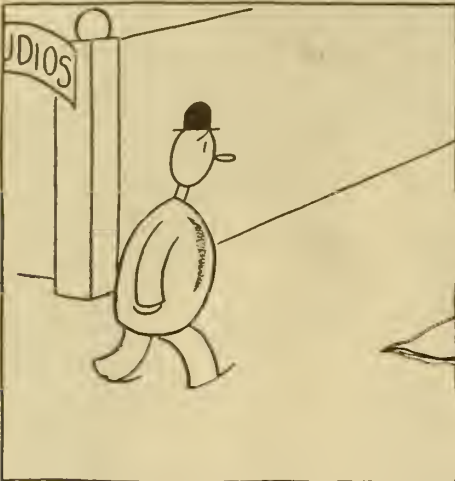
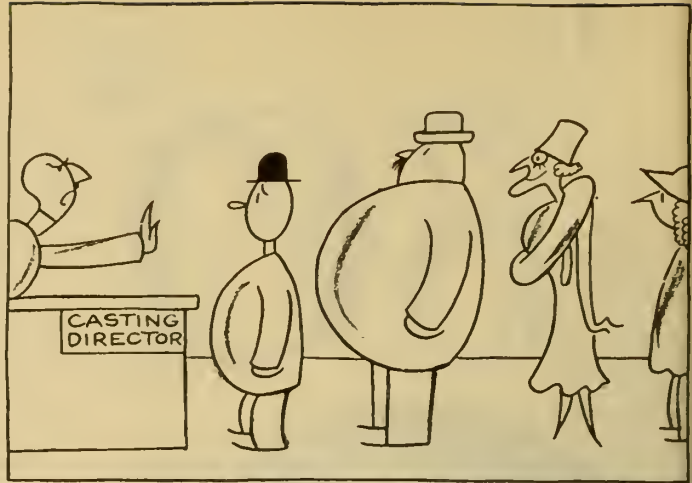
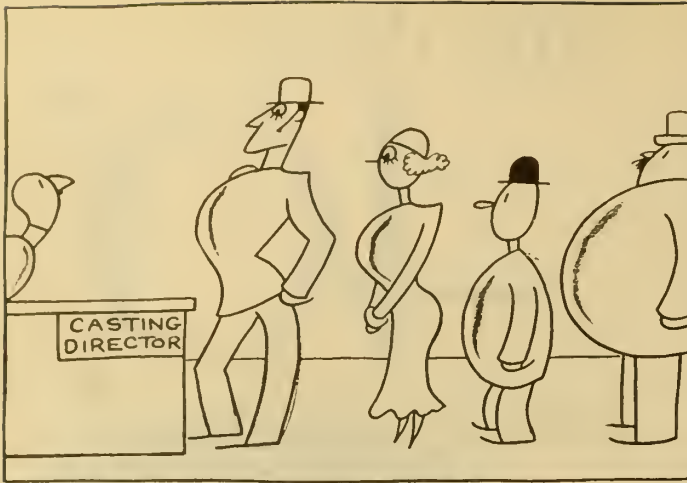


Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York

VIOLA DANA, beloved screen star: “Like most actresses, I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap has a wonderfully soothing effect on the skin.”

NAZIMOVA, glamorous star of the stage and screen: “I laugh at being over 40—my skin is so soft, so smooth. For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap!”

Toilet Soap 10¢



O. SOGLOW



# Strikingly, radically new

## most important improvement in sanitary protection

### since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

# the new

# Phantom\* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN  
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Re-designed to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting the gown, how filmy the silks you wear ... soft, as always, and easily disposable.

AT LAST! A radically new design in sanitary protection. You are scarcely aware you have it on. Made by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting of evening gowns. Not the slightest bulk suggested even under the filmiest of summer silks.

Remember how often an evening has been spoiled because of your discomfort? Self-consciousness? That feeling of a supposedly smooth-fitting frock marred by revealing outlines? That's unnecessary now! The new PHANTOM KOTEX sanitary napkins fit smoothly, perfectly, inconspicuously.

#### *Kotex features retained*

The special Kotex features are retained, of course. It is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; treated to deodorize; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily.

Today—American women use more than twice as many Kotex pads as they do all other sanitary pads combined. More

than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history. This new improvement comes to you at no increase in price.

On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

#### HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the little booklet entitled "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2105, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



#### PHANTOM\* KOTEX

so called because—  
you scarcely realize  
you are wearing it!

**No revealing outlines**—The new PHANTOM KOTEX is flattened and tapered so that ends are completely inconspicuous.

**Greater security**—The smooth, snug fit gives greater wearing ease than you've ever before experienced.

**Lastingly soft—disposable**—The same softness and absorbency for which Kotex is famous. Disposable always.

**New Kotex Belt, narrow, adjustable, only 35c**—Wear it with the new PHANTOM KOTEX. The combination makes for complete ease, for completely inconspicuous protection.



Ferenc

**P**ORTRAIT of Bill Powell talking to himself as he awaits the call of his director in the doorway of his portable dressing-room on the studio set. What's he talking to himself about? Probably muttering about sitting around all day, all dressed up and nothing to do



# Why *Throw away* what you *Save*?



This year's smartest frocks come in washable linens and cottons and silks. Lux keeps them fresh, unfaded, lovely as new all season through.

It's a bargain...but only if you keep it like new...



This charming evening dress is of flowered organdy—delightfully crisp and fresh when it's new! To *keep* your pretty frocks new, give them safe Lux care.

"WE FIND we're dressing on just about *half* what we used to spend," women tell us. "That's partly because we're shopping for 'bargains.'

"But it's also because we're actually keeping everything like *new* so much longer.

"In the old days, a charming sweater blouse or a silk dress spoiled in washing didn't matter so much. But now we can't *afford* washing failures. They would wipe out what we save on low prices!

"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.\* We wash *everything* nice the *safe*

way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

LUX is the first item on *any* woman's economy budget! Because these tiny diamonds are *made* to preserve colors, to keep silks and woolens soft and lovely. Made to float out the perspiration acids that discolor and weaken fabrics. Remove all odor that might offend!

Thanks to Lux all your bargains can be *real* ones! That enticing sweater, your charming printed silks will last this summer and next

\*Such soaps, whether cakes, powders or chips, often contain harmful alkali which fades colors and weakens fibres. Even one washing with such a soap may do damage nothing can repair.

winter, too. Even dresses you used to have cleaned, your gloves, your pocketbooks, can be kept fresh and new for ages with *safe* Lux. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



**LUX** INEXPENSIVE for dishes, too! The big box does 6 weeks' dishes, gives your hands beauty care!

In times like these save nice things with safe **LUX**



Bourke-White

**T**HIS is the sort of material they are trying out in Russia's new sound studios in search of a feminine lead. But has she glamour? Oh well, the whole Soviet picture business is only political propaganda anyway



# STYLED FOR STARS PRICED FOR EVERYONE

The high note of swim suits this season is style. And truth compels us to say that Catalina tops them all! Designed by artists who weave their style-magic with yarn, Catalina Swim Suits are miles ahead of the procession! Each suit has a "can't-be-copied" look about it. Each suit is knit-to-fit by our original Ribstitch process. Each suit registers a smartness of line, a trimness of fit, a symphony of color, that makes CATALINA the instinctive choice of Hollywood's famous stars. Best of all, the price is small. See them at your dealer's now and mail coupon for illustrated folder, fresh from the style-studios of Screenland.



You see "more stars than there are in Heaven" when you see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan and Karen Morley, three M-G-M players pictured here, will be seen in many outstanding productions during the coming year. So, while you're listening to the roar of the waves don't forget the roar of the M-G-M lion.



## CATALINA SWIM SUITS



"LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH ON THE LABEL"



Mail this coupon for FREE "movie-style" folder

Pacific Knitting Mills, 443 South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles. Please send me, free, illustrated folder, "The Swim Suit I Like Best," showing the ten leading swim suits selected for 1932 by screen stars.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

# Three Beauty Tips From Hollywood

By Carolyn Van Wyck



A basin of steaming water is the only curling iron Sue Carol needs. If you have any natural curl, steam will give you a fluffy head in a jiffy or soften your wave so that you may easily push it into form



An atmosphere of romance and curls all in place are the results of this veil which Thelma Todd has pinned coyly about her head. It appears to be two circular veils joined together for a charming effect

**M**ILK of magnesia neutralizes acids externally as it does internally, penetrates, draws out poisons, leaving the skin soft, smooth, beautifully clean. Milk of magnesia also has a most obliging way of clearing up skin blotches and acid bumps. A cream also now includes this healing property.

**A** CONCEIT from Paris that might have appeal in Hollywood is a nose veil with eyebrows attached to suit mood and occasion. I have told you how players often remove their own entirely to facilitate screen make-up.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD appeared at the Hollywood premiere of "Grand Hotel," sponsoring that little foible I told you of recently—a well-oiled face. Try it the next time you wear an evening gown, with a little extra eye make-up and a bright lipstick. See what it does for you.

**M**ARLENE DIETRICH curls the ends of her hair by dampening them with toilet water, twirling the ends the way she wants them to go and pinning them until dry. And speaking of toilet water, now is the time when you will find it especially refreshing. A light fragrant toilet water seems just the frivolous touch with tennis frocks, golfing togs and other outdoor apparel.

**I**N SPITE of cunning bathing caps and good resolutions the hair invariably gets more salt immersions at this time of the year than is good for it. If we conscientiously rinsed every bit of salt from it after every swim, that would prevent most of the havoc. But we don't, and we wonder when it gets dry, lifeless and color-

Marguerite Churchill tells us that a little moist rouge on a paper liner applied to the nostrils gives a fresh, youthful appearance

If you'd like to receive a booklet on sensible reducing, special blackhead and acne leaflet, our July letter of mid-summer beauty aids, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

less. Remember the fresh-water rinse, and remember a good tonic, especially one with oil in it. And now and then give yourself an olive-oil treatment. Part the hair every inch or so, and with absorbent cotton rub the oil lightly into the scalp. Leave on over night if possible. If you want to make this treatment more thorough, dip a brush in olive oil and brush well into the hair itself. This is especially advisable for burned, sun-dried hair. Follow with a thorough shampoo.

**C**HANGE is the life-blood of Hollywood. Change in face, change in coiffure, in personality. Thelma Todd, formerly a sweet-faced schoolteacher, today one of the most ravishing beauties in Hollywood; Frances Dee, school-girl, has blossomed into a charming sophisticate; Gwili Andre, New York model, about to make a screen appearance with benefit of Hollywood. Carole Lombard changes her hair for every picture; Karen Morley does the same, sometimes includes the color also.

**I** THINK this magic of change is one of the most inspiring lessons for all of us who aspire to loveliness, attractiveness, charm. Change seems to be the trick. It is the fairy wand by which new worlds are opened to us. I think this Hollywood habit of continual change is the answer to hundreds of our readers who are not quite satisfied with their lives. So easy to say, I know, but a trick that requires concentration, resolve and definite purpose in mind. But try change in small ways, knowing that eventually it will make itself felt in the larger things.



BARBARA STANWYCK... in Warner Bros. "SO BIG" ... *Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively*



The CHARM of  
Lovely Beauty  
is Created with  
the Magic  
of

# This NEW MAKE-UP

from HOLLYWOOD

How to accent your charm and gain new beauty with color harmony make-up for your type

THE lovely pastel tints of the blonde... the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brunette... the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette... the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead... each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates



MARIAN MARSH  
Warner Bros. Star,  
using Max Factor's  
Lipstick.

beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so ad-

mired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty... yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect... for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

RUTH HALL,  
Warner Bros.  
player, and Max  
Factor, Holly-  
wood's make-up  
genius, using the  
correct color har-  
mony tone in  
Max Factor's  
face powder to  
blend beauty  
with her brunette colorings.



Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle... in shades to blend with your face powder... fifty cents each. Purity guarantee, with Good House-keeping Magazine's Seal of Approval in each package. At all drug and department stores.

**Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!**

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up. Accept this priceless beauty gift by mailing the coupon now.



### Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal. 1-7-52  
Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make Up"... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1932 Max Factor



"MISS AMERICA"  
in the last international  
beauty contest. Featured  
in Earl Carroll Vanities

"Why I take a dainty  
odorless Ivory bath  
every day" *Irene Ahlberg*

"MISS AMERICA"

"A daily Ivory bath is my way of keeping dainty," says Irene. "Ivory is so pure that it purifies my skin and makes it feel silky. No, I'd never use perfumed soaps. They're so drying—and I don't think it's alluring to smell like a soap. I prefer a dainty odorless Ivory bath. It is so much more refined."

Let's take Irene's frank advice to heart. Every day a dainty odorless Ivory bath so that we'll never offend!

Beauty is a serious business to Irene Ahlberg—3 hours of physical training every day, 9 hours' sleep every night, plenty of milk and salads . . . and gentle Ivory baths once or twice a day.

**IVORY SOAP**

leaves no Tell-tale Odor • 99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % Pure

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### STRANGERS OF THE EVENING— Tiffany Prod.

THE opening scenes will make you shiver and shudder, what with dead bodies cluttering up the place, but later you realize you are seeing a rip-roaring comedy. Exciting, well-acted, mysterious, and some crisp wisecracks, with Miriam Seegar and Theodore Von Eltz furnishing heart throbs and ZaSu Pitts, Eugene Pallette, Lucien Littlefield and Harold Waldridge giving full measure of laughs.

### THE CRY OF THE WORLD—Internation- al Film Foundation

A GLORIFIED newsreel, vitally interesting; a cleverly assembled pictorial preachment against war, graphically portraying the tumultuous years since 1914. It is stark reality without humor. A frank plea for the protection of humanity, it will grip you.

### THE WORLD AND THE FLESH—Par- amount

LACKING the force and punch of his former pictures, George Bancroft as a Russian Red, with a hearty laugh and a windblown bob, gives a mild performance in a mild picture. He falls in love with a dancer (a Russian refugee) and his troubles begin. Miriam Hopkins struggles hard with a rôle completely unsuited to her talents. The plot wanders, the dialogue is mediocre and the entire picture weak.

### MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox

EVEN though Warner Baxter has the ability of investing an unimportant rôle with heart-interest and plausibility, you can pass this up. Karen Morley is in it, too, but the story is impossible.

### THE ARM OF THE LAW—Monogram

IF you like mystery, if you enjoy seeing a modern gold-digger at work and if you care for snappy dialogue, you can find them all in this. Marceline Day, Lina Basquette and Dorothy Revier are lovely.

### ESCAPADE—Invincible

TWO men and a woman in a triangle. Sounds melodramatic, but it's a pleasant surprise. Sophisticated story and dialogue, and splendid cast including Anthony Bushell, Jameson Thomas and Sally Blane.

### ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pic- tures

THERE is very nice and very sincere acting done by young Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, which is totally wasted on one of the season's silliest plots which concerns a cub reporter who, in order to get a better newspaper job, leaves evidence to make it appear that he did a murder of which he was only the witness. Sounds involved? Uh-huh, that's just what it is. And stupid, besides.

### STREET OF WOMEN—Warners

ALAN DINEHART is a wealthy idler, redeemed through love of "the other woman." Kay Francis is splendid as the sacrificing other woman. But it's Roland Young's playing that saves the story from depressing gloominess.

### NIGHT WORLD—Universal

THIS picture starts off in a pretentious, promising fashion, and then something happens—everything happens—without rhyme or reason. Lew Ayres, playing a disillusioned youth,



is fast headed for ruin, when Mae Clarke crosses his path and attempts his reformation. It is too bad that such ability is not given a better chance.

**THE MAN FROM NEW MEXICO—  
Monogram**

**T**OM TYLER takes a flock of cattle rustlers for a ride and saves a blushing wild rose and her old pappy from the infamous clutches of the dastardly villain who practically gurgles, "Ah-h-h—me proud beauty," as he slithers toward the girl. Then came the yawn.

**GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge  
Prod.**

**T**HE plot stirs up considerable commotion about rescuing a girl from a band of schemers, with Richard Talmadge *Tar-zaning* to the rescue. This is funny without meaning to be. Shirley Grey is the girl.

**THE WYOMING WHIRLWIND—Willis  
Kent Prod.**

**T**HERE are Indians aplenty in this horse oprey which stars Lane Chandler. The latter, cast as a romantic bandit with the highly original name of *Lone Wolf*, eludes his exasperated pursuers on the Wyoming ranges.

**THE RIDING TORNADO—Columbia**

**A** GROUP of old favorites scamper through this breezy Western. There are Wallace MacDonald, Russell Simpson, Montagu Love and Wheeler Oakman, but the hero is the fast-riding Tim McCoy who finds the cattle thief and thereby gets himself a permanent job as son-in-law to the ranch owner.

**BORDER DEVILS—Supreme**

**A**S sort of a cowboy Galahad in the Mexican Badlands, Harry Carey goes about generally righting wrongs that do not concern him.

**SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.**

**D**EBONAIR Jack Mulhall is not as sprightly as usual in this mystery melodrama. Three pretty girls make you think a romance is in the offing, but there is none forthcoming, and not enough mystery to get you excited.

**TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film**

**A**NNA STEN, who did such grand work with Emil Jannings in "Tempest," gives another splendid performance, this time as a trapeze artist in a story of circus life. English captions help those who do not know German.

**LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis**

**M**ANY amusing situations arise when an Italian countess, impersonating her brother at a Viennese military academy, tries to avoid detection. Both the marching songs and the waltz rhythms are excellent. English subtitles make it possible to follow this German dialogue story.

**HUDDLE—M-G-M**

**W**HEN the end of this college story finally arrives you feel as if you've spent four long years in the theater. Yale is the locale, and the football hero plays the game in spite of an appendix that is on the verge of bursting. Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, Madge Evans and talk of Yale's traditions don't help.

In the August PHOTOPLAY  
The Annual Cut Picture Puzzle  
Contest



An interesting picture of a charming woman, educated, well-to-do, prominent in the social and civic life of her city. A woman typical of the many to whom we put this question: What tooth paste do you use?

To our delight, the majority answered Listerine Tooth Paste. Certainly to women of means, the price of 25¢ could not possibly have been a factor in deciding upon a tooth paste. Obviously, the quality of the dentifrice itself and

the brilliant results it accomplished were responsible for their choice.

Won't you try Listerine Tooth Paste? See how thoroughly it cleans. How swiftly it erases blemishes and discolorations. How gleaming white it leaves the teeth. How it refreshes the mouth and sweetens the breath.

Bear in mind, incidentally, that it costs you but half of what you would ordinarily pay for tooth paste of equal quality. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**  
the quality dentifrice at 25¢



# Ask The Answer Man

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



"Give us more pictures with George Raft," the fans implore. And no wonder! George brought a fascinating new type of villain to the screen in "Dancers in the Dark," with Miriam Hopkins

## 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.

**M**OVIE-GOERS continue to like their heroes rough and ready. The chap who topped the "question" list this month is George Raft, who hails from Tent' Avenoo and Forty-foist Street, New York City. George was born in the toughest part of the town, known as "Hell's Kitchen." He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes.

Folks who see him on the screen as the bad, bold villain never suspect that Georgie once tripped the light fantastic in one of New York's dance palaces for a dime a spin. For several years he hoofed with Texas Guinan's Gang. He was a good hooper, too. He also appeared on the stage in "City Chap," "Gay Paree," "Manhattens," and Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights." A European tour followed, during which he met the Prince of Wales and taught him the Charleston.

George's screen career, which began in April, 1931, boasts of such pictures as "Quick Millions," "Hush Money," "Palmy Days," "Dancers in the Dark," and "Scarface." He was recently given a long-term contract by Paramount.

George was married to a nurse in a New York dentist's office. She once gave him a bracelet inscribed "To My Gigolo."

**JACK LONG, OAK GROVE, MO.**—Bebe Daniels is spending her time caring for little Barbara Bebe. Her Warner contract still calls for two more pictures. Bette Davis was born in Lowell, Mass., on April 5, 1908. Her real name is Ruth Elizabeth Davis, but when she started to school she wanted to be called Betty. When teacher passed out the enrollment cards, the young miss wrote her name B-e-t-t-e because she thought that was the correct way to spell Betty. Her parents didn't want to hurt her feelings so they let the spelling stand.

**JANE ROBERTSON, OAK PARK, ILL.**—Yes, Jane, occasionally doubles are used in pictures. That is, when the stunts are too dangerous for the stars to do. Alfredo Codona, the famous circus acrobat, did the aerial tricks for Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." Gloria Swanson did her own warbling in "Tonight or Never." No danger in that, except to masculine hearts! Gloria was born on March 27, 1898. She is 5 feet, one-half inch tall, and weighs 112.

**HELEN FOSTER, SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.**—Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were first wed on August 16, 1931, in New York State. This marriage wasn't legal in California because Gloria hadn't received her final decree of divorce from the Marquis. However, the decree came through on November 8, and the following day Gloria and Michael went to Yuma, Ariz., and had the knot retied.

**ALICE HOUSTON, HOUSTON, TEX.**—Is the town named after you, or are you named after the town? Jed Prouty is a native of Boston, Mass. Sorry, but I have no record of Mrs. Prouty's maiden name.

**LIBBY OF EPHRATA, PA.**—Is that a beverage or a new kind of salad? Here's the high-up and low-down on Creighton Chaney. Creighton was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., about 25 years ago. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. The lad was in the steam-fitting business before he decided to forsake his tool-box for a make-up box. Radio Pictures put him under contract, but when they wanted to change his name to Lon Chaney, Jr., he refused, saying that he didn't want to cash in on his father's laurels. But everybody on the lot calls him "Young Chaney."

**A TOBIN FAN, BALTIMORE, MD.**—Your favorite, Genevieve Tobin, was born in New York on November 29, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She appeared on the London stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Entered pictures in July, 1930. Genevieve is still fancy-free, at least so she says. Did you read that story about her in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY? You're not a Tobin fan if you didn't.

**C. STANDEN, PEMBERTON, N. J.**—You're right, as always. Judith Wood did play the rôle of June in "Working Girls," and Dorothy Hall played the rôle of Mac. I always get the blondes mixed up, too.

**MORT P., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**—That arch-villain, Ralf Harold, was born in Pittsburgh Pa., on May 17, 1899. His real name is Ralf Wigger. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 148

pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. Was on the stage for twelve years before he started shooting his way through pictures. He is a likeable chap off-screen, although on the screen he gives you the impression that he wouldn't hesitate at anything.

**BABSEE RAYFORD, VALLEJO, CALIF.**—Warner Baxter was born on March 29, 1891. Will you still admit, Babsee, that you went to school with him? Warner has been married to Winifred Bryson since January 29, 1917. They have no children.

**ISOBEL, VICTORIA, B. C.**—Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City on August 8, 1910. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has dark hair and blue-green eyes. Yes, she's single. She appeared on the stage prior to her movie début. Some of her stage shows were "Crime," "Many a Slip," "The Front Page," and "Bad Girl." Her latest picture is "Merrily We Go to Hell," which may reach the screen under another name. Sylvia's mother was Russian and her father Roumanian.

**ELAINE FROM PASSAIC, N. J.**—The four important players in the picture "Four Devils" were Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton, Nancy Drexel and Barry Norton.

**GLENN WENTZEL, SIOUX FALLS, SO. DAK.**—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Rascomon, Ireland, on May 17, 1911. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Charles O'Sullivan of Saintsbury, Ire. Is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 114 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated in the Sacred Heart Academy in Dublin. Never was on the stage. Entered pictures as leading lady to John McCormack in "Song O' My Heart." Maureen's next picture will be "Strange Interlude," with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. Still single, but they say Jimmie Dunn wants to change all that.

**LILLIAN BLISS, BALTIMORE, MD.**—Lil, I was so scared when you threatened me, that I shook like an earthquake. Leslie Howard has been spending his time on the New York stage appearing in "Animal Kingdom." This play will shortly be made into a movie with Leslie and Ann Harding in the leading rôles. Sorry I can't give out home addresses.



**VIRGINIA MONTGOMERY, AKRON, OHIO.**—I believe I have given Melvyn Douglas' history before, but here it is again. Melvyn was born in Macon, Ga., on April 5, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 182 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. Is married to Helen Gahagen, well-known stage actress. You will probably see Helen in pictures soon, too. Before Melvyn went to Hollywood he played on the stage in "A Free Soul," "Command to Love," and "Tonight or Never." His latest picture is "As You Desire Me," with Garbo.

**EVELYNE CAMPBELL, VERDUN, QUE., CAN.**—In the picture "Hell Divers," Conrad Nagel answered to the name of Duke and John Miljan to the name of Griffin. Grant Withers is a native of Pueblo, Colo., where he was born 27 years ago. He is 6 feet, 3 inches tall and has dark, curly hair and blue eyes. Ramon Navarro hails from Durango, Mexico. He was born there on February 6, 1899. Ramon is seven inches shorter than Grant. Can you figure that out? He has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

**VERNE BANARDE, SEATTLE, WASH.**—Verne, it was Ray Milland who played the rôle of Connie Bennett's wealthy fiancee in "Bought." He also played the rôle of the exiled king in "Ambassador Bill."

**LUCILLE PEIRCE, HOLLYWOODLAND, CALIF.**—Thought you would know all about your favorite because he has been in pictures a long time. Or have you just discovered him? Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, on May 26, 1896. He stands 6 feet, 2 inches, weighs 182 and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Attended the Royal Hungarian University. Was on the stage for fourteen years before he tried pictures. Is married to a non-professional. They have no children.

**MRS. T. H. MCFERRIN, OLD HICKORY, TENN.**—Donald Cook, who was Fedor in "The Mad Genius," is a native of Portland, Ore. He was born there September 26, 1901. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 147 and has dark hair and eyes. He appeared on the stage in "Rebound," "Paris," and "The Rivals." Entered pictures late in 1930. His latest picture is "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

**MAE MONTGOMERY, LAUREL, MD.**—George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, Calif., Sept. 1, 1900. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 176, and has brown hair and brown eyes. Entered pictures in 1924. George served in the Navy during the war. Was light heavyweight champion of the Pacific Fleet. His next picture will be "Mystery Ranch."

**EVELYN BRAUSSARD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.**—Norma Shearer played in both "Let Us Be Gay" and "The Divorcee." In the former picture Rod LaRocque appeared with her, and in the latter Chester Morris.

**DOLLIE HAGAR, LAWTON, OKLA.**—Dollie, your favorite, Peggy Shannon, began her screen career by appearing in Vitaphone shorts, early in 1931. Peggy is a native of Pine Bluff, Ark., where she was born January 10, 1909. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has red hair and green eyes. Her real name is Winona Sammon, and she is married to actor Alan Davis.

**KAY DOUGLASS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**—Kay, of the two actors you mentioned, Kent Douglass spells his name the same as yours, and Melvyn drops one "s" from the last name. Kent's real name is Robert Douglass Montgomery and he hails from Los Angeles, Calif. Melvyn is from Macon, Ga. They are both 6 feet tall and blond. Kent weighs 170 and Melvyn is 12 pounds heavier. Kent has hazel eyes and Melvyn's are blue.

# REVOLTING!

## the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs

**Why do it?**  
use  
**KLEENEX**  
disposable tissues  
and destroy

**T**HE worst job on earth! That's what any woman says about washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Why inflict this repulsive job on yourself, or on anyone else? Use Kleenex, as so many other people now are doing. They started to use this health handkerchief during colds—then found it impossible ever to return to the old, unsanitary way.

Kleenex is made of soft rayon-cellulose in convenient squares, handkerchief size. These disposable tissues are softer than any handkerchief—downy, dainty, gentle, absorbent.

**Costs less than laundering**

If you have been sending washing out, you will find Kleenex a great saving over laundry bills. You can use many tissues for the cost of laundering one handkerchief. And think how pleasant to use each tissue only once—selecting a fresh, clean one every time.

Try some of the other uses, that Kleenex fans have written us about! Kleenex for applying ointments and lotions. Kleenex for the baby. Kleenex for applying cosmetics—and for removing them. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kleenex.

**KLEENEX** disposable TISSUES

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Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

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HAVE YOU TRIED  
**'KERFS?**  
... a formal version of Kleenex... exquisite tissues, smartly bordered... nice enough to appear as "regular" handkerchiefs or tea napkins.

**Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!**



# The Nuttiest Quartette in the World

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

bewildered, will wrestle for his life. Without knowing why. Tug. Pull. Roll. Toss. The cigar still clenched in his teeth. Not a smile. Everything very serious.

Suddenly, Harpo unwraps himself from the wrestling Lubitsch and off he trots. Without a word. While Herr Lubitsch stands in a stunned amazement at what has just happened. Looking after him. Bewildered. Still unable to believe that he had openly participated in a wrestling match. For no reason.

LADY interviewers, no matter how sedate, never look quite the same after a Marx interview. At lunch in the commissary they'll wrap their legs about the interviewer's feet. Lay their ridiculous heads in her unsuspecting lap or decide, as a whole, that what she really needs is a good chiropractic treatment and, before the entire dining-room, proceed to rub the lady's back into a blister. Limping home with bruised ankles, skinned back, torn teddy straps, the lady calmly considers the whole thing, sits herself down on the nearest curb and laughs herself sick.

It's so silly.

They're absolutely unawed by anyone. They have as much fun with a carpenter on the set as with the Duke of Manchester in a palace. And this, of course, to a snobbish Hollywood, is beyond complete understanding.

A high and, ah me, how important executive, immaculate in blue coat and white flannels, came across the lot the other day. Mere writers and directors stepped reverently out of the way.

Then out from their dressing-room stepped the Marxes. Suddenly, as one, they spied the executive. And with no word spoken they were at it. They unbuttoned his coat. Tugged at his belt. Loosened his tie. And with both hands clutching his fast slipping trousers, the executive ran for shelter. While three newspaper reporters lay yowling and kicking in hysterical mirth, on the grass.

Groucho it was who, in New York, approached Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount Pictures, and very politely offered him the use of the upper berth in Groucho's drawing-room.

"Of course," he explained, "you'll be in the way a bit and no end of a nuisance but it will save you a little money and give you a place to sleep."

TO this day Zukor still wonders.

They are the least socially ambitious people imaginable.

They are invited to many swanky parties of the New York 400. If they are sure of an amusing time, they go. If not, regardless of Mrs. Astor-bilt's pearl necklace, they stay at home. And play poker.

'Tis said Groucho (Julius), the wall-eyed professor with the comic mustache, has the quickest, keenest wit of any man in America. It works with a lightning-like speed that leaves one breathless. He's two sentences ahead of anyone. The complete joke is uttered before one ever gets half way to it.

Little as it's suspected, Groucho Marx is shy. He

developed his rapid delivery so that if one joke died a quick and horrible death, he'd have another ready to fill in. He'll omit old jokes in a show and substitute new ones in a flash. There is no half-way station about Groucho. He's either extremely serious, grave or depressed, or extremely mad.

A friend will call on Groucho one night and find him dancing up and down stairs on his hands, and the next night deeply concerned over a coal miner's fate in England or a Chinaman's fate in burning Shanghai.

He's a father with a mother's fierce, maternal love. Groucho adores his Stephen, aged eleven, and his Marion, just four. At gay, hilarious beach parties at Malibu, you'll find Groucho with Stephen, yards up the beach hunting shells by themselves. In the slush and thaw of a spring at Great Neck, New York, they'll come traipsing in from a two-handed ball game, both caked and drenched with slush and mud. But happy. "Don't put Marion to bed for another fifteen minutes," I've heard him phone from the set. And a bit later, "Mama, we were held up again, couldn't she stay up a little longer? I want to say goodnight."

Apart from Stephen, from mama, from Marion, is the other Groucho who recently gave a birthday party to his dad and placed a pistol beside each of his brother's places and came in wearing a gun and holster. All prepared for a family fight!

Chico (Leo) who performs on a piano as no self-respecting piano was ever performed on before, is the oldest, and business manager. He it is who negotiates contracts and walks out on twelve-thousand-dollar-a-week offers with the nonchalance of a man turning down two dollars a month. His little daughter, Maxine, adores her daddy, laughs at all his jokes, and thinks he's much funnier than her uncles.

"On the set at nine, Chico," the director

said recently. "Oh, I can't," Chico replied. "Why not?" the surprised director asked. "Oh, I'll be oversleeping tomorrow," he shrugged and strolled off.

If one is late on the set, the others rag him unmercifully.

They criticise one another's work while the director looks helplessly on. "More action here, Chico," Groucho will say. "More pep." And Chico does it again. With more pep.

Harpo (Arthur), the dumb one with the floor-mop wig, inherited the love of the harp in grandpa's covered wagon. Harpo, with his utter simplicity and lack of pretense, is the pet of the New York intelligentsia. A close friend of Alexander Woollcott. A man whom even Bernard Shaw traveled to see in London. And laughed uproariously when Harpo sprang out of his swimming pool, to greet him, entirely in the nude. The only bachelor, he lives at the beach with a cook and man servant. Thrust by his mother onto a stage in an ill-fitting yachting suit and exactly two and one half minutes notice, with nothing to say, so he said it. And has remained dumb ever since. And spends most of his time, on and off the screen, chasing blondes.

Harpo is an authority on bridge, backgammon and badminton. He will bet on anything.

SO well does a certain New York producer think of Harpo's talent, he recently offered him a serious play of a Theater Guild quality, that even John Barrymore would have leaped at. Instead, Harpo went swimming.

He may look dumb, and act dumb. But you ask someone sometime.

Zeppo (Herbert), the good-looking youngest one, is the least understood. Next to Harpo. Forced by necessity of plot, to be just a handsome juvenile, few know that Zeppo has, next to Groucho, the keenest, quickest wit of any ten thousand men.

Young, handsome, married, Zeppo it is who goes in for swankiness. Rolls-Royces and town houses. While the others live in extreme modesty. He plays the piano, the saxophone and a swell game of bridge.

Many a radio contract as a "crooner" has young Zeppo Marx turned down. His voice is astonishing.

And it's noticeable, too, that at a gathering it's Zeppo at whom they laugh most. His quick wit surprising those who expect this Zeppo to be as unfunny off the screen as on.

THEIR father, seventy years old, who looks fifty and acts thirty, calls them all "darling." He'll visit his darlings on the set.

In snappy spats. Cane. Boutonniere.

The boys call him "Frenchy." Occasionally the boys would take Frenchy with them to view the day's rushes. But Frenchy immediately went into such hysterics at his darlings' antics, that one of the darlings had to lead him out. So he doesn't go any more.

On the last trip out to California, the engineer, conductor and numerous passengers



"Don't forget, Margie, we have a date tonight"



alighted from the train, complete nervous wrecks. With Harry Ruby, who writes shows, and insists upon wearing a baseball cap and playing ball, they alighted at every station and immediately began playing ball. The engineer would whistle, their wives would plead, the conductor would beg, and still they played. Running bases. Striking out. Until the train finally pulled out. Then it was a chase and a scramble to get on. At Albuquerque, the word of the four Marxes' arrival had gone ahead. Even Indians, by the hundreds, had gathered. Chico stood on the back platform and made the address. In broken Italian. While old Indian squaws looked at Indian chiefs, in puzzlement.

Zeppo accidentally dropped a glove and there was an immediate scramble for it, so he tossed off the other one as the train pulled out. Immediately, Chico seized the bell cord, stopped the train, ran back to his berth, grabbed out a suitcase, scattered pajamas, socks, handkerchiefs until he found what he wanted. Then back through the coaches he tore and with a flourish threw out his gloves.

**A** WEALTHY young friend on the train had arranged for his plane to meet him at Indio, Calif., and he invited the four Marxes to fly on to Hollywood with him.

The studio, all dressed up and ready to meet the train at four o'clock, received their first wire at one-thirty. "The Marx Brothers arrive at four p.m." At two o'clock came, "The Marx Brothers will arrive by plane." At two-thirty, "The Marx Brothers will arrive by train." At three o'clock, "The Marx Brothers won't arrive by train." And at three-fifteen, "I doubt if the Marx Brothers ever arrive."

Deciding to accept the friend's generous offer to go by plane, they left the train at Indio.

Then it was found the combined weight of the Marxes with the plane owner and the pilot was too much for the plane. So without a moment's hesitation, the Marxes calmly removed the owner of the plane and waving farewell to an astonished friend on a large and sandy desert, they flew away.

Halfway there, they discovered they had forgotten to eat lunch, so forcing the pilot to return they alighted for lunch and a bit of baseball.

**A**ND after the train had arrived in Los Angeles the Marx Brothers flew into sight at Clover Field. Exactly two hours and forty-five minutes behind the train.

A Marx Brothers conference is something that defies description. Writers, gag men, Marxes, supervisors, director and producers assemble themselves to discuss the story. The supervisor holds the script. "Who thought up this line?" he asks. And maybe he had never heard it before but up will go Groucho's hand. "And this one?" Up goes the hand. "This one?" And up it goes until long after he's through asking and has launched into a discourse, Groucho's hand keeps bobbing up until the supervisor looks helplessly around and gives up.

Harpo, who carries about a miniature harp for practice, will suddenly pull out the harp and begin to practice. Suddenly, for no reason, Groucho and Chico are wrestling about on the floor. Zeppo, as referee, hops about. Zipping off a writer's shirttail for a towel. Harpo plays on.

Now the boys are out of their corners and at it again. The supervisor sits in a corner, wiping huge beads of perspiration from his brow. He glances around wildly. Harpo plays on.

"Now here, fellows," a writer screams above the din, "let's get this straight. We've got all the entrances fixed but what about the exits?"

"Oh, exits?" the four Marxes yell and grabbing up harps and themselves from the floor, they dash for the door. "Well," they say, "speaking of exits."

And the four, mad Marx Brothers exit.

Maybe you think you can't use soap on your face — but read what Science says about that!

# THE HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST



proves that Woodbury's brings loveliness to the most sensitive skin!

Of 612 women entering a Beauty Clinic, many thought their complexions too sensitive for soap.

In the Clinic, each of these women cared for one side of her face with creams alone . . . but the other side she washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In a week, that "sensitiveness" disappeared on the Woodbury side. In 30 days, the Woodbury cheeks were smoother, firmer, clearer, brighter.

If you think you can't use soap on your skin, make this "Half-face Test." Keep on coddling one cheek. Wash the other cheek daily with Woodbury's. In a month, the Woodbury side will lose that sensitiveness, that dull, flabby droop.

Your skin needs creams, too. But, first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's keeps the skin *new* looking, transparently clear, colorful, and *firm*. And, by keeping pores free of impurities, Woodbury's improves skin texture.

Woodbury's is much more than an ordinary toilet soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. Begin today to use it on YOUR skin. At drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

### Facts about nation-wide "Half-face Test"

- . . . conducted by 15 dermatologists in 14 cities\*
- . . . 612 women registered as patients for 30 days
- . . . each woman cared for left side of face by own method
- . . . washed right side of face with Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- . . . doctors recorded greater improvement on Woodbury side in 81 cases of dry skin, 115 cases of oily skin, 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of large pores, 106 cases of pimples.

\*Names on file with this magazine.

### COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 819 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

- Oily Skin  Coarse Pores  Blackheads
- Dry Skin  Wrinkles  Sallow Skin
- Flabby Skin  Pimples

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



TUNE IN on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leon Belasco and orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

A DIRECTOR was watching scenes of a certain famous star—and we'll bet you can guess who. "Just look at her," he mused, "working herself up to a great state of calm."

FOR months, PROTOPLAY has ignored rumors that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are not altogether happy. We felt that those kids would patch up whatever difficulties they were in. And maybe they will yet.

On another page of this magazine there's an amazing story about the Crawford girl. You'll know her a lot better when you read it.

"LIKE father, like son," a traffic cop remarked the other day as he handed Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a ticket.

"How's that?" Doug asked.

"Well, it's not so long ago I handed your father one," the cop replied, "only he was going faster than you, son."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER'S New York visit is the main topic of Broadway conversation. Johnny appeared everywhere—from smart Park Avenue to the lower East Side—hatless and coatless, and often he wore one of the famous Clark Gable turtle-neck sweaters.

And that sort of thing just isn't done in New York—except by a Weissmuller, who can get away with anything. His visits to the M-G-M offices were Roman holidays and not once did he walk properly to the swinging gate and have himself announced. No sir, he just jumped over the railing with that wild Tarzan cry and everybody knew he had arrived.

ONCE when he was doing his swimming stunts in a theater tank his act seemed to be unusually long, for even after the master of ceremonies had run out of dialogue—which it takes a long time for a master of ceremonies to do—Johnny was still kicking away in the water.

A friend of his asked him later why he did it. "You dragged it out too long. Everybody was bored," the friend complained.

Johnny hung his head, "Gee, I'm sorry. You see, I was just taking my workout."

HE'S a simple, unassuming lad—this boy about whom all the girls are raving. He attended a theatrical performance where celebrities were being introduced from among the audience. By some oversight Johnny wasn't called for. And he was the only one who did not notice the slight, but sat there applauding wildly for each celeb. And Johnny was the most important among them.

He is still just a swimmer and can't realize that he is a star!

HERE'S how Mrs. Chico Marx explains her famous husband's accident that sent him to the hospital for several weeks.

"You see, it was this way. Chico was driving along, looking in shop windows and driving through stop signals and just tending to his own business, when another man drove right into his car. Imagine."

NANCY CARROLL was off salary for three weeks while she made up her mind whether to continue at the old figure—and Nancy's figure is pretty good any way you take it—or sever relationships. And Gary Cooper didn't want to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead because he thought the rôle didn't suit him.

THEN came rumors that Joan Blondell was kicking over a few traces and demanding more money. It wasn't money but rest that Joan wanted. She made fifteen pictures during her first year in Hollywood and she fears a nervous breakdown (remember that poor Mae Clarke is still in the hospital) unless she has a breathing spell between assignments. She's going to get it, too.

WE'RE not through with the rebels yet. Marian Marsh and Evalyn Knapp have severed studio connections.



Drawn by Van Arsdale

How can you say this new Johnny Weissmuller has more sex appeal than Clark Gable?



When Marian was chosen for the rôle of *Trilby* in "Svengali," everybody said she was swell and she was made a star at once. But stars—real ones—aren't made that way. The studio saw its mistake, took away her star billing and began to build her up in small rôles, but every time she was offered one of the smaller parts, she claimed that she was ill and couldn't take it. So she asked for her release and got it.

Evalyn Knapp wasn't satisfied with her parts, either, so she quit.

**B**UT in all this mad mix-up—you can see what a state Hollywood is in—there is one old stand-by, one ray of hope.

Dick Barthelmess made the most startling gesture of all when he walked into the boss' office and said, voluntarily and without the subject being mentioned to him, "I'm ready to take a cut. I'll do three pictures for the price of two."

And that was just after his starring picture, "Alias the Doctor," cleaned up at the box-office.

Of course, high-powered smelling salts were brought for Dick's boss, who may have recovered by the time you read this.

Here's Dick's reason for his amazing statement. He knows world conditions and he says he'd rather work for less than to find himself minus a job later.

Dick is a rich man and he happens to like pictures.

**ONE OF PHOTOPLAY'S** readers who is a lot smarter than your friend Cal wrote in to tell us about an amazing inaccuracy in "Arsene Lupin."

We saw that picture and thought it was swell, but what we didn't know is that the Mona Lisa could never have been stolen by being rolled and put into an umbrella, as it was in the picture, for the very simple reason that the Mona Lisa is painted on wood!

Shame, shame, research department!

**W**HEN Sally Eilers was in New York she was mad that bad old newspaper people kept asking her if the squabble that she and Hoot had before she arrived—which PHOTOPLAY reported last month—would mean a separation.

Sally even denied the squabble and told lovely stories about how proud Hoot was of her and her new success.

Then she returned to Hollywood and the blow-up came. There's probably a lot to be said for both sides.

While Sally, recovering from a slight automobile accident, stayed at Bebe Daniels' house, friends tried to patch everything up, but repeated conferences between Sally and Hoot have left them both at an *impasse*, so far.

**I**F you happen to drop into the Beverly Hills Brown Derby restaurant, you'll see—almost any lunch hour—as sweet a sight as there is in Hollywood—Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable being ultra lovey-dovey and trying to pretend that not even the smallest cloud had ever marred the blue sky of their marital bliss.

When Mrs. Clark went to New York there were no definite plans for her return and there had been serious discussions with lawyers. But that's all over for the time being and everything is, as we used to say in the gay nineties, hotsy-totsy.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]

# She's even lovelier today



The above photograph of Estelle Taylor, taken on December 30, 1926, reveals a lovely young woman. But the girl above can't compare with the magnetic Miss Taylor of today, whose alluring beauty has a haunting quality.



**AND WHY?** It's not only because she takes care of her appearance, but because she knows how to. She has carefully analyzed in just what way cosmetics enhance and accent her beauty. And she insists on those cosmetics that she has found most successful in bringing out her loveliness.

She knows, for instance, the real reason for using powder. It is to give a smooth even finish to the skin, without hiding

the beautiful transparent texture of the natural flesh. Hours of grooming, of keeping the skin clean and soft and healthy, are wasted if the skin texture is coated with a thick dull mask.

Pompeian has met all the tests of a perfect powder. It does not coat the skin. It clings for hours. It gives a soft fine-textured finish. It is developed in tones that enhance the natural colorings. Flesh for the very light skin, Naturelle (nude) for the blonde with a fair complexion, Rachel for the brunette with a fair skin. Peach for the blonde with a warm skin tone, and Dark Rachel, a warm rich tone for the brunette with a dark skin. You'll love the delicious fragrance and the smart convenient box. Pay more for your face powder if you will, but you can't purchase better powder than Pompeian. The Pompeian Creams, Lipsticks and Rouges are equally high in quality and low in price.



**SIXTY CENTS THE BOX**  
PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93 ]

THE state of Hollywood's heart:

Joan Bennett and new hubby Gene Markey had a little spat, but they've kissed and made up now.

Gilbert Roland takes Loretta Young out this month.

ZaSu Pitts, recently divorced from Tom Gallery, is seen places with Ed Woodall, tennis pro. Tom still squires Madge Evans around.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor are still "good friends."

Irene Rich's ex-husband, David Blankenhorn, is rushing Minna Gombell.

Joan Blondell and cameraman George Barnes still very, very much that way.

Norma Talmadge hasn't gotten her divorce yet.

But Helene Costello and Lowell Sherman have.

Ian Keith and Baroness Fern Andra are "betrothed."

Florinne McKinney, a Texas newcomer, didn't take long to find a boy friend. He's an agent, Nat Goldstone.

Gloria Shea goes to all the smart spots with millionaire B. Toplitzky

And

Miriam Hopkins adopted a baby boy in Chicago.

June Collyer and Stu Erwin don't have to do any adopting. They'll have one of their own before long.

THE divorce proceedings between Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, sister of Dolores Costello (Mrs. John Barrymore), threatened to be sensational, but after a little family linen was washed in the open court, the attorneys got together and decided that it wouldn't do anybody any good to continue and it was brought to a more or less peaceful conclusion. For some years, Dolores and Helene saw very little of each other or of their famous dad, Maurice Costello, the veteran idol of the old Vitagraph days.

Their husbands were not at all friendly, but now that Helene is separated from Lowell the girls are inseparable.

IT happened in a Hollywood beauty shop.

Said a masculine voice from one of the booths, "You must attain a certain hardness, a boldness."

And while the customers wondered at this strange beauty doctrine, a hairdresser parted the curtains to discover Joan Crawford and director Lewis Milestone deep in a discussion about Joan's part of *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain."

IT was not much of a surprise that the comedy partnership of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey went on the rocks.

Bert felt that Robert was getting the best of a deal the pair were making for a Columbia picture and expressed his resentment by taking a train East. He and Dorothy Lee, the flip little girl who played in many of the Wheeler-Woolsey pictures, will try to knock 'em dead in personal appearances.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is being little Goody Two-Shoes these days and the boys from the M-G-M, Pathe and First National publicity departments listen in pop-eyed wonder while the Radio Pictures press agents tell how Connie is as pleasant as an insurance agent and will go to any trouble to pose for publicity stills. If you remember the Connie of the days before this startling metamorphosis came about you'll realize just how Our Lady of Distinction has changed.

There's a pretty cute reason for it, too. Seems that the big bosses of Radio Pictures decided that temperament was too expensive and they did a little law laying-down for Connie's benefit. The gist of it was that Connie would do what she was told—or else. Connie decided that it wouldn't be "or else."

## \$500 Treasure Hunt Ends and Begins!

Next month the hearts of thirty-three persons will redouble their beats, for the names of the winners in PHOTOPLAY's \$500 Treasure Hunt Contest will be published. Checks will be mailed simultaneously with the announcement of the 33 winners.



Now here's more good news: In the August issue will start another \$500 Treasure Hunt. The same sort of absorbing brain stimulator that brought thousands upon thousands of responses in the contest just closed.

Come on in. It's lots of fun, and besides couldn't you use right now a generous helping of that \$500?

In the August PHOTOPLAY on all newsstands July 15



**YOU** wouldn't feel you had really read Cal York's department unless there was an item about that unusual pair, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. This month they are again denying their divorce and yet moving into separate houses.

And Claudette rhapsodizes like this: "Think of all the excitement it is to go away for a week-end together, when we're not fed up with seeing each other every day." She adds, wisely, that she wouldn't advise this arrangement for all married folks but that it works for her and Norman. So Norm lives in one house and Claudette and her mother in another, just as they have been doing ever since their marriage several years ago.

**OFF-SCREEN** moment: Marlene Dietrich was walking across the lot. A friend called her attention to a run in the Dietrich stocking.

Marlene thanked him most politely, calmly removed the stocking, replaced the slipper and went happily away with the stocking in her hand.

**ODD** bits:

So much has been printed about Connie Bennett's salary that folks want to know what baby sister Joan gets. Answer—\$30,000 a picture and four a year.

Janet Gaynor, who never went in for sports, is taking tennis lessons with her mother.

Polly Moran has been made an honorary policewoman of Los Angeles.

Joan Blondell has gone back to her natural brown hair.

Freddie March's secretary is his wife's brother, who has scenario writing ambitions.

Rose Marie Lytton, Chicago heiress, worked for a month as a set dresser just for the fun of it. Her socially prominent family didn't know about it.

**THE** English translation of Agua Caliente, Hollywood's favorite Mexican resort, is "Hot Water."

Betty Gillette, recently signed by Warner Brothers, is a real society girl.

Sylvia Sidney hates the color red but she bought one red dress simply because everyone insisted that it would be becoming to her.

Cecil De Mille is going to make another picture.

Jetta Goudal, supposedly on a diet, ate five desserts at the Brown Derby in one sitting.

Lyle Talbot, a new lad, swears that his real name is Lyle Hollywood but because nobody thought it belonged to him he had to change it.

**IRENE DUNNE** and John Boles were chosen for "Back Street" because they could sing. Now that the picture is finished there is no singing in it.

Creighton Chaney, Lon's son, has had his hair permanently waved for a picture.

Richard Dix just paid \$250 for a very fine Scotty dog.

Clara Bow is writing poetry.

Hollywood now has a Screen Guild, like the New York Theatre Guild. Super-worthy stories will be filmed on a cooperative plan.

Douglass Montgomery, who didn't like Hollywood when they changed his name to Kent Douglass, is back in town—but he's on the stage, not in pictures.

When Hollywood ushers click their heels for Ivan Lebedeff he clicks right back.

And did you know about the West Side Riding and Asthma Club of which Groucho Marx is president—the zany?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]

**LEISURELY** blending creates  
*this marvelous FLAVOR!*



**T**HE exquisite taste...the flavor of this fine old ginger ale takes months of careful blending to achieve. The choicest of ingredients are *AGED 6 MONTHS* to ripen and mature *before* the blend is sweetened and combined with bubbling Clicquot water. This simple secret of mellower flavor belongs to Clicquot Club alone—the reason for its high favor among those who know good things. Six months is a long time to take for perfect blending, but you'll find the result is worth it.



On the air! Eskimo Night Club

NBC network every Friday P.M.

**That EXTRA Something:** *Finest of real fruit flavorings. True Jamaica ginger root. Mellowed and ripened by Time. Pure Cuban cane sugar. Famous Clicquot water, sparkling and crystal-clear. Bottled in brand-new bottles.*

**CLICQUOT CLUB**  
**GINGER ALE**

*Three delicious blends*



**PALE DRY · GOLDEN · SEC**



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95 ]



Wide World

Here is the very first picture ever snapped of Michele Bridget Farmer. And does she look like her mama or her papa? Gloria Swanson didn't want to have her baby daughter's picture taken, so the photographer just clicked his camera and ran. Hollywood is anxiously waiting for a look at the baby, but Gloria and the proud father, Michael Farmer, are still in London, where Michele was born and where Gloria plans to make a picture

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Clyde C. Burgert, of Kansas City, Missouri, built themselves a modest home and garage there was one thing lacking—a car. Because of the expense of rearing their three children they felt it would be an unwise investment. But on the night of April 30 a brand new Rockne Coupe was driven up to their home and formally presented to the delighted couple. Lotti Loder, of Fred Stone's "Smiling Faces" company, playing a local theater, made the presentation.

Here is the secret: Mrs. Burgert had submitted an entry in PHOTOPLAY Magazine's weekly radio prize contest and she had won the automobile as first prize for the night of April 16.

Now if the Burgert garage is vacant it is only because the family is running up a lot of mileage.

**T**RUST Tallulah Bankhead to solve that dentist problem.

When she knows she has to spend an hour with a molar expert she takes her portable gramophone—as Talloo calls it—with her and her maid changes records constantly to drown out the sound of the grinding drill.

WHILE stars demand more money and writers, begging for a two-minute conference, cool their heels, if not their heads, outside the office of Irving Thalberg, there is a certain lad who is never refused admittance nor required to wait a single moment. Young fellow, he is, too—just two years old.

I'll bet you've guessed, smarty! Yessir, little Irving Jr., comes to the studio almost every day with Mama Norma Shearer just to see that everything is hunky-dory on the M-G-M lot. And he is the friendliest and best liked person who ever visited a studio.

WHEN Richard Dix registered at the Ambassador Hotel incognito and alone, eighteen reporters besieged him, "Ah-ha, so you've separated from your wife," they accused.

Dix explained that Winifred was in San Francisco visiting her parents.

"O.K. but why aren't you staying at your apartment or your ranch house?" they persisted.

Rich stammered some excuse. He didn't want to tell them the reason, for he was afraid they'd think him a softy. The real reason? Simply this—that the sight of his wife's clothes and little personal belongings around the house made him so lonesome he couldn't stand it, so he sneaked away to a hotel room where there wouldn't be any reminders of her. And she was only going to be away for a couple of weeks! From where I sit, I'd diagnose the trouble as a case of real love.

AT one million bridge parties, teas and cocktail parties women are asking each other, "Who is Ann Harding in love with?"

And if that lingering, tearful kiss she gave her husband—ex-husband he was then—immediately after she got her divorce from him in Reno is any indication, the answer is—Harry Bannister. You simply can't convince the Hollywood folks that there is any other man in Ann Harding's scheme of things.

Once "Hollywood's happiest woman," she is now its saddest and besides that, she's a pretty sick girl. Her new picture, "Westward Passage," was almost entirely re-made—with director E. H. Griffith at the megaphone. You'll recall that there were long and bitter quarrels between Ann and Griffith during the making of "Holiday" and both swore that they would never again work together.

Immediately after the new version was finished, Ann hopped off to Reno—and the romance between her and Harry was finished by a judge.

I WONDER if Ann saw an item in Louis Sobol's column which told of the opening of Ann's first big stage success, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Bannister, himself an important stage star, stood at the back of the theater and his lips moved with Ann's as she read her lines, for he knew every word of her part. And when the curtain fell on the last act, Harry's friends crowded around him to congratulate him on his wife's new-found success.

I guess you don't need me to point out the irony of that to you!

BUT while Ann was fainting on the set, Harry was putting himself into fine condition in Reno, arising at seven-thirty, taking regular boxer's road work with Kid Herman, training in the gymnasium and going to bed at nine. He's back in Hollywood now, waiting for a motion picture or theatrical offer.

THEY were making out-door scenes for "Hell Divers" in San Diego and over half the townfolk had gathered to watch Clark Gable and Wally Beery emote.



Acme

Just a bunch of the folks whooping it up at the opening of "Grand Hotel" in Hollywood. Do you recognize two sets of newlyweds—Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey and the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise? Sisters Joan and Connie Bennett are often seen with their husbands in a gay foursome like this. And note Hank's adoring gaze, as he looks at Connie



FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT FITTING JANTZEN

Suddenly, Wally held up his hand. "Hey folks, just a moment. I want to introduce Mr. What-a-Man Gable!"

The only thing that saved Beery's life was the fact that he is bigger and stronger than Gable.

For to be called a sheik or to be compared to Rudolph Valentino is what makes Clark mad.

You can tell him—and right to his face, too—that he has big ears; you can say he is a rotten actor—and he grins and bears it.

But even to imply that he's the answer to a maiden's prayer makes him just plain sore!

AND that's why that old gag puller Beery dotes on doing just that. Once, on the set, Clark was surrounded by a bunch of feminine extras.

It wasn't his fault. Women just naturally gravitate to him.

Suddenly, through the loud speakers, boomed a voice, "Mrs. Clark Gable on the telephone for Mr. Gable."

She wasn't at all. Wally Beery had simply paid a visit to the sound mixer and had pulled the stunt just to show the girls that the sheik was already shackled.

Wally isn't the only one who kids Clark like this.

Whenever anyone wants to get the Gable goat that's the way to do it.

ELEGANT noses sniffed as the gusty smell of liver and bacon and onions was wafted down the corridors of dressing room row on the Radio Pictures lot. Blood hounds—and a couple of hungry writers—were put on the scent only to discover that the aroma emanated from the luxurious dressing rooms of the equally luxurious Connie Bennett. But nobody was invited in for luncheon.

Connie was simply having one of her favorite dishes.

I WONDER if Elissa Landi realizes how many people in Hollywood smile when her name is mentioned. It's because they consider her pet peeve—the talk about her royal background—really funny.

You see, Elissa had considered the true story that she is the granddaughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, was hers to tell when she wanted to. She wasn't ready to tell it when PHOTOPLAY got the scoop and printed it.

Was she burned?

Shortly afterwards, another publication denied the story.

Folks thought Elissa's blood pressure couldn't go any higher, but it did.

She was so angry at having her royal ancestry denied that she fumed for days.

WHEN Karen Morley was working in "Inspiration" no one could have been nicer to her than Garbo was. She went out of her way to help the little newcomer with her first picture and even joked with her on the set.

But everything was different in "Mata Hari." It was as if Garbo and Karen had never met—so aloof was the great star. She did not bother even to speak to her except once when Karen's bracelet would not clasp. "Can't you fix it?" Garbo asked and then, with her own hands, snapped it together.

And what caused the difference only Garbo knows.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



Worn by  
Marian Marsh  
Warner Bros.-  
First National  
Pictures



## THE NEW Jantzen Sun-Basque

Smart Brittany stripes fulfill the dictates of the Continental vogue—flaring trunks with slenderizing pin-tuck design add chic, grace and beauty—the new necklace Shouldaire tie provides for an even coat of shoulder tan with perfect modesty. For all its two-piece appearance the Sun-Basque is a one-piece suit with complete swimming freedom and the smooth, perfect fit of all Jantzens. Jantzen quality is the highest and prices lowest in Jantzen history. You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on the label of every genuine Jantzen. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.



The suit that put  
style in swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 52), Portland, Oregon

Please send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1932 models. Women's  Men's

Name

Address

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 ]



Wide World

When Mary Pickford hurried back from New York to meet Douglas Fairbanks upon his return from the South Seas, she was greeted at the train by (left) scenario writer Frances Marion and the Countess di Frasso. The Countess, you will recall, was a member of Gary Cooper's party in Africa and is now going to all the very smartest Hollywood parties with Gary

IN the last few scenes of "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer and Clark Gable play the rôles of very old people.

Make-up took care of facial characteristics, but besides looking old, Norma and Clark had to act old.

And they didn't dare get out of character. Their shoulders drooped; their voices were cracked.

When the two weeks shooting was over they both bounded off the set like a couple of air-dales let loose from a city apartment. Screaming and shouting—they lept into the commissary and ordered round after round of drippy ice cream sodas.

"Aw, be your age!" somebody mumbled.

"That's exactly what we're doing for a change," Norma retorted.

WHEN Gary Cooper arrived in Hollywood eyes popped like champagne bottles, jaws fell heavily upon chests.

It looked like Gary—a very well fed, healthy Gary—but the clothes! Derby hat, English muffler, Bond Street suits.

And perched upon his shoulder was Toluca, a full grown chimpanzee.

And then the Cooper boy began looking for a home. Apartment house landlords took a look at Toluca and explained that there wasn't a vacancy. So Gary moved to the Roosevelt Hotel. But he soon noticed that Toluca seemed unhappy.

And Gary decided the poor chimp was lonely. He's sent for another little monkey to keep Toluca company. And how he's going to house that family nobody knows.

When I say "family" that's what I mean. Gary plans to have the monks fed from his own table.



Wide World

Herr and Frau Rudolph Sieber at a recent Hollywood opening, and Rudi all dressed up in top hat, looking proud of his glamorous wife, Marlene Dietrich. Oh yes, the ubiquitous Herr Josef Von Sternberg was along



# A LUCKY CHANGE FOR HER

by *Timmins*

EVERY month Seymour tells you about the new fads that the girls out Hollywood way are starting. And old Cal doesn't think it's fair that the boys never get a break. Those stalwart heroes you see on the screen often do a little fad starting.

Now Bob Montgomery has gone in for an all-white vogue (am I telling it right, Seymour?). When Bob plays polo he wears white breeches and shirt, and even white puttees. Honest to Betsy! Around the studio he appears in white flannel suits without a single touch of color. And all the girls think he looks swell.

BUSTER KEATON bought a bird dog (not, however, the kind that catches the gay birds of Hollywood) and promptly lost it.

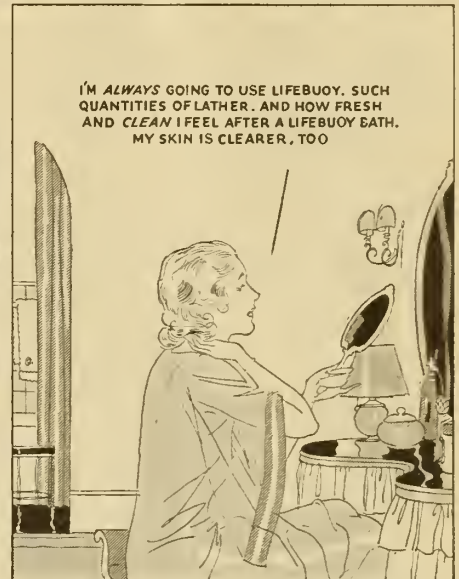
One evening Wally Beery arrived home and found the pup capering about the lawn. That night he heard Buster announce over the radio that there would be a twenty-five dollar reward for the dog's return.

Wally called Buster, "Bring me a check made out to the Motion Picture Relief fund and you can have your dog." And Buster did.

ON Hollywood Boulevard, a famous platinum blonde, now turned red-head, hurries by in sleek black satin. Dozens of eyes turn to catch a glimpse of Jean Harlow. Rod LaRocque, behind dark glasses, swings by, still remembered by the fans. Chevalier, in white cap and white sweater, enters Henry's surrounded by a gaping crowd of tourists.

Groucho Marx, fake moustache and all, swings into Levy's. And fans in passing cars hang over the edges, to get a look. Colleen Moore, hurries into the side entrance of the El Capitan Theater, and all the customers from the French Bootery come flying out to peek.

But the little brown-haired, grey-eyed woman who strolls quietly down the most famous of all streets, never draws a glance. She is only Maude Adams!



## BIG MONEY

Awaits Readers of  
PHOTOPLAY

Next month will start the annual

## Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

and another fascinating

## Treasure Hunt

August PHOTOPLAY

out July 15

for sale at all newsstands



**Find out  
HOW  
your Laxative  
works**

When it is so easy to get a laxative that is safe, as well as effective, there is no excuse for risking health with the wrong kind. The *wrong* kind is a serious threat to your health!

So before you take any laxative, ask this one question: "How does it work?"

Many wrong laxatives employ violence. They leave the system weakened. They disregard the delicate peristaltic action of the intestinal muscles.

**Gentle help is what you need**

The right laxative employs Nature's way. Gently yet effectively, it gets results without harmful after-effects. When bowel muscles are temporarily delayed, the right laxative gives these muscles just a gentle nudge, and Nature is back on the job.

Such a laxative is Ex-Lax.

The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein, a laxative widely known to doctors. Deliciously chocolated, this scientific laxative ingredient is offered in its most attractive form.

Before approving any laxative, the doctor wants to know all about it. It should not gripe. It should not rush food through the stomach. It should not disturb digestion. It should not over-stimulate the delicate intestinal muscles. And it should not be habit-forming.

**Doctors approve the Ex-Lax way**

Ex-Lax checks on every point to the doctor's complete satisfaction. Thus doctors everywhere approve the Ex-Lax way.

It's the *way* Ex-Lax works—rather than mere "results"—that will win you. Children like Ex-Lax as well as grown-ups.

Get Ex-Lax today, at your drug store. 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
—the safe laxative  
that tastes like chocolate

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170 A-72  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

JACKIE COOPER was on location and between scenes he spent his time fishing. Day after day the fish ignored him as successfully as two "best dressed women in Hollywood" ignore each other. Came time for the big scene in "When a Feller Needs a Friend."

"All ready, Jackie," the assistant director called. Just then Jackie had a nibble.

So the shooting schedule had to be re-arranged and Jackie's scenes saved until later, while Jackie landed a couple of oversized minnows.

"AREN'T you thrilled to have played with both the Barrymores in 'Arsene Lupin'?" a scenario writer asked Karen Morley.

"Theoretically, yes," Karen answered. "But practically, no. Lionel is always asleep and John is always telling you how to do your scenes."

"OH, to get away from it all," has been the cry of many Hollywood stars. "This being stared at from every table at luncheon is getting on my nerves. Oh, for a quiet place to eat, away from my clamoring public."

So Eddie Brandstatter, proprietor of the famous Hollywood Montmartre, heard the cry and at the request of dozens of stars, opened the exclusive Embassy club where no outsiders were permitted. So the stars had what they wanted, only to find they didn't want it after all.

It became pretty monotonous seeing the same faces every day, and one did miss the eagerness of the fans. So they flocked in a body to the Brown Derby where tourists and fans gather in droves and the Embassy has very quietly folded its hands and given up the ghost.

What's the fun of being a movie star if you aren't looked at?

AND now it's the inside stuff of Hollywood cycle with Connie Bennett in "What Price Hollywood," Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy," Universal's "Once in a Lifetime," and Genevieve Tobin in "Hollywood Speaks."

But don't let the movie boys kid you—there will still be plenty of inside stuff left to tell.

AUTOGRAPH selling is Hollywood's newest racket. At a recent premiere all the stars stopped to sign their names for a little old lady who humbly held out her book.

After the Kleig lights were extinguished and the last star had arrived, the meek little lady toddled off and sold the book of autographs to two waiting racketeers, who in turn re-sold it for a fancy price.

Four such autograph hounds lay in wait in the shrubbery of Garbo's home one night. As her car turned in the driveway, the men leaped on the running board. The driver, thinking it



Clarence Sinclair Bull

No, inquiring reader, that isn't Joan Marsh's bare foot. Her five toes are all done up in a silk stocking, à la Japanese mode, the idea being that the toes show through when these smart Grecian sandals are worn





Elmer Fryer

What will these smart Hollywood girls do next? Now it's the all cellophane hat, intricately woven to look like straw, but having a much greater luster. Ruth Hall shows what a swell idea it is. You could make it yourself if you are nimble-fingered. Try it

**\*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!



**NOTED LABORATORY FINDS WAY TO END "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**  
 You can never be certain that you are not one of the 10 million people in America today who are victims of "Athlete's Foot" infection—an unpleasant, annoying form of ringworm. If you discover any one of these symptoms, don't wait for complications. Follow the advice of authorities and douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet twice daily. For it was proved by a laboratory in New York City that Absorbine Jr. kills the germ.

**CRUSADE AGAINST ATHLETE'S FOOT**  
 A nation-wide effort to stamp out foot ringworm, which medical authorities say afflicts approximately 10,000,000 Americans, has begun within the last year, and its first effects are being noticed in the schools and colleges of the country already. Declaring that this skin malady, known most usually as "athlete's foot," began to cause greatest concern in the United States with this country's participation in the World War, the Medical Society of the United States has urged a nationwide crusade against the disease.

**Doctors, health officials, newspapers**

**WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

**Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty**

**IF THERE'S** any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, as it often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin through which blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas may pass into the blood stream.

**Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds**

There is only one answer as to why millions of people fall prey to this insidious disease. And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm

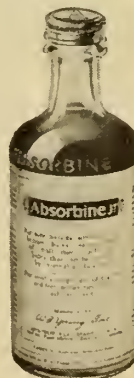
germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health—on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"**

You may have the first symptoms\* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's wise precaution. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



**FOR SUNBURN, TOO!** Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

**ABSORBINE JR.**

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

a holdup, swerved the car and the autograph seekers rolled away. Imagine the fancy price a Garbo signature would command!

**IT'S** a funny thing about Neil Hamilton. When he was a leading man with D. W. Griffith, the stars who ran him competition were Earle Williams, Bobby Harron, Francis X. Bushman, Antonio Moreno, Crane Wilbur, Rudolph Valentino, Harrison Ford, Dick Barthelmess and Jack Mulhall.

Of all that list Neil and Dick Barthelmess are the only two who are still active in pictures. Three, of course, have died.

Neil figures that one of the reasons he has remained is because he has always taken whatever rôle came along and the casting directors know him as "a guy who'll do anything from polishing the door-knobs to jumping off a cliff."

You see, Neil doesn't want to be a star—he'd rather stay in pictures than to serve his little time of glory and fade away. And even after all these years he still loves to see his name in electric lights; to go to premieres and have people ask him for his autograph.

**HER** name was Nina Penn. She was a blue-eyed, brown-haired little mite who knocked Broadway, and two hundred masculine hearts, cold.

Nina was sought after. Nina was popular. But she gave her heart to no one until one young actor persuaded Nina that Broadway would some day pass her up. He loved her and begged her to marry him.

"Life for you, Nina, is only beginning," he said.

So she married her young actor and came to Hollywood, where her husband clicked in the movies and life went smoothly on—too smoothly for Nina. She wanted to don the grease paint and get into things.

"Don't," her husband begged, "you won't like it, Nina. Life, for us, is only beginning."

The next month, Robert Williams, the young actor, was dead. And Nina Penn, knowing that life began and ended too soon, is going back to the grease paint.



# Men Will Love The Fragrance of **FEU FOLLET** on you



and  
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Will Love  
**FEU FOLLET**  
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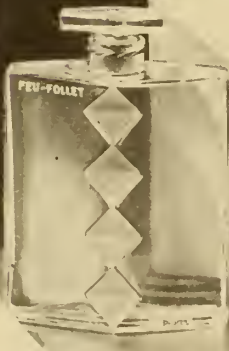
Because it's very Parisian and provocative . . . a wee bit dangerous. It's gay and exciting, as its name (FLAME OF FOLLY) suggests. And when you wear *Feu Follet* you're romantic—to yourself and to him . . .

Spray this perfume on your skin, your lingerie. It lingers longer than most fragrances! *Feu Follet* toilettries also include face-powder, soap, sachet, toilet-water and talcum—all smartly packaged and obtainable at best stores everywhere.

Only \$1 to \$6 for the extract.

**FREE**—A copy of "Fashions in Fragrance" telling how the Parisian *élégante* is using *Feu Follet*. Send coupon below.

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Please send me your free booklet by a famous beauty specialist, on the correct way to use perfume.

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**HELEN HAYES**—who suddenly became everybody's favorite in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith"—wasn't considered good movie material by the lords of the cinema.

When she first came on the lot, an executive complimented her on her acting ability, but added, "If you only had a Norma Shearer face!"

Helen's success all goes to prove that beauty and glamour are not always the stuff of which stars are made.

**A** YOUNG extra player, his face carefully made up with grease paint, was hurrying down Hollywood Boulevard to work. In his excitement to get to the studio on time he stepped before a car which struck him and hurled him ten feet farther along the boulevard. Immediately a crowd gathered and a doctor was summoned.

The boy picked himself up, brushed off his clothes, took a peep into a tiny handmirror and while the doctor set his broken thumb remarked, "Gee, I'm glad I didn't ruin that make-up. It took me two hours to put it on."

In ten minutes he was on his way.

**S**PEAKING of absent-minded professors. . . Roland Young received a hurry up call to come to London to make a picture. Roland packed all the clothing he'd need for the picture and his stay in London, and raced for the train.

Half way to New York he suddenly remembered he hadn't done a thing with his packed trunks but left them standing in the middle of the bedroom floor. He'd forgotten to check them.

So he wired frantically back to have his trunks sent airmail. They arrived just in

time to be placed on the boat, and that little piece of forgetfulness cost Mr. Young exactly \$190.

**S**HORT story on the Radio Pictures call board:  
"The Truth About Hollywood"  
Wanted—1 ham actor  
2 drunks

**E**VERY star in Hollywood nurses hurt feelings every now and then. I remember a story PHOTOPLAY published about Leila Hyams. It was one of the most innocuous little yarns ever written. But when the writer met Leila afterwards, the Hyams girl was as cold as the inside of an electric refrigerator.

She said the writer had made her look ga-ga and uninteresting. And Leila wanted glamour.

**H**AROLD LLOYD has been making pictures fifteen years and has had but six leading ladies. He married one of them. The lucky six were Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, Jobyna Ralston, Ann Christy, Barbara Kent—and now Constance Cummings in "Movie Crazy," the new flicker.

**S**OMETIMES you'll find a real heart throb in the "props" used on sets. An expensive town car is being used in one of the scenes for "What Price Hollywood." And once that car proudly bore a famous and glamorous star about in its luxurious depths. The star faded from the picture and sold the car to a famous director. He heard the drums of doom, too, and sold the car to a rental agency. And now that once bright chariot is a prop. Things like that really do happen in Hollywood more times than we like to think about.



Otto Dyar

Mr. Gable, Mr. Weissmuller, et al.,—watch out for this young man. He's the new boy, all right, and make no mistake about that. PHOTOPLAY'S Answer Man received more questions about this lad than any six people this month and hundreds of letters of praise poured in, all on account of George Raft, whom you've seen in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface." Next month PHOTOPLAY is going to print a bang-up story about him





Lewis Stone played only a small part in Joan Crawford's "Letty Lynton." Yet when he appeared on the screen, a murmur went around the Capitol theater in New York, "There's Lewis Stone, oh, there's Lewis Stone." Which proves that, although Stone has played only character rôles during the past several years, his audience is greater than that of many stars

DICK ARLEN and Jobyna Ralston had planned to go to Europe but Dick got a chance to play with Eddie Robinson in "Tiger Shark." It's a swell part and nets Dick \$25,000 extra for it will be made during Dick's vacation. What's more, it will be filmed along the Mexican coast and Joby and Dick are going together in their own yacht—which combines work with a swell vacation. And the kids think it's better than going to Europe and paying their own expenses.

Everybody is happy about it for those two youngsters certainly deserve a break. They have remained absolutely unchanged in the changing atmosphere of Hollywood. Married five years—they have lived in the same house and kept just one servant. Either can always be reached by phone—no secretaries to say, "Just a moment, I'll see if Mr. Arlen is in." They're natural, unspoiled and unsophisticated.

IT'S not because her producers are trying to build her up to be a second Garbo that Gwili Andre is not allowed to be interviewed. The answer is simple. The girl is new at the studio and she's frightened. She shakes with fear every time she walks on a set and, besides, the company figures that if she doesn't make good she won't suffer the embarrassment of a big publicity campaign with nothing to back it up. A couple of months ago PHOTOPLAY told you all about Gwili, the highest paid artists' model in New York. When she first hit Hollywood a drama teacher with a great reputation was supplied for her.

"Act like a tree," he told her. "Hold your arms out as if they were branches." Gwili was puzzled. "A tree?" she repeated. "Yes, act like a tree."

Gwili was confused. She began to cry. An executive happened to notice her in tears. "I just can't act like a tree," she sobbed.

So now she has another drama teacher.

# Here's Good News for you YEAST EATERS!

**Read every word of it!  
Then clip the coupon!**

HERE'S a yeast that's good to eat! A yeast that causes no discomfort after taking! A yeast that keeps fresh for months!

### No gas—no fermentation

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They have a delicate, nut-like flavor that everybody likes, even the children. They cannot cause gas or fermentation because they are pasteurized. For the same reason they keep fresh for a long time.

You can safely give Yeast Foam Tablets to children. They contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast dried and concentrated into convenient tablet form. So pure and so uniform is this yeast that it is used by the U. S. Government and leading Universities for their research in vitamins. In fact Yeast Foam Tablets are the richest known natural food source of the health-building vitamins B and G.

### End constipation and indigestion

In case after case Yeast Foam Tablets are bringing joyous relief to men and women suffering from indigestion, constipation, hateful skin eruptions, "nerves," lost energy and vitality. Don't be a victim of any of these distressing conditions. Sixty Yeast Foam Tablets—enough for ten days—cost only 50c. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Know the pleasure of taking this new-type yeast. Start now to build health and energy!

**Feels Like a Boy Again:** "When I wrote you for a sample of Yeast Foam Tablets I was so badly run down with constipation that I could not sleep well or do a full day's work and suffered with headache most of the time. Now after taking six bottles of Tablets I am free from both the disorders mentioned above and I feel like a healthy boy of eighteen." BRIDGMAN, MICH.

**Builds Up Weight:** "Since taking your Yeast Foam Tablets my weight has come back to normal and my arthritis has disappeared." TORRINGTON, CONN.



ON THE AIR Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Saving time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

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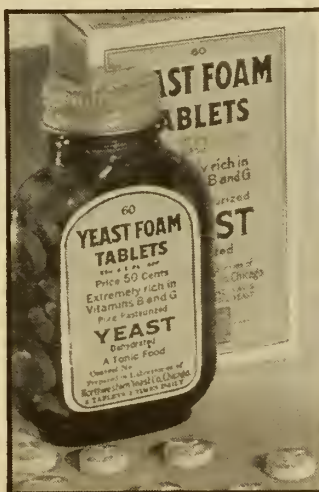
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THE glorious tempting eyes of Spanish beauties are no lovelier than your own. The difference is in their long dark lashes. Have such lashes yourself—long sweeping lashes that arouse fiery admiration and the stirring thrill of mystery. And so easy! Just apply the amazing European discovery, Kurlene, to lash roots; watch lashes grow long, dark, silky, luxuriant—lovely natural lashes. Others are using Kurlene; don't stay behind. Ask at your toilet counter today. Sanitary tubes, 50c; for economy buy the dressing-table jar, \$1.00.



The sanitary tube. Jar is shown above.

### Curl Lashes Instantly with KURLASH



Anybody can do it. No heat, no cosmetics. Just slip the curved bows of Kurlash over your lashes and press gently. At once you have curling lashes, sparkling eyes, more charm, greater personality. Even short lashes appear long. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars! Curl your own lashes today. Toilet counters everywhere, \$1.00.

- Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara).
- Shadette—Intensifies eyes' natural color.
- Lashtint—LIQUID FORM mascara, perumed, water-proof, pliable.
- CAKE FORM in attractive metal compact—sponge moistener, tiny brush and mirror.
- Tweezette—Automatic painless tweezers. All \$1 ea.

Write for free booklet, "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

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## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

FAN mail, which was once considered the barometer of public interest in a star, has taken like everything else, a decided drop. And the funny part is that the stars and producers don't worry much about it. The point is that it's box-office receipts and not letters which really count. Oh, certainly, the stars still like to get your letters, but the producers don't measure popularity that way any more.

During her heyday Clara Bow received 30,000 letters a week. Buddy Rogers was a close second. Today, Sylvia Sidney receives more mail than anybody else at Paramount and it averages about 1,500 letters weekly.

ONE of the reasons for the drop is the fact that the studios used to send out pictures of the stars free—now they charge ten cents for 5 by 7 pictures and twenty-five cents for an 8 by 10. The mail took a fifty per cent slump right after that.

When this drop became obvious, First National and Radio began giving the 5 by 7 pictures free. Some stars send out free pictures—others don't. Connie Bennett pays a great deal of attention to her mail. Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer send pictures if a letter is particularly interesting.

ALTHOUGH fan mail makes the stars feel fine and the studios think it good publicity, it doesn't really count. Mary Brian was kept on at Paramount during the last few months partly because her mail was so prodigious. But when Marian Marsh had her little squabble

at First National the amount of her fan mail—which was great—did not carry any weight with the producers.

MAURICE CHEVALIER has a swell disposition and is absolutely minus any French temperament, but just try being ten minutes late for an appointment with Maurie and you could go into widow's weeds with all the black looks you'll get.

Maurice is always on time himself and he expects it from everyone else.

Norma Shearer is another punctual person. She maps out her day to the last minute. When she first married Irving Thalberg she realized that a set meal schedule was impossible—what with Irving working all sorts of weird hours at the studio. So meals are served a la short order restaurant in the Thalberg-Shearer menage. Everyone eats when it's convenient and no one keeps the other fellow waiting.

JIMMY DURANTE was riding along in his car and made some sort of wrong turn. An irate driver yelled, "Say who do you think you are?"

So Jimmy stuck his nose out and yelled back, "I don't think. I'm positive!"

NOW it's Wynne Gibson who is Leading Her Own Life.

The girl who became an overnight star in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" has been invited to the Mayfair parties eight times. She has never gone.



Boy! Am I packin' 'em in!

Bill Holman



She likes to dance, but goes to the Cocoanut Grove on Monday nights. Friday is the evening that Hollywood goes to the Grove. She has been to three premières—come late and left early.

And all her friends are non-professionals.

**A**L JOLSON liked the top floor of a swanky Hollywood apartment but the floor number was thirteen and Al simply has no time in his life for number thirteen. So the apartment house owner just changed all the numbers of the floors; the first floor apartment being twenty-one, the second twenty-two, etc.

Now Al lives in peace and happiness on number thirty-three.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]

## Dick und Dof

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

Schlag"—which I think means "Two Hearts and One Sock in the Nose." Anyhow, that's close.

*Herr Schramm*, in fact, tells me that there is a move on foot to forbid the making of any talkie in Germany that hasn't "Two Hearts" in the title. If it goes through, the names of all German pictures will be things like "Two Hearts in a Shanghai Express," "Two Hearts in Tarzan," "Two Hearts in a Grand Hotel," and "Two Hearts, Doubled and Re-Doubled." Well, that's one way to make dough, eh, editor?

Small wonder these Berliners want to laugh. Their serious pictures are so terrible that you want to blubber and bawl for hours! Add that to the fact that their movie theaters are so dark you could die in them and be missing for three weeks, and you have another real problem.

**A**ND that, editor, is just what I'm wrestling with! I'm sorry, but it looks as though I would have to give up that Siberian trip you ordered—also the ones to Turkestan and Albania that I thought up myself. It will take at least all summer for me to get the Berlin bozos all straightened out on the Dick und Dof—or Laurel and Hardy—thing.

Then there's another trouble—somebody must have put chewing gum or something on my seat at this "bar." I've been trying to get off it and out for five days, and *Herr Schramm* and four waiters have been helping, but it's no use.

I guess I'll just have to sit here through July and August, worrying my poor brains out about the picture situation in Berlin. I'm sorry about Siberia—I'd like nothing better than to go out there and play with the Sibes. But you'll just have to forgive me—you wouldn't want me to sacrifice the seat of my pants just to get off this stool!

In the meantime, tell all American producers to ship over 500,000 prints of every comedy they can dig up. Help the Berliners get their minds off politics, and maybe I can get off this stool in time to come home and vote for Laurel and Hardy.

And by the way, editor, *Herr Schramm* has just said something about paying a bill—what a bore, eh? So ship me a few thousand marks, which you can pick up for American money easily. I'm sure you don't mind about Siberia—I don't. So I'll see you in the fall, editor, if I dare. I'm sure glad you aren't here where you have to drink this "beer." It tastes terrible—sort of bitter-like.

I'll cable you anything new on this Berlin situation, such as Babe Hardy beating out Hindenburg for President. Remember, I am always PHOTOPLAY's hottest, keenest reporter.

SCOOP HALL



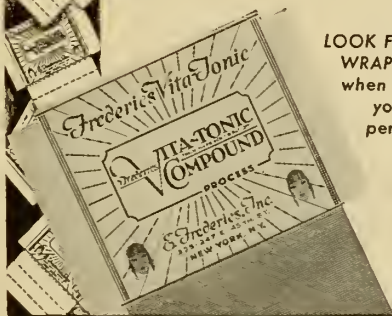
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## The Baby of the Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

heartily than—your hearers. But here the faces were solemn, discreet, the voices low, the manners punctilious. Only the wit sparkled and crackled about the table. I remember when it suddenly came to me, like a delightful discovery, "Why, they're *joking!*"

They were all like that. A marvelous family. And always when Fred came out on top, they were prouder than he was of his success. But they wouldn't show it. ("We mustn't spoil him.")

EVER since Fred was old enough to talk he has spoken "pieces." His first selections were about a little colored boy named "Poor Little Mose." From that he went on to more ambitious subjects. While he was still in short trousers his father went with him upstate where he won the State Oratorical Contest, the youngest of all the contestants. That was a proud day for the Bickels.

And from his babyhood he has loved to imitate people.

"But always," as an older member of the family once recalled seriously, much to our joy, "in the kindest manner!"

And on the heart interest side, ever since his baby days, Fred has had girls. Or rather *A* girl. For with Fred it was always one at a time and each time it was "yes, but this is different!"

He always took his love affairs very seriously, and yet family approval was important to him, too.

But when he let himself fall there were no half measures—he fell hard, and stayed down. Until the next one.

Recently, when we were all re-unioning in Racine, we came across a motto Fred had kept in his mirror for years:

"Be a Whole Man to One Thing at a Time," and his wife suggested that it should have been, "Be a Whole Man to One Girl at a Time!"

He told me once, when he was twenty-two—we were on a train bound for New York, both of us with the glamorous adventure ahead of actually living, for the first time, in New York—"I am fascinated by the idea of being true to one woman all my life."

Even then he was, unconsciously, play-acting. He would tell of some terrific quarrel he had had with the girl of the moment and exclaim, "Gosh, it was dramatic!" His eyes would shine so, his voice would fairly tremble, and before you knew it, you, too, felt that it was terribly important, although you knew, in a way, that you were only seeing footlights and feeling the glamour of the stage.

Now at last, however, it looks as if he is going to make good on that threat of being "true to one girl all his life." His happy marriage to Florence Eldridge, enduring quietly in a city of easy divorces and rematings, shows every sign of having "taken." Five years is a long while in Hollywood.

His family's present pride in him is not only for his success but because that success has made him neither arrogant nor cynical. He is still devoted to shaping his life to contain the things that endure: friendships—love in his marriage—doing a conscientious job.

THOUGH my husband is more and more proud of him, he still, big brother fashion, can't or won't show it. When the first reviews began to praise Fred, Jack was so carefully laconic that his only comment to Fred was—and this, too, has become a household word: "That won't do any harm."

Nowadays Fred anticipates him and it is he who first remarks to Jack about a good notice, "This won't do any harm, will it?" They understand each other.

Fred has been the perfect uncle to our two

children. He has taken turns at wheeling my baby carriage with admirable composure; he has had the patience to overcome the tongue-tied self-consciousness the older daughter developed in his presence after he became a celebrity, and persuade her that he was just "Uncle Freddie" after all. He still kisses his father with utter naturalness, still listens with a very real respect to the brave and wise advice of this parent who has known so well when to guide and when to leave alone. "I can trust you to do the right thing, my boy," he'll say with his hand on Fred's knee.

When the children were asking for inscribed photographs, one day, and he had obligingly written, "To my beautiful blonde sweetheart, Barbara," and "To my favorite comic, Jane"—I asked for one, too, so he wrote, "To Mary—my very first sister-in-law."

OF course, that was terrible. I was highly incensed. I said, "It's like writing 'To the very first woman I meet on the street after ten o'clock next Thursday morning.'" I pretended I had burned it up.

So, one day, to make up for it, he wrote another and inscribed that one:

"To Mary. I love you! I love you! I LOVE YOU!"

Now, all I'm waiting for is for him to make his first cool (no, it won't be cool under those Klieg lights) million, and then, heavily veiled, I am going to appear at his lawyer's office one fine morning and do a little business in blackmail.

Quite a pretty scandal I could make out of that. "Your money or your reputation," I shall hiss.

As I think of Fred there seems to be a strange affinity between him and bathtubs. It isn't only because of the famous bath scene in "The Royal Family," when Ina Claire and Henrietta Crosman watched him take a bath in order to hear his story.

It isn't only that a little girl said to us the other day, "Oh, my auntie knows Fredric March! She broke her rib in his bathtub. She was so thrilled!"

It developed that her aunt had visited some people in Beverly Hills who had occupied the March house after they came East, and having bathed, slipped and broken her rib, all in his tub, her niece felt she must know him at least fairly well.

You can't blame her.

No, I think it is because of our own priceless bathroom story about Fred. When Barbara was about three, Fred was in the bathroom (*the* bathroom, I might add) running water for a bath. Barbara was outside clamoring to get in, a noise he could not hear above the running water.

We heard her call, "Fred, let me in!" And then, more urgently, "Fred, let me in!" And finally, in exasperation: "Oh, Uncle Fred, let me in! *What's the difference!?*"

NOWADAYS we, who stand on the sidelines, look back, as people do, and try to analyze the secret of his success. His last visit home was a fair indication of that success. It must have been little short of a riot. The citizenry apparently let themselves go in hero-worship with a fine abandon that Freddie himself must have felt on one historic occasion of his early youth, when someone had a divine inspiration. Fred still tells about it and its beginning is always thus:

"Let's have a paint fight!" says Jimmy.

"All right," says Vinny.

"So we has a paint fight!"

Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fred March), writing me about this homecoming which was in-



tended for a family visit, said: "Nothing was lacking but the brass band. We had reporters, photographers, crowds of small boys—cars parked across the street, cleaners offering to clean suits gratis, aldermen offering to conduct Freddie and party through the new court house, radio, telegrams, and an incessant phone ringing, to say nothing of Mrs. March in a corner grinding her teeth and making weird noises."

IT seems a far cry from the lonely boy who lived in a cheap rooming house in Brooklyn, eating insufficient and irregular meals, developing acute appendicitis suddenly and not knowing the name of a single doctor, but having the luck to have a kind and sensible landlady who found one for him (both the doctor and the landlady have been two of his good friends ever since).

A boy, whose brother, hardly more experienced, was summoned in the middle of the night faced with the grave responsibility of deciding whether or not to let this unknown doctor operate and later thanking God that he had—a boy who, during his convalescence had the time to think things out and decide that the stage was the only life he could live and be happy.

It was a decision that was gravely momentous. For the first time he had no parental approval backing him up. His parents were devout church people of the old school, and the stage as a profession, naturally seemed to them not only frivolous but almost an invention of the devil. But Fred, for the first time, *knew!*

He felt so unalterably right about it that he stood squarely against everything, feeling his power, defying the world to prove he had made a mistake. When our little girl Jane came, and we gave her "March" for a middle name (he had only recently changed his name), he wrote, I suppose feeling very unpopular with his family just then and as if he were very much the black sheep, a humorously pathetic letter about it. "I feel," he said in effect, "like some little new country getting its first diplomatic recognition from one of the old line powers."

After leaving his job at the bank came, of course, that rather heart-breaking period most young artists must go through, when, as far as the stage was concerned, he was almost continuously "at leisure" (or do they call it "resting"?).

Anyway, he posed for collar ads, for underwear ads, toothpaste ads—he posed for illustrators, among whom were Howard Chandler Christy and Neysa McMein—anything to keep the wolf from growling.

And then the two-line part in Belasco's "Deburau," which was the beginning.

"The rest," as I like to say dramatically, along with better men than I am, "is history!"

Last summer after Barbara went to camp, the Marches and the Bickels visited her there. The little girls gather around Fred as we sit on the cots chatting with them. Big-eyed kids, shyly sitting around, watching every move he makes. Finally one of them gets up her courage and says:

"Is it very hard to get into the movies, Mr. March?"

FRED looks at us helplessly and we all laugh a little, all thinking the same thing—what's the answer to a question like that? First he was *there*, on the outside, and now he's *here*, a movie star. How did he get there? We don't know—he doesn't know—nobody knows.

Was it because his mother taught him to "Be a whole man to one thing at a time"? Was it because he is handsome and has a musical speaking voice? Was it because of the job at the National City Bank which brought him to New York in the first place? Was it because of that convalescence from appendicitis which gave him the leisure to find out he wanted to go on the stage?

Yes. It was all those things. All those. And a thousand others.

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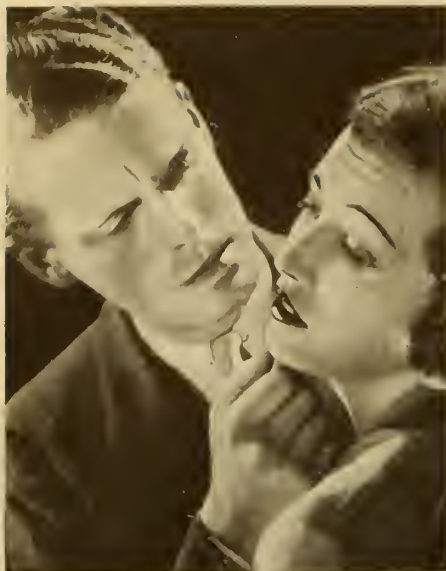
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## Come On Back, Mitzi

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

person like Mitzi would be the rankest of indignities.

For Mitzi is one of those amazing children who know a great deal more than fifty per cent of the adults of the world—and maybe that's a conservative estimate. Mitzi Green's clear eyes need but to take you in, from head to foot, and boy, oh, boy, you've been taken in. She has a sort of uncanny knowledge for the sort of person you are and, well behaved as she is, perfectly proper at all times, she leaves you with the feeling that she is thinking incredible thoughts about you and knows your innermost secrets, your small meannesses and vanities at a glance.

Don't misunderstand me. There's no second sight about Mitzi. She's a healthy, well fed, round cheeked child, who loves to play and have fun like any other child. But she has a mind which is far and away above the average. Maybe it's that uncanny gaze. It makes you feel at once that you must accept Mitzi as your equal and none of that "dear little kiddie" stuff.

Old time troupers dread to play with Mitzi because she's one of the champ scene stealers of Hollywood. And Lilyan Tashman tells a swell yarn that concerns the making of "Finn and Hattie." Seems Mitzi had been stealing

scenes right out from under Lil's sophisticated nose. Finally La Tashman decided that she'd appeal to the child's Better Nature, so she said, "Come on, Mitzi, give Aunt Lil a break. Let me get this next scene over and you can have all the rest."

"All right." Then Mitzi walked before the cameras and during Lilyan's scene made one of those goofy faces, and that drew every eye away from Lil and toward Mitzi.

Yet Mitzi, herself, looks at you in wide-eyed amazement when you accuse her of stealing a little scene occasionally.

"I sometimes think," said the actress, "that I don't do enough before the camera. In my first picture, 'The Marriage Playground,' I just stood there and looked up at the other players."

But practically all Mitzi has to do is to "just stand there and look up" and the scene is hers.

You never know what Mitzi is really thinking. You never know what she's going to do next when she's before a microphone. And maybe that's why at least three wise directors have confided to me that Mitzi Green is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. And they didn't mean "just a cute little kiddie"—what they meant was a darn good, all-round screen performer!

## The Lion Tamer of "Grand Hotel"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

Hersholt turned to Stone. "It's curious, but you do get hungry around twelve o'clock." Joan departed.

"Lunch?" inquired Stone looking squarely at Goulding.

"Looks like it!" said the grim-lipped Goulding.

Hersholt re-opened his script. "Let's stay and finish, if you wish. I'm already out of the picture, though!"

"So am I," said Stone. "Shall we go?"

"I suppose so," the lion tamer nodded. One man was left. His head had fallen on his arm. It was Lionel Barrymore—sound asleep.

"THE Yellow Room." You remember the set from the picture.

An orchestra played—yet there was no sound.

Hundreds of extras laughing and talking—yet no one could hear them.

Cocktails were shaken—and the ice did not tinkle.

Did you know that sound is put in afterwards in ensembles; scenes where there are numerous people? Only the principals speak their lines while the scene is taken.

The whole set seemed a bit mad; there was a weird abnormality in the silence. The ears seemed cheated. One felt a sense of disappointment.

Unexpectedly, the queer suspense was relieved. A voice leapt out.

"Can you get them into position?" Assistant Lion Tamer speaking.

Goulding walked before a camera; took a position; marked the floor with a chalk line, raised his hand, containing a white handkerchief, two feet above his head to indicate Beery's height. "This is your place, Beery."

He walked to another spot, twisting his body with an almost effeminate movement in his imitation. "This will be Crawford."

You would not have recognized Wally Beery as he stepped into his position. Tail-coat; shaved head; high collar. No wonder he

didn't like to play *Praying*, the German industrial magnate. Beery, who lets his suspenders hang while he is eating!

"Get in, Jack! There's your mark!" Beery called to Jack Barrymore who walked slowly to his position.

"Here?" He inquired of Goulding much in the tone in which one says "cab" to a hotel doorman.

"Yes," snapped Goulding much in the tone of one answering a waiter who has proffered a potato.

"Here?"

The emphasis in Jack's repetition made Goulding turn around. Barrymore's neck was squarely in the lens of the camera.

"I've got another camera covering you, Jack—from the good side. I figured it out this morning."

Jack smiled. His profile was protected.

"I can't tell one side of my mug from the other!" wailed Beery.

"Speaking of the sides of one face," a voice came from the rear of the set. "Will I be wanted for the next hour? My ear has split from the adhesive tape. It's tearing it in two." It was Lew Stone. His remarkable make-up in the picture probably frightened you.

"I'm sorry. I must ask you to stay. But I'm using the other side of your face in this shot. I figured it out this morning!"

Lew Stone's voice was heard asking for the ether pot. He asked for it frequently during the making of the picture. It's for removing adhesive tape used in make-up.

A LOUD blare from a loud gramophone. Bing Crosby's voice crooning: "Can't We Talk It Over, Dear?"

Joan Crawford was preparing her emotions for her scene.

Beery raised his voice: "Bing Crosby should get screen credit!"

Jack Barrymore's glance flashed to Wally. There was an instant of friendship. A mutual feeling of kinship electrified the two men for that brief moment.



"My collar's wilting," Beery snapped back to normal. "You're cooking me with those lights."

"Ask Miss Crawford to come here," said Goulding.

"I've told her. She's fixing her make-up," answered the Assistant Lion Tamer.

"I've got nothing to fix, but my collar's wilting," called Beery.

"Mine's fixed now," announced Lewis Stone.

"Is it painful?" inquired Goulding.

"No," replied Stone.

Goulding knew he was lying. "You're a good sport, Lew," he said gratefully.

"So are you, Eddie. I've been watching."

**A** FLUTTER; a rustle; a tension among the extras. "Shoot," said Joan, "I'm here."

It was a joke. Joan's eyes were twinkling. Intuitively she took exactly the right position. Directors say she is the most camera-wise woman in pictures.

Goulding looked around. Beery was missing. Changing his collar. "All right, Wally!"

"Can't you line her up without me? You don't have to bother about me. All you've had is the back of my neck in most of this picture!" boomed Wally.

"Can I see Mr. Barrymore in that other camera?" called the cameraman.

"Does Jack have a special camera now?" called Beery as he stumped back to place.

It was in fun, but the lion tamer looked up quickly—looked for his whip to crack it. There had been too much kidding. Truths often lurk behind jest.

Jack was getting out of humor and when the Barrymores are out of humor or out of mood—the scene shows it.

Five minutes later the orchestra played silently. A hundred people danced without sound.

Lionel, who had been awakened from his chair two minutes earlier, was saying his lines to Jack. He stopped abruptly. The camera clicked; the right lights snapped out.

"I'm sorry," mumbled Lionel. "The lines have gone. We should rehearse."

"Rehearse, then!" ordered Goulding.

"Eddie, I'm stale," said Crawford.

"I can't rehearse," said Beery.

"It's such a good scene if I can only get it," pleaded Goulding.

"Any good scene needs rehearsing," answered Lionel.

"Lunch," said Beery.

"Lunch?" called Joan in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes!" answered Beery.

"Was that lunch?" called John from the other camera.

"I don't know," answered his brother.

An extra girl touched her girl friend, sewing up her stocking. "Don't bother about it now. It's lunch." A scurry.

A voice thundered through the microphones from the sound mixers. "Was that lunch?"

"Oh, come on, let's get the scene," urged Lionel Barrymore.

"Certainly, we'll get the scene," announced Goulding. "Everybody ready? Miss Crawford, please. Mr. Jack Barrymore—"

Jack turned from the outside door. "I thought you said lunch. Beery's gone. Miss Crawford is changing her frock—"

"Is it lunch?" called the cameraman.

"It looks like it," answered Goulding.

The stage was empty. Make-up boxes, musical instruments, cocktail shakers, glasses, cameras, lights—

And as inanimate as any of them, gazing stonily at the bottles of colored water with their enticing labels, on a high stool at the bar—sat the Lion Tamer.

**G**ARBO. Sitting on a little box on the edge of the lobby of the Grand Hotel—eating an apple. Dressed in chinchillas. With her eyes half-closed. She cut the apple into small bits with a knife. She would have bitten into it only it would have spoiled her make-up.

She called: "L-l-l—n." Before she had finished the "n" of Ellen—Ellen, black and motherly, was at her side, mirror in hand.

The walls behind Garbo began to move. She turned—startled like a deer in the forest. She noticed for the first time that the wall before which she had squatted had wheels. The men pulled it away, shouted a warning. Garbo rose. Ellen pulled away the box.

"What ees thees?"

"It would be safer over here," answered Ellen.

Suddenly, from within that moving wall comes Bing Crosby's voice: "Can't We Talk It Over, Dear?"

Garbo jumped, looked about her. That question sounded so close, so near, that Garbo must have wondered if the studio executives had crept to her side and were singing an invitation to talk over a new contract.

**F**INDING herself alone, Garbo turned again to that thing on wheels. It was like a little palace! She seated herself almost squarely before it. A tiny knocker on the door! Garbo was fascinated. "What ees thees?" she asked Ellen.

"A dressing-room."

"Nice," answered Garbo.

Again the miniature palace was moving! Workmen had to pass with cameras, etc.

"Stop!"

The workmen rushed to pick something from the floor.

Lionel Barrymore! Asleep, in his chair, he had not seen the approaching miniature palace. Chair and Lionel had tumbled over.

"D——. Why couldn't you look?" bel-lowed Lionel.

The assistant Lion Tamer rushed to the rescue. In a second they were all on their knees searching anxiously. Lionel's moustache was in his hand while he was asleep!

The door of the palace opened. Joan looked out. "Ed," she called to the young man who does nothing but care for her phonograph records. "Put the other piece on, dear."

"Which other piece, Joanie?"

"You know, Ed."

"What's the scene, Joanie?"

"Oh, kind of gay and bright."

Garbo, on her box, looked from one to the other as the voices crossed.

"What ees the scene, L-l-l—n?"

"Just where you walk through the people in the lobby."

"Then it ees very sad," answered Garbo.

At that moment, Lionel Barrymore crawled from beneath the palace—with his moustache.

"Hello, Miss Garbo. These d—— fools," waving his moustache and looking around for his chair.

The assistant Lion Tamer rushed up. "Onto the set, Lionel. Where's your hat?"

"I don't know. Find it."

**A** BURST of laughter nearby. Wally Beery was telling the extras about his airplane. Lionel turned. He thought Beery was laughing at him.

"Who ees that man? The beeg one with the happy face?" asked Garbo.

"It's Wally Beery," answered Lionel.

"Oh," Garbo moved her box a little to peep better at the man whom she had never before seen in person.

Across the set, another burst of laughter. More extras. Jean Hersholt at a desk. He had drawn a picture of Lionel asleep in his chair!

A voice came from the sky. Everyone looked up. Lion Tamer Edmund Goulding, sixty feet in the air, on a crane—standing on a thin steel edge with nothing between him and the floor.

All heard the cameraman's voice. "Careful. What if you fell off?"

Goulding glanced back. Waved his hand—as though he might enjoy it! That tumble which meant he would no longer have to be Lion Tamer.



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He called down. "Ladies and gentlemen, you are in Berlin's best hotel. The men do not hold the women's arms in Berlin as though they were afraid of losing them. You are not in the Ambassador. Men do not put their arms around other men's shoulders when they meet. The bell boys do not call out, 'Hey, Mr. Jones, you're wanted on the telephone.' They bow first, speak and turn sharply away. The reception clerk does not hold out his hand and greet a newcomer. Have you all got your felt slippers on? The scene must be absolutely silent. The only voices I want to hear are those of Mr. Stone, the two Barrymores, Miss Crawford and Mr. Hersholt. Miss Garbo will be in the scene, but she does not speak. As she passes through, glance at her. She is a great dancer leaving for the theater. Are you ready? Lock 'em up. Start your action—"

And so was started the most expensive piece of film in history. Six hundred feet of consecutive film—on the same celluloid. The greatest actors of the day intermingled.

Goulding climbed down, hand over hand—sixty feet of cold steel. He crept behind the palace on wheels. Pressed close was Garbo. Intense, silent, taut as the steel above her. The scene was in progress.

The door of the palace opened. Crawford stepped out—bumped into Garbo.

"I beg your pardon."

"All right. We must be quiet."

Garbo and Crawford had met at last.

THE assistant director ran about the edge of the set. "Where's Lionel? Where's Lionel?" he whispered. A snore rewarded him. Dorian awakened Lionel and pushed him onto the set.

Goulding climbed back up the steel. Everything was splendid! A slim, self-effacing little fellow tip toed quietly onto the set. He smiled encouragement up at the Lion Tamer, now on the very edge of the thin rail. Irving Thalberg, the young production genius, behind it all.

Four hundred feet of the six hundred were completed. Not a break in lines! Not a mistake in the acting! Everyone giving his best—

"D——" called the director. "Cut! We will have to shoot it all over."

"What's the matter?" It was a chorus.

"Where is your moustache, Lionel?"

"Somewhere," answered Lionel, fingering his face blankly.

"Did you hear that whistle?" whispered the cameraman up on the crane with the Lion Tamer.

"What whistle?" demanded Goulding.

"Lunch!" boomed Beery from beneath.

"The twelve o'clock whistle," answered the cameraman, pointing to Beery.

Goulding wiped his forehead. The set was already clearing.

GOULDING climbed down and looked at the vacantness about him. A thin stream of smoke from beneath the palace on wheels.

"The Grand Hotel on fire," he muttered wildly. He walked toward the smoke, behind the palace on wheels. A lady in chinchillas was seated on a box smoking.

"Hello," said Garbo.

"Hello," said Goulding. "Aren't you going to lunch?"

"Nobody told me."

Garbo, alone, had awaited the director's order.

"You're marvelous," said Goulding.

"Why?" asked Garbo.

"Oh, I don't know," said Goulding.

"What time back?" said Garbo.

"I'll send for you. Rest up."

"I like the handkerchief you wear around your neck."

"Here take it. I'll give it to you," said Goulding.

"No. I like to see it on you. L-l-l-n."

Goulding watched her go, followed by the motherly, black Ellen. His eyes were wistful. If everybody were like—

The Lion Tamer started suddenly. Ed had found the record for which he had been looking all morning. Bing Crosby's voice called across the stage in his crooning best—"I Surrender, Dear."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Things were never like this in old Erin, yet Anita Page claims that her place at Malibu is an Irish cottage. And with a kitchen like this! The table and seats fold down from the walls, but after Anita and family have breakfasted—presto, chango!—up they go out of sight. Incidentally, those are kitchen pajamas Anita is wearing. Quite practical, don't you think?



# "Cimarron" Wins!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

to Hollywood from the reservations, expert horsemen and cowboys. Three thousand horses and mules were used and over a thousand vehicles of the type seen before "the horseless carriage."

At a cost of \$100,000 a complete town was constructed, wherein most of the action took place. In the midst of a strip of California desert country "Osage," Oklahoma, grew and it looked not like a motion picture set but like a real "boom" town that springs up as suddenly as a prairie flower in the midst of a wilderness.

ALTHOUGH there were many trials during its filming, no one who had anything at all to do with "Cimarron" had any doubts of its greatness. Everyone connected with that film knew what it would be.

It was Richard Dix who made the hero of that tremendous story come alive. Dix, for the many weeks that "Cimarron" was in production, was *Yancey Cravat*. Known as a good, capable actor, he surprised even his best friends by the scope and power of his characterization.

Opposite him, in a rôle of almost equal importance, was Irene Dunne as the immortal *Sabra*. A newcomer to the screen, she proved herself instantly by running the gamut of emotions and growing from a fresh young girl into a self-assured middle-aged woman with a seat in Congress awaiting her. Both she and Dix aged over twenty years for the purposes of the story and here credit must be given to Ern Westmore, who performed the difficult make-up feats upon all the members of the cast.

Irene Dunne was not the only one who was brought to fame by "Cimarron." The stuttering comedian, Rosco Ates, vividly impressed himself upon the minds of picturegoers, as did Edna May Oliver. Both of these became featured players of high standing upon the release of "Cimarron."

Estelle Taylor did the best work of her career, as the luscious *Dixie Lee*; George E. Stone contributed moments of sheer beauty, in fact every member of that long list of notables—including Nance O'Neil, William Collier, Jr., and others too numerous to mention—deserve special notice. There were twenty-nine principal players in that remarkable cast.

And the beauty of Eddie Cronjager's camera work remains a high spot in motion picture history.

"Cimarron" is a living proof that any great story can be made into a great film when there is unity of purpose and complete harmony between company, director, writer, actors and working staff.

IN a year when many remarkable pictures were released it is a great tribute that "Cimarron" should have received the largest number of votes, from the thousands of votes that reached PHOTOPLAY'S offices from almost every country in the civilized world.

A word of explanation must be made about why the 1931 award is not made until the middle of 1932.

This is so that people throughout the world may have a chance to see all the films released in 1931, and have a chance to make their selection. And the responses have come from all parts of the world, from people of all races, for although "Cimarron" was a story of American pioneer life, its theme was universal.

The PHOTOPLAY medal which will go to Radio Pictures 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.

PHOTOPLAY—acting as the representative of thousands of picturegoers—salutes Radio Pictures and all of the many who were responsible for giving "Cimarron" to the world!

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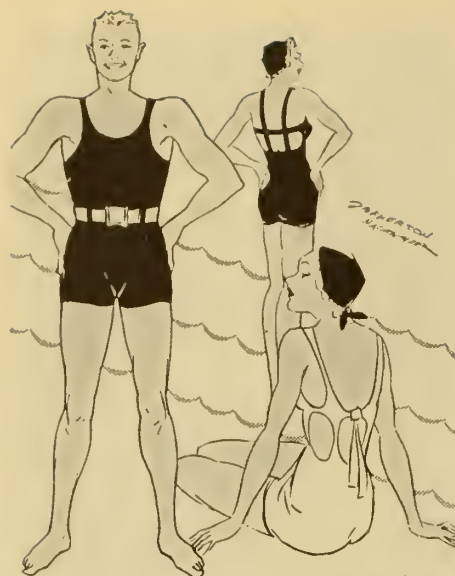
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## Don't Call Him "Skippy"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56 ]

hands hanging limply at their sides would do well to follow Jackie around for a few days. They could learn a lot about the fundamentals of dramatic expression.

Since he became an overnight sensation, Cooper has acquired certain habits of living as befits a gentleman of affairs. Of course there is a lot of entertaining to do, and since mother dear is fearful lest Jackie's wild "Hollywood parties" wreck their home, he has betaken himself to the back yard where he and his gang have erected a club house in which to entertain Jackie's important friends from the studio.

THERE is an improvised stove for cooking a bachelor supper and a few chairs so that everybody doesn't have to sit on the floor. One of the studio officials told me that an invitation to Jackie's club is a mark of distinction at M-G-M. Jackie is thinking of hiring a parking lot for the really big occasions so his guests won't clutter up the street in front of his modest home with their limousines and maybe get pinched.

As Jackie has discovered, even a kid star isn't immune to the multitudinous perplexities that swarm toward outstanding picture personalities like steel filings to a magnet.

Seeing in me an emissary from the million or more picture devotees who read PHOTOPLAY, Jackie took the opportunity to give me some very confidential messages to "tell 'em."

Sticking out his famous underlip, he leaned against the table and looked up at me with thoughtful deliberation. "You tell 'em," he began, "that I never sassed a lady reporter like somebody said I did, will ya? No sir! The only time I ever sassed anybody was once when my gang was fighting some kids, but I never did sass any grown-up people at all. I didn't. No sir. You'll tell 'em that won'tcha?"

You bet I'll tell 'em, right here and now. If anybody wants to know the truth about this "sassing lady reporter" business, all they have to do is read what the lady herself said about it. It seems that some eavesdropping chatter writer overheard one of Jackie's quick-witted replies to said lady reporter and construed same as being a bit too sophisticated for one of Jackie's years.

Now if there is anything, outside of Greta Garbo's unaccountable seclusion that would create a furor in Hollywood, it would be for Jackie Cooper, the most natural actor on the screen, to start "putting it on."

To quote the lady reporter exactly, his reply was "not sassy at all, but a boyish wisecrack that any small boy in the country might be guilty of letting slip occasionally." What do they expect anyway, little Lord Fauntleroy?

Outside of that there is another thing that has Jackie worried. "Why is it," Jackie inquired mournfully, "why has everybody got to call me *Skippy* all the time? I was *Midge* too wasn't I, and they could call me *Dink*. Wally Beery called me *Dink* all the time when we were playing in 'The Champ,'" he added happily. "I s'pose even after I'm *Limpy* they'll still want to call me *Skippy*—it's tur'ble."

Jackie has been thrown in contact with a great many grown people since signing his contract at M-G-M. Outside of the fact that he has been co-starred with actors like Wally Beery and Chic Sale, he has been paling around a lot with Mr. Mayer, his boss, and when Kermit Roosevelt came to visit the studio it was none other than Jackie who was selected to show him around.

It is surprising that Jackie has been able to maintain his boyish naiveté in the face of such mature influences. The men who are Jackie's pals put aside their adult dignity and become kids again when they talk things over with him, for there is something altogether wholesome and respectful in the way J. C. calls all his friends by their first names. Nothing smarty about it at all. It reminds you of the way Theodore Roosevelt's children always called their father T. R.

When Jackie gets to Washington, D.C., on his personal appearance tour, he has heard that Mr. Hoover plans to invite him out to his house for supper.

"That'll be keen," observed Jackie.

IT is altogether probable that Jackie will wave his hand through the air as H. H. comes down the Grand Staircase.

"Hi, Herb," he will no doubt say as he lets loose with one of those "spontaneous combustion" smiles.

Will the President be ruffled?

I hardly think so.

H. H. will no doubt wave his hand in a flip-pant manner and reply,

"Hi, Jackie, how's the boy?"

Inside of five minutes I'll bet they'll be sitting on the White House carpet playing marbles with some of Jackie's swell agates that he carries around with him.

## An Extra Girl's Diary

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]

"Perhaps I am too critical, but I think he did too much crying."

Well, days passed. The Fairbanks interview resulted in a test. But the diary tells of many tests—each given Ann through her mother's "pull"—and none of which resulted in work. She never got a job as a result of the Fairbanks test.

Ann thought things out. Perhaps, she reasoned, her mother's influence was a handicap, not an asset. She tried on her own. She learned of a call for dancers for the big musical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was to make—"The Hollywood Revue." Just one of hundreds of other girls, she answered the call—as Ann Dvorak. The people to whom she went did not know her; she was just another extra girl to them. At Metro studios she took a test . . .

Her diary:

"Jan. 9—The casting man at M-G-M said

the test was not so good. That's lovely and encouraging!"

"Jan. 12—Took a test at Lasky's. Saw it. It was wonderful. From the depths to the heights!"

"Jan. 16—Got my test from Lasky's, took it to M-G-M. I think it will get me work somewhere. I *must* persevere."

"Jan. 17—Home all day. Mr. D. at Lasky's said he thought he would have a call for me either tonight or tomorrow. *Must* be tomorrow!"

"Jan. 18—Well, my 'good' luck was with me, as usual. Our phone was out of order, so Mr. D. couldn't get me! No use being down-cast and all that rot. I'll make these studios or bust! Took my test to Sam W. at M-G-M."

"Jan. 21—Took my test to Fred N. at M-G-M. I simply *must* succeed. I refuse to be squelched."



All through these days the diary tells of financial troubles at home. Tells of desperation, in the hunt for a job. "We sadly need the money," it reads; "people are so hard-boiled!" Then came a break. At M-G-M she saw an assistant producer—and:

"... he is very kind, but a little fresh. He says he will put me in his new revue. If he does, great! He had me waiting around all day, doing nothing. And he has the nerve to be fresh, too!"

**M**ORE days of waiting followed. More financial worries—intimate things that a girl tells her diary, that cannot be printed here; things about home troubles, needs. "Good Lord, I simply *must* get work. I hate money, but one must have it..."

Then came the call from the assistant producer—he had kept his promise, fresh though he had been!

February 4, the diary says: "Well, I got my fill of activity today. Rehearsed on the set. What work! Dead! Never did soft-shoe before."

"Feb. 5—This work is a lot of fun, even if it is frantically hard. Tired."

"Feb. 6—Well, I'm all set for the job. But, how tired I am! My leg muscles are stiff. Don't know how I'll get through those routines tomorrow."

"Feb. 7—I can hardly walk, I'm so stiff, but I'm certainly glad I'm working. Funny, how work comes just when I'm about to go mad for idleness."

"Feb. 9—I had the pleasure of giving mother \$37.50 tonight. Hurrah! I'm actually earning some money. It's about time I did that."

Then came sickness—ten days in bed, with flu. The diary voices her worry that it will halt the work she had just started. But luck was with her.

When she was well she went back to the studio; she still had the job.

"... people at the studio are very strange. One day they are smiling and friendly. The next they are cold and distant."

Days tell of the routine of work. The fun she spoke of earlier was gone, now. Work had taken its place. Now and then she laughed at herself:

"Every time I smoke a cigarette I get sick, and yet every once in a while I do it. I must have an idea I look cute or something when I smoke. I'm so dumb."

On a day just after that, she spoke to a star—her first big thrill. "Spoke to Joan Crawford today, and she is a very sweet girl," is all the diary tells. But what a wealth of experience behind those words—the sole entry in that day's space—the *big* event of that day for the little extra girl.

She spoke to Joan Crawford!

Then come days and days and days of work—hard work, from nine to five each day, home and in bed by nine-thirty, dog tired. But at last the picture was ended; Ann Dvorak's first movie job was over... "tonight the production closed. All the boys and girls felt rather sad about leaving after being together all of every day for eleven weeks. I certainly do. It has meant the beginning of everything to me. A good part of my self-consciousness has left me, and I feel more at ease among people. Well, that's that. Now for more work—and more."

The next day "... that heavy 'failure' feeling came over me today; I woke and started to dress for work—and then I realized that it is over!"

**B**UT several days later, they called her again—for another musical. That's what they were making in those days. She wrote of the "college capers" step that created a sensation in one of the M-G-M musicals.

"It took them nearly two weeks of hard rehearsing to get the scene the way they wanted it," she wrote.

"I really love studios, and everyone there. I know they don't realize how much I appreciate

the chances they have been giving me. I love it and hope I can get a little part of some kind soon. O, God, please give me the courage to keep up the right spirit towards my work. I don't mean that I'm not still ambitious about it, but I mean that I don't want to fall into the mental rut that so many do who find themselves still on the 'small end' of the profession. I *want* to start at the bottom. In fact, I'd rather. Anyway, I *have* to. But I want to keep myself *good*—and intelligent and alert, most of all.

**W**AITING around on a set is demoralizing in every way. People just sit around and look at each other. There is positively no mental work at all. But I'm trying to keep my head above water. I know that what I'm doing now is moulding my future career, but oh gosh, it's hard!"

Days of idleness again—chafing at inactivity. Then a new call. "I'll be glad to get to work again. I can't stand sitting around. That's all I can do, you know, because mother won't let me go anywhere. She is worried that I'll be around too sophisticated a crowd. I get so tired of seeing this house and I'd give *anything* for a nice dance floor and a good dancing partner. Pretty soon I'll forget what it is like to go out and I won't care. If it weren't for my work, I'd go insane—that comes from my heart, too."

Discouragement rode her as the weeks went by, and no contract came, as she had hoped. "I suppose if they ever do sign me, it will be merely along with the rest of the chorus, just as a dancing girl. I'm not so good as I thought I was. But that, too, is part of the game. I'll stick to it like an octopus until, finally, in my old age they'll take pity and sign me for a character woman. But there I go, mooning with self-pity! I'll just keep working and remember that one can never hold a job too small—that is, if we aren't satisfied or capable of doing little things, if we aren't big enough to do little things, we certainly aren't big enough to do big things. And then, too, a ladder must be climbed, not flown."

Soon afterward came the big event—her first première. With her mother, once a star, Ann went to Grauman's Chinese Theater, to the opening of "The Hollywood Revue." Her sky-high heart, though, must have been crushed to earth; she and her mother were ignored, apparently. Anyway, she wrote:

"... I felt terribly small and inconsequential among all those stars. Mother looked lovely, but I felt sorry that more people did not take notice of her. She certainly looked much prettier than anyone else that I saw. People are very, very cruel when they have success, and God forbid that I ever get that way when I succeed!"

"Just from a thing like last night I can realize how far at the foot of the ladder I am, and what a long climb there is ahead of me. And it hurts, too, being a chorus girl, and branded as such. Not that I don't like dancing. It's just the undignified something about it. It sort of keeps you from doing anything else. But I *will*, anyway—and just let someone try to stop me!"

"And when I reach the top, I won't be high-hat like all the rest. I'd rather die. Even if there are people I'm not interested in, I won't hurt them by letting them know it."

**F**ROM then on, the diary tells comparatively little. Ann Dvorak was working—and working hard. It left no time for writing her heart's thoughts on paper. Oh, now and then there's a note, apologetic in tone, for neglect of the diary. Or, now and then, one of those introspective passages that girls confide to their diaries. Like:

"I don't think about God much. I try to put all my faith in myself. My God, if I have one, is beauty and love and music combined. Everything is beautiful, even what we call ugliness. If a mountain is beautiful, one can't say it is partly ugly because it is made of dirt,

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or because there are bugs and worms living on it. . . ."

Ann worked. Many months, she stayed at M-G-M—where she did get a contract—but only as a dancing girl; later as dancing instructor. It was not what she sought, so every time she had a chance, she took tests for rôles, elsewhere. One day, Karen Morley, M-G-M's blonde future star, who had been borrowed by Millionaire Producer Howard Hughes for a rôle in "Scarface," told Ann that she might get the part of *Cesca*, sister to *Scarface*, in the film.

Ann took the test. Somehow, of all the girls Hughes had tried out, Ann clicked. She got the part. It's her last entry in the diary:

"July 8, 1931—Although I haven't bothered to write in such a childish thing as a diary for a long time, I feel as though this is one of the big thrill days of my life! After several days of agonizing suspense, I have a lovely, grand part in Howard Hughes' 'Scarface.' Little Karen Morley was responsible to a great degree for the whole thing. I'm too happy to think clearly. It's my first part. . . ."

WELL, when you see "Scarface," you'll know Ann Dvorak made good. So good, in fact, that one day Howard Hughes, having seen some "rushes," met her in the hallway. In his characteristic casual manner, he said:

"Hello."

She smiled back.

"How'd you like a contract?"

"Swell."

"Okay, you're all set."

Surprised, all Ann could say was: "Don't kid me."

The millionaire smiled. "I'm not kidding," he said. She started to cry. Today, Ann's under a long term contract to Hughes and Hollywood's star-pickers have put her in that little handful who, they say, are destined for stardom.

"It's what I want; it's what I've worked for," she says. "I'm going to keep on working for it. And always, I'll remember the biggest lesson I've learned in Hollywood—that is: 'Keep Your Head.' That means keep it when you're down, and keep it even more when you're going up."



Do you remember this advertisement—one of the most familiar of ten years ago? And do you know who that cute little girl with the demure curls and the bunch of violets is? Madge Evans posed for this ad when she was a child star in pictures. And users of Fairy Soap didn't know that some day they'd be seeing the lovely grown-up Madge on the screen



# Marian & Janet

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

in "7th Heaven." And Borzage informed the Fox studio officials—as if they couldn't see it for themselves—that Marian has the same wistful appeal that Janet has, the same whimsy that has been making money clink at Fox box-offices for the last six years.

Marian proved herself in "After Tomorrow." And as I saw that film, I thought to myself, "The real Marian Nixon has at last reached the screen; she has forgotten that weekly pay check." It was a big jump in salary, you recall, that lured her away from Fox to sign with Universal, even when "7th Heaven" had been promised her. Alike as Janet and Marian are on the screen, strangely as have their careers tangled in the web of Hollywood, they are entirely different personalities.

IN the early days Janet's dreams of the future were ephemeral, nebulous air castles. Marian did not dream—she planned. Janet indulged in visions, Marian in cold fact. Janet visualized herself as a great dramatic actress on the screen; Marian spoke of collecting an impressive weekly salary check. Perhaps it was that which shot Janet to the top so suddenly and made Marian wait for her chance, for now that she has plenty of money, she can throw herself into her characterizations merely because she loves her work.

Don't get the idea that Marian is mercenary—she is one of the most generous girls I've ever known. But she is a clever business woman, which Janet is not, and the difference somehow seemed to register before the camera for all those years.

Marian has always been more the woman and Janet the child. Janet loves trips to the beach piers, wild rides on the merry-go-rounds, thrilling, mad excursions on the shoot-the-dips, while Marian prefers the theater and the opera. Janet can work herself into a lather over the prospect of a weinie bake, while Marian likes the smart Mayfair dances best. Yet Marian can enjoy herself at the beach, too, while Janet is usually at the Mayfair parties. It is because I know both girls so well that I find the differences in them. The casual observer would think them remarkably alike.

Marian is probably a wealthier woman than Janet—despite Marian's bad picture breaks and Janet's good luck, yet of the two Marian has experienced more of life's actualities, while Janet has lived in a world of fancy. Marian has been married twice—once to a boxer, Joe Benjamin, and now to Eddie Hillman, a multimillionaire. Janet, despite her rumored engagements, has married but once.

They are great friends and have remained so through the years. Certainly each owes the other a debt of gratitude for this strange interchange of rôles—the one bringing Janet to the top with a bang and the other giving Marian a belated spot among the film mighty.

SO there they are—so much alike in film type—working together on the same lot. Again Marian has fallen heir to one of Janet's rôles—that of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I wonder what Fate has in store for them now? Will Marian fare as well as Janet has? Will Janet, who photographs more beautiful than she is, find her reign disputed by Marian, who is more beautiful than she photographs? As Janet's friend, I'd advise her to look to her laurels. This Nixon kid has a lot of the stuff that Janet has, and while Janet is pining to be a great actress, Marian, who is just getting her stride, is content with being sweet and charming and very much what the public wants just at the moment.

So there you have the strange and tangled story. It has already afforded me many a long winter's evening of meditation thinking what would have happened if . . .



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# Screen Memories From Photoplay 15 Years Ago



Juanita Hansen

FIFTEEN years ago we devoted eight pages to pictures of beautiful girls wearing the last word in 1917 bathing suits. And you should see some of those models! — Juanita Hansen in a nifty little striped number that came clear down to her knees; Mary MacLaren in black taffeta; Bessie Love, Marie Prevost and Betty Compson all decked out in full skirts, shoes and stockings.

An astrologer predicted that Bill Hart would hold public office and make a great success of it and that Blanche Sweet would have "unexpected good fortune under strange and peculiar circumstances." Bill's lonely life on his ranch is a far cry from the life of a statesman, and Blanche has had plenty of bad luck for several years.

We asked the question, "Can a pretty girl without experience get a break in pictures?" and our answer, in an article that covered

several pages, was mostly "No." Yessir, it was almost as hard to crash the gates of Hollywood in those days as it is now and the chances then as they are now were about 10,000 to one. But that one chance is what has given hope to thousands of girls for the last fifteen years.

Emmy Wehlen (do you remember her?) was the girl on the cover, and the gallery pictures were Ollie Kirby, Harry Morey, Dorothy Phillips (her daughter is seventeen years old now), Elmer Clifton, Dorothy Kelly, Jack Mulhall, Madge Kennedy and June Elvidge.

Pictures reviewed included Doug Fairbanks' "In Again—Out Again," Clara Kimball Young's "The Easiest Way," Marguerite Clarke's "The Valentine Girl," Pauline Frederick's "Sleeping Fires" and Charles Ray's "The Pinch Hitter."

Cal York items: Colleen Moore is the name of D. W. Griffith's newest "discovery." . . . Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen have become permanent residents of Hollywood. . . . H. B. Warner has signed a new contract. . . . Charlie Chaplin, twenty-eight on his last birthday, is a millionaire.

## 10 Years Ago



Ramon Novarro

new movie, and they say he has another great picture, one that will make you recall the exciting and glamorous "Robin Hood."

Nita Naldi was the rave ten years ago—a dark, seductive siren whom men adored and women feared. Retired from the screen, La Naldi now lives in New York and her *bon mots*—many of them barbed—are quoted up and down Broadway by friends. Nita, for all her serious gaze, was and is one of the real wits.

Lew Cody was begging the public to forget that an overzealous press agent had once called him a male vampire, for that unhappy phrase almost cost Lew his career. It did keep him off

the screen for years. Ten years ago no director would have given him a comedy rôle.

Samaniegos, first name Ramon, wouldn't fit into electric lights, so director Rex Ingram suggested Novarro. And for ten years Ramon Novarro has been a star.

There were beautiful pictures of Harold Lloyd's palatial home and we commented, "Seems a shame to waste all this on a mere bachelor." Harold took the hint and got married. Mildred Davis Lloyd is still mistress of the manse.

That world-famous portrait of Rudolph Valentino appeared on our cover. In the gallery were Lila Lee (now staging a comeback), Harold Lloyd, Rubye de Remer, Priscilla Dean, Gloria Swanson and Helen Ferguson.

The six best films were "Grandma's Boy," "Sherlock Holmes," "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Good Provider," "The Primitive Lover" and "The Bachelor Daddy."

Clark York item: Hoot Gibson and Helen Johnson are married (and now there's talk of trouble between Hoot and his third wife, Sally Eilers).

## 5 Years Ago



Clara Bow

heartaches, the spectacular gestures, all of which have culminated in the most amazing real life story ever told, "Clara Bow—Housewife of Rancho Clarito," which you will find on another page of this magazine.

Very proudly we published the first photograph of bride and groom Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen in their new home. The house is exactly the same as it was then, as is the state of Joby's and Dick's romance. Here are a couple of nice folks whom the years seem to change not at all.

But there are some other things that have changed. For instance, taking exception to

Lionel Barrymore's crack about the movies not getting anywhere, we remarked, "Neither is Lionel Barrymore." He wasn't then, but now look at him!

And we wrote a very gay item about Lya de Putti putting ten fur coats into storage for the summer. There were a chinchilla and three ermines among them. When she died recently she left behind nothing of worldly riches.

And, of course, it wouldn't be a complete magazine without some mention of Garbo. Five years ago Garbo was having trouble with her studio. Sounds so familiar, doesn't it?

Norma Talmadge graced the cover and in the gallery were Sally O'Neil, Mollie O'Day, Nancy Phillips, Avonne Taylor, Gilbert Roland, Richard Dix and Louise Fazenda.

Here were the six best pictures: "Seventh Heaven," "Captain Salvation," "The Cat and the Canary," "Annie Laurie," "Babe Comes Home" and "Knockout Reilly."

Cal York items: Rumor has it that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix (Victoria Ford) are going to get a divorce. . . . Lupe Velez looks like a real screen bet. And she was—and is!



# Short Subjects of the Month



The Codonas, famous circus aerialists, contribute a breath-taking short to head this month's list

## SWING HIGH M-G-M

Here is one of the most fascinating shorts ever made and if you have held your breath watching circus acrobats perform at the top of the big tent, you mustn't miss it. Those amazing aerialists, the Codonas, show in close-up and slow motion shots just how their tricks are done, beginning with their intensive training. Marvelous!

## EXTRA! EXTRA! RKO-Pathé

That lad Frank McHugh is a grand comedian and he is at his funniest best in this little newspaper story about a tipsy reporter who stumbles upon a big scoop at a fake spiritualist meeting. You'll enjoy this.

## MILADY'S ESCAPE Kendall-De Vally-Educational

A musical episode suggested by the opera "Martha." Beautiful voices, together with quaint costuming, make a pleasing and colorful picture. If you aren't familiar with the opera the story is rather difficult to follow.

## PERFECT CONTROL Universal

Here's Babe Ruth—the Babe himself—showing all the kids and grown-ups, too, if they care to watch, how to throw a fast one, a curve or a knuckle ball. The information is set in the frame of a nice little comedy.

## THE PROWLERS Lyman Howe-Educational

One of the "Hodge Podge" series consisting of shots of a native hunter in the wilds of Africa. Not very exciting scenes and only three or four animals shown.

## A SLIP AT THE SWITCH Radio Pictures

A swift little comedy with Chic Sale in his usual rôle of the small town hick. This time he

gets involved, hilariously, with a couple of railroad bandits and gives chase in a handcar. Swell fun.

## TORCHY RAISES THE AUNTIE Educational-Torchy

Torchy doesn't quite make the grade in this one. Squirring two prudish aunts about to the hot spots where they succumb to the influence of weird concoctions, does not offer him very much opportunity. Dorothy Dix is, as usual, a pretty little minx.

## HELPMATES Hal Roach-M-G-M

There have been funnier Laurel and Hardy numbers than this one, but in spite of that this short has its moments. It all takes place in a kitchen where Laurel aids Hardy in cleaning up a mess left from a wild party before Hardy's wife gets back home.

## KEEP COOL Talking Picture Epics

Just shut your ears to the attempted wisecracks made by the feminine narrator and enjoy the beauty and charm of a group of children romping in the snow at St. Moritz. Grand photography.

## HOLLYWOOD LIGHTS Ideal-Educational

A passive comedy without many laughs. Rita Flynn and her acrobatic legs do most of the work. It tells the story of the experiences of three girls in their search for employment at the movie studios.

## DIVORCE A LA MODE Mack Sennett-Educational

Solemn-faced Raymond Hatton all snarled up in the divorce racket. And all because his wife's French poodle had to have his bath on Thursdays. The snarl untangles after much mixing up of husbands and wives, and they really didn't want divorces, anyway. Entertaining.

"Now I can stand the Public Gaze! Can you?"

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No reader can afford to be without a copy of this wonderful collection of 250 portraits of leading moving picture stars at this price, which is less than the single admission price of most moving picture theaters. The Stars of the Photoplay will give you many evenings' entertainment and will be your constant reference for information about the stars you have seen on the screen.

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**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
 Dept. SP-7  
 919 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO



Vilma Banky would like to come back to pictures. But being a good wife to Rod is more important. Certainly she is just as beautiful as ever

## Vilma & Rod

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

The same drapes; chairs; occasional tables. The same lace cloth over the dining-room table. Even the same candle-sticks upon it. The same separate bedrooms and separate dens that I described for an article in PHOTOPLAY immediately after their wedding.

And the same people!

Rod was in his work-shop as he had been five years before when I called unexpectedly. He was developing pictures of Vilma. He's concentrating now upon photography.

The work-room is a bit different. More equipment in it. Rod makes furniture today as well as frames for Vilma's embroidery. He personally manufactured a large portion of the furniture for their Arrowhead Lake summer home.

After rambling through the house at will—I had taken pictures of it five years before so I knew what it *had been*—and finding no alterations, I said, "Let's sit down and talk it over."

"Talk what over?" Vilma looked at me queerly.

"How you've made marriage a success. How you've stuck together after *that* wedding."

There was silence. A long silence. Then Vilma said in that slow Hungarian drawl with only a shade of the old accent, "There is no recipe for success in marriage."

Rod nodded agreement.

**N**OR did they give any. Don't misunderstand me. They are perfectly willing to talk about marriage. Tell any or all of the little or big things which have happened to them. But as to laying down rules, or talking platitudes—they simply don't know any. What has made *us* happy might make the next couple unhappy, is their theory.

That wedding, for example.

It was a publicity stunt to everyone but

Vilma and Rod.

And to them it was just *their marriage*.

They had planned to go to Santa Barbara and be married incognito in the old mission. Vilma told producer Goldwyn about it. But no! They must be married here. *He* would arrange the wedding. *He* would give the bride away. He would get a million dollars of publicity for Vilma from it.

"What did we care? What difference did it make about the ceremony? What we were concerned with was *marriage*. If Sam wanted us to be married that way—why not?" It was that simple to Vilma.

And that trip she took to Hungary the first year of the marriage. Do you remember the stories? She had left him? He had followed her two weeks later and won her back?

They laughed when I reminded them of it. "Hollywood did not understand that we did not make this marriage for just a year or two. We did not have to use up every moment of the first year being together because we knew we had long lives before us in which we would be together!"

**I**N a way, I think that sentence explains their situation. They took happiness for granted from the first. They have never given a thought to the reverse situation.

Not that they haven't had storms to weather. They are no demi-gods who consider themselves or each other perfect.

Take the matter of the morning newspaper. Rod likes to have his paper smooth and in order when he first reads it. Vilma is usually up first. She opened the paper, ran through it, woman-wise—reading the headlines, folding and twisting the paper. When he came to it, it looked as if it might have been through a Texas tornado.



He started to say, "If you unfolded it, why in H— can't you fold it?" But he looked up and saw her serene beauty before him and said instead, "Do you mind, dear, refolding the paper when you have finished with it?"

Her eyes flashed for a moment. "Well, of course, if you don't like it, we can order two papers."

"All right. We will, then."

But later in the day, after a thousand things had crowded in—telephone calls, shopping, ordering of food, discussion of pictures which were coming, etc.—the morning paper didn't seem so important. Vilma thought of it fleetingly. "How foolish to order two. At least, he was nice about it. I guess it wouldn't hurt me any to fold it." And now she does fold it!

THEN there was the matter of Rod's habit of sleeping. He probably likes sleep better than any man in the country. And to awaken him? It almost takes the fire department to do it!

At first, Vilma couldn't understand. It annoyed her beyond all proportions. She just couldn't find excuses for a man whom you could shake, kiss, pound, yell at, call "The house is on fire," and who continued to sleep as though you were non-existent.

Came the day of Conrad Nagel's dinner. He had been hunting, and brought home wild ducks. All the little group of which Vilma and Rod are members—the Antonio Morenos, Sidney Franklyns, Fred Bennetts, Bill Hooks (Leatrice Joy)—were to help eat them. The dinner was for seven.

Rod came home early in the afternoon, said: "I'm going to sleep a few minutes, Vilma."

"Please don't, Rod. We'll never get you awake. Please—"

"Just for twenty minutes, dear. I'll be up and ready. I promise."

"Oh, Rod—" It was a wail.

At a quarter of eight he awakened, looked at his watch, jumped from the bed. "Vilma!" He rushed toward her room. "Why didn't you call me? It's nearly eight. We were to be there at seven. Why in thunder—"

Vilma was in a little heap in the middle of her bed, crying. Her dinner dress soiled. Her eyes red and swollen.

She had even called his family and they had all worked to awaken him. He had slept peacefully on. Even cold water had no effect on him.

And how did Vilma solve that problem? Now, she doesn't let him go to sleep while engagements are pending. She talks incessantly; tells funny stories, draws him into animated discussions on subjects in which he has a keen interest. Gets him to argue. Rod likes to argue. He will never fall asleep while someone opposes him. Vilma opposes him—whether she agrees or disagrees.

Take the matter of parties. Rod hates them. How he hates them. But when a woman has a new gown? Especially a woman as beautiful as Vilma Banky! At first that caused trouble. But when they found their own clique (those mentioned above), people whom Rod sincerely enjoys, Vilma discovered that a woman can be as proud of gowns before a few people as she can before a great number. This group meets at least once a week. During the summers at the Nagels' or Franklyns' Malibu houses or the LaRocques' Arrowhead one.

ALL this more or less forms an arrow pointing toward Mrs. LaRocque as the secret of this successful home, doesn't it?

Well, find me a successful home anywhere and I'll discover an arrow pointing to the woman!

Woman has been the home-maker for generations. And no psychologist in the world can devise schemes to upset her. This home is no exception!

But Vilma points out the duty of the other half of the arrangement in one sentence: "I love it. It's been no sacrifice because Rod appreciates everything so. He's just like a little

boy. I can't do enough because he is so grateful!"

But what of their careers? Perhaps if they had both continued to be big stars or if one had grown beyond the other as in the case of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister—?

"It would have been perhaps more difficult," Rod admits frankly. "Neither Vilma nor I has been *obsessed with ambition* since we fell in love with each other. I told Vilma from the first that I would rather be a successful husband than a successful actor because marriage would last a lifetime and acting wouldn't. She felt the same way about it."

*Obsessed with ambition!* A description of Hollywood in three words. A disease which these two have avoided.

NATURALLY, they would like to make more pictures. Because they enjoy them. Because they are human and appreciate the fame and the fortune that comes from that enjoyment.

But they do not want that fame to the exclusion of everything else. When they were offered the opportunity to take their play, "Cherries Are Ripe," with which they toured the United States and Canada for a year, to New York, they refused. "It is not a Broadway show. It would flop in a week."

Their managers thought they were crazy. But when such eminent actors as Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney did take it to Brooklyn and it flopped in a week, they smiled and congratulated each other.

Irving Thalberg asked Rod to play in the screen version of "Let Us Be Gay." Rod was flattered. He signed the contract without seeing the play, thinking of course that Mr. Thalberg knew whether he fitted the part.

A few days later, Vilma and Rod saw it at a local theater. Rod immediately asked to be released. He didn't get the release.

He was not good in the part, he felt. Had he been more ambitious, he would have been willing to play with Norma Shearer whether he thought he could do justice to the rôle or not.

Rod was once one of the most popular and highest paid stars. His fan mail was prodigious. But he says, "I will make a good picture again because I love the work and want to get back into it. Money is really no consideration. I have wanted a good part. I do not wish to do something which would look like a bad job."

They sent for him to discuss the part of the husband for "Westward Passage," with Ann Harding. Rod frankly told them he did not believe he was suited to the part. The fact that this picture is being entirely re-made with E. H. Griffith directing, proves Rod to have been right—that the script was not the best. But the fact that it is being re-made with a new script and a splendid director looks as though Rod may have made a mistake, missed his big "break."

VILMA was recently offered the Tala Birell rôle in "The Doomed Battalion," for Universal. She did not like the part so she refused it. If she had been *obsessed with ambition*, she would have snatched any rôle to return to the screen—to show the producers she is more beautiful today than she was when she finished her contract with Sam Goldwyn. And to show the depths of her fine voice, the elimination of the accent which has come from study with Dr. Mariotti and Samuel Kayser—Ann Harding's teacher.

And if they had been financially ambitious, they would not have established a trust fund at three and one-half and four and one-half per cent interest immediately after they were married. They would have gambled on the stock market and attempted to get rich more quickly.

Rod used to bound in and say, "Vilma, I guess we are fools. If we had put the money into copper we'd have made five points today. It went up."

And Vilma would shake her head and say,

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"We don't have to worry, my dear." And they don't.

The income from their trust fund has decreased exactly ten per cent from what it was at the height of the boom.

Need I go further? I could. I have dozens

of examples to prove that the most circus-parade marriage of them all has succeeded while others crumbled all around them. But I have no recipe because they have none. Common sense; partnership—and, oh yes, Love. For, you see, Vilma and Rod *are* in love.

## How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

Now there's a sensible, balanced diet for the in-betweens, but don't think that you can eat your heads off just because you're not on as strenuous a diet as the fat girls. That diet is for people who are neither overweight nor underweight.

EVERY morning stand in front of an open window without your clothes and give yourself an air bath. Breathe deeply. Laugh. Sing. Yes, I mean it.

I'm serious. Laugh for beauty. Sing, too. Both laughing and singing are wonderful chest developers.

Sun baths, when you can take them, are great for you, too. But I implore you to use your common sense and don't overdo sun bathing at first.

The first day, lie one and one-half minutes on each side.

The next day lie in the sun for five minutes on each side. You know how you feel. Don't make yourself sick lying in the sun and if you're blonde and subject to severe sunburn, cover your head, face and neck with a red chiffon veil. It will prevent that very bad sunburn.

Now—there are some general things that all of you can do.

But about those lumps? During these articles I've told you many exercises for various parts of the body.

If you need them, persist with them, but let me explain the purpose of exercising.

What I've done with the stars is to smash off the fat cells with pressure. That's what you must do.

When you're taking the hip reducing exercises, for instance, make sure that you feel the muscles in your hips pulling.

You've got to concentrate on the proper muscles. I can't show each one of you how to do it.

You've got to have sense enough to figure it out from the exercise pictures and the explanations under them.

When you take the hip exercise, feel the hip muscles pull as you pull yourself along. Tense your toe as you drag yourself along so that those muscles pull.

Now if you have bulges of fat on the hip bones, here is an exercise. With arms above head make your body describe a circle at the waist, but lean over with your body until you feel your torso touching the fat place you want reduced, until you feel the fat cells being smashed off. Use your torso as I use my hands when I smash off fat from the stars. But never forget what portion of the body you want to reduce. Just taking the exercises will do you no good unless you use the brains that sometimes your letters make me believe you haven't any of!

YOU'LL find on these pages an exercise to reduce large thighs and knees and lumps on the side of the knees. Also you'll find a big close-up picture of my hands showing you how you can smash off those fat cells. This is how I take flesh off the stars. But you can do it yourself. You can squeeze the fat off any part of your body—except, of course, the breasts—by using your hands as I am using mine in the picture—that goes for arms, legs, hips, thighs, knees, fat just below the bust, fat at the waist,

etc., etc. When you've finished the squeezing process, cover the part you want reduced with a Turkish towel and slam the muscle good and hard.

Hit hard, even if it hurts you.

IN order to build up the calves of the legs, hips and thighs do tap dancing, jump rope, do bicycle riding and also do the exercise—the scissors movement I call it—that I've illustrated on these pages.

Do these things until you feel muscle-bound—because that means that you're beginning to develop.

Several people have asked me about gymnasium work. Haven't you the courage to do it yourself? Make your bedroom, your living room or—in these summer days—your backyard your gymnasium. Get a group of your friends together out in your backyard and have your own gymnasium, doing the exercises that I've taught you.

Maybe I should not have said that. I know the letters I'll get, "Dear Sylvia, I haven't any backyard. What shall I do?" or "Dear Sylvia, I haven't any friends. What shall I do?" I'm not being silly. I had one woman write me that she couldn't do the dancing exercises because she didn't have a radio. Well, she has a pair of lungs, hasn't she? She can hum a tune to herself while she's doing the dancing.

And another woman wrote that her room was too small to do the exercises in. Then she must do the exercises up and down instead of progressing along the floor.

Do you blame me for getting disgusted with you sometimes? I can't think for you. Why do I bother with you?

I wonder. For if you haven't the courage to be lovely, if you can't use your heads, you don't deserve a good figure.

And yet, because I know it can be done and because I know how lovely you can be if you will, I keep on hoping that the silly ones will get some sense.

SWIMMING builds you up. It doesn't reduce you. But sun bathing in a bathing suit and cold plunges in the water at the beach are marvelous.

You over-fat ones, do that. You skinny ones can swim!

Also, don't forget that if you take any of my diets and keep up the facial massages that I've given you—you won't lose in the face. You've got to do what I tell you and you've got to take the exercises I give. Suppose you're doing the stomach exercise and your hip bones protrude and hurt you as you roll along the floor—what does it matter? You've got to have courage if you want a lovely figure. Anybody can do these exercises—even if she be seventy. Limber yourself up first with dancing.

The lumps will come off quickly or slowly according to the stamina you have and it doesn't matter whether you take the exercises slowly or vigorously so long as you concentrate on the part you're reducing. Think of the muscles you're trying to take off and watch them disappear. You should take all new exercises slowly at first. Presently you'll be doing them so vigorously—because you're so full of pep—that your family will think you've



gone crazy. And after you've finished your exercises in the morning and haven't anything else to do, take a cold shower—if you react properly, that is, feel a warm glow—and work on your spine with a rough towel. That puts pep into you. Then go on with the business of the day. You won't feel like doing much sitting down, I can tell you!

**T**HE scissors exercise I've given you will fill out all the skinny places in your legs and thighs, but if you've marred your legs with rolled stockings, you'd better squeeze off some of the flesh just below the indentation to make your legs look symmetrical, and if your legs don't meet between the thighs, stimulate those muscles with massage to make them meet.

You can do anything with your figure that you care to do—you fat girls, you thin girls and you in-betweens.

Jump right in and do it and next month I'm going to tell you some things about how to get rid of the nervous jitters, that lots of you suffer from. I've got some swell tricks left, up my sleeve.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

**FEBRUARY**—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the

body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

**MARCH**—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

**APRIL**—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

**MAY**—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

**JUNE**—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mould the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

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# Hollywood on Dress Parade

by Seymour

**I**F you can battle your way through the crowds to get a front line trench view of celebrities arriving for a Hollywood premiere, you will see what's what in film fashions. Everyone's on dress parade. Swinging from an electric sign at the "Grand Hotel" opening, I jotted down these notes.

Joan Crawford, nearly mobbed by enthusiastic fans, wore a pale blue frock topped by a brief jacket, the short sleeves of which were edged with cuffs of summer ermine.

Lilyan Tashman and Constance Bennett also wore blue—Lilyan satin and Connie a dull crepe. In fact, the Olympic, bicentennial or whatever you call them, colors of red, white and blue, appear to be smart Hollywood's fashion flag for the summer.

Hedda Hopper calls premières "Hollywood show windows, where the grandest of its fashions are on display." Isn't that apt phrasing?

**B**REVITY was the keynote of evening wraps at this opening—either very short capes or jackets. Lilyan Tashman wore her famous silver fox cape but now she isn't exclusive for Constance Talmadge, Gwili Andre and Zita Johann all have similar ones.

Three lovely ladies at the "Grand Hotel" opening probably gave their dressmakers a good berating the next day, for they each wore dresses, identical in design and coloring! The saddest part of the picture was the fact that the dresses are said to have cost three hundred and fifty dollars apiece. What price exclusiveness!

**Y**OU will soon be adjusting your hats to a new angle—straight over the eyes! How does that appeal to you after all this angle tipping? Yet while rumors of the straight brimline are rife, certain smart young things are reviving the hat worn well back on the head.

Have you heard about the "evening beach frock"? This somewhat fantastic garment is being launched by an American designer and was suggested by the popularity of pique for

evening. Linen, pique and even gingham are used for this newest of beach fashions.

**S**PEAKING of beach fashions, I don't believe there has ever been a summer when the stars have had such a variety of styles. On the whole, the clothes worn at Malibu and Santa Monica are practical play clothes. Most of the stars are wearing shorts or slacks in lieu of beach pyjamas. These are colorful, especially when combined with the other accessories. However, a few like Loretta Young still cling to the pyjama. Loretta has always been an enthusiast for this garment. Her newest ones are white pique with flared trousers and a tiny bolero. Loretta has a clever stunt with beach sandals—she buys dozens of white canvas ones and has them dyed to match each pyjama. Clever, what?

Bette Davis wears bright red, one-piece corduroy pyjamas. A bandana hankie, tied casually about the neck, accompanies this.

Both Joan Crawford and Connie Bennett vary the usual beach color scheme. Connie wears a brown bathing suit and brown linen pyjamas. And Joan wears maroon slacks with a maroon and white sweater that is almost backless and has a square neckline. Maroon is a good color tip for you who have a rich, even suntan like Joan's.

**J**UNE COLLYER has a unique accessory idea that she carries out with print frocks—she wears a row of flowers like those in her frock around the crown of her straw hat. The other day at lunch she wore a hat wreathed in white daisies to match similar ones printed on the blue background of her dress.

Joan Bennett has a suggestion for varying one simple frock endlessly. She has a white rough crepe sports frock with a wide stitched belt. With it she wears any number of dashing little Ascot scarves, one at a time, of course, and in different colors. Each has her monogram on it. It is amazing how easily this changes the look of her dress with each new set of accessories—and such an inexpensive way of padding out the sports wardrobe!



# Addresses of the Stars

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#### Paramount Publix Studios

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Ross Alexander    | Cary Grant         |
| Adrienne Allen    | Poillips Holmes    |
| Adrienne Ames     | Miriam Hopkins     |
| Richard Arlen     | Carole Lombard     |
| George Bancroft   | Jeanette MacDonald |
| Tallulah Bankhead | Florine McKinney   |
| George Barbier    | Fredric March      |
| Richard Bennett   | Sari Maritza       |
| John Breeden      | Marx Brothers      |
| Clive Brook       | Chester Morris     |
| Nancy Carroll     | Jack Oakie         |
| Maurice Chevalier | Eugene Pallette    |
| Claudette Colbert | Irving Pichel      |
| Juliette Compton  | George Raft        |
| Jackie Coogan     | Gene Raymond       |
| Robert Coogan     | Charlie Ruggles    |
| Gary Cooper       | Randolph Scott     |
| Frances Dee       | Sylvia Sidney      |
| Marlene Dietrich  | Alison Skipworth   |
| Claire Dodd       | Charles Starrett   |
| Stuart Erwin      | Kent Taylor        |
| Wynne Gibson      | Jerry Tucker       |

#### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| John Arledge         | Elissa Landi        |
| Warner Baxter        | Nora Lane           |
| Ralph Bellamy        | Edmund Lowe         |
| Joan Bennett         | Helen Mack          |
| John Boles           | Kenneth MacKenna    |
| El Brendel           | Thomas Meighan      |
| William Collier, Sr. | Ralph Morgan        |
| Donald Dillaway      | Greta Nissen        |
| Allan Dinehart       | Marian Nixon        |
| James Dunn           | George O'Brien      |
| Sally Eilers         | Lawrence O'Sullivan |
| Charles Farrell      | Cecelia Parker      |
| Janet Gaynor         | William Pawley      |
| Minna Gombell        | Arthur Pierson      |
| Bert Hanlon          | Manya Roberti       |
| Weldon Heyburn       | Will Rogers         |
| Warren Hymen         | Raul Roulien        |
| Matty Kemp           | Peggy Shannon       |
| J. M. Kerrigan       | Spencer Tracy       |
| Alexander Kirkland   |                     |

#### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

- |                  |                        |
|------------------|------------------------|
| Roscoe Ates      | Kitty Kelly            |
| Bruce Cabot      | Eric Linden            |
| Joseph Cawthorn  | Phillips "Seth Parker" |
| Creighton Chaney | Lord                   |
| Lita Chevret     | Anita Louise           |
| Ricardo Cortez   | Joel McCrea            |
| Dolores Del Rio  | Ken Murray             |
| Richard Dix      | Edna May Oliver        |
| Irene Dunne      | Laurence Olivier       |
| Jill Esmond      | Gregory Ratoff         |
| Roberta Gale     | Lowell Sherman         |
| John Halliday    | Ned Sparks             |
| Julie Haydon     | Polly Walters          |
| Hugh Herbert     | Ruth Weston            |
| Rochelle Hudson  | Bert Wheeler           |
| Zita Johann      | Robert Woolsey         |
| Arlene Judge     | Fay Wray               |
| Tom Keene        |                        |

#### RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower St.

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Robert Armstrong  | Leslie Howard     |
| Constance Bennett | Eddie Quillan     |
| Bill Boyd         | Helen Twelvetrees |
| Ann Harding       |                   |

#### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Florence Britton | Douglas Fairbanks |
| Eddie Cantor     | Greta Granstedt   |
| Charles Chaplin  | Jean Harlow       |
| Ina Claire       | Al Jolson         |
| Ronald Colman    | Mary Pickford     |
| Lily Damita      | Gloria Swanson    |
| Melvyn Douglas   | Norma Talmadge    |
| Billie Dove      | Barbara Weeks     |

#### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Eddie Buzzell      | Buck Jones       |
| Richard Cromwell   | Barbara Stanwyck |
| Constance Cummings | Genevieve Tobin  |
| Jack Holt          | John Wayne       |

### Culver City, Calif.

#### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| Nils Asther      | Mary Carlisle    |
| William Bakewell | Jackie Cooper    |
| John Barrymore   | Joan Crawford    |
| Lionel Barrymore | Kathryn Crawford |
| Wallace Beery    | Marion Davies    |
| Virginia Bruce   | Marie Dressler   |

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Jimmy Durante       | Myrna Loy          |
| Madge Evans         | Joan Marsh         |
| Wallace Ford        | Una Merkel         |
| Clark Gable         | John Miljan        |
| Greta Garbo         | Ray Millan         |
| John Gilbert        | Robert Montgomery  |
| Ralph Graves        | Polly Moran        |
| Charlotte Greenwood | Karen Morley       |
| Nora Gregor         | Conrad Nagel       |
| William Haines      | Ramon Novarro      |
| Louise Clouser Hale | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Helen Hayes         | Anita Page         |
| Jean Hersholt       | Margaret Perry     |
| Hedda Hopper        | Ruth Selwyn        |
| Walter Huston       | Norma Shearer      |
| Leila Hyams         | Lewis Stone        |
| Dorothy Jordan      | Johnny Weissmuller |
| Buster Keaton       | Robert Young       |

#### Hal Roach Studios

- |                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Charley Chase   | Gertie Messinger |
| Mickey Daniels  | Our Gang         |
| Dorothy Granger | David Sharpe     |
| Oliver Hardy    | Grady Sutton     |
| Mary Kornman    | Thelma Todd      |
| Stan Laurel     |                  |

### Universal City, Calif.

#### Universal Studios

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| Frank Albertson  | Sidney Fox       |
| Lew Ayres        | James Gleason    |
| Noah Beery, Jr.  | Neil Hamilton    |
| Charles Bickford | Russell Hopton   |
| Tala Birell      | Boris Karloff    |
| John Boles       | Bela Lugosi      |
| Tom Brown        | Paul Lukas       |
| Lucile Browne    | Tom Mix          |
| Mae Clarke       | ZaSu Pitts       |
| June Clyde       | Mickey Rooney    |
| Andy Devine      | Onslow Stevens   |
| Arletta Duncan   | Slim Summerville |

### Burbank, Calif.

#### Warners-First National Studios

- |                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| George Arliss          | Ralf Harolde       |
| Richard Barthelmess    | Guy Kibbee         |
| Joan Blondell          | Allan Lane         |
| George Brent           | Andre Luguet       |
| Joe E. Brown           | Ben Lyon           |
| Anthony Bushell        | Mac Madison        |
| Charles Butterworth    | David Manners      |
| James Cagney           | Vivienne Osborne   |
| Ruth Chatterton        | William Powell     |
| Donald Cook            | Edward G. Robinson |
| Bebe Daniels           | Chas. "Chic" Sale  |
| Bette Davis            | Gloria Shea        |
| Adrienne Dore          | Lysle Talbot       |
| Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. | Lee Tracy          |
| Preston Foster         | Loretta Young      |
| Kay Francis            | Warren William     |
| Ruth Hall              | John Wray          |

### 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, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd

- Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif



# Clara Bow—Housewife of Rancho Clarito

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

and said: "That's where we're going to build our house."

Well, they've built it. What a house! It's a house that would be a show-place even in Hollywood, or Beverly Hills. But imagine it, surrounded by endless miles of desert, twenty-two awful miles from the nearest railroad station, many miles from the nearest neighbor. Imagine what it cost to haul stuff there, build such a place!

A modern home with a red tile roof in that awful stretch of wasteland, and you can see it for dozens of miles from all directions.

It has its own electric light plant, for there isn't a power line (or even a telephone line) within miles of it. It has its own water system—clean mountain spring water, piped nearly thirty miles across mountain and desert, at a cost of \$18,000—to run hot and cold at the turn of a faucet, just as though they were in the heart of New York. It has five bedrooms and a bath for each, believe it or not! And a bathroom in the desert is about as expected as a snowstorm in the Sahara.

It has rock gardens and cactus gardens that rival the most famous landscape developments of the world's most famous homes.

It has a "playroom"—and that means, you may as well know it as all Hollywood does, a home barroom. It's got what Rex and Clara maintain is the "largest sitting room in the world." I don't know how many feet wide by how many feet long it is, but you could stage a hockey match, a basketball game and the Kentucky Derby in it, and still have room for a table of bridge or two.

AND in that sitting room is the pride and joy of the place—a ten-foot fireplace in which they burn tremendous logs, as they sit before it and tell each other how much they love each other and how happy they are, this Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell.

And that's the castle over which Mrs. Rex Bell—Clara Bow to you, if you insist—rules as chatelaine.

Not that she's got any staff of servants to rule over. That's the amazing part of it! Clara fired all her servants a long time ago, and she hasn't hired any new ones since. Clara is not only mistress of that desert mansion—she's the whole darned crew, except for one ducky by the name of Jim, or maybe it's James. Jim is just one of those men-of-all-work. He butters, he cooks a bit of breakfast now and then when Clara wants to sleep late, he serves table, he does the odd things around the house—the odd things that Clara herself doesn't do.

But it's Clara who really does the work!

IT'S Clara who does *all* the cooking, save for that occasional breakfast-in-bed! Clara cooks not alone for herself and her hubby, but she cooks for the ranch hands, and the guests. There are almost always guests. Relatives of Rex's, mostly. There are five bedrooms, as I've told you, and somehow, relatives learn that there are bedrooms.

But anyway, Clara cooks. She cooks hash, often. A most amazing hash. It's not the namby-pamby, wishy-washy hash you get at corner lunchrooms. It's a lusty, gusty hash like cowboys eat. It fairly jumps up and smacks you in the face when it's dished out on your plate. I know. I ate some of it.

More, she cooks prunes. Her stewed prunes are her particular joy. Not that they're any different from anybody else's stewed prunes, mind you. No, there's no more individuality to a dish of stewed prunes than there is to a movie extra. But Rex loves prunes, and Clara loves to stew 'em for him, and that's that.

More, she bakes. She bakes bread—kneads it herself, with her own hands, and puts it in the oven and sticks a straw from the kitchen broom into it to see if it's done, and takes it out herself. And she burns herself doing it, too. Rex says he's always walking around with a box of soda in one pocket for Clara's cooking-burns, and a bottle of iodine in the other to use when she cuts herself.

She bakes cake, too. This is a mean thing

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The main street of Searchlight, Nev., is a far cry from Hollywood's beautiful boulevards. But this is where Clara Bow and Rex find amusement. Note the open gambling shack. They sell more than Coca-Cola here

to tell, but the other day a friend stopped in and had dinner. He had hash. Then Clara brought in a piece of her cake. "Baked it myself and you gotta eat it," she told him. He doesn't like cake, this fellow I'm telling about. But he didn't want to hurt the little bride's feelings, so he ate the cake—all of it, and it was a whole quarter of a cake, Clara's that generous! Then he bade adieu, and started off for Searchlight, six miles away across the desert, an old mining town. He said later that the "ride or something" made him feel kind of seasick.

CLARA uses a cook book, though. She's always looking things up and making them. Rex says they have guessing contests after each meal to see who can guess first what it was Clara made. And she hates to have people "underfoot" in the kitchen when she's cooking.

If anyone comes in, she glowers. If the glowering doesn't take effect, she invites the person to get the so-and-so out of there. She doesn't want anyone around until she sings out, "come an' get it." That's old Western ranch talk from the cook when the meal's ready—a lusty bellowed, "come an' get it." You should hear Clara yell it!

Oh, all this may sound like a lot of kidding. But it really isn't. It's serious. Clara's cooking is no bride's play; it's *cooking*. Cooking for a dozen people isn't play. But it's fun to Clara. Maybe she'll get tired of it, after a while, but at present she's having the time of her life. And she takes it seriously.

They still talk, up there on the ranch, of the time the batch of bread-dough wouldn't rise. Clara had mixed it and kneaded it and kneaded it, and if you've ever kneaded bread-dough, you'll know what that means.

And then it didn't rise!

Clara stood there and looked at it, called it the most amazing names bread-dough has ever been called, and then suddenly started bawling like a two-day bride. She cried as though her heart was broken!

And flapjacks!

It's a good joke, but it's true—the champion *flapper* of them all has developed into another kind of champion *flapper*. She flaps pancakes like nobody's business, and if ever Mr. Childs needs someone to take the place of that feller who keeps flapping them in his restaurant window, then he can call on Clara Bow.

"When I first learned to flap a batter cake without slopping it over the side, it gave me a bigger thrill than I ever got out of any screen

rôle in my life," says Clara. Is that a pay-off?

But cooking isn't Clara's whole life, nowadays. Good Lord, no! Probably you, who are reading this, know that dishes have to be washed. Well, they have to be washed in Nevada, too. And it's Clara who does the *dish-washing*! No words this or any other writer could type could ever tell that story. Clara Bow washing dishes! Need more be said?

There's been a lot of talk about Clara, during these away-from-the-screen months of matrimony. There have been rumors, for example, that she's going to be a mother. But there's nothing to that, says Clara, and she ought to know. Oh, some day, maybe!

And there have been rumors that she's fat. Those rumors aren't as far-fetched as the other one—but even at that, they're exaggerated. Clara's plump, but she's always been plump. Right now, when she tucks her head down a bit, there's a double chin. But that'll come off quickly.

"A little too much tummy," she says. But that, too, will come off quickly. "You know, I always did photograph plump, even at my thinnest. I always had to watch the angle, and I still have to watch it." She looks grand.

A year ago PHOTOPLAY told you about that air of ineffable sadness and weariness about her. PHOTOPLAY was wrong. It wasn't ineffable. Because it's been effaced. Today, there's no longer that look of deep world-weariness in Clara Bow's eyes. They sparkle, like a kid's. Her smile is real, not a camera grin. Clara Bow's having the grandest time Clara Bow ever had!

AS for that weight of hers, that's nothing. She's taking care of it right now. For one thing (and will this give you a laugh) Clara is captain of the girls' indoor baseball team of Searchlight. The team is composed of the girls and young married women of the town that's been called "Reno's little stepsister," and Clara's one of the stars of the team. Too, she plays baseball on Searchlight's empty lots (and there are lots of them) with the urchins of the town.

Not that Searchlight takes Clara for granted. She's been living on that ranch six miles from there for more than a year now, and they still regard her with something of awe and curiosity. Searchlight's kids follow her up and down the street when she and Rex come to town to shop, or gamble a little in the gambling halls. Gambling is legal in Nevada, you know. And bartenders (yes, even though the federals



do raid the town once in a while, there are wide-open bars and bartenders) discuss Clara as they discuss the depression and Hoover and the good old days.

"THEY tell me," said one bartender, as he mixed a mean gin fizz, "that Clara's going to make another picture. But she's gotta take off some fat! Here and there, I mean. She ain't exactly fat but she's kinda out o' proportion, I'd say." Anyway, it was a swell fizz he made. And the beer. . . .!

Now, don't get mad, you Bow fans. That's not telling tales out of school—that stuff about Clara's overweight. She admits it herself. As a matter of fact, she says one of the main reasons she fired her servants and cook, and went to cooking herself, was that "Rex needed to put on a few pounds and I needed to get rid of a few, and this way we're both doing it."

Yes, Rex works. Rex is no movie-actor cowboy. He's up every morning at four o'clock (consider that, you eight o'clock getters-up, when you envy the movie stars!) with the rest of the ranch hands. That ranch is 600,000 acres big, and it's got 25 horses and 1,500 head of cattle, not to mention a lot of dogs and chickens. It's got a dozen cowhands.

And it's Clara who's the comfy little wife when Rex's day is done. They've got a radio, of course. And a movie machine. They are having a sound apparatus put in, and by the time you read this the living room will be wired for sound, so they can have talkies. So, at the end of the day, Rex comes in, eats Clara's supper, and then they have their little necking party in that colossal living room. Are they happy? Are they! I told you you'd never have believed it of Clara.

Talking about chickens a paragraph or so back there, it's Clara who's their protector. She has a high-powered rifle standing in the kitchen at all times. When I was there in the kitchen watching her fix up something for supper, she looked out of the window and made a sudden dive for the gun.

She grabbed it, raced out the door, and me after her. Around a corner of the house, and there she stopped, propped the gun against her shoulder, pointed the muzzle up—and *wham!* Two shots—and a chicken hawk flopped down

dead. Clara has killed *more* hawks! Rabbits, too. Her pet amusement is hopping astraddle a riding horse, with two of Rex's pearl-handled revolvers in holsters, and a rifle slung across the saddle. She rides the range then, popping away at rabbits.

Oh, the gal's happy. She admits it. Admits that for the first time in her life, she knows what happiness means. She looks forward to making that movie with reluctance.

"I'm not hailing it with any enthusiasm," she says, in so many words. Then she spreads her hands around that \$200,000 shack, and adds, "but all this takes money."

"I'd just as soon stay here and never work again," she goes on. "In fact, I've turned down several \$20,000-a-week vaudeville offers. But we've all gotta have money, and so do Rex and I. All that talk about the trust fund I've got is just another Hollywood rumor.

"As a matter of fact, I hate money. Especially when you make it and have to turn it over to the government for income tax!"

You have to prod her to get her to talk about her career. She says, when you insist on talking about it, that she'll never play another "It" rôle. This new rôle—in "Call Her Savage"—presents her in the rôle of a half-breed girl who is suddenly brought from no place into the midst of civilization. She's a little hellcat, and upsets everything and everybody with her rank naturalness. Clara says as long as she's got to make another movie to get some money, that she likes the rôle better than anything else she could have had. "For a change, I'll be able to say, 'Oh, Jeez!' instead of 'Oh, goodness!'" she explains.

SHE hates crowds. Fox have agreed to have her picture made at the old, half-dismantled, now-unused Western Avenue lot instead of the new busy studio at Movietone City. Because there won't be any crowds, people, at the old lot, and Clara will be comparatively alone. She's never gotten over her "mike fright," either, she confesses, and dreads the thought of making a talkie. But she'll do it—and she'll do it only because the \$75,000 she'll get for it will ensure her being able to return for a long, long time to Rancho Clarito, and being just *Missus* Rex Bell, the housewife.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"ARM OF THE LAW, THE"**—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Butterfly Mystery" by Arthur Hoerl. Adapted by Leon Lee. Directed by Lonis King. The cast: *Robin Dale*, Rex Bell; *Sandy*, Marceline Day; *Zelma Shaw*, Lina Basquette; *John Helling*, Bryant Washburn; *Captain Blake*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Gregory Brandess*, Robert Frazor; *Mrs. Estelle Brandess*, Dorothy Revier; *Mrs. Myrtle Helling*, Dorothy Christy; *Billy Treat*, Donald Keith; *Sergeant Jardin*, Larry Banthin; *Dr. Wailles*, Gilbert Clayton; *Reporter*, Wallace MacDonald; *Jackson*, Snowflake; *Bailey*, William V. Mong.

**"AS YOU DESIRE ME"**—M-G-M.—From the play by Luigi Pirandello. Adapted by Gene Markey. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Zara*, Greta Garbo; *Bruno*, Melvyn Douglas; *Salter*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Tony*, Owen Moore; *Madame Mantari*, Hedda Hopper; *Lena*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Baron*, Warburton Gable; *Captain*, Albert Conti; *Pietro*, William Ricciardi; *Albert*, Roland Varno.

**"ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by J. K. McGuinness. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Burton*, Edmund Lowe; *Val Lorraine*, Evelyn Brent; *Ruth Barry*, Constance Cummings; *Paul Wallace*, Donald Dillaway; *Mrs. Wallace*, Dorothy Peterson; *Nick Quinn*, Bradley Page; *Mugg*, Nat Pendleton; *Wallace*, Dwight Frye; *Clark (as a boy)*, Douglas Haig; *Crowell*, Wallis Clark; *Jeff*, Clarence Muse.

**"BORDER DEVILS"**—SUPREME.—From the story by Murray Leinster. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jim Gray*, Harry Carey; *Marcia Brandon*, Kathleen Collins; *Squint Sanders*, George F. Hayes; *Tom Hope*, Niles Welch; *Ethel Denham*, Olive Fuller Golden; *Jose Lopez*, Merrill McCormick; *Bud Brandon*, Art Mix; *Neil Denham*, Jack Gallagher; *"The General"*, Tetsu Komai; *Inspector Bell*, Al Smith.

**"BRING HIM BACK ALIVE"**—RKO-VAN BEUREN.—Based on the novel by Frank Buck. Directed by Clyde E. Elliott. Filmed in the Malay Jungle.

**"ESCAPADE"**—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by E. T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Phillip Whitney*, Anthony Bushell; *Kay Whitney*, Sally Blane; *John Whitney*, Jameson Thomas; *Bennie*, Thomas Jackson; *Gympy McLane*, Walter Long; *Mildred*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Wally Hines*, Phillips Smalley; *Poet*, David Mir.

**"GET THAT GIRL"**—RICHARD TALMADGE PROD.—From the screen play by Charles R. Condon. Directed by George Crone. The cast: *Dick Bartlett*, Richard Talmadge; *Ruth*, Shirley Grey; *The Doctor*, Carl Stockdale; *Sandro*, Fred Malatesta; *The Plumber*, Jimmy Guilfoyle; *John*, Lloyd Ingram; *Nedra*, Geneva Mitchell; *Schultz*, Victor Stanford; *Mike*, Billy Jones.

**"HUDDLE"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Francis Wallace. Adapted by Robert Lee Johnson and Arthur S. Hyman. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Tony*, Ramon Novarro; *Rosalie*, Madge Evans; *Thelma*, Una Merkel; *Coach Malcolm*, Ralph Graves; *Pidge*, John Arledge; *Larry*, Frank Albertson; *Tom Stone*, Kane Richmond; *Barbara*, Martha Sleeper; *Mr. Amatto*, Henry Armetta; *Mrs. Amatto*, Ferike Boros; *Mr. Stone*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Slater*, Joseph Sauers.

**"LENA RIVERS"**—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Mary J. Holmes. Adapted by Stuart Anthony and Warren B. Duff. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Lena Rivers*, Charlotte Henry; *Durrie Graham*, Morgan Galloway; *Grandmother*, Beryl Mercer; *Mr. Graham*, James Kirkwood; *Mr. Nicols*, John Sainpolis; *Mrs. Nicols*, Betty Blythe; *Caroline*, Joyce Compton; *Grandfather*, Russell Simpson; *Curfew*, Clarence Muse.

**"LOVE IS A RACKET"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rian James. Adapted by Courtenay Terrett. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Jimmy*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Sally*, Ann Dvorak; *Mary*, Frances Dee; *Stanley Fiske*, Lee Tracy; *Shaw*, Lysle Talbot; *Max Boncour*, Andre Luguet; *Burney*, Warren Hymer; *Ollie*, William Burress; *Sinky*, George Raft; *Seeley*, Terrance Ray; *Hat Check Girl*, Marjorie Peterson; *Captain*, Edward Kane; *Hattie*, Cecil Cunningham; *Curley*, John Marston.

**"LOVE'S COMMAND"**—TOBIS.—From the screen play by Fritz Gruenbaum and Roda Roda. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: *Count Giuseppe Scanagalli*, Livio Pavanelli; *Antonia*, Dolly Haas; *Francesco*, Walter Edhofer; *First Lieutenant von Lorenz*, Gustav Froehlich; *The General of the Military Academy*, Anton Pointner; *Elisabeth*, his daughter, Yvette Rodin; *First Lieutenant Schreck von Schreckenstein*, Tibor von Halmay; *Mia Pleurwin*, Mary Loseff; *The Singer*, Marcell Wittrisch; *Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria*, Fritz Odemar; *The Doctor*, Paul Morgan.

**"MAN ABOUT TOWN"**—FOX.—From the novel by Denison Clift. Screen play by Leon Gordon. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Stephen Morrow*, Warner Baxter; *Helena*, Karen Morley; *Robert Ashley*, Conway Tearle; *Anna*, Leni Stengel; *Carlotta*, Lillian Bond; *Boris*, Allan Mowbray; *Count Von Esse*, Lawrence Grant; *Illion*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Henri*, Andre De Segurola; *Major Trumbic*, Charles Gerrard.

**"MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE"**—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Fred Ryter. Adapted by Harry Hoyt. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: *Jess Ryder*, Tom Tyler; *Sally Langton*, Caryl Lincoln; *Jim Fletcher*, Jack Richardson; *Mot Snyder*, Robert Walker; *Mr. Langton*, Frank Ball; *Bob Langton*, Lewis Sargent; *Bat Murchison*, Blackie Whiteford; *Russ*, Charles Whittaker; *Sheriff*, Lufe McKee; *Parcho*, Frederick Ryter; *Hank*, Jack Long; *Slink*, William Nolte; *Bud*, C. V. Bussey; *Ching*, Lee Tinn.

**"MISS PINKERTON"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Nevin Bush and L. Hayward. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Miss Adams ("Miss Pinkerton")*, Joan Blondell; *Patten*, George Brent; *The Second Nurse*, Mae Madison; *Isuko*, John Wray; *Paula Brent*, Ruth Hall; *Hebert Wynne*, Alan Lane; *Dr. Stewart*, C. Henry Gordon; *Charles Elliott*, Donald Dillaway; *Aunt Juliet*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Mary*, Blanche Frederici; *Florence Lenz*, Mary Doran; *Arthur Glenn*, Holmes Herbert; *Miss Gibbons*, Eulalie Jensen; *Third Nurse*, Treva Lawler; *First Nurse*, Luana Walters; *Henderson*, Lucien Littlefield; *The Coroner*, Nigel de Brulier.

**"NEW MORALS FOR OLD"**—M-G-M.—From the play "After All" by John Van Druten. Adapted by Zelta Sears and Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Charles F. Brabin. The cast: *Ralbh*, Robert Young; *Phyl*, Margaret Perry; *Mr. Thomas*, Lewis Stone; *Mrs. Thomas*, Laura Hope Crews; *Myra*, Myrna Loy;

*Duff*, David Newell; *Hallett*, Jean Hersholt; *Estelle*, Ruth Selwyn; *Zoe*, Kathryn Crawford; *Mrs. Warburton*, Louise Closser Hale; *Bodvin*, Mitchell Lewis; *Auntie Doc*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Maid*, Lillian Harmer.

**"NIGHT WORLD"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by P. J. Wolfson and Allen Rivkin. Screen play by Richard Selayer and Tom Reed. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Michael Rand*, Lew Ayres; *Ruth Taylor*, Mae Clarke; *"Happy"*, MacDonald, Boris Karloff; *Mrs. "Mac"*, Dorothy Revier; *Klauss*, Russell Hopton; *Tommy*, Bert Roach; *Edith Blair*, Dorothy Peterson; *Miss Smith*, Florence Lake; *Joe*, Gene Morgan; *Clarence*, Paisley Noon; *Mrs. Rand*, Hedda Hopper; *Blonde*, Greta Granstedt; *Maid*, Louise Beavers; *Salesman*, Sammy Blum; *Gang Leader*, Harry Woods; *Vaudevillean*, Eddie Phillips; *Gigolo*, Tom Tamarez; *Doorman*, Clarence Muse; *Jim*, Huntly Gordon; *Ed Powell*, George Raft; *Policeman*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Florabelle*, Geneva Mitchell; *also Arletta Duncan*, Pat Somerset, Joe Wallace, Charles Giblyn, Dorothy Grainger, Frank Beale, John K. Wells, Busby Berkeley Ballet, Hal Grayson and his orchestra.

**"NO GREATER LOVE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story and screen play by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Tommy Burns*, Dickie Moore; *Sidney Cohen*, Alexander Carr; *Surgeon*, Richard Bennett; *Mrs. Burns*, Beryl Mercer; *Doctor*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mildred*, Betty Jane Graham; *Priest*, Alec B. Francis; *Rabbi*, Mischa Auer; *Superintendent*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Investigator*, Martha Mattox; *Policeman*, Tom McGuire.

**"RADIO PATROL"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: *Bill Kennedy*, Robert Armstrong; *Pat Bourke*, Russell Hopton; *Sue*, Lila Lee; *Vern*, June Clyde; *Pete Wiley*, Andy Devine; *Carl Hughes*, Onslow B. Stevens; *"Smokey"*, Johnson, John Lester Johnson; *Kloskey*, Harry Woods; *Sergeant Keogh*, Sidney Toler; *Stick*, Jack LaRue.

**"RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story and screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Tom Righy*, Tom Mix; *Helen Joyce*, Lois Wilson; *Levi*, Fred Kohler; *Larribe*, Forrest Stanley; *Joyce*, Willard Robertson; *Betty Joyce*, Edith Fellows; *Tony*, Tony; *Dance Hall Girl*, Mae Busch; *Citizens*, Otis Harlan, Max Asher, cowboys and others.

**"RIDING TORNADO, THE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by William Colt MacDonald. Adapted by Burt Klemper. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Tim Torran*, Tim McCoy; *Fatsy Olcott*, Shirley Grey; *Dick Stark*, Wallace MacDonald; *The Sheriff*, Russell Simpson; *Sim Collier*, Montagu Love; *Hatch Engall*, Wheeler Oakman; *Hefly*, Vernon Dent; *Hiram Olcott*, Lafe McKee.

**"ROADHOUSE MURDER"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the stage play by Laszo Bus Fekets. Screen play by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Chick Brian*, Eric Linden; *Mary Agnew*, Dorothy Jordan; *Fred Dykes*, Bruce Cabot; *Louise Rand*, Phyllis Clare; *Joyce*, Rosco Ates; *Inspector Agnew*, Purnell Pratt; *Porter*, Gustave von Seyffertitz; *Kraft*, David Landau; *Dale*, Roscoe Karns.

**"SINISTER HANDS"**—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by Norton Parker. Adapted by Oliver Drake. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *Detective Captain Devlin*, Jack Mulhall; *Ruth Frazer*, Phyllis Barrington; *Judge McLeod*, Crauford Kent; *Swami Yomurda*, Mischa Auer; *Nick Genna*, Louis Natheaux; *Betty Lang*, Gertrude Messinger; *John Frazer*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Detective Watkins*, James Burtis; *Richard Lang*, Phillips Smalley; *Vivian Rogers*, Helen Foster; *Mrs. Richard Lang*, Lillian West; *Lesty Louie*, Fletcher Norton; *Mary Browne*, Bess Flowers; *Tommy Lang*, Russell Collar.

**"SINNERS IN THE SUN"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "The Beachcomber" by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence, Waldemar Young and Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Al Hall. The cast: *Doris Blake*, Carole Lombard; *Jimmy Martin*, Chester Morris; *Claire*, Adrienne Ames; *Mrs. Blake*, Alison Skipworth; *Eric Nelson*, Walter Byron; *Ridgeway*, Cary Grant; *Lil*, Rita LaRoy; *Fred Blake*, Russ Clark; *Mrs. Fred Blake*, Frances Moffett; *Grandfather*, Luke Cosgrave.

**"SKY BRIDE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Waldemar Young. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Agnes Brand Leahy and Grover Jones. Directed by Stephen R. Roberts. The cast: *Speed Condon*, Richard Arlen; *Alec Dugan*, Jack Oakie; *Illie*, Robert Coogan; *Ruth Dunning*, Virginia Bruce; *Jim Carmichael*, Charles Starrett; *Mrs. Smith*, Louise Closser Hale; *Eddie*, Tom Douglas; *Bill Adams*, Harold Goodwin; *Capt. Frank Robertson*, Randolph Scott; *Elmer*, Sid Saylor.

**"STATE'S ATTORNEY"**—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Louis Stevens. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Rowland Brown. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Tom Cardigan*, John Barrymore; *June Perry*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Vanny Powers*, William Boyd; *Lillian Ulrich*, Jill Esmond; *Nora Dean*, Mary Duncan; *Ulrich*, Oscar Apfel; *Senior Alvarado*, Raul Roulien; *Devise Attorney*, Ralph Ince; *Judge*, Frederick Burton; *City Prosecutor*, Leon Waycoff.



Gaston Longet

Hold it for a still, there, young fellow. Although he looks like an efficient bond salesman, there is a trouper tradition that Creighton Chaney simply can't escape. And everybody knows that his father, the beloved Lon, would be proud of his son for carrying on. You'll be seeing young Chaney on the screen pretty soon



"STRANGERS OF THE EVENING"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story "The Illustrious Corpse" by Tiffany Thayer. Adapted by Stuart Anthony and Warren B. Duff. Directed by H. Bruce Humphreys. The cast: *Sybil*, ZaSu Pitts; *Brubacher*, Eugene Pallette; *Frank Daniels*, Lucien Littlefield; *Robert Daniels*, Tully Marshall; *Ruth*, Miriam Seegar; *Dr. Everette*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Chandler*, Warner Richmond; *Tommy*, Harold Waldridge; *Nathan Frisbee*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Sutherland*, Alan Roscoe; *First Man*, Charles Williams; *Second Man*, William Scott; *Nolan*, James Burtis; *Roberts*, Francis Sayles.

"STREET OF WOMEN"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Polan Banks. Screen play by Mary McCall, Jr., and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Natalie*, Kay Francis; *Larry Baldwin*, Alan Dinehart; *Doris*, Gloria Stuart; *Link*, Roland Young; *Lois*, Marjorie Gateson; *Clarke*, Allen Vincent; *Frances*, Adrienne Dore; *Maid*, Louise Beavers.

"SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A"—WARNERS.—From the story by Clare Kummer. Adapted by Austin Parker, Maude Powell and Julian Josephsen. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Henry Wilton*, a multi-millionaire business man, George Arliss; *Emmie*, his wife, Mary Astor; *Peggy*, his daughter, Evalyn Knapp; *Connors*, his butler, Grant Mitchell; *Parkington*, a rival business man, David Torrence; *Eddie*, *Wilson's* son, William Janney; *George Struthers*, suitor of *Peggy's*, Hardie Albright; *Belden*, *Wilton's* office manager, Hale Hamilton; *Pietro*, musician and protégé of *Emmie's*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Larry Ribers*, suitor of *Peggy's*, Randolph Scott; *Mary*, *Emmie's* maid, Nola Luxford; *Curtis*, stock broker, Murray Kinnell; *Lawrence*, on *Parkington's* business staff, Richard Tucker; *Pauline*, *Peggy's* maid, Barbara Leonard; *Valet*, Harold Minjir; *Barney Davis*, agent for *Wilton*, Leon Waycoff.

"TENDERFOOT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Carle and the play "The Butter and Egg Man" by George Kaufman. Adapted by Arthur Caesar, Monty Banks and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Peter Jones*, of *Beesville, Texas*, Joe E. Brown; *Ruth*, a city girl, Ginger Rogers; *Joe Lehman*, theatrical producer, Lew Cody; *Miss Martin*, star of *Peter's* troupe, Vivian Oakland; *Mack*, Robert Greig; *Oscar*, Spencer Charters; *Dalan*, Ralph Ince; *Kitty*, Marion "Peanuts" Byron; *Stage director*, Douglas Gerrard; *Depot slicker*, Walter Percival; *Patterson*, Wilfred Lucas; *Depot bum*, George Chandler; *Cafe cashier*, Jill Dennett; *Cafe maid*, Mae Madison; *Depot porter*, John Larkin; *Newsstand proprietor*, Harry Seymour; *Actresses*, Charlotte Merriam and Zita Moulton; *Actors*, Theodore Lorch and Allan Lane; *Racketeer*, Richard Cramer; *The Hebrew*, Joe Barton; *Tart at depot*, Edith Allen; *Waiter*, Leo Kohlmar.

"THUNDER BELOW"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Thomas Rourke. Scenarized by Josephine Lovett and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Susan*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Walt*, Charles Bickford; *Ken*, Paul Lukas; *Hornor*, Eugene Pallette; *Davis*, Ralph Forbes; *Webb*, Leslie Fenton; *Scotty*, James Finlayson; *Pajarita*, Mona Rico; *Chato*, Carlos Salazar; *Doctor*, Edward Van Sloan; *Pacheco*, Enrique Acosta; *Delapena*, Gabry Rivas.

"TRAPEZE"—HARMONIE-FILM.—From the story by Alfred Machard. Adapted by Rudolf Katscher and Egon Eis. Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: *Marina*, Anna Sten; *Jim*, Reinhold Bernt; *Robby*, Adolf Wohlbrueck; *Press agent*, Otto Wallburg; *Grimby*, Curt Geron.

"WINNER TAKE ALL"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Jim*, a prize fighter, James Cagney; *Peggy Smith*, the girl he really loves, Marian Nixon; *Dick*, her boy, Dickie Moore; *Pap*, *Jimmie's* fight manager, Guy Kibbee; *Lois*, friend of *Jaan's*, Renee Whitney; *Monty*, Allan Lane; *Joan Gibsan*, society vamp, Virginia Bruce; *Elliot*, John Roche; *Ann*, Esther Howard; *Rosebud Newberry*, Clarence Muse; *Legs*, a crook, Ralf Harold; *Isaacs*, fight promoter, Clarence Wilson; *Forbes*, *Jim's* social mentor, Alan Mowbray; *Joan's* butler, Charles Coleman.

"WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE"—FOX.—From the stage play by Samuel Shipman, Max Marcin and Percival Wilde. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Laura*, Elissa Landi; *John Bruce*, Ralph Bellamy; *Paul Ramsey*, Neil Hamilton; *Sari Lodar*, Myrna Loy; *Victor LeGrand*, Gilbert Roland; *Howard Ramsey*, Walter Walker; *Andy Parker*, Charles Grapewin; *Tonelli*, Luis Alberni; *Stanley*, Edwin Stanley; *Carrigan*, Berton Churchill; *Watchman*, Jack Gray; *Jae*, Gordon DeMain.

"WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Philipp Zeska and Ernst Spitz. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Kylenka*, George Bancroft; *Maria Yaskaya*, Miriam Hopkins; *Dmitri*, Alan Mowbray; *Rutckin*, George E. Stone; *General Spira*, Emmett Corrigan; *Sukhanov*, Mitchell Lewis; *Banker*, Oscar Apfel; *Warkman*, Francis McDonald; *Ivan Ivanovich*, Harry Cording; *Sasha*, Ferike Boros.

"WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE"—WILLIS KENT PROD.—From the story by William McDonald. Adapted by Alan Ludwig. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *Lane Wolf*, Lane Chandler; *Judith Flagg*, Adele Lacey; *Sheriff Flagg*, Harry Todd; *Mrs. Flagg*, Loie Bridge; *Buck Jackson*, Yakima Canutt; *Steve Cantrell*, Al Bridge; *Watson*, Bob Roper; *Pete*, Harry Semels; *The Raven*, by himself.



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105 ]

THE story of Phil Goldstone, Hollywood's \$15,000,000 bachelor, is one of the most amazing in all filmdom.

Phil is one of the cleverest of the independent producers.

He came to Hollywood with \$8,000 that he had saved, and wanted to make a picture. His "mama," whom he adores, said she thought it foolish. His "aunty" believed Phil should take a chance if he wanted to. For once in his life he over-ruled mama and did a film with a famous European acrobat named Ullman. Phil changed Ullman's name to William Fairbanks for American release. His picture cost exactly \$8,000 and in Europe alone it netted \$350,000.

From then on he did one independent picture after another.

He was head of Tiffany Pictures when "Journey's End" was produced.

He has made his millions by making little pictures and big profits.

"Mama" now rides in a Rolls Royce. And Phil is prouder of that than of anything that has ever happened to him.

Florabel Muir has mentioned him many times in her column in the *Daily News*, telling of his vast wealth. The other day he came to her, "Please do not write any more about my having so much money. Mama is afraid someone will kidnap me."

Phil hates to be made fun of and certainly nobody should ever kid Phil. If more producers had refrained from going high-hat they would have Goldstone's money instead of their own gray hairs.

THE phonograph records made by Marlene Dietrich have replaced those of Bing Crosby in Joan Crawford's affections. On the set of "Rain" Joan emotes to Marlene's voice instead of to Bing's.

HE is eighty-two but he has a steady job in pictures as long as Tom Keene makes Westerns.

"Broncho Charlie" Miller, the last of the Pony Express Riders, met an exec from Radio

Pictures in New York a year ago last July. The exec told Charlie to ride to Hollywood on his horse and he'd give him a job. It was to be a publicity stunt for the first of the Tom Keene Westerns.

"Broncho Charlie" left the New York City Hall July 6. He arrived in Hollywood the following March to find Tom Keene on his sixth picture and the studio at which he was supposed to be making them closed. No one remembered a thing about Charlie. He had sent no letters, no telegrams, no expense account. But he was the first man to get from New York to Hollywood on horseback, in spite of coming near death twice.

Fortunately for Charlie, Tom Keene had made good in Westerns so the Pony Express rider and his horse, Plastar, have been assured jobs for the rest of their lives at \$100 a week.

A LOT of fur coats were needed for Connie Bennett's picture "What Price Hollywood."

The studio telephoned one of the most exclusive fur houses in town. "I'm sorry," the girl answered, "we can't send you any coats today. Everyone we have has been rented for tonight. It's the opening of 'Grand Hotel'!"

SENSATIONAL Hollywood picture premieres have been topped at last. And believe it or not—in London. There were no searchlights, national broadcasts, or anything of that sort, but under the auspices of the Prince of Wales the opening of the Corinne Griffith picture sold out at forty dollars a seat to the most aristocratic audience that ever filled a motion picture theater.

Add up a little score for Beulah Livingstone, Norma Talmadge's former publicity manager. She put it over.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., has grown a moustache for his new picture "Revolt," and he likes it so well he's considering making it a permanent institution.

He looks five years older and very, very man-about-town.

MAYOR JIMMY WALKER of New York wrote to his good friend Polly Moran, asking for an autographed photo.

Polly sent it by return mail with this inscription: "To Jimmy—From Miss America of 1880."

I HAD to rub my old eyes and look twice at the twelve "bit" players who served on the jury in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware." One of them was Florence Turner, who twenty years ago was one of the most popular stars of the screen.

SPEAKING of the ups and downs of this business, Betty Compson, who became famous overnight for her splendid performance in the silent version of "The Miracle Man," has been playing in a vaudeville skit at a Chicago theater featuring the new talkie version of "The Miracle Man." A comparatively new star, Sylvia Sidney, has her prized rôle and the electric light honors.





**LE TOUQUET:** Smart by virtue of simple lines that sculpture the figure. With simulated crocheted edgings in contrast.



**DEAUVILLE:** The moulded waistline and evening gown back follow the design of the season's loveliest formal things.



**MONTAUK:** With bodice top and separate belt—in such delightful colors as Barbic Red, Exotique Blue and Desert Green.



**SAN REMO:** Two-piece suit with simulated crocheted edges on the shirt to carry out the contrasting color of the trunks.



**MALIBU:** This dramatically daring swim suit invites the maximum sun tan. Brassiere top and separate trunks.



**SAN TROPEZ:** Backless, in a manner very Rue de la Paix. Contrasting shoulder straps cross and tie in sash effect.

YOU'VE read about them, seen them reported in the editorial pages of the smartest magazines! Now see them in person. Step, today, into your favorite shop and choose your new B. V. D. Surf Suit for the new season.

For it's going to be a far, far saner thing this summer, to risk an appearance in last year's evening gown than to brave the brilliance of the beach in anything less flattering, less smart, less "1932" than one of these new Surf Suits by B. V. D.

These are the suits that were the sensation of the Southlands; the suits with the graceful backs of the newest evening gowns; the suits with the high silhouetting waistlines; the smooth moulding lines around

the hips; the shoulder straps that "stay put."

Do see them . . . do! See them in the new B. V. D. triumphs; the new weaves that have the air of the finest handknitting of France . . . in Perl-Knit and that newest of the new, Ripple-Knit.

The unforgivable sin this summer will be to greet the sea and the sands in an old-fashioned bathing suit. Why be found guilty, when with so little expense you can be so very smart with B. V. D.?

Some smart shop in your vicinity has these new 1932 B. V. D. Surf Suits! Send us your name and we'll be happy to tell you just how near it is. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

**B · V · D**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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# DO YOU INHALE?



“Everybody’s  
doing it!”

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly—  
the other 3 inhale unknowingly

DO you inhale? 7 out of 10 smokers *know* they inhale. The other 3 inhale without realizing it. Every smoker inhales—for every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Do you inhale? Of course you do! LuckyStrike has dared to raise this vital question . . . because certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckies’ famous purifying process. Luckies

created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after Luckies had been furnished them for tests, *basing their opinions on their smoking experience*, stated that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

**“It’s toasted”**

**Your Throat Protection  
against irritation—against cough**



O. K. AMERICA—TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

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The American  
Tobacco Co.



# PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and  
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the SCREEN

•  
August

25

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in Canada

•  
The  
New  
Lady  
Games

•  
The Love  
Life of  
Jimmy  
Durante

•  
Jean Harlow  
See Page 69







## COUNT THE HITS



Number 1

"CAUGHT SHORT"



Number 2

"REDUCING"



Number 3

"POLITICS"

**AND NOW** *those furiously funny females*

*Marie* **DRESSLER**

*Polly* **MORAN**

*in (what this country needs)*

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!

**PROSPERITY**

A  
METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER  
SCREAMIE!

with  
Anita Page  
Wallace Ford

Directed by Leo McCarey



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Wears \$10 shoes  
Ignores her tender gums  
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

CAN'T BLAME HER for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always *will* consider a *face* more important than a *foot*!

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile*!

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them

to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid mod-

ern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive *years* from now!

## IPANA



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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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City.....State.....

**A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury**

Here's your  
GOOD-TIME  
-TABLE  
for 1932-3!



## PARAMOUNT SPECIALS

HAROLD LLOYD Prod.  
"MOVIE CRAZY"

MARLENE DIETRICH  
in "BLONDE VENUS"  
with Herbert Marshall,  
Cary Grant. Directed by  
Josef Von Sternberg.

"A FAREWELL  
TO ARMS"  
with HELEN HAYES  
and FREDRIC MARCH  
By Ernest Hemingway

GEORGE M. COHAN in  
"THE PHANTOM  
PRESIDENT"

"THE BIG BROADCAST"  
with Bing Crosby, Stuart  
Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns  
& Allen, Mills Brothers,  
Street Singer, Donald  
Novis, Cab Calloway  
and other stars.

"SINGLE NIGHT"  
(tentative title)  
with Nancy Carroll,  
George Raft,  
Wynne Gibson  
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

"IF I HAD A MILLION"  
All Star Cast

"THE SONG of the EAGLE"  
by George M. Cohan

And 50 More Surprise Hits with the Greatest Stars of the Screen!

THE 4 MARX BROTHERS  
in "HORSE FEATHERS"

MAURICE CHEVALIER  
in  
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"  
with Jeanette MacDonald.  
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

"THE  
SONG OF SONGS"  
with MIRIAM HOPKINS  
Richard Bennett,  
Alison Skipworth

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S  
"THE  
SIGN OF THE CROSS"

ERNST LUBITSCH Prod.  
"NOT MARRIED"  
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

"BLOOD AND SAND"  
with  
TALLULAH BANKHEAD  
and CARY GRANT

"R. U. R."  
with Sylvia Sidney and  
Fredric March Directed by  
Rouben Mamoulian

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"  
with Sylvia Sidney  
and Gary Cooper

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow  
"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. XLII No. 3

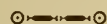
JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

August, 1932



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

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



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# The Audience Talks Back

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



Here's the new Garbo of "As You Desire Me"—a sweet, young girl, except in the dramatic earlier scenes. One letter-writer said that, for the first time, she felt that Garbo warranted the adjective "lovable." Others say this boy Melvyn Douglas has the stuff of which great screen lovers are made

## THE \$25 LETTER

When Mickey Mouse or any one of the black and white classics flashes gaily upon the screen, there is applause. That is as it should be. Our lives are too matter-of-fact. We know too much. We're sure of what is and what isn't and when that happens, people are likely to

lose something valuable, some imaginative, fanciful humor, or whatever used to make us believe in Alice in Wonderland.

Watching the cartoons, I believe in their whimsical impossibilities. Mickey Mouse and his agile friends live in a world where anything can happen—where the most astonishing things are accomplished with the turn of a wrist—in a gay world without subtlety or half-tones. Everything ends satisfactorily—the villains sent beyond the horizon and the lovers to an obviously rosy future—until next week!

ROBERT HENDERSON, Urbana, Ill.

## THE \$10 LETTER

I should like to defend the theaters. Many of the letters you publish condemn theaters for showing sex pictures, yet the people who write these letters cause this type of picture to be box-office, while many worthwhile films play to empty houses. The man in the clothing business buys two-button suits because they are in demand. The theater manager buys lurid pictures because the public wants to see them.

I believe the finest picture ever made was "Outward Bound." The audience? Well, in our theater it walked out and told others that the picture was terrible. If the public would patronize good films, the companies would oblige by making good films. As long as the public wants the sex stuff—that's what it will get.

ALVIN HAMMEL, Mgr. Capitol Theater, Frankfort, Ky.

## THE \$5 LETTER

I wish the producers would give us, for once: A football captain who is not a living Adonis. A private secretary neither fifty, spectacled and precise, nor blonde, languorous and appealing.

A married couple actually playing the game by its rules.

A successful financier without a wayward son to be set straight.

A young person who doesn't run wild on every occasion.

A poor maiden aunt really welcomed by newlyweds.

A flyer who doesn't crack up after his girl has turned him down.

A criminal that a pretty girl can't reform. In short, give us natural, realistic, could-happen-anywhere pictures.

SHIRLEY BRANSON, Elida, Ohio

## PLEAS FOR NATURALNESS

I consider Joan Crawford one of the most capable young actresses on the screen today. She has a charming voice, excellent enunciation, a decided flare for wearing clothes, and she acts with great feeling and understanding. But her eye and mouth make-up on the screen are bad, and her eyebrows are much too thin for such large eyes. In the reel showing the stars arriving at the opening of "Grand Hotel" in Hollywood, I particularly noticed how different Miss Crawford's eyes and mouth looked in real life and how much more attractive.

A. WARD, San Francisco, Calif.

It is heart-breaking to find our one-time idolized Joan Crawford changing. Why, oh, why does she join the ranks of the painted and

plucked faces of Carole Lombard, Garbo, Dolores Del Rio and others of that type, when formerly she was naturally perfect and beautiful, soft and alluring? Please be yourself, Joan, and remain our ideal.

IMOGENE DENNSTEDT, San Diego, Calif.

## "LETTY LYNTON"

I've seen "Letty Lynton"—wonderful actors, Joan Crawford never more alluring; Robert Montgomery, appealing as always; Nils Asther breathlessly handsome; Louise Closser Hale perfect in her part. But our favorite actors are made to run the gamut of the sins—illicit love affair, lying (and oh, what lying and how it was enjoyed by all!) and murder, only to come out gloriously triumphant in the final happy fade-out.

Apparently, reaping what one has sown, punishment and retribution just don't follow any more. Only the villain got his and he didn't care much, anyway.

How may we train our young things toward right thinking when our finest pictures teach lessons like these?

JESSE E. WORD, Houston, Texas

The acting of Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton" was superb, but why such a story? In real life no man, no matter how dissipated he may be or has been, would really and truly take to his heart and into his home the kind of woman that Letty Lynton confesses she is.

WINFRED PAYNE, Lynchburg, Va.

Nils Asther was splendid in "Letty Lynton." We have been waiting for him for so long. He is certainly just as handsome as ever and his accent only adds to his magnificence.

EDITH CZARAZYNIK, Buffalo, N. Y.

Congratulations to Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton," but let's have a little less sham from Joan Crawford. I think the majority of people do not like their dream world so fantastic.

H. LEE CROOKS, Salina, Kansas

## MORE GRIST FOR THE MILL

The producers are continually searching for new themes while right under their noses is material that could be used to make one of the greatest pictures of this or any other year—the effect the present economic situation has upon the citizens of our country. Why not show a picture presenting real people of the poorer and middle class, without any maudlin sentiment—a picture about the depression. It would show beauty, tragedy, pain, humor, greed and sacrifice.

V. CRONBURG, San Diego, Calif.

## MAYBE SHE WON'T LEAVE

To those of us who worship Garbo, her happiness is our dearest wish. After all, Garbo's genius can carry her to greater heights than Hollywood can ever offer her. If it is true that we can no longer hope to have her with us and that we must learn to be content with the brief years of exquisite happiness she has given us, we should like her to know that our sincerest prayers for her success and happiness will follow her wherever she may go.

MRS. J. F. CONNOLLY, Brooklyn, N. Y.



# With Brickbats & Bouquets

Greta Garbo is my favorite actress but I hope she leaves the screen forever right now. For I would rather forego ever seeing her again than live to know the day when the public is tired of her. I want to remember Garbo as she is now, Garbo at the height of her glory, and I do not want to see her a flop and laughed at by the public that once loved her. Oh, it will happen if she stays!

FRASER MACDONALD, Edmonton, Canada

## GARBO CONVERTS

I had begun to consider myself deaf, dumb and blind for I could not, for the life of me, see anything appealing in Garbo. I saw all her pictures, too. "Mata Hari" was, in my estimation, the worst, and I was surprised that a man of Ramon Novarro's ability would co-star in such a flop. It wasn't until "As You Desire Me" that I finally woke up and found what I had been missing all along.

La Garbo forgot to be bored in this picture and cleverly and sympathetically created a personality that worked havoc with one's emotions. It was a wonderful picture.

MARION HENNESSY, St. Louis, Mo.

The great Garbo has achieved new heights in "As You Desire Me." I had feared that the Swedish actress was incapable of uttering more than three consecutive English words in those thrilling guttural tones, but she fooled me by engaging in entire conversations which sparkled with her delightfully accented English. But it was her skilful portrayal of the two sides of a woman's character which astounded me. Garbo has always been dangerous and glamorous on the screen but never before could I have applied the adjective "lovable" to her.

RACHEL GOODEN, St. Paul, Minn.

## KEEP SWEET, JANET

What's the matter with Janet Gaynor? Since when did she begin to think that she can turn down the rôles that made her a star? She's not a dramatic actress and it's about time that she

**N**OW, here's a funny thing. The two most discussed stars this month were Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo. Garbo was cheered for going sweet and simple in parts of "As You Desire Me," while Crawford was begged to go a little less glamorous in her next picture. The folks liked "Letty Lynton" but they wished Joan wouldn't use so much eye and mouth make-up. If you've any doubt that it's sweetness and light that's wanted these days, just glance over the letters. Even Janet Gaynor came in for her share of criticism because she had expressed the desire to get away from her usual type of rôle. Naturalness, reality, simplicity—that's the cry from the real star-makers—the public.

With "Tarzan, the Ape Man" now many months old, Johnny Weissmuller is still head boy among the girls, with George Brent running him a close second because of his work in "The Rich Are Always With Us." Incidentally, Ruth Chatterton is back as the First Lady of the Cinema because of her gay, brittle performance in that film.

And how do you feel about all this?

realizes that the public wants her in Pollyanna type parts. We think of her as a nice little girl with high ideals and we don't want to see her change.

MARION MORCOM, Oakland, Calif.

## GOOD GROOMING HINTS

After a woman is married and in the whirl of a million duties it is very easy to neglect herself. And she wonders why her husband loses interest.

When we attend the movies, we see well groomed women and they give us the desire to improve. PHOTOPLAY gives us all sorts of hints. I believe it would make many homes happier if more women followed PHOTOPLAY's advice.

MRS. EARLE MILLHOLLIN, Omaha, Neb.

## RUTH AND "THE RICH"

Anyone who thinks that Ruth Chatterton is slipping should go to see "The Rich Are Always With Us." Her performance is real, warm and moving—simply superb.

I also liked George Brent. And why people call him a second Clark Gable I do not know, since his acting ability is much greater than Gable's and almost all of our younger actors.

FREDRIC MORLEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I've seen "The Rich Are Always With Us" three times and liked it better each time.

ELEANOR KIRBLEY, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"The Rich Are Always With Us" brings a new public to the feet of Ruth Chatterton.

RUBY MAE FISHER, New York City

Ruth Chatterton is one of the few actresses who can play polite comedy without looking like a country bumpkin at her first party.

MARIE THOMAS, Baltimore, Md.

"The Rich Are Always With Us" is the snappiest picture that has hit this old town for months. And Ruth Chatterton's last three or four atrocities are dead and buried as far as I'm concerned.

RONALD TATE, Toronto, Canada

Every time Ruth Chatterton makes a new picture she gets a lot of ballyhoo and I think, "Well, perhaps this time I will see a marvelous picture." I just saw her in "The Rich Are Always With Us." The only one who deserves any praise is Bette Davis. Give us more Davis and less Chatterton.

MRS. S. D. COPELAND, New Orleans, La.

## BE BEAUTIFUL, BOYS

Why can't we have good looking leading men occasionally? The women are more beautiful than ever, but I have grown so tired of seeing ugly, uninteresting, unromantic men without individuality or appeal. Why can't we see more of John Boles, Ricardo Cortez and others of that type, instead of what we do have to look at?

MARIAN WHITE, Lexington, Ky.

## MARIE, WALLY AND JACKIE

The only movie actors that stand out in my mind are Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. The others are an indiscriminate mass of standardized blondes and brunettes with standardized emotional responses.

I go to the movies and I like them, but I can't talk about Garbo or Dietrich and Bennett since I could not identify one of them.



Here's the new Crawford—a glamorous, mysterious woman of the world. Although Joan's acting in "Letty Lynton" got raves, even her most ardent admirers wished she would bring more sweet simplicity to the screen. Nils Asther was given a big welcome. Keep it up, Nils. The fans are for you

Why do I remember Marie, Wally and Jackie? Because they are absolutely real without the screen's conventional flub-dub of accent, gestures and general behavior. I feel that I really know them and that they are real people, no matter what rôles they play.

BELLE TAYLOR, Baton Rouge, La.  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



# A Formal Hollywood Tea



## Many little delicacies is June Clyde's tea party recipe

June tactfully stepped out of this picture so that your gaze would not be distracted from the food. Take your position, please. A line forms to the right!

**W**HEN you are bid to a tea in Hollywood, you actually have tea! And not only tea but delicious food that sends you home with no appetite whatever for dinner.

A formal afternoon tea in a star's home is one of the most charming functions I know. My most recent tea party experience was at June Clyde's one afternoon not long ago. She had invited a large number of her friends and the food was so delicious that I begged several special recipes to pass on to you.

June had the refectory table in her dining room set beautifully. A magnificent lace cloth covered the table; tulips and spring flowers made a colorful centerpiece. But the real eye tempter was this tea menu:

Open Sandwiches	Potato Chips	Stuffed Hard Rolls
Fancy Cup Cakes	Chocolate Cake	Cookies
Cocoanut Cake	Sugared Jelly Doughnuts	Caramel Cake
Danish Buns	Assorted Nuts	Mints
Bon Bons		Coffee
Tea		

The open sandwiches were attractively spread out on several large platters. There were rolled watercress sandwiches, squares of wholewheat bread spread with thin slices of smoked salmon, white bread cut circular with a spread of cream cheese and garnishment of caviar and egg yolk. A novel idea was French rolls, small and round, cut in half and filled with chicken salad.

*Watercress Rolled Sandwiches*—these would make a delicious sandwich for informal afternoon tea. For the spread cream together  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of finely ground watercress. To this add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon lemon juice and a few drops of tabasco sauce. Spread this thinly on squares of very fresh white bread from which the crusts have been removed. Fold into a roll and place a sprig of watercress in each end.

Three favorite large cakes were placed on silver plates. A devil's food cake had a fudge frosting and the two white cakes were iced with cocoanut and caramel respectively. Two dishes of the most delicious cookies caught my fancy so I asked for the recipe. They were *orange drop cookies* I discovered. Here's how you **make** them.

### Orange Drop Cookies

2 tablespoons grated orange rind	4 tablespoons orange juice
4 tablespoons butter	2 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar	4 teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Cream together the grated orange rind, butter and sugar. Add the orange juice and eggs well-beaten. Add also the flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together. Drop the batter by spoonsful onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about ten minutes.

If you will notice the menu list, you will see that June has used quite a bit of originality in planning it. Such sturdy, old-fashioned things as doughnuts and buns are included with the more elaborate cakes and sandwiches. And I think including potato chips is an unusually happy thought. They are so satisfactory for nibbling.

When you have an attractively set table and loads of good tid-bits such as compose June's menu, a tea gives itself—you don't have to worry about it. And, incidentally, a tea is one of the best feminine gestures in paying off social indebtedness.

Before finishing the tea subject, let me mention marmalade, a special item for your teas-for-two. *Bitter Mandarin Marmalade* is delicious and easily made. Cut the ends from oranges, the number varying for the amount you want. Slice and seed oranges, cover with cold water and bring to boil. Add as much sugar as there is pulp and liquid. Cook slowly until marmalade forms a soft ball in cold water.

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.

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# How to acquire a fashionable figure

## WITHOUT DANGER

THE new clothes stress youthful curves. So reducing becomes popular. But short-cuts to less weight endanger health. Beware of the so-called "harmless" reducing pills, soaps, medicines, etc. So often they get their effects by breaking down needed tissue.

The healthful way to reduce is to control the diet—and get proper exercise. Be sure your meals contain the "bulk" required for proper elimination.

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Silver sequins on pink chiffon accent the lovely figure of June Collyer, popular screen player. Her smartly simple bathing suit and her striking sports ensemble are distinctly of this season's mode.



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

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

**AIR EAGLES**—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

**ALMOST MARRIED**—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (Feb.)

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

**ANYBODY'S BLONDE**—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (Feb.)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

**ARM OF THE LAW, THE**—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

**BEAST OF THE CITY, THE**—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (Feb.)

**BEHIND THE MASK**—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

**BEN HUR**—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (Feb.)

**BIG SHOT, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (Feb.)

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

**BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE**—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

**BORDER DEVILS**—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

**BRANDED MEN**—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (Feb.)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (March)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

## Money For You In PHOTOPLAY'S Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

You can earn that extra money you have so many uses for

Turn to page 65 this issue of PHOTOPLAY and start right in!

**GAIN**—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

**CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE**—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

**COCK OF THE AIR**—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risqué. (Feb.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

**CROSS-EXAMINATION**—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

**CRY OF THE WORLD, THE**—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

**DECEIVER, THE**—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (Feb.)

**DELICIOUS**—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (Feb.)

★ **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL ON DECK**—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (Feb.)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (Feb.)

**DRAGNET PATROL**—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]



# "Your Complexion Is Poisoned!"



*"... there are often positively harmful ingredients in unknown and unreliable toilet preparations."*

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*This advertising campaign is conceived and sponsored by Photoplay magazine.*

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**DRIFTER, THE**—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (Feb.)

**ESCAPADE**—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

**EXPERT, THE**—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

**EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD**—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (Feb.)

**FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE**—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

**"FAST COMPANIONS"**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

**FILE 113**—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (March)

**FINAL EDITION**—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

**FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

**FOOL'S ADVICE, A**—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

**FORBIDDEN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (Feb.)

**FORGOTTEN WOMEN**—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

**FREAKS**—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (March)

**GAY CABALLERO, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

**GET THAT GIRL**—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

**GIRL CRAZY**—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

**GIRL OF THE RIO**—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (Feb.)

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (Feb.)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (March)

**HEART OF NEW YORK, THE**—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (Feb.)

**HIGH PRESSURE**—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

**HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

**HUDDLE**—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

**HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (Feb.)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

**IS THERE JUSTICE?**—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (Feb.)

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

**KEEPERS OF YOUTH**—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sydney does her best work. (Feb.)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (Feb.)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

**LAW AND ORDER**—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

**LAW OF THE TONGS**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (May)

**LAW OF THE WEST**—Sono Art-World Widc.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

**LENA RIVERS**—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as Letty. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

**LOCAL BAD MAN, THE**—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (March)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

**LOVE IS A RACKET**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

**LOVE'S COMMAND**—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

**MAKER OF MEN**—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

## 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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**MAN ABOUT TOWN**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

**MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE**—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

**MANHATTAN PARADE**—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (Feb.)

**MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE**—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Feb.)

**MENACE, THE**—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

**MEN OF CHANCE**—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (Feb.)

**MICHAEL AND MARY**—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

**MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

**MISS PINKERTON**—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

**MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

**MONSTER WALKS, THE**—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

**MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

**MURDER AT DAWN**—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (March)

**MY WIFE'S FAMILY**—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

**NICE WOMEN**—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

**NIGHT BEAT**—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

**NIGHT WORLD**—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

**NO GREATER LOVE**—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

**NO ONE MAN**—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (March)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

**PANAMA FLO**—RKO-Pathé.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

**PLAY GIRL**—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

**POCATELLO KID, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (Feb.)

**POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

**POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

**PRESTIGE**—RKO-Pathé.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risqué, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (Feb.)

**PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

**RAINBOW TRAIL**—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (Feb.)

**RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the desert. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

**RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE**—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

**RIDING TORNADO, THE**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

**ROAD TO LIFE, THE**—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

**RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

**ROADHOUSE MURDER**—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

**SADDLE BUSTER, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

**SALLY OF THE SUBWAY**—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

**SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

**SECRET WITNESS, THE**—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (Feb.)

**SHADOW BETWEEN, THE**—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

**SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE**—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

**SHOP ANGEL**—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

**SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

**SILENT WITNESS, THE**—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

**SINNERS IN THE SUN**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

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directions how to  
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**SINISTER HANDS**—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

**SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street wail. (June)

**SKY BRIDE**—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

**SKY DEVILS**—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

**SO BIG**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

**SOOKY**—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (Feb.)

**STEADY COMPANY**—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

**STEPPING SISTERS**—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)

**STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

**STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

**STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

**STRANGERS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

**STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

**STRUGGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (Feb.)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

**SUNSET TRAIL, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan. (April)

**TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

**TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

**TEXAS GUN FIGHTER**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

**TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

**THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

**THIS RECKLESS AGE**—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

**THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

**TOMORROW AND TOMORROW**—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)



**TRAPEZE**—Harmonic-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

**TWO KINDS OF WOMEN**—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robison's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

**TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)**—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

**UNDER EIGHTEEN**—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (Feb.)

**UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE**—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Ho-hum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (Feb.)

**UNION DEPOT**—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (Feb.)

**U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE**—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

**VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

**WAYWARD**—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

**WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

**WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

**WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—Red-headed Jimmy Cagney turns in a fine characterization as a prize-fighter. (July)

**WISER SEX, THE**—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

**WITHOUT HONOR**—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

**WOMAN COMMANDS, A**—RKO-Pathé.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (Feb.)

**WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE**—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (Feb.)

**WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

**WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

**WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

**YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathé.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

**ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES**—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)



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# Movie-Goers all over the world



The audience asked for this type of picture. "When a Feller Needs a Friend" was the answer, with Jackie Cooper causing tears in his scenes with Chic Sale and the next minute knocking off grand comedy bits. "We're tired of sex, we're bored with crime," one mother wrote, "but Jackie's new picture is what we want for ourselves and the kids"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

## TAKE OFF THE FRINGE

Marlene Dietrich's eyes are beautiful and the way she uses them, incomparable. Even Garbo with her "ridiculously long lashes" does not have a show with *la* Dietrich around. But for heaven's sake, why does she wear that lace fringe which is supposed to be lashes? Give us more of your beautiful eyes, Marlene, and leave off the fringe.

EDNA ANN CROWE, Philadelphia, Penna.

## MORE STAGE ACTORS, PLEASE

At a glance one can recognize the well trained, experienced stage star. The discriminating attendant of the movies is realizing more and more the importance of fine acting and it has been a real treat to watch the *finesse* of the Fontanne-Lunt team, Helen Hayes and many others. We're spoiled now and we insist upon seeing these stage stars who have achieved well deserved success.

SYLVIA MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

## UNCONSCIOUS SOPHISTICATION

I plead for more unconscious sophistication on the screen—the type of sophistication that Leslie Howard and Benita Hume have in "Reserved for Ladies" and the type that Marlene Dietrich so often hands us—not the Garbo and Crawford affectation.

C. M. FARIS, W. Durham, N. C.

## DON'T SAVE ON CLOTHES

I've read that an attempt is being made to moderate the extravagance of the wardrobes of such stars as Garbo, Crawford, Shearer and Bennett because this extravagant splendor in time of economic strain causes ill-will and discontent among the poorer working girls. As one of this class, I protest.

We go to the movies to escape reality; we want the illusions of splendor and costliness in the clothes we see on the stars.

DOROTHY LEWIS, Cleveland, Ohio

## JOHNNY'S STILL HEAD MAN

I read the article about Johnny Weissmuller in the June PHOTOPLAY and I certainly agree. Any normal girl who does not see anything to rave about in Johnny Weissmuller should have her head examined. It would be such a shame to put him in an Eskimo picture and hide his wonderful physique. Clark Gable and the rest of the screen heroes can't compare with Johnny.

SUE MORI, Los Angeles, Calif.

## GABLE'S PUBLICITY

Clark Gable is a good actor and nothing can take away his ability, but all the asinine publicity about him is going to ruin what Gable himself and good stories have built up. Valentino was the only man ever able to buck such publicity successfully for any length of time, and Gable simply isn't that good. There is handwriting on the wall and I hope the powers that be see it and do something about it.

RICHARD GERSON, Hollywood, Calif.

## HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

If people had any sense at all they would read reviews of pictures and select a comedy for blue days, a drama for gay days, etc. Instead, they pick a show at random and then rave because it doesn't suit the mood of the moment. I ask you, is that fair to the movie producers who honestly try to please a fickle public?

MRS. C. O. MAGRUDER, San Diego, Calif.

## ANOTHER "TARZAN" RAVE

I think if there were more pictures like "Tarzan, the Ape Man," more people would go to

the talkies. I was enthralled with it and it was one of the few pictures which I, my husband and my two little boys were interested in equally.

There are so few pictures that interest the entire family. When producers begin to consider the viewpoint of modern young mothers who don't want their sons to become gangsters or their daughters to become fallen women, they'll give us more pictures like "Tarzan."

It's such a relief to sit through a picture without worrying about the children's morals! MRS. ESTHER L. SCHWARTZ, Peekskill, N. Y.

## GLAMOROUS CLOTHES

In "As You Desire Me" Garbo is freakishly dressed. All around me I could hear such comments as: "That hat!" "What a hair dress!" "Such necklines!" Only once did she appear to have the allure she would need to charm men. She can act, but one almost loses sight of that in wondering why they don't allow her to appear charming always.

MRS. MARGARET RICE, Indianapolis, Ind.

## THE MOST FAMOUS DIVORCE

I feel quite sure that were Harry Bannister to show the potential star material that Ann Harding has proved in her pictures, he would have been lifted to stardom in spite of the reflected glory in which he has been basking—just as Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has been starred notwithstanding his wife's greater talent. When it is apparent to everyone who has seen Ann and Harry on the screen that Ann is more gifted than Harry, the reason given for their divorce seems absurd for that condition would have existed were they never married to each other. Why, then, couldn't they revel in their beautiful love, and face facts?

ESTELLE BICK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I don't see why the public should get all excited over the Harding-Bannister divorce.



"The Rich Are Always With Us"—and may Ruth Chatterton always be. I hope she never does another serious drama when her light comedy is so perfect," reads one of the many letters



# Speak their minds about pictures

Nobody knows as well as they do what is best for themselves and I doubt if any of their critics could have handled such an unhappy situation half so well as did Harry and Ann.

MRS. GEORGE JACKSON, Ludlow, Ky.

## LET 'EM KEEP TALKING

I wish something could be done about the censors in our city and state. "Grand Hotel" was ruined by having much conversation eliminated. When pictures are cut and the dialogue halted, the public, especially the younger generation, imagines things worse than they are. What a shame to live in such a large and nice city as Philadelphia and know you can't go to see a good picture without feeling you have been gyped.

MRS. W. J. THOMPSON, Philadelphia, Penna.

## FOREIGN OPINIONS

There is nothing mysterious about Garbo. When at work she is completely taken up with her rôle, as any really good actress is. When at home she is just a simple human being who loves to be alone and wants to lead her own life. She is one of the finest, sweetest, most natural girls in Hollywood.

NINA CORRY, Alassio, Italy

Over here we get such horrid plays in the legitimate theater that we all prefer the movies.

ELENA ROMANA, Arequipa, Peru, S. A.

I think Norma Shearer deserves all the bouquets she gets. I don't know of a single actress who is as versatile as she.

VAL HALLORAN, Suva, Fiji

Motion pictures have set the styles of the world. They have taught us geography, history, social conditions and politics.

JULIAN LA TORRE, Manila, P. I.



Here is an unusual motion picture that pulled in hundreds of letters of praise—mostly directed at the cameraman. "The Doomed Battalion" shows war at its most difficult, in the Austrian Tyrol. Folks who were crazy about "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" voted this to be its truly worthy successor. The beauty and magnificence of the scenery scored

Our great producers should show vital problems on the screen to help us weather the storm of our present problems.

T. C. GRANT, Halifax, N. S.

Lewis Stone has a convincing charm and a polish that one immediately wishes to assume. His absolute freedom from theatrical antics, his superb characterizations, his genuine breeding are so obvious and so real that to see him sets a higher standard of social conduct.

A. V. BURKE, Vancouver, B. C.

Clark Gable is perfectly natural. Besides, he is a great actor and extremely handsome.

BOURBON DELMONTE, Paris, France

Gangster films, sex films, newspaper films and college films all show a sordid and drab atmosphere. Are American films of today a true indication of the temperament of the average American citizen? As the **Gaynor**-Farrell type of film is rare, am I to presume that clean-living, home-loving people are practically nonexistent in the towns of America?

MISS J. DYSON, Middlesex, England

Like gods and goddesses of all time, Garbo belongs to humanity.

BASIL FRANGOULIS, Cairo, Egypt

The motion picture, more than any other agency, dispenses and interprets Americanism—American ideas and ideals.

MRS. H. E. TOMLINSON, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii

When will producers and directors come to realize that the pictures which make the biggest box office successes are clean, human pictures which depict the struggles and triumphs and often the pitiful failures of real life? Anyone who doubts this statement is recommended to study the list of **PHOTOPLAY** Gold Medal picture winners for the past twelve years.

JEANNE VILLIERS-WARDELL, Cannes, France

American films are still vastly superior to ours, but may I point out to Hollywood producers that all Englishmen do not speak with a cockney accent and that the sun has been known to shine in London. It's not always raining.

H. J. WRIDE, Birmingham, England

Betty Compson is the most versatile actress on the screen. I have been her loyal fan for over eighteen years.

F. A. HOWE, Auckland, New Zealand

## PERTINENT COMMENTS

Jack Gilbert has a great future before him and if he chooses he can easily be the greatest emotional actor on the screen. He is young, handsome, earnest and ambitious and I think his voice is decidedly pleasant.

E. NEAL, San Antonio, Texas

In my opinion Jean Harlow is the most glamorous star on the American screen today. She is so much better, and has so much more sex appeal than Garbo. I'm for Jean first, last and all the time and always in bigger and better rôles.

A. O. MILLER, JR., West Orange, N. J.

Melvyn Douglas does not act his parts, he lives them. He isn't merely an actor but an artist.

MARY FENEL, Chicago, Ill.

We need more naturalness from our actresses—the kind given by Barbara Stanwyck and that grand Marie Dressler.

MYRIAM ROSSETER, St. Petersburg, Fla.

I think if a little more pep and energy were injected into Marlene Dietrich's rôles she would be a far greater success on the American screen.

EDWARD J. GRAHAM, Philadelphia, Penna.



George Brent came in for his share of the credit in making Ruth's picture an audience favorite. But everybody agreed that he must not be compared with Clark Gable. Let him be himself!





# حالیٰ تنہ سبب

(It's Grounds for Divorce)

What is the meaning of these strange Arabic symbols written centuries ago?

Surprising as it may seem, when translated they spell halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The ancient Mohammedans recognized what the modern Listerine advertisements have always attempted to convey—that halitosis is the unforgivable fault.

So strongly did they feel this that halitosis was made one of the four grounds on which a divorce could be obtained.

It looks as though the Mohammedans were smarter than we are . . .

\* \* \*

You—anyone—is likely to have halitosis for the reason that 90% of the trouble is caused by tiny bits of food fermenting in the mouth.

But you need never offend if you use Listerine. Listerine both prevents and remedies halitosis because of its double action.

### Deodorizes 12 Hours Longer

Being antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation, the cause of odors. And then, because it is the swiftest deodorant known, it gets rid of the odors themselves.

Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot conquer in 12 hours or more.

### For Certain Results—Listerine

When you want to be certain that your breath is beyond reproach, and agreeable to others, use only Listerine. Don't take chances with solutions of doubtful deodorant power.

Remember, Listerine is effective because it attacks the cause, then removes the effect. *And its taste is pleasant.*

If you haven't a bottle in your medicine cabinet, get one now.

. . . .

Because of its marked deodorant power, Listerine is a delightful aid in overcoming another social handicap—perspiration and other body odors. A great many women and men labor under the delusion that the use of mere soap and water will overcome this humiliating condition. Nothing is further from the truth. For swift deodorant effect, you must use a deodorant. After your bath, simply apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It cleans, freshens, sweetens, and deodorizes. You go forth feeling that you are fastidious and immaculate.

## LISTERINE DEODORIZES FASTEST

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. P.H.8 Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## Use it also for BODY ODORS





Elmer Fryer

**D**O you believe it? Neither did we. But this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., looking exactly like his father. He grew that moustache for his new picture "Revolt," but he likes it so well it's going to stay. And get that swagger, man-about-town nonchalance. Can this be the Doug who was playing boy rôles a few months ago?



Otto Dyar

**W**ILL Sari Maritza succeed or will she just miss the heights of real stardom? Your guess is as good as ours. Her first American picture, "Forgotten Commandments," was not an auspicious beginning. Her foreign film, "Monte Carlo Madness," was pleasant, but ordinary. Yet she looks as if she might have the subtle lure of Dietrich, Garbo, *et al.* Her background suggests glamour and she possesses beauty. The next six months will write the story of little Sari





Otto Dyar

**T**HIS Miriam Hopkins has Hollywood wondering. The burning question is, "So what about the state of her marriage?" When she moved into her own home, which did not include a room for hubby Austin Parker, everyone was sure that a judge would hear about it. Yet they are often seen together and apparently on the best of terms. But Austin also goes around with other girls and Miriam doesn't lack escorts. So what do you make of that, Dr. Watson?



Powolny

WHEN PHOTOPLAY announced that Janet Gaynor had returned from Europe with a new bob, she received thousands of letters asking how her hair was cut. So here it is, and it's the only chance you'll have to see the coiffure. Fox has asked her to let it grow longer again for her new picture, "The First Year." She made it redder, too



# You'll love this book



## Offered you by Coca-Cola *the drink of American hospitality*

### IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S BOOK FOR THE HOME

Contains 128 pages, beautifully illustrated. It tells you how to:

- Issue invitations, formal and informal.
- Set your table correctly for all occasions.
- Give birthday parties, luncheons, receptions, and so forth.
- Entertain with games for young and old.
- How to be a perfect hostess, with many wonderful recipes and hundreds of helpful suggestions.

Does entertaining frighten you? This book, full of helpful plans and delightful suggestions, will save you hours of planning your home entertaining. With it you can make any party a success. It is published and presented as a contribution to hospitality and sociability by Coca-Cola—the drink that makes a pause refreshing, the natural partner of so many good things to eat. ~ ~ ~ ~

SEND FOR THIS BOOK TODAY.....

THE  
COCA-COLA CO.  
564 PLUM ST., N.W.  
ATLANTA, GA.

Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin to cover cost of handling and mailing) for which send me the book, "When You Entertain" by Ida Bailey Allen.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Why this easy LUX way stops runs before they start ...



"\$1<sup>00</sup> means a lot and that's just about what it costs me every time a stocking goes into runs! You can be sure I'll use the Lux way of washing from now on. It's such an easy way to save on stocking bills."

## ... doubles the wear of your stockings

EVERYWHERE girls are proving that the Lux way of washing actually prevents stocking runs! Because it preserves the elasticity stockings have when they're new.

You can see for yourself how elastic a new stocking is. Take the hem of a new pair—see how amazingly it stretches—how quickly it springs back into shape.

But you can destroy this elasticity very easily. If you use harsh soaps—or if you rub the tender threads with a cake of soap, which tends to roughen and weaken them . . . elasticity is lost. The delicate threads lose their live "springiness"—they break

instead of giving, when they're strained. The least little pull may start a costly run!



Lux is especially made to preserve the precious elasticity of silk. Those soft Lux suds can't rob even the sheerest stocking of its life! In fact, washing with Lux (after every wearing if possible) doubles stocking wear. And that means cutting stocking bills down to half!

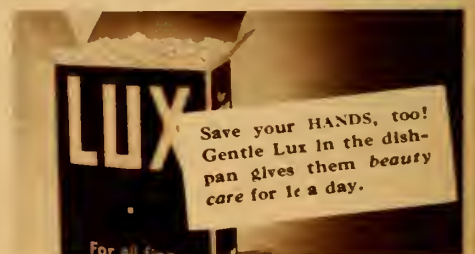
### Wash this two-minute way:

1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

**Don't rub with cake soap.** It ruins elasticity. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

**Avoid ordinary soaps**—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens silk threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

**Don't use too-warm water**—it fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water.



LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y



# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

**T**HE very latest wrinkle in the fortune telling racket is "body reading."

The enterprising Hollywood gentleman who inaugurated this idea gets a good-looking girl into a corner at a party, begins to read her palm, then travels up her arm telling her from the contours of her elbow, etc., where she was born and other details about herself. The girl is duly impressed by the correctness of the "reading," which derives, of course, from the simple fact that the "reader" has found out about his victim before the party.

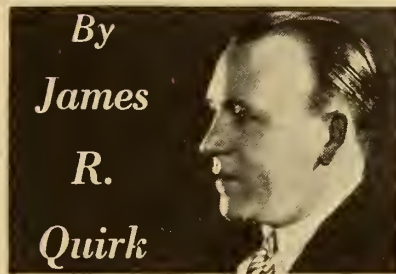
Arrived at the shoulder, the "reader" breaks off and starts talking about the weather. And when his victim asks in alarm why he does not go on he explains that he is a "body-reader" and cannot tell the future correctly without seeing more.

According to reports the man's spiel is so convincing that numbers of Hollywood's fairest and loveliest have innocently fallen for the "body-reading" gag, and actually paid him to do it.

**N**ORMA SHEARER'S two-year old son is accompanied everywhere by a uniformed guard who openly displays a huge automatic strung to his belt. He is under orders to remain within ten feet of the little fellow even when he takes his afternoon nap. He calls the burly fellow "Ga-ga." Jackie Cooper calls his guard "That big bum."

Almost every nursery in the homes of the screen notables is now protected by barred windows and burglar alarms, and as we told you a few months ago in *PHOTOPLAY*, more than a dozen of the children of the stars and executives are guarded by gun-toting huskies.

Passing by Marlene Dietrich's home the other day I was amazed to see the county jail atmosphere created by half-inch steel bars decorating every window and door. Ann Harding's little girl goes to an expensive kindergarten in Beverly Hills and rides to and fro in a large limousine with her two hundred pound guard beside her. The other day the little tots were to be taken out in the nearby woods for a nature lesson and the guard insisted on going right along to study the birds, the trees and the wild flowers.



**C**ONNIE BENNETT was giving a party at her home recently when some of the guests expressed a wish to see her little son, Peter, who was up in his nursery asleep. Connie took them upstairs and started to open the door. Immediately she touched the doorknob a series of

electric gongs started operation, the guests were thrown into a bedlam of excitement and little Peter yelled in terror. It seems that the child's nurse had set the alarm and failed to notify Connie.

And the day following some of the trick electric gadgets that protect the Harding castle from intruders were set off by mistake, bringing two squads of police screaming up the hill at sixty miles an hour. One of the new maids had ventured into the hallway outside the baby's room and touched a wire extending across the hall with her foot.

Uneasy lie the heads that wear the screen crowns—when they have babies worth a king's ransom.

**O**NE of the most entertaining pictures I have seen in the studio projection rooms is "What Price Hollywood." When you see it pay close attention to the wedding scenes. It is a satire on the wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, and it is no exaggeration of what really happened in Hollywood just a few years ago. The character of the director is also taken from real life by our own Adela Rogers St. Johns and Jane Murfin, who know their Hollywood and wrote the story.

**W**HAT stars' names bring 'em into the theater regardless of what picture they play in? *The Motion Picture Herald*, a trade publication, asked that question of thousands of exhibitors.

And lo, among the ladies of the screen Marie Dressler's name stood above them all. Next came Gaynor, Crawford, Garbo, Shearer, Sally Eilers, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, in the order named. Wally Beery led the men with Will Rogers topping Clark Gable and Maurice Chevalier. Buck Jones topped John Barrymore and the brand new

Johnny Weissmuller ran ahead of Ramon Novarro.

Martin Quigley, who owns, and Terry Ramsaye, who edits the *Herald*, are square guys, but I call for a recount. My favorite star was below Ronald Colman, George Bancroft and William Powell. If I could I would stuff the ballot box for Mickey Mouse. His is the life. Always nutty and carefree. No bills to pay. No work to do. If a wolf showed up at the door he'd kick him over a mountain.

I DO not often use these columns to peddle next month's issue. But I wouldn't be on the level with you unless I tipped you off as one friend to another of something in store for you. It is the life and philosophy of my second favorite star, Marie Dressler. I had lunch with her recently, a luncheon that extended through one whole afternoon, and I was so fascinated by her story and her mind that I asked her if she would pass on her experiences and her optimism to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. I asked her to write it and offered to pay her a high price for it.

"Jim," she said, "you should be ashamed of yourself, offering me money to cheer folks up. Get right out of my house and send Adela right over to see me."

So Adela Rogers St. Johns, a pal of Marie's, and a writer who has been too long absent from PHOTOPLAY, will write the story for you. It will be great fun for me to work with Adela again.

ONE of the last exploits of Vincent Barnett, Hollywood's famous "professional insulter," before his new Paramount acting contract put an end to his ribbing activities, was the deliberate maddening by slow torture of Cecil Beaton, the English photographer, at Joan Crawford's party.

Beginning with the loud remark, "This party looks as if it's going to be lousy—there are too many Englishmen present," Barnett gradually worked Beaton up into the lather that only an insulter of his caliber can create.

After an hour or two Heather Thatcher, the English actress with the monocle, got up and coolly knocked Vince down. At this point Doug, Jr., decided it was time to take the purple-faced Beaton aside and tell him it was all in fun. "He's insulting you just for a gag," said Doug; "we're paying him to do it."

Beaton knit his white brows for a moment, then said in a puzzled voice: "Yes—but why does he have to say all those horrid things about Englishmen?"

Repeated explanations failed to make Beaton understand the idea of the "professional ribber," and finally Doug gave it up in despair.

AN hour later Beaton was overheard saying to Barnett: "If you go on saying those dreadful things I shall really have to engage you in a bout of fisticuffs!"

Incidentally, Vince Barnett met his Waterloo when he went to work on Tallulah Bankhead at another party. Tallulah was quite innocent of the

gag, but when it comes to insulting she can do as pretty a job as anyone. Hitting right back at Vince, insult for insult, she finally crushed him with her forensic eloquence and he retired, yielding her the victory.

WHEN they assigned King Vidor to film "The Bird of Paradise," he realized that the famous story of the play had been stolen so often for the screen it was more or less necessary to write a new one. The only thing the studio insisted on was that it end with the heroine throwing herself into the volcano.

Making pictures in this back-to-front manner is a conjuring trick that reminds Vidor of the old Weber and Fields gag, "What is the riddle that ends 'because she can't sit down'?" The answer being, "Why does a hen lay an egg on a hot stove?"

That's just how simple it is to be a picture director when the studio insists on reviving one of its moth-eaten stories for the talkies.

WHAT a shock the Paramount executives got recently when Mae West, whose high powered sex dramas kept the New York police busy for a long time, walked into their offices. They had engaged her for a picture in which she was to play a hefty *Diamond Lil* sort of character. Instead of a stout woman of one hundred and sixty pounds such as she appeared on the New York stage, in tripped a blonde of less than one hundred nineteen poundage.

She explained that in her character she pads herself to look heavy. She will probably be pretty well fed up on pictures after she works through the hot summer wearing enough padding to make a mattress.

JUST a few weeks ago I met Jean Harlow for the first time. We sat off in a corner of one of the sets during the making of "Red-Headed Woman" and chatted while Jack Conway was rehearsing a scene with Uua Merkel, who plays her manicure girl chum. Again I found how unreliable are impressions you form of screen personalities from the parts they play.

I was tremendously impressed by the quiet sincerity, the agile mentality, the sense of humor, the evident breeding, the genuine personal charm of the girl who created the national craze for platinum hair. Her mother and father must be splendid folks.

Leaving the studio I encountered my old friend, Paul Bern, one of the higher executives of that all champion Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production staff that Louis B. Mayer has lead and inspired to motion picture leadership. Gentle, humanitarian, handsome Paul Bern with a heart so big there has always been room for the troubles of the less fortunate. The Good Samaritan of Hollywood, the father confessor of the sick of heart and soul, with as clear and understanding a mind as I have ever known.

I have always felt that you can judge a woman by the love she inspires in a fine man, and I can think of no greater tribute to Jean Harlow than that Paul Bern loves her and asked her to be his wife.





"They might as well lay off the Rudy stuff. I'll make my way looking very much like George Raft." That's what Georgie believes. But study this famous picture of Rudolph Valentino, and then—

Look at this shot of George Raft, *Little Boy* of "Scarface." Why, even the photographer hangs the "Second Valentino" curse on him by using the same lighting effect and pose as Rudy's picture!

# THAT "Second Valentino" Curse

They're trying to hang it on Georgie Raft, sensation of "Scarface"—but the sleek ex-hooper of Broadway lightly laughs it off

**T**HE instant the gun of Paul ("Scarface") Muni pumped death into the middle of George Raft, and he sank slowly to the floor with his lips making soundless words, a new screen sensation was born.

It was one of the greatest violent deaths in the lethal history of pictures. It capped a magnificent performance by Georgie Raft, and it made him famous.

And with as much astonishment as a veteran Broadway hanger-on can muster, Raft found himself a blazing celebrity.

Feminine fans are agape and agog. Fair chatter-writers fawn on Georgie. Paramount, kneeling by its trundle bed each night, says a prayer of thanks that it has him under contract. Big parts—wealth—prestige and petting—all these are about to pour upon the sleek-haired ex-hooper of the New York night world.

And now, with the world his big and juicy oyster, misguided folks are trying to hang a jinx on Georgie Raft!

Just because he greatly resembles the late lamented Rudy, they are labelling him "the new Valentino!"

In short, mates, it's the old "Second Valentino" curse—the old "Second Valentino" curse!

And if one thing on this screeching earth can wreck, blast, uproot and shatter the career of a rising young picture star, that label is it!

They called Ricardo Cortez the "second Valentino," and it took him years to throw off the jinx and battle to the top on his own.

Ramon Novarro was badly blighted by the tag, when he was running a poor second in competition with the immortal Rudy.

Why, only a year or two ago a handsome young Mexican named Jose Mojica floated into Hollywood on a wave of tamales, and was hailed with

howls of acclaim as the new Rudy. The old jinx worked so fast on hapless Jose that we hardly had a chance to look upon his sun-tanned shadow on the screen!

Nope—if you want to tee-totally ruin a young fellow zooming up in pictures, just tab him "the new Valentino."

I caught Georgie Raft in a hotel suite, not long ago, and warned him of the doom that threatened.

It was filled with tobacco smoke and with journalists come to do the new find honor. I cut him, with difficulty, out of the herd of fair ones who surrounded him. He laughed.

"What if I do look like Valentino?" said Georgie, dodging a feminine coo. "People have always said that. But my picture career is no part of that. I'm strictly on my own, and will play any part they give me, from gorilla to romantic lead. They might as well lay off the Rudy stuff. I'll make my own way, looking very much like George Raft!"

**I** WAS encouraged, and let the girls at him again. He'll do all right, that Raft. He's a tense *hombre!* No resemblance to the late Great Lover is going to knock him off the high road and out of the big money in which, to his calm amazement, he finds himself.

Drama? Raft's rapid rise is broken out with a rash of it! He's the greatest He-Cinderella in modern Hollywood—though for this he will probably pop me on the nose when he sees me again. His life parallels, astonishingly, the mortal career of James "Dese and Dose" Cagney—though Jimmy is Irish and Raft of a sultrier race.

George was born in "Hell's Kitchen"—that tenement maze in the vicinity of Tent' Avenoo—and Cagney on the lower East side of N'Yawk. Like Jimmy, he drifted into dancing, became [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]

By Al Hughes

By Ruth  
Biery

# The New "SHADY"



Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain" is at the height of her shady dame period in that film, "Letty Lynton" and "Grand Hotel." An actress of great dramatic power, but will she return to peppy, lovable rôles again?

HOLLYWOOD has created a new woman, a different type of heroine, a unique feminine personality. The leaders of the new school are Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead—and if you've seen "Letty Lynton"—Joan Crawford.

Girls younger at the picture game than these are following suit—Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, little Frances Dean, whose first publicity picture you will find on these pages, and many, many others.

"Glamorous" and "mysterious" have been the adjectives that best described these women but it is something more than that, and just how deep-rooted it is, just how many girls

and women throughout the country are taking these screen stars as models, remains to be seen. I wonder if it is a good or bad influence.

You will realize that this new type is an outgrowth of modernity when you stop to consider the cinema headliners of yesterday—Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Mary Miles Minter, Lillian Gish, May Allison, Corinne Griffith, May McAvoy and dozens of others. These girls represent the sort of woman that men want to protect.

The new cinema heroine can take care of herself, thank you, since she combines, with her mysterious allure, many of the hard-headed attributes and even some of the physical characteristics—the tall, narrow-hipped, broad shouldered figure—of men.

You may tell me that yesterday's screen had its sirens. Surely it did—women like Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Gladys Brockwell, Betty Blythe, who led a man to destruction and laughed—heh! heh!—at the plight of the poor, bewildered thing. But these women were vampires, heartless creatures, villainesses, and in the final reel the fallen hero always returned to the protecting arms of that sweet, golden-haired girl waiting for him in a halo of sunlight.

NOWADAYS it's the heroine who falls. These new vamps are not vamps in the strictest sense of the word, since they are the heroines of the picture.

The bad woman—the shady dame is today's heroine.

There is no point of contact between these glamour girls and their vampish predecessors. The vamp was all feminine allure. Whereas the children of mystery have, as I

pointed out a paragraph or so ago, a man's viewpoint, and a man's ability to deal with brutal situations. Hence—the new sex. And because she is new, she is mysterious—this shady dame.

Look over the standardized cinema star—those thick, heavily made-up lips, sloe eyes, lashes heavy with mascara, hair sweeping in a hard wave from high forehead. That's the face. The body? Slender hips, broad shoulders, lithe slim lines. And now for the voice—deep, throaty, guttural. You know that voice.

In the days of Marguerite Clark a large mouth on a woman was considered ugly, so actresses who had large mouths rouged their lips in such a way that the line stopped before it reached the corner of the mouth.

But did you notice Joan Crawford's mouth in "Letty Lynton"? The lipstick extended beyond the corner and the mouth was greatly exaggerated in both thickness and length.

And her eyes—Joan's lovely, large, frank eyes, hidden by



# DAMES" of the Screen



Frances Dean, a lovely newcomer, already has felt the Garbo influence in make-up and mannerisms. Note how her young mouth has been thickened and lengthened with lip rouge to meet the new demand

weighted lashes. The eyes looked black, yet Joan's eyes are blue. The effect, so somebody told me, was attained by using a red filament over the camera lens in the close-ups.

The strange thing is that Garbo started the fad quite unintentionally. Garbo is naturally the type which all the others are trying to be. Her eyelashes are without benefit of false ones, more than an inch long. They curl naturally. Her eyelids droop of their own accord and her hair sweeps back from that high forehead with no *coiffeur* to guide it. Her shoulders are naturally broad, her hips slender and her voice low-pitched. That long, efficient, almost masculine stride, is her own.

And because she seemed to combine subtly both feminine and masculine characteristics she was mysterious, alluring and glamorous.

**P**RODUCERS are not to be blamed for their sheeplike ways. Garbo brought money into their coffers. *Sic*—why wouldn't girls who copied Garbo's looks, her mannerisms and her clothes do likewise? The hunt for Garbo types has continued since box-office receipts from her first picture told the executives that the girl was a sensation.

Paramount discovered Marlene Dietrich, who brought her own brand of glamour to the screen. More lately, Tallulah Bankhead arrived. Now the studio is experimenting with Sari Maritza.

Radio Pictures sought for a long time. Gwili Andre, a Danish girl and at one time New York's highest paid artist's model, was the end of their hunting expedition. The powers of Radio are breathlessly awaiting the public's acceptance or rejection of Gwili. She looks the part. Will she

## Will the vogue for these so-called glamorous heroines of Hollywood last?

live up to expectations? This same studio has high hopes for Jill Esmond, whom you saw in "State's Attorney."

Universal presents Tala Birell. She didn't have much of a chance in "The Doomed Battalion" but she has been promised an opportunity to be a shady dame in her next picture.

Fox thought Elissa Landi would measure up to specifications, but although Elissa has a strange background she has the characteristics of a straight-forward, intelligent Englishwoman, with a peach [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 !



Norma Shearer has passed through her shady dame period and gone straight. Although she runs the gamut of emotions in "Strange Interlude," a scene from which you see above, "Smilin' Through"—her next—marks her return to the ultra sweet and charming





## Snow and Ice in Hollywood? Made with Cornflakes!

**B**URRR! Looks cold, doesn't it? But don't pull up your coat collars yet, and **don't** envy the stars a nice location trip in the High Sierras. Photographer Stagg found this amazing scene right on one of the stages over at First National Studios.

The snow is a combination of fine gypsum

sand and thirty-five tons of untoasted cornflakes.

Honest! That's what they use for studio snow in Hollywood. Enough breakfasts for a regiment, yet it is much less expensive to make the snow than it is to take a company to real snow country.





Photo by Stagg

The river of ice at the right is made of heated water, over which melted paraffin is poured.

When the water and paraffin cool there is a perfect coating of ice which, when stepped on, cracks, breaks and floats just like the genuine article.

This tremendous set was built for "The Purchase Price," in which Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent play the leads. Here Barbara is taking a lesson in screaming from Director William Wellman.

"Now let it come from your lungs," says Wellman, "a big howl, a long howl. Let it out."

And Barbara answers:

"I'll give a yell that will make Johnny Weissmuller's *Tarzan* call sound like a whisper."

Watch for this scene in "The Purchase Price," now that you know what trouble all those folks took to get it.



# The Strange Case of Ann Harding

SOMETHING has happened to Ann Harding. Something has happened to her heart, her pride, her soul.

She has shut herself off from friends. A recluse. Like a woman hunted.

Her phone has been disconnected for incoming calls. She can call out, but no one can reach her.

That laugh of Ann's, that cheery companionship, that upraised hand in gay salute, is missing.

A few years ago Ann Harding and Harry Bannister came to Hollywood and movies. And frankly, Hollywood had never seen anything quite like them. They were the gayest, happiest people that had ever landed in these parts.

They called to each other across the lots. "Hi there, boy," Ann would call to Harry. "Greetings, Ann," Harry would shout across the studio dining-room. On the stages they would meet like long-lost lovers. In each other's arms. They seemed to have an endless capacity for life and living and fun.

AND there was something so genuine, so real about it, that Hollywood, unaccustomed as it was, swallowed many a lump in its throat.

There was an air of assurance about Ann in those days. She had made "Paris Bound" and "Holiday." She had brought us a new and sparkling type of acting and we loved it.

Yes, Ann was sure of herself, of Harry and her happiness.

They made few friends, these Bannisters. But they did like parties at Doug and Joan's and had grand times. But you see and understand, they didn't need many friends. They were so completely sufficient to each other.

Ann kept making hit after hit. Going on.

But Harry did not seem to make the grade with equal speed.

And then, bit by bit, drop by drop, the deadly poison crept into the cup of Ann and Harry's happiness.

Ann forgot, or didn't realize, the most vital and necessary things in the entire motion picture business.

Ann ignored studio politics. And made the most fatal of all mistakes. She did not trust enough to the intelligence of others. She wanted to have a hand in story and direction,



"Hi there, boy," Ann would call to Harry as they passed on the studio lot. But the cheery Ann has now gone into seclusion

What Hollywood has done to one of our loveliest ladies

as well as the difficult work of acting. *It can't be done.* Gloria Swanson tried it. And lost a fortune. And a few rungs on the ladder upward.

And right there Ann's troubles began. She leaned more and more on her companion-secretary, an unusually intelligent young woman. Unconsciously, for Ann is too intelligent to be consciously swayed, Ann was swayed this way and that. She lost her perspective. She grew impatient with her directors and her stories. She had made one weak picture. It happens to every star. Even Garbo. The applause from "Devotion" and echoes from "Holiday" rang too loudly in her ears. Instead of shrugging it away, she allowed it to affect her.

AN actress, a motion picture actress at least, must be but a bit of clay in the hands of her director. He molds and shapes the character as he wants it.

Ann Harding landed on a new and strange side of the fence. The defensive side. From her secure and sunny side of life, Ann is fighting in the shadows. And going it alone.

Her companion's work has called her away. Harry—well, you know about Harry. And perhaps that's the bitterest pill Ann has to swallow. For Ann is absolutely a one-man woman. To her, Harry Bannister was the world with a beautiful white fence around it. And now he is actually getting on without her. Living. Developing a new personality, they say. Oh, of course, Ann wants him to. Else all their sacrifice would have been in vain.

But still—pride has been hurt. Her man seems to have no need of her.

Just a year ago, a convention of women's clubs was held in Los Angeles. Ann Harding was the invited speaker. She stood before them, straight and slim, confident and sure of herself. Her blue eyes flashing the message of that keen, penetrating mind.

She talked. And they listened. Entranced. They wouldn't let her go. They couldn't get enough of Ann Harding. That was just one year ago.

A few weeks ago the Junior Leaguers of America met in Los Angeles. A beautiful luncheon was arranged by one of the studios. Half-way through, a slender woman stepped quietly in and took a place near the foot of the table. Her hands trembled. Her eyes lacked the old light. One corner of her mouth began to smile and quickly [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

By Jeanne North





# Garbo, She Go Home!

PHOTOPLAY'S reporter, in a state of utter confusion, covers what seems to be the triumphal retreat of the Silent Swede from Hollywood to an Atlantic steamer!

By Leonard Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA. GRET A "LEGS" GARBO bade goodbye to Hollywood and American motion pictures today. Or did she?

The greatest pageant in American history escorted Gabby Greta to the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and other railway stations where the late star might have taken a train for the East, West, North and South.

The order of march was as follows:

Louis B. Mayer, head man of the studio where she worked, Grand Marshal, mounted on Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, who had been fitted with new false teeth for the occasion.

The Hollywood Silver Cornet Band, playing "California, Here I Go!"

"The Garbo Leading Men's Protective Association" weeping and laughing, with Messrs. Gilbert, Asther, Gable, Montgomery, Ayres, Nagel and the Barrymore Boys in line.

Producers with unsigned contracts, and actors carrying lapsed options in silver tear buckets.

The International Herring-Picklers Association Band, playing "Ain't She Swede?"

An empty taxicab, supposed to contain the body of the star. Members of the "National Sodality of Girls Who Think They Look Like Garbo," with 60,000 slinking blondes in line. While this division was passing a given point, the spectators went home and took a three-hour nap.

Advertising floats, trucks, jobless extras and general mob.

While the procession was on the march, Garbo was reported flying toward San Francisco disguised as a tri-motored bomber and lurking in a Santa Fe engine-tender made up as a half-ton of soft coal.

President Hoover, the Prince of Wales and Will Rogers sent regrets.

"A sad day for California," wired J. H. Fothergill, retired imbecile, of 14 Front Street, Evansville, Ind.

COLUMBUS, N. M.—Greta Garbo, en route home, bought a Navajo blanket from an old squaw here today. "Sweden, she bane cold," said the star to herself.

BOZEMAN, MONT.—Greta Garbo, on her way home to Sweden, stopped here briefly today. She is said to be buying a 70,000 acre cow ranch in this state, with the purpose of losing herself in the middle of it.

WINNIPEG, CANADA—Gerda Gorb, film star, reported here today.

TAMPICO, MEXICO.—A report that Greta Garbo was on board the S. S. Wrinkled Prune, arriving at this port today, brought thousands to the waterfront. The suspect was later found to be the wife of a Mr. Fink, who is on his way to Buenos Aires to drink himself to death.



CHICAGO, ILL.—“Greta Garbo is definitely not in this city,” Mayor Cermak told reporters this noon. “Chicago is always unique.”

DADEVILLE, MISS.—School was dismissed here today on the report that Greta Garbo had arrived to make her home in Dadesville. When the newcomer was found to be Miss Callie Fluke of Macon, Ga., the kids stayed home anyway, and doubted if they would go back to class all week. “How do you-all know it ain’t Missie Garbo, ennaway?” queried one young scoundrel.

#### BULLETIN!

NEW YORK CITY—

The greatest day in this city’s history is over!

Greta Garbo, retired movie star, arrived in New York this morning via the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads and the Weehawken Ferry. Martial law was at once declared.

Excited crowds thronged the streets as the news spread. Dowdily dressed blondes wearing smoked glasses were roughly handled by admiring citizens.

With motor cops clearing the way, the Slithering Scandioovian was driven to the Waldorf-Astoria, Ritz and Ambassador Hotels, and to the home of Mr. Edgar Hopple, All-American pretzel-bender in '94, at Far Rockaway, L. I.

At noon, fifty-three newspapermen went mad and bit their city editors. All were treated for rabies.

Toward sundown, Miss Garbo issued a touching farewell to the American people, phoned from an unlocated pay-station. “Sounds like a busy signal,” commented Mr. Eddie “Banjo Eyes” Cantor, famous comic and family man.

At 8 p. m. Miss Garbo, accompanied by the Swedish Consul, went aboard the Steamships Bremen, Majestic, Mauretania, Leviathan and the Ferryboat William J. Piddle, III, on all of which the royal and presidential suites had been reserved. At nine, with shouts, all ships cast off and steamed madly into the Atlantic. Scores of passengers, many of them pie-eyed, were left teetering on the piers.

When radioed for a statement from the ex-star, all wirelessly “Yawp”! This stirring farewell was printed in full in late extras.

Keepers of filling stations noted a brisk trade in beer at midnight. It was very hot.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—Greta Garbo, local actress, has purchased the Kingdom of Sweden for fifty-two American dollars. She promises to revolutionize the safety match industry by making them out of petrified pretzels, and is investing heavily in a new Fjord plant.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—“Garbo? Greta Garbo?” said Sergt. Hooley of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio police today. “Nobody here by that name, mister. Don’t mean Joan Crawford, do ye?”

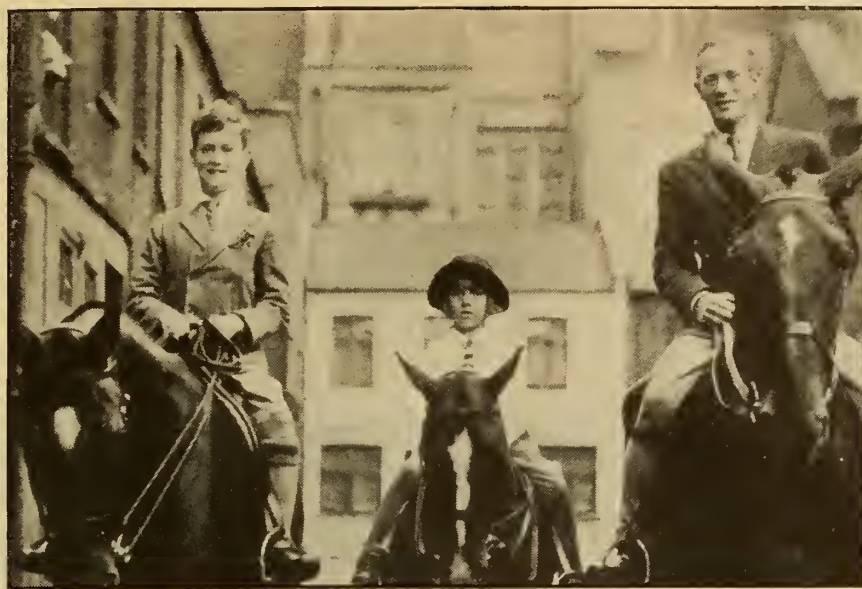


Longworth

**W**HEN you see it on the screen, Maurice Chevalier will be putting across a song all by himself. So what you might not know is that it took several dozen people behind the acting lines to make the apache number a success in Paramount’s “Love Me Tonight.” Besides the general set workers, there is a huge orchestra, only part of which is shown here



# Not a Sock in a Hundred Reels



Off for a canter in London. Leslie Howard with his son Ronald and daughter Leslie. This picture was snapped with the actor's own camera

By  
Katherine  
Albert

## Leslie Howard's return to Hollywood gives the gentleman lover a break at last

**M**AKE way for the new screen type! Get ready for an about-face in screen lovers!

Take a long last look at Clark Gable slapping his leading lady's face and Jimmy Cagney giving the girl friend a good sock in the nose.

The new actor is going gentlemanly with a bang (or rather, without a single bang). He'll combine charm with his ardor.

And Leslie Howard is the cause of it all. When, a little over a year ago, Leslie Howard said to the movie moguls, "I'm not interested in your long-term contracts, sirs, since they mean I must take any part that I'm tossed," five young actors who would, for a contract gladly play the off-stage noise for a rhinoceros, swooned; four executives were rushed to the hospital and the rest of Hollywood talked of nothing but this amazing attitude for nine days.

But this local furor was not the only result of Leslie Howard's sudden leave-taking. An entirely unexpected thing happened. When he uttered those now famous words of rebellion, "I can't stand the pace of picture making," and "I refuse to be caught up in the machine," thousands of women and girls throughout the country wrote to the studios, to *PHOTOPLAY* Magazine and, for all I know, to the President of the United States, begging that all forces be combined in an effort to bring Leslie back.

The picture executives were, to put it mildly, flabbergasted, for none of them had spotted Leslie as the type to promote palpitations of the feminine heart. The vigorous face-slapping Gables, Cagneys, George Brents *et al.* were the accepted type. These young bloods were riding the crest of the cinema wave. Howard was their direct antithesis—a gentleman both on and off screen (a British gentleman, at that) and a stage actor more subtle than spectacular.

**T**HE executives figured him as one of those good, capable leading men but not, by any manner of means, sensational. He was okay—this Howard—but women wouldn't lose any beauty sleep over him.

And then—the miracle! With only a few films to his credit—the highbrow "Outward Bound," Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul," Marion Davies' "Five and Ten," Ann Harding's "Devotion," and "Never the Twain Shall Meet"—he became a rage. And in all the pictures he played the rôle of a sensitive soul with nary a sock for a lady in a hundred reels.

The movie pundits shook their heads and looked bewildered. And immediately began to besiege him with offers. But Leslie,

having declared himself, worked away in England in a film called "Reserved for Ladies" and then returned to the New York stage in "The Animal Kingdom."

And even though he was off the screen for several long months, he was not forgotten. Each mail brought more and more letters begging for his return. And each day some movie company had a shiny new offer ready for him.

But now that he held the whip he realized he could dictate his own terms.

And these are the terms. He will make one picture for M-G-M and that will be "Smilin' Through," with Norma Shearer. Incidentally, he will play the old man—young in the earlier sequences—but old throughout most of the picture. Fredric March will be borrowed from Paramount to play the other male lead, the younger man. Leslie then goes to Radio Pictures to do "The Animal Kingdom." And that's all. But there's a clever clause in the contract. If he likes Hollywood and if everything goes smoothly and nobody asks him to play a rôle that does not suit him, he'll knock off another picture for the folks. Otherwise, he'll return to the stage.

**S**O cheer up, you languishing ladies. Gentleman Howard is coming back.

To me, the craze for Leslie is rather a proof that movie-goers are not so moronic as some of the lads would have you believe. For here is an intelligent actor of just a little different stamp from the average run—and they love him.

He lives a sane sort of life with his wife, also British, and his two children—a daughter, Leslie, and a son, Ronald, who is now at school in England. He putters around with a camera, at which hobby he is exceptionally able; he draws a bit; plays the piano by ear; likes tennis and swimming and has a nice appreciation of all the arts.

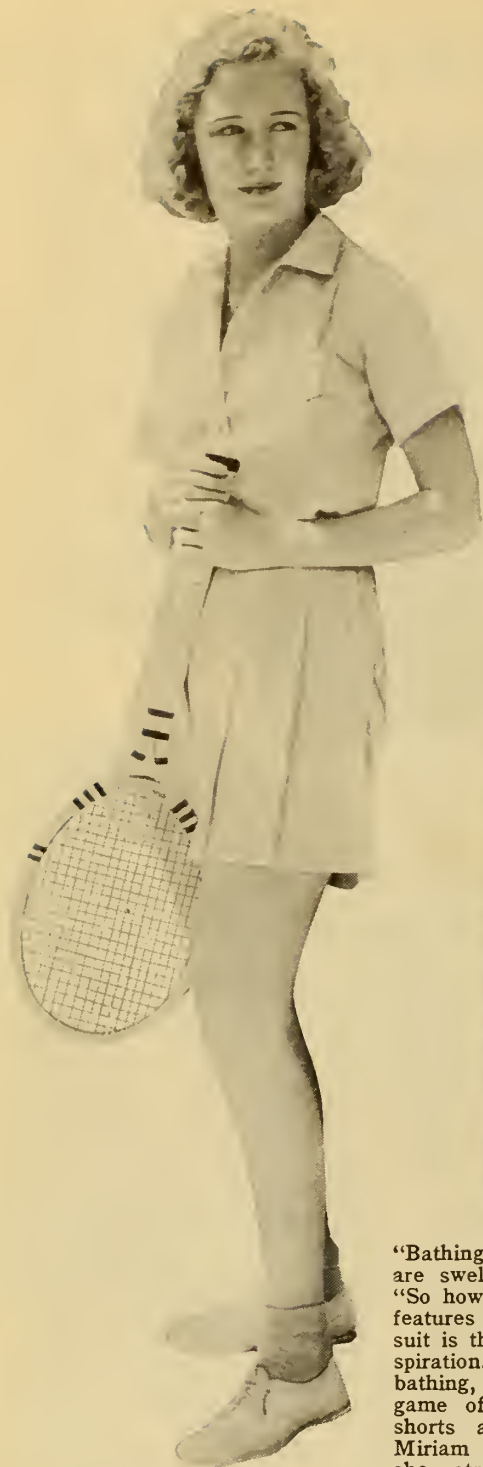
As far as colorful background is concerned the Gables, Brents and Cagneys have him beat. But Leslie Howard has something more than that.

It was a subtle thing that **fans** saw in Leslie Howard and it was not merely that he was a good actor, for many good actors have failed in Hollywood. Entirely lacking in the obvious sex appeal that seems to be in such demand at the moment, he possesses a rare, faun-like quality and a whimsical humor that seems to get through to the camera as it gets over the footlights.

Anent his long hold-out he said, "I've no quarrel with the motion picture producers. They [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

# Cal York

## Announcing-



Wide World

"Bathing suits are grand. Pajamas are swell," Miriam Hopkins mused. "So how about combining the better features of the two?" And this sports suit is the result of that burst of inspiration. It's great for tennis, sunbathing, croquet, or even a rousing game of horseshoe pitching. Both shorts and blouse are of cotton. Miriam comes from Georgia and she patronizes back home industries

When John Miljan, who has appeared in so many M-G-M pictures that somebody suggested they substitute his face for Leo the Lion in the trade mark, asked for a day off, folks wondered. Reason was he had to do a little walking up and down hospital halls—and now he's the proudest daddy in all Hollywood. John Lowe Miljan is the name the baby carries. Mama Miljan is a non-professional

**G**ARBO stays! As we bustle to press, the betting odds are sixteen to three that the Stockholm Siren settles right back in the traces and ambles mysteriously through more Hollywood talkies.

She may not even take that holiday junket to the old Swedish home. If she does, she'll probably sign on the dotted line before she goes. For Garbo's an alien, and might have a tough time getting back where the big money grows.

She's not on the Swedish quota, and is just another blonde immigrant to hard-hearted old Uncle Sam.

Further, wisecracks bet she'll stay on the old Metro lot, where she got rich and famous. She wants stories that please her and directors that understand her.

And she can collect about \$15,000 a week—rain, shine or earthquake.

Now, Greta, don't go and cross us up by **going** before this issue drops before the hungry readers!

**O**DD were the tales that told of her decision to stay.

Some said she dropped \$300,000 in the Beverly Hills bank closing. Others had it that most of her mazuma went down with Ivar Kreuger, the match king and master of financial skullduggery.

But Harry Eddington, her manager, who should know, says most of the Garbo doubloons are safe in government bonds.

You pays your money and takes your choice. Boiled down, the dope seems to point to

Gabbling Greta sticking around among us for quite a spell yet.

**I**F word comes from Paris that Ruth Chatterton has divorced Ralph Forbes, don't be too surprised. Hollywood won't be.

In fact, the town expects it. Ralph used to be seen around the First National lot when Ruth was toiling there, but he hasn't turned up there this long, long time.

Chatterton, when ready to shake Hollywood's dust from her dainty brogans, got very cagy.

She ducked reporters, slipped out a week earlier than expected, hopped off the train outside New York and drove into the city in a closed car—all very Garboish, my dear!

Then she switched boats to fool the talent,



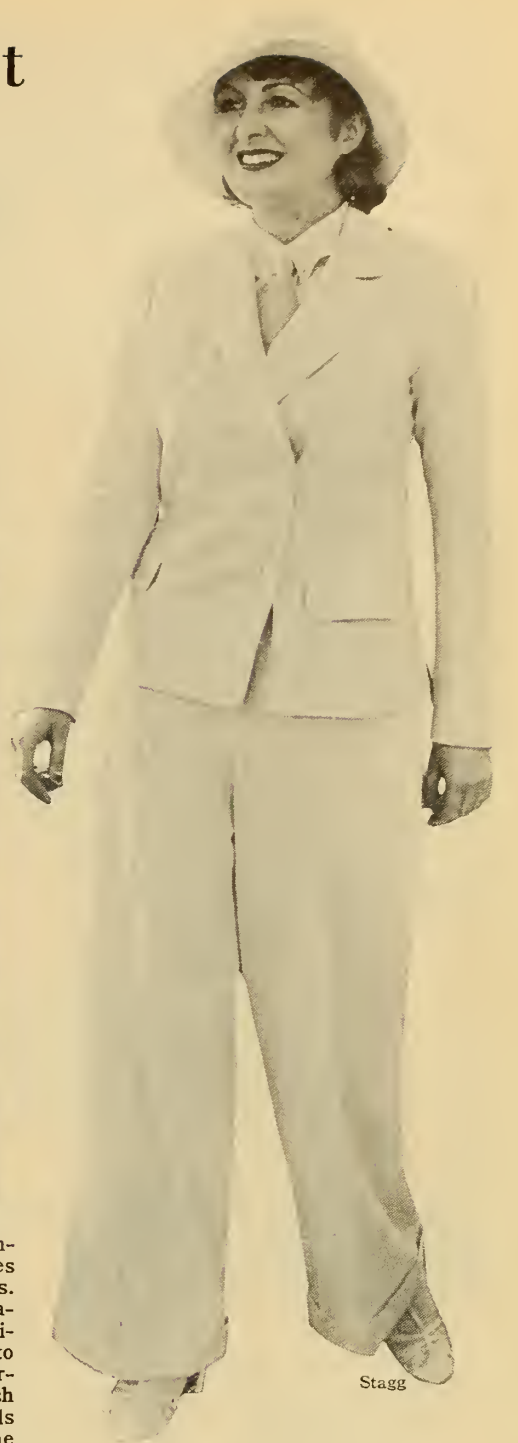
# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Wide World

And here's another very proud papa—except that this picture was snapped about twenty-five years ago and now that baby is none other than the handsome, dashing star, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Compare this photo with the one of young Doug in the front of this magazine, as he is today. Incidentally, Doug, Sr., is just as proud of his boy now as he was when this photo was taken

While Miriam Hopkins plays tennis in shorts, Billie Dove watches the game all togged out like this. Honest, folks, it's the new spectator sports attire so popular at Malibu. Imagine Billie, who used to go in for frills and flounces, wearing a correctly tailored, mannish white flannel suit. Oh well, girls will be boys these days—and she looks darn cute in her new outfit



Stagg

and headed straight for Paris. She isn't expected back till early winter.

Ruth and Ralph separated once before, some years ago, but it didn't take. This, however, looks like the genuine McCoy. Wouldn't it have been wiser for Chatterton to have taken the world into her confidence about the split? Or would it?

**O**H to be a grain of sand, when the glamorous Dietrich and the gay Chevalier, both visiting at a friend's house along the beach, fell into a friendly wrestling match! And wrestled and wrestled. So she wanted to wrestle, and all the time we wondered—. And friends claim Marlene won by an accent!

**C**ONNIE BENNETT has, no kidding, learned to knit!

We wonder if the gorgeous one is getting in practice for Tiny Garments.

There's a rumor! And she won't deny it or affirm it.

Which reminds us that Gloria Swanson is supposed to have bragged that she's two up on Connie, before she left for Europe. Meaning she has two babies.

With everybody in Hollywood having youngsters—well, we can't expect Connie to be out of style.

Of course, there is the adopted son.

**I** GUESS the movies and I are washed up for good."

With these stirring words, Jimmy Cagney

boosted the missus into the family go-buggy, hopped in himself, and chugged out of Hollywood headed East.

He also said he was going to make some European personal appearances.

Warner Brothers made no move to hoist Cagney's wages above the \$1,400 a week mark—hence his bow out.

I hope it isn't so.

Cagney turned in more crafty performances in some smart pictures during his brief Hollywood reign than any young star in motion picture history.

He and pictures seem to have been made for each other. Now, imagine, he's going to write his memoirs—calling them "Luck, Honor and Obey."

It will be tough to spare that pert kid!



International

Lupe Velez is far, far from Hollywood but she discovered that they have beaches in New York, too, and so, of course, it's any excuse for a bathing suit. Thumbing her nose at pictures, boop-oop-a-Lupe has been packing them into Mr. Ziegfeld's musical show, "Hot-Cha"

**G**UDGEOUS Ina Claire also divorces herself from the leaping snapshots, in a well-modulated voice.

"Movies were all wrong for me," says the blonde one, as she and Sam Goldwyn rip their contract to little snips of paper. "I took them too seriously. I'm a stage actress, and need time to find the right play and the right director."

With that, she swept the snips from her lap and swept out of the Hollywood picture—perhaps.

Heigho, ho hum, and alackaday! We of the fillums have you to thank, Ina, for the great "Royal Family of Broadway"—a golden movie memory. And then there was that



Remember the little Lila Lee, brought to the screen from Gus Edwards Revue and shoved into stardom before she was ready for it? Years later she had to begin all over again, and because she worked too hard she was taken to a sanitarium where she remained for over a year. Study these two pictures and you'll realize that through illness, suffering and maturity she has developed into a real screen personality. She now has a year's contract with Columbia and if she gets the right chance she will be a first magnitude star

whirlwind marriage to Gilbert—but we won't go into that.

Hail, Ina, and farewell!

P. S. Don't be surprised if Ina signs for another picture any day now—but this time she wants to do some of the thinking herself and she has one of the keenest brains in the show business!

**SEYMOUR**, quick! Get in on this. Garbo is actually having velvet shorts made for tennis playing. Am I going or am I coming?

**SUMMER** Moonlight notes from the Hollywood Luv Sector—

Cecilia Parker, says one of those little birds, and George O'Brien are no longer particularly interested. But Cecilia and Carl Laemmle, Jr., ARE!

James Dunn, his Irish asserting itself, is squiring Maureen (Acushla) O'Sullivan all over the shop.

Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland are gazing fondly, and Howard Hughes and Lilian Bond are going first hither and then thither, arm in arm. And Stanley Smith and Martha Sleeper are distinctly Thata Way.

Ah, this summer!

**PERFESSER**, please strike up "Falling In Love Again!"

It's the Clark Gable theme song!

About a week after the missus got back from New York and the Gables decided to let bygones be gone-byes, they toolled off on a second honeymoon. Away to sun-kissed Del Monte for a month, there to golf, fish and ride horsies. No parties—no social fuss. Just Clark and the madame getting together again.

And it also gives "What a Man" a chance to recuperate from a bad case of flu which smacked him down not long ago.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** and young Doug Fairbanks divorced? Have a couple of large poohs on me!

You should see the show he put on for their third wedding anniversary! Doug took a day off and flew over to Catalina, where Joan is busy on "Rain." She threw a big picnic party for the crowd.

At Joan's place Doug placed a diamond necklace, an emerald bracelet and a beige leather handbag. At his'n the little woman dropped a cigarette lighter containing a watch, and an oriental finger ring. And a good time was, as they do say, had by all and even sundry.



Wide World

Score one for Ethel! Even in this informal picture taken upon her arrival in Hollywood she stole the scene from brother Jack. All the Barrymores, including Lionel, are going to act in one movie, and we wouldn't care to be in that director's brogans!





Irving Lippman

"Just a little deeper wave there on the right," Eddie Robinson instructs the pretty studio hair dresser. Going a trifle sissy on us, aren't you, Eddie old boy? Who'd think this of *Little Caesar*? Don't worry. The fancy coiffure is necessary for the rôle he plays in "Tiger Shark"



Otto Dyar

Here's the picture you've been waiting to see—the first portrait of Toluca, Gary Cooper's constant companion, best friend and severest critic. Gary brought this baby chimpanzee back from Africa and it was because of her—or him—that Gary had to take a big Beverly Hills home. Apartment house managers liked Gary but didn't want Toluca. Some folks will tell you that Gary has gone grand—with butlers, derby hats and fancy walking sticks. Wonder if he ever thinks of Lupe, over there on the other page?

IS there dangerous discord in the Bill Powell-Carole Lombard dove-cote? I say nix.

The simple truth is my, operatives tell me, that all the slight symptoms of a rift are caused by a mere item of diet. Here's the dope.

Carole is supposed to have acquired tropical fever on the honeymoon, but friends say she is just determined not to get over-plump. As a result, she is confining herself to a matter of a few lettuce leaves, and when evening comes does not feel like hurling her fair form into a hot song and dance. So she stays home with a good book.

Once in awhile William feels like an evening

out. And when he steps forth alone the gossips rear their ugly heads. Where's Carole? Ah-ha! Scrapping! But really it's just the above—we hope and trust.

**T**WO of the biggest stars on "Grand Hotel" didn't speak after the first few days of the picture.

Reason? the male star told the lady-one to go home and learn how to act. Three guesses.

**H**OLLYWOOD and Beverly Hills still have the leaping jitters from that bank closing.

It froze a lot of actors' assets, as well as their big warm hearts. It finally caused Jean Hersholt to try to forget that he was once a bank director—something that gave him pride in the days when dollars grew on dewberry bushes.

Wally Beery, they say, kissed \$48,000 goodbye this time—right on top of \$80,000 that went bye-bye in two other closings. His pet airplane now rests in the stall because he can't afford oats.

Douglash Montgomery hopes that his forty grand trust fund is safe. But he has an \$8,000 checking account that frets him.

The story has been that Garbo's intention to withdraw \$300,000 to buy ash-trays for her Swedish friends slapped the plaster on the bank door. But my straight dope is that a cement company's threat of a big withdrawal really did the dirty work.

The Gleasons—ma, pop and sonny-boy—also went heavily, on top of losses in another failure. But you can't down that tribe. "I feel we will get it back," says Russell, grinning. "And if we don't we'll earn some more." And they will.

The saddest touch is that the Renee Adoree Fund, chipped in by pals to help the little darling recover from her three-year illness, went over the dam! Let's hope they all get it back!

**T**HAT roar you hear in the West isn't a war. It's the highest-powered actor temperament in America exploding all over Hollywood.

For the Royal Family is all there—the three senior Barrymores are fizzing and sputtering on the Metro lot. Some dad-burned and gosh-hanged fun. Sister Ethel has joined Brothers Jack and Lionel to make a talkie for M-G-M. Big family reunions, and all that. Then the shooting is on.

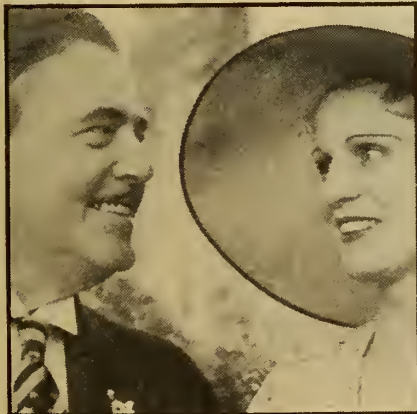
"Is Miss Ethel nervous about the movies?" a reporter asked Brother Jack.

"Nervous?" replied Little Buvver. "That one? Oh I guess not? She'll just be standing in front of Lionel and me in every scene!"

"And I suppose you're happy about the family reunion?" pursued the news hound.

"Oh sure," said Johnny, "but I sure feel sorry for the poor guy that's got to direct that reunion!" What a business!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]



International

Remember William Farnum, an idol of yesterday? He hasn't played in many pictures lately but his Hollywood friends still love him and when he was married recently to Isabelle Major, Doug Fairbanks was best man and Mary Pickford attended the swanky wedding



# Would You Believe It?

That a simple little honey from the South could knock those Hollywood Adonises heart-dizzy? Well, it's true

By Sara Hamilton

YOU see, the trouble was, Hollywood was so busy watching the didoes of Clara Bow and the acrobatic antics of Lupe, they forgot to pay much attention to the little girl from Tennessee who slipped quietly into town with practically no sounding of cymbals or tooting of horns.

Oh, of course, they paused long enough for a long, speculative look that took in at a glance the plain brown hair, the timid, blue eyes, the flowered dimity dress with the blue sash (I tell you she wore it, flowered dimity with a blue sash; ask anyone!). And, feeling that hubby was safe for wife and democracy, that no boy friend would go wandering after flowered dimity and no choice movie rôles were in any immediate danger, they went back to their ringside seats to watch Clara and Lupe with hearts free from worry, as far as Dorothy Jordan was concerned.

And thereby made one of the greatest errors that's been made since everyone thought Vicki Baum was something to rub on the chest.

For Hollywood didn't know, and is only now getting a faint glimmering of the truth, that here, in a blue sash, is the kind of little gal to fix with the glassy eye. That it's the dainty little girl with the timid, helpless ways that appeals to everything that's protective and fatal to hearts of brave mankind. The greatest sirens of them all.

It isn't the sexy mama with the artificial brassière and spit curls that wrecks the greatest havoc. That's only in the movies.

It isn't the wiggling mama with the yard-long earrings and tight across-the-back-gowns that reaps the, oh so golden, harvest. Not always.

For look. Lupe left town without annexing anyone's boy friend in particular. She even contributed to the eligibility of male Hollywood and put Gary back into circulation. And Clara just wanted her Rex. And got him.

But what Dorothy Jordan has done to Hollywood will go down in history.

She has stepped in and without even trying (heaven help us if Dot puts forth any effort) has walked off with Hollywood's prize catches of the year. And is even slightly annoyed

by them. And doesn't know what to do with them. And can't for the life of her imagine how they got there.

But people are out to do things for that little Jordan girl from down Tennessee way. They trip and fall all over themselves to do things that have never been done before in the history of the movies.

What, for instance, does a star usually do when his leading lady swipes scenes from under his nose? No, don't say it. We can't bear it.

So what, do you think, did Richard Barthelmess do for Dot Jordan, his leading lady in "The Cabin in the Cotton"?

Oh, he just gave her a dinner, an elaborate and ten-course dinner for little Dot that would curl the hair of Mrs. Van Astor's poodle.

And wait. Who took Dorothy home? Insisted on it. Would have strangled anyone that interfered. And all the way down to Palisades del Rey where Dorothy lives with her mama. Who? Well, and hold tight, little honey blondes of Hollywood, it was just Mrs. Colman's handsome boy, Ronald. Just little try-to-get-within-twenty-miles-of-me-Colman, that's all. And loved it.

AND just where was that prize catch of Hollywood, that millionaire boy producer who could have the pick of Hollywood beauties, when nobody could locate the lad of an evening?

Oh, he was just a sitting down in little Dorothy "Jawdan's" sitting room. Sitting and sitting and sitting. While upstairs Dorothy could be heard pacing back and forth, back and forth, reading her lines for her next picture.

And Mr. Hughes just waited and waited and waited. And loved it. The only waiting he's had to do for any young lady for a long, long time. And all the

time Hollywood columnists thought surely Mr. Hughes must be off on his yacht. Doing terribly yachtish [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]



When Dorothy Jordan turns this sweet, demure smile on them, the most sophisticated lads softly murmur, "She's wonderful—that girl!"





Cecil Beaton

**B**ECAUSE of all those stories about Tallulah's antics in London and New York, Hollywood said, "All right, lass, do something daring, now that you're here." But Senator Bankhead's little girl gave the folks a wide-eyed look and answered, "Why should I try to shock Hollywood—even if I could?" And settled down into a quiet routine



Ernest A. Bachrach

"BRING on your leading ladies with all their glamour and sophistication," says Bob Montgomery. "I guess I haven't forgotten the gentle art of scene stealing." So we present for your approval (and how you approve!) the famous Montgomery smile with which Bob has so neatly walked away with many a picture





Irving Lippman

"OUR Ruth is back," came the lusty voices of fifty thousand fans. Those folks who had complained she was taking her work too seriously and too mechanically gave a cheer for the Chatterton of "The Rich Are Always With Us," in which she was gay, amusing and natural. "Children of Pleasure" is her next



Hurrell

**H**OLLYWOOD thought this beautiful girl had a colorless personality. But Hollywood may occasionally be dead wrong, as the intimate story about Irene Dunne over on the opposite page proves. Here's the smile she flashes on her co-workers and they are all for her, to a man. It's a neat trick if you can do it. And Irene tells you how



# "Just a Nice Person, Eh?"

By Evaline  
Lieber

Irene Dunne was burned up when  
PHOTOPLAY said that about her

A WOMAN must use her personality to be successful," and we'll give you up to eighty-three guesses who said that. No, not Lupe Velez, or Clara Bow, or Tallulah Bankhead. Sweet, charming, gentle Irene Dunne voiced that statement and further admitted that much of her success from childhood on has come from the judicious use of the subtle art of flirtation.

Most of the folks in Hollywood dismiss Irene with a shrug and such comments as "a girl of quiet charm." "A lady." "Nothing exciting about her." The newspaper writers call her "poor copy."

Recently there appeared in PHOTOPLAY a picture of Irene under which was written: "There's little to write about Irene Dunne except that she's a grand actress, that she can sing, is a swell golf player and a nice person."

And was Irene burned up about it! She sizzled and fumed for a couple of days. "Just a nice person" indeed!

And when we stop to think about it, maybe we were wrong. Not, of course, that Irene isn't a nice person—she is that—but she isn't "just a nice person" if you get that subtle but very pertinent distinction.

There's an amazing story about Irene which ties up with her remark there in the first paragraph. And there are lots of girls who can apply to their own lives some of her philosophy.

So let's go back a little and have a good look at this Dunne girl. How did she, a musical comedy singer, manage to secure the difficult and dramatic lead in the epic picture, "Cimarron"? Why wasn't she sent back to New York along with the other warblers, when musicals went out of fashion in Hollywood? Why was director Wesley Ruggles so sure that she was the right actress for the part?

Why did even the electricians and the prop boys pull for this newcomer? For, at that time, no one knew whether she could act or not. As yet she was an untested *Sabra* when hundreds of actresses would have given their six best evening gowns, and a couple of sets of French lingerie thrown in, for the rôle of *Sabra Cravat* in "Cimarron." And as a rule, Hollywood is none too kind to the stage newcomer when studio girls are languishing for jobs.

But here's what happened.

Ernest Westmore, make-up man *de luxe*, begged her to allow him to give her a perfect make-up for the part, several weeks before she was assigned the rôle. He insisted that she have pictures taken as *Sabra*. Ern took those pictures to producer Bill LeBaron. Ern claimed Irene Dunne as his discovery. And LeBaron claims her as his. And the man who took the original pictures puts in his claim, too.

IRENE let them all take the credit and she accepted the part with the grace of a queen bestowing a favor.

Poor copy for newspaper writers? Of course, she's poor copy. A woman as subtle and as clever as that doesn't tip her hand while she still has aces to play.

Every man on the Radio Pictures lot would take a flying jump off the highest Beverly hill tomorrow if Irene asked him to. The cameraman, the electricians, the prop boys—all adore her. Why? Because she knows how to

use her personality. Because she gets what she wants by using her charm, her sense of humor—and her beautiful, sympathetic eyes.

During her apprenticeship in the studio, she was so nice and courteous to everybody on the lot—from producer to prop boy—that by the time a big chance like "Cimarron" came they were all rooting for her and anxious to see her get the opportunity.

And what those little friendships mean! If a cameraman dislikes a star, he can ruin her photographically. The electrician can "burn her up" with lights. The assistant director can make it most unpleasant for her.

But nobody disliked Irene. In fact, they were all crazy about her.

When Irene finished her rôle in Fannie Hurst's "Back Street," at Universal, she had more friends for the space of time she remained there than any other girl has ever had. And the boys on the set voted her the swellest girl they knew.

WHAT'S more, they did a lot of little things that would spare her trouble—such as making telephone calls for her, and things like that. Director John Stahl even barred the set to protect her from prying eyes—something that is rarely done for one so new in the game as Irene.

Irene did all this by using her personality and her charm. And here's where your little lesson comes in, for the picture business is not much different from any other business. With fundamental ability, even latent ability, it is the woman who knows how to use her charm who gets the breaks. She doesn't necessarily have to be a flirt—but she must know the gentle art of making a man feel important.

For instance, when Irene walks on the set, she says to the cameraman, "You're looking great today. What a good looking tie you have on." And to the prop boy, "Been to the beach? That coat of tan is most becoming." But she never does it obviously—oh my, no. And the funny part is that she genuinely likes these people. You must like people, else insincerity will get through to them in some mysterious fashion.

Irene has been successful all her life. When she was in line for a scholarship in a Chicago musical college, she was particularly nice to one of the judges. Her voice was excellent—for without that she couldn't have won—but it was that judge who fought for her championship as no other professor fought for the other contenders.

And she's been exercising her gentle feminine tricks ever since.

YET she said, "It's not a good thing to flirt with your leading man. It's too dangerous. He might misunderstand. You have to keep your mind on your work. You have to make love, anyhow, and if you flirt and become serious . . . not so good."

"A woman must avoid that," Irene admitted. "Perhaps flirting is fun, but falling in love is fatal. Flirtations are from the head; love is from the heart.

"Using one's personality is the feminine form of back slapping. Used subtly it is effective; used cheaply it is disgusting."

## MAD MALIBU

In a few years a lonely, deserted stretch of sand along the Pacific has become peopled by more world known celebrities than any similar mile of sand. Genius, beauty—writers, directors, stars and forgotten players live there, play and work. Read about this fascinating beach colony and its strange antics in the next, the September issue of PHOTOPLAY

"My mother is charming to everyone. She never orders groceries or meats over the phone. Instead, she goes to the butcher personally. She calls him by his first name in no time and she always gets the best cuts of meat at the best prices."

Naturally, Irene's real dramatic talent made her a success—but many a genius has hid his light under a bushel for want of a little graciousness. Irene does not go around hiding her light under any stray bushels.

I REMEMBER the first time I saw Irene Dunne. It was while she was making "Cimarron" and it was one of the hottest, dustiest days California has ever known. She was on location in that miniature city that was built for the picture. Cameramen were fuming; assistant directors rushing madly about on what seemed, to the inexperienced eye, utterly futile errands; great crowds of extras were milling around in the space allotted to them—in fact, everybody on that set, including the horses, was in a state of turmoil. Did I say everybody? I take that back.

Seated in a hastily built little dressing-room was Irene Dunne—as cool and as calm as the first peach blossom of spring. Her make-up showed not the slightest trace of wear and tear from the heat and the strain. She was sipping an iced drink—which some prop boy had miraculously brought from somewhere—and regarding the turgid scene.

You would have thought that a newcomer, as Irene was then, might have been flustered and excited at finding herself in the midst of all this. Perhaps you would have imagined that an actress, untried in the picture business, would have been in the thick of it all, asking questions and otherwise making herself a nuisance.

But not Irene. Instead she offered me a chair, as if she had been in her own beautifully appointed drawing room, and said, "What a shame that you had to come out on such a hot day." And, calling to a prop boy, "Do you think you could find another glass of cold lemonade?"

We chatted about the rôle that she had succeeded in getting in the manner I've already explained.

"I had no doubts about getting the part," she said, "I only hope, now that I've got it, that I'm able to do it well enough and yet I feel that I know this *Sabra Cravat*. I've almost memorized the book—I did that before I was sure that my tests were right. I thought that if I knew *Sabra* well enough I would surely be allowed to make her come alive on the screen.

"You see when I realized that musical pictures, for which I was given a contract, were out of fashion and that perhaps I'd have to wait a long, long time for them to come in style again, I knew that I'd simply have to be an actress—that I'd have to work with a medium other than my voice, so I set about the task of learning to be an actress. And when I knew that someone would play the rôle of *Sabra* in 'Cimarron' I wanted that someone to be me more than anything else in the world."

But what she didn't tell me and what I didn't know at that time was how she set about getting that rôle—how she exercised her charm and her graciousness upon everyone who could help her to have the thing she wanted. It was most certainly done in a worthy cause for those who saw "Cimarron" agree that no actress in Hollywood could have played the rôle of *Sabra* with greater understanding and finesse. In every picture in which she has since been cast, she has given a good capable performance. Lots of folks will take you aside and whisper confidentially that Irene has done her best movie job to date in "Back Street."

Irene has climbed the slippery ladder of film fame with surefooted determination. She has not wavered once.

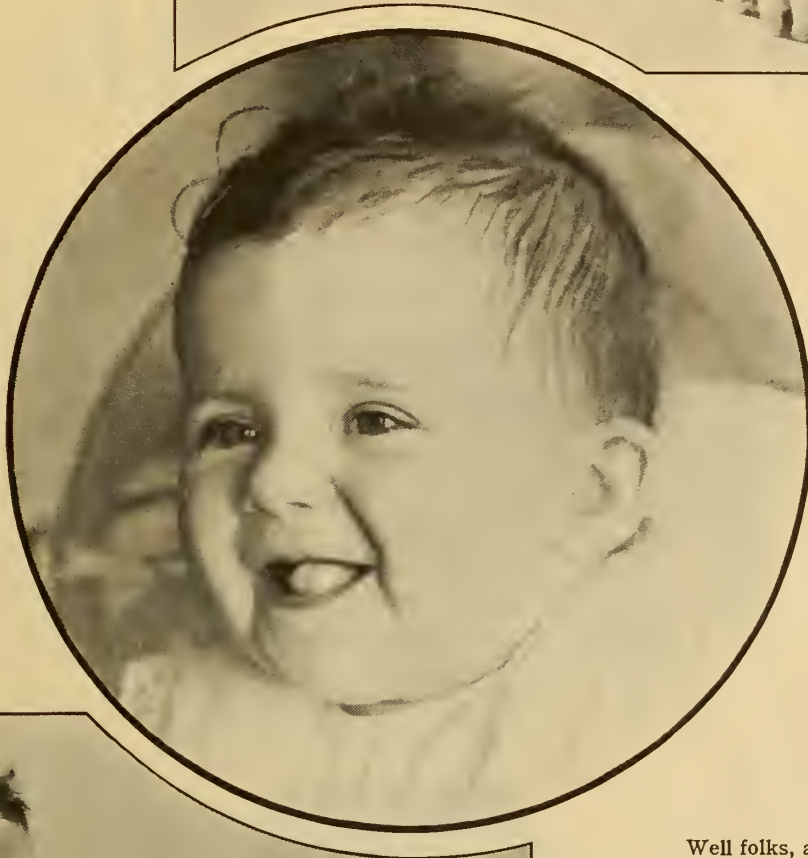
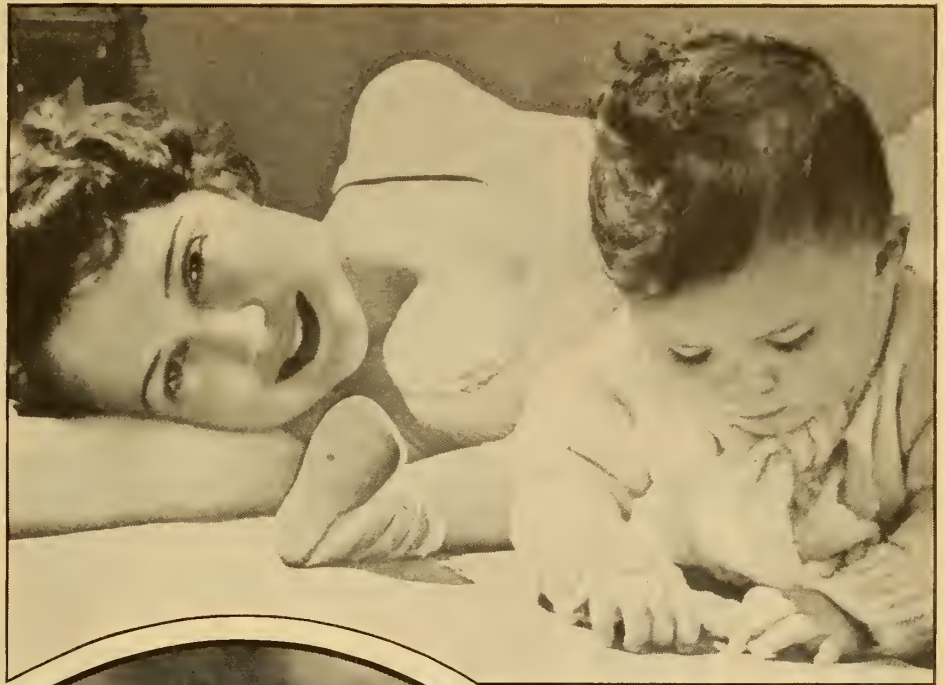
And this is the person whom Hollywood has called colorless. But Hollywood simply slipped her in the wrong file. Irene is about as colorless as a rainbow. If you'd see her flash those eyes you'd never say again that she was colorless. And—what's more—she holds her husband who adores her, while he is in New York practicing medicine and she is in Hollywood being an actress. Irene is far from colorless. She's a brilliant, charming, witty young woman. Come on, Irene, forgive us for calling you "just a nice person."



"Could you tell me what picture we're waiting to see?"



# Bebe's and Ben's Baby



Well folks, as radio announcers say, if you don't see an electric sign over your local theater reading *Barbara Lyon in "Inheritance,"* about the year 1952, you'll know this inheritance theory is a lot of scientific bologna. Barbara Bebe Lyon, aged nine months, can't ever say she wasn't given a chance, for she's being brought up with a camera. Papa Ben Lyon, no slouch as a photographer, started taking pictures of her when she was a week old. Ben took the photographs you see here and on the strength of his ability has been retained as one of PHOTOPLAY'S regular staff. We aren't sure, but maybe next month we'll show you a couple of pages of his intimate shots of film folk. Because he plays cameraman, Ben doesn't get a break here—it all goes to Bebe and the baby. Bebe is a good actress, as we all know, but a terrible photographer. If the pictures she takes aren't out of focus, she cuts her subjects' heads off



Clark Gable likes jade green—it serves as a sedative



Constance Bennett has an antipathy for stimulating red



Joan Crawford can't stand orchid. Too passive for her



Red is Sylvia Sidney's best color, but she hates it

# All HOLLYWOOD Has Now

And so will you when you read this fascinating article and analyze yourself by noting your own reactions to various colors

By Lois Shirley

STARS no longer choose their gowns simply because the shade is *becoming*. They select colors to which they radiate happily.

Furthermore, the studios are now more and more careful about dressing both the women and the men in colors which encourage mental satisfaction. The designers and executives will order a blue gown which does not photograph so well as a brown one, if the blue is the choice of the star.

They know, for instance, that Joan Crawford will give a better interpretation of a part, everything else being equal, if she is gowned in blue. And even though orchid might be more advantageous from a shadow and light (photographic) standpoint, they would not consider asking Joan to act a single scene in orchid. She hates it.

This is true even of Technicolor pictures, where naturally colors are startlingly important from a photographic angle.

When Fay Wray was selecting her wardrobe for "Doctor X," an all-Technicolor production, Natalie Kalmus, the color scientist for the Technicolor Company, suggested a robe of turquoise blue which was *scientifically* the best color. Fay looked ravishing—both to the naked eye and to the more delicate one of the color camera.

But Fay didn't like it. She felt uncomfortable. She did not *vibrate* to it. She chose, instead, a dark blue robe. She couldn't explain her reactions. She said, "I just *feel* better in it."

Natalie Kalmus knew the robe would go green for the picture. She didn't tell Fay. Although turquoise blue would be better for the shot, green would not actually damage the color scheme. But if Fay didn't *feel right*, her acting might not be right. Mrs. Kalmus knew no actress could do her best work with *wrong radiations* emanating from the color she was wearing.

This may sound silly to you. I can assure you that there is no star in Hollywood who considers it so, today.

Have you gone to your office or into your kitchen on a bright, sunny day when all

should have been well with the world and wondered why you felt disgruntled, unhappy, restless? You could find no reason for feeling *wrong* when your common sense told you you should feel *right*?

The next time, look down at the suit or the dress you are wearing. The color may make you appear stunning but it may also be the sole cause of your rebellion.

Sylvia **Sidney**, for example, with her dark, Russian beauty can select no color more appropriate for her than red. Yet, she does not wear it.

She knows it means mental restlessness!

The women of the screen turn to Natalie Kalmus to help them diagnose their color vibrations.

Mrs. Kalmus told me what she has told them all: "Color is a *smile* or a *frown*. You know how you feel on a dark, dank day. Grays; purples (the purple haze); somber colors about you. That is the *frown*."

"And on bright days? The clear blue of the sky; the fresh green of the foliage; the flashing yellow of the sun. That is the *smile*."

"And men and women help themselves to *frown* or to *smile* by the radiations they encourage or discourage in the colors they select not only for their wearing apparel but for their houses—their surroundings!"

YOU will find a simplified color chart, made by Natalie Kalmus, on these pages to which you can refer in choosing your colors. And, after I have told you how the stars react, you can play a fascinating game by analyzing the color likes and dislikes of yourself and your friends. Why do certain colors buoy you up and others take you down? Read on and you'll find out.

When Gloria Swanson was at the height of her career she had a violent antipathy for "old rose" and would not permit anyone wearing it to come near her. Once, while she was making a scene in which she had to appear very annoyed, the director discovered that he could not work her up to the proper anger pitch. Her wardrobe designer



Natalie Kalmus, color scientist for the Technicolor Company, who tells the stars why their color preferences influence their lives





The sight of bright orange makes Ann Harding ill



Apple green is Norma Shearer's favorite color



Claudette Colbert hates vivid shades. Gray is her favorite



Wally Beery radiates to the most stimulating colors

# Gone COLOR-CONSCIOUS

had an idea and, with the director's consent, picked out one of the extra girls and had her dressed in old rose from head to foot. Then he instructed the girl to keep near Gloria, always in her direct line of vision.

The scheme worked and presently Gloria was in a very real rage and demanded that "that old rose abomination" be removed from the set. But what, you ask, was the reason for this? Ah! Perhaps Gloria herself had not stopped to analyze it, but Pola Negri's favorite color was old rose and she wore it more often than any other shade. At that time there was a bitter feud going on between Negri and Swanson so it is easy to see why Gloria reacted so violently against that color.

If you dig down deep into your own consciousness you can discover the reasons for your own color preferences, and when you look at the chart in the light of your new knowledge you will be able to select the colors that will give you the right vibrations which will help you along the road to **success** and happiness.

Joan Crawford has always believed she preferred blue because it has brought her good luck. She wore it when she danced in her first chorus in Chicago. She was successful in holding her job against terrific odds. In New York, the wardrobe women always chose blue for her. She made good. When she first walked onto a picture lot, she wore it. It gradually became her "good luck" color.

She instinctively turned from orchid because she felt it had no warmth.

But, by glancing at our color chart, we see that Joan had good luck, partially because she was in blue. Nervous, high-strung, emotional people should wear it. It soothes; gives them the proper balance. If Joan had chosen red—the most stimulating color of all—her taut nerves might have snapped.

She might even have been stimulated to emotional frenzies so that she could not recognize opportunities for success when they came to her.

Orchid is a spiritual color which, carried to excess, creates a barrier against love. Joan seeks love as naturally as a plant turns its petals toward the warmth of the sun. She would be miserable in orchid, the color which opposes those natural emotions.

Norma Shearer prefers a cool, apple green. Her dressing-room is done in that shade; even the telephone is enameled in it. Norma says her love of green comes from having seen her mother wear it when Norma was a youngster. But why did Norma instinctively, even as a small child, like to see her mother wear it?

Apple green is the shade for the ambitious. People who crave success and fame always radiate to it because it combines the sedative qualities of the blue and the money-making ones of green. It is perfectly natural for Norma to say, "I feel more comfortable, more sure of myself in green than any other color."

**U**N**TIL** the past few months, she has detested brown, but one day a saleswoman persuaded her to try on a brown dress. The lines were so stunning that Norma could not resist buying it. And, suddenly, she found that she felt comfortable; the radiations of Norma's nature and the brown no longer clashed. She has bought brown clothes several times since.

A color psychologist would say that Norma is radiating, now, to an unhappy color. A dark brown (such as Norma is wearing) is a calamitous color. Natalie Kalmus says, "After each war we have a new cycle of colors. Black death has stalked among us, laying us low in the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]

## The Significance of Color

**Blacks and dark browns.** Definitely depressive.

**Gray.** The lifting of sadness. A mixture of black and white. People who wear it are often in-between people.

**Red.** The strongest vibration of all. A stimulant. It is sex; it is life. Many emotional people cannot wear it because it throws them into chaos. Slow, unemotional, unimaginative people seek it to arouse emotional energy.

**Scarlet.** The come-hither color. An exaggeration of red.

**Blue.** It represents peace, harmony and home and definitely refines and cools. Excellent for those working at high tension.

**Green.** Fresh green means life; springtime. It is both a sedative and a stimulant, depending upon the person. And it is definitely the money-getting color; the indication of the ultra-ambitious; the intellect.

Heavy, dull green is indicative of laziness and envy.

*Dull greens are splendid for the nervous, dynamic character but act almost as a sleeping potion to the slow-minded.*

**Pink.** Youthful joyousness. Almost all young people should have pink rooms for soft radiations while character is forming.

**Purple.** Royalty; dignity; glory. Always used in religious rites and to pay homage to royalty, church dignitaries, etc. However, it is ponderous and adds weight.

**Orange.** The color of physical strength. It tends to submerge all about it.

**Yellow.** The highest of all. The sun. Gaiety; joy; glory; power; great love. Always stimulating. Lemon yellow, however, is soothing.

**Orchid.** Indicative of spiritual affections and when carried to great lengths forms a barrier against love.



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *MERRILY WE GO TO HELL*—Paramount

YOU'D just not better read this if you hope to get any sensible notion of what the picture is about, that's all, because our case-hardened reviewers went absolutely gaga over it and came home sobbing and giggling all at once.

You'll hate Fredric March for being fool enough not to love Sylvia Sidney, but you'll love him for being a charming drunkard with a grand sense of humor, and such a grand actor, doing his best work yet.

It also seems Sylvia is so adorable that the preview audience, to a man, burst into tears and then cheered. It seems, further, that every performance she turns in nowadays is perfect. Between bawling like a baby and giggling like an idiot at March and Skeets Gallagher, you're going to have your best hour in a theater in a long, long time.



★ *THE DARK HORSE*—First National

THIS grand political satire, which comes at the most opportune of moments, will give you enough chuckles to tide you over a flock of gloomy days.

If you don't laugh at Guy Kibbee, the "dark horse" for governor, and his priceless bewilderment at finding himself nominated; if you don't appreciate the flamboyant acting of Warren William, the whirlwind campaign leader; if you don't thoroughly enjoy Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne and Frank McHugh—then you should be sent to bed without your movies for a whole month. Although the story takes electoral conventions for a ride, politicians tell us it's as much truth as comedy. Give yourself a treat and don't miss a single scene of this thoroughly amusing picture. Kibbee's howling show alone makes it a must on your list.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *RED-HEADED WOMAN*—M-G-M

RED-HEADED and hot-headed, the heroine of Katharine Brush's best-selling novel hits the screen! An alluring girl, fighting for what she wants with woman's most potent weapon!

Jean Harlow, platinum locks hidden, is the girl. So completely does hotsy Harlow hurl herself into the rôle that the Hollywood actress is totally forgotten.

This common little maid, from the wrong side of the tracks, makes up her mind to cross that great divide and seize her boss, *Bill Legendre*. She gets her man, but not the spot in Renwood's 400 that she craves. Then, in New York, she plays a millionaire and his chauffeur at the same time. Exposed, she hurries back to *Bill*, and is kicked out. *Bill's* shot—and the last we see of the red-head, she's in Paris with a new papa but the same chauffeur.

Metro has done right by this vigorous yarn. The film is dotted with risqué scenes. The dialogue is screamingly funny, and the film will certainly panic the grown-ups.

Una Merkel, as wise-cracking *Sally*, wins most of the laughs. Chester Morris is sincere and convincing as the bewildered *Bill*. Leila Hyams is a dandy wronged wife—and Lewis Stone, as always, does a fine father. "Good movie!" Wow—it sizzles and it burns!



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

RED-HEADED WOMAN  
WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL      THE DARK HORSE  
MAKE ME A STAR                      IGLOO  
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM  
BLESSED EVENT                      IS MY FACE RED?

## The Best Performances of the Month

Lowell Sherman in "What Price Hollywood"  
Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood"  
Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman"  
Chester Morris in "Red-Headed Woman"  
Warren William in "The Dark Horse"  
Guy Kibbee in "The Dark Horse"  
Stuart Erwin in "Make Me a Star"  
Chee-Ak in "Igloo"  
Sylvia Sidney in "Merrily We Go To Hell"  
Fredric March in "Merrily We Go To Hell"  
Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies"  
Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event"  
Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"  
Ricardo Cortez in "Is My Face Red?"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126*



★ MAKE ME A STAR—Paramount

WHAT a title for this gale of mirth! For Stuart Erwin, a perfect knockout as the movie-struck boy from the crossroads, will be a star after this picture has roared and howled its way across America! This talkie version of Harry Leon Wilson's great "Merton of the Movies" is swell entertainment. Erwin's performance is rib-rattling, button-busting. And right beside him charges Joan Blondell, as the hard-boiled little fairy-godmother of the lots.

A magnificent blending of laughs and tears, with the chuckles winning. Moreover, it's another fascinating exposé of picture-making, with Hollywood secrets paraded. Whip-like dialogue, smart direction, stunning performances. Laurels to Director William Beaudine and to Sam Hardy, who plays a director. Certainly one of the year's best.



★ WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD—RKO-Pathe

HERE you are, movie customers! All the lights, laughs and heartbreaks of Movie-Town! One of the fastest, most interesting pieces of entertainment ever to come out of Hollywood! Mustn't miss it! Gorgeous Constance Bennett gives her finest performance as the little blonde Brown Derby waitress who wants to get into the movies. Catching the eye of a famous but liquorish director, magnificently played by Lowell Sherman, she goes to a big premiere with him. Into the films she goes, and the joys and glooms of a star's life follow.

Neil Hamilton does a great millionaire play-boy, and Gregory Ratoff's cartoon of a producer is amazing.

Almost everything in this picture has actually happened in Hollywood. A great director really went down and out as Sherman does here. It's a pretty true picture of what goes on—and reveals startlingly just how hard it is to stay married in Filmland. The movies have always chided PHOTOPLAY for tipping off technical secrets of pictures. Here they give it all away themselves!

All in all, one of the finest, most fascinating movies ever made. It grabs the interest in a death-grip, and holds on. Its authors, our own Adela Rogers St. Johns and Jane Murfin, know every inch of the Hollywood scene. And they've concocted a swell talkie and a box-office knockout!



★ IGLOO—Universal

ATHRILLING story of the Eskimo. His endless struggle for existence, his constant battle against storm and hunger. Where survival of the fittest is the law supreme. Chee-Ak, a noble hunter, brings food to a starving village, but before the feast is over, a bitter gale sweeps the little colony inside the igloos. Days pass with no relief in sight. In desperation Chee-Ak braves the storm, to find the water holes frozen over. A trek Southward to the sea is decided upon. Chee-Ak leads them over icy fields. At last the sea is reached. The weary tribe finds itself caught in an ice jam and flees over melting ice to safety.

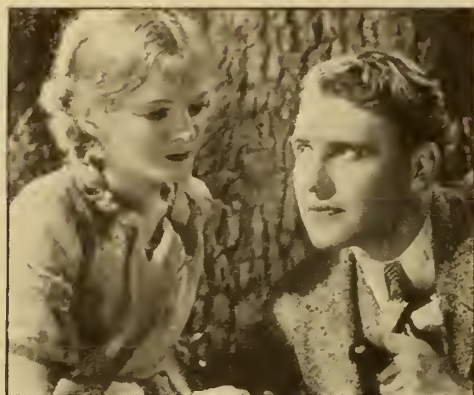
The entire cast is Eskimo. Chee-Ak gives a magnificent natural performance. The story is simply told. Director Ewing Scott has made "Igloo" a picture well worth seeing.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures



**REBECCA OF SUNNY-BROOK FARM—**  
Fox



**JANET GAYNOR** refused to make this picture. So **Marian Nixon** stepped in with one of the most charming performances of the year, in this idyllic little love story that Pickford did in silents. A restful, reposeful little talkie, lighted by Marian's lovely work and good performances by **Ralph Bellamy** and **Louise Closser Hale**. Janet, you certainly helped Marian! This is a blessed relief from the screamies.



**BLESSED EVENT—**  
Warners



**A**NOTHER entry in the great columnist-picture sweepstakes, and a pippin! A real picture, with **Lee Tracy**, that chronic movie newspaper man, hilariously funny as the boy who prints news of *Blessed Events* before they occur. The dialogue is great, and good performances abound. This is the sort of red-hot and moonstruck madness that talkies do well—and a credit to all! Good old Lee!



**IS MY FACE RED?—**  
Radio Pictures



**H**ERE he is—America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. He's brazen, restless and egotistical—an American institution. **Ricardo Cortez** gives the greatest show of his life as the gossip disher who at last meets up with the business end of a gun. **Helen Twelvetrees** turns in a neat performance as a "Follies" lass, and **Bob Armstrong** and **ZaSu Pitts** are fine. Fast, furious, punchy. You'll like it.

**DOCTOR X—**  
First National



**T**ECHNICOLOR is startlingly used to deepen the mystery of this creepy thriller. Even though you've seen "Dracula" and the rest, this shocker will give you a tingle! *Dr. X* tries to find, among his medical pals and students, a murderous strangler. Ooooo! **Lionel Atwill** is fine as the sleuthing medico, and **Lee Tracy** (again a newspaper man), **Fay Wray** and **Robert Warwick** help nobly. It's a good shiver-film.

**RESERVED FOR LADIES—**  
Paramount



**A**FROTHY, delightful society comedy, with **Leslie Howard** doing some of his most charming acting as the cultured head-waiter who fights out of his social station to marry the girl—and what a girl **Elizabeth Allan** is! Fine performances by **George Grossmith** and **Benita Hume**—the latter a great film bet. This is as slick as they come in the fine field of sophisticated, frothy talkie comedy.

**WESTWARD PASSAGE—**  
RKO-Pathe



**A**BIT more pep in lines and acting, and this would have been an ace picture, for the story is fine. Not even good trouping by **Ann Harding** as the wife of a temperamental novelist can save the show from the doldrums. **Irving Pichel** gives a good show as the plodder she later marries, and so do **Laurence Olivier** and **ZaSu Pitts**. But this remains a poky, unexciting picture.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**SOCIETY GIRL—**  
Fox



A PLEASANT enough film tidbit for an evening at the movies—not hot, but warm and cozy. Jimmy Dunn tries his darndest to be a tough boxer who steals the heart of Peggy Shannon, not quite believable as a society gell. He doesn't quite make it—too nice a boy. As so often happens, the picture is practically walked off with by big Spencer Tracy, Jimmy's tantalizing trainer.

**THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY—**  
Paramount



A MODERN version of Enoch Arden, with Claudette Colbert in the rôle of wife. Clive Brook is the attractive first husband who goes to war and is later reported dead. Charles Boyer is the second important man in Colbert's life and she grows more beautiful as the experience deepens. Brook's fans will find him as usual. And Colbert fans find their darling very lovely.

**WEEK-END MARRIAGE—**  
First National



AN earnest little picture with an earnest little moral. Wives, it seems, shouldn't work. Loretta Young shows the pitfalls that await the couple who bring in the daily bread together. Loretta succeeds in her work while Norman Foster, the husband, gets discouraged, discharged and pneumonia at the same time. There are bright spots throughout the picture. George Brent and Aline MacMahon add worthwhile moments.

**BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—**  
Fox



A SOPHISTICATED piece of good mean fun—conclusively funny if you accept its thesis that love is largely baloney and divorce a necessary relief from marriage pangs. Oh well—funny anyhow! Adolphe Menjou is the slick hero, Joan Marsh a bit of a pretty dumbbell—but about the best chore is turned in by Minna Gombell as a marry-for-money sister. Really, you'll die!

**WEEK-ENDS ONLY—**  
Fox



NIFTY and smart. Not original but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett's a rich little girl until the depression makes her poor. But there are still wealthy men who like pretty women. Just when she's prepared to feather her boudoir she meets the struggling artist—capable Ben Lyon. He mistakes her boudoir for one already feathered. Naturally, the complications end with perfect understanding. Well acted.

**THE ROAR OF THE DRAGON—**  
Radio Pictures



SOME excitement develops here in beholding Gwili Andre, Radio's Garbo hope. Pretty, though badly made up, but she plays a Greta part in the Mary Brian manner. Merely inexperience. Training will do it. Exciting story; Richard Dix fine; Arline Judge cunning. Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn that is good entertainment for young and old.

[ ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 120 ]



# How's This for Beauty Sleep?



Lights blaze, cameras click, directors snap orders — but Claudette Colbert sleeps on. She's falling asleep at her job — but that's her job in one of the scenes of "The Man from Yesterday." Director Berthold Viertel stands at attention at her bedside. Think it's pretty soft for Claudette? Try sleeping with one of those high-powered spotlights in your eyes and see how you like it. Or maybe you would, for the rather neat Colbert salary



And how would you like to be awakened in the morning by a camera on a giant camera crane swinging over your bed? Although she smiles and smiles and smiles, Jeanette MacDonald wishes the cameraman would swing just a little to the right. It would make her feel more comfortable. This is for a shot in "Love Me Tonight" — and what's a Maurice Chevalier picture without a scene showing the gorgeous Jeanette in bed?



# "Pie-Face"

SCENE—A dive. A sign on the door says "The Happy Valley Tattling and Euchre Club." Mr. Robinson is sitting at a desk excavating his molars with a dirk. Messrs. Muni and Cagney are wistfully shooting at kiddies from an open window. Dirty-Face, or Mr. Ince, who is Gangland's leading brooder, is brooding into a mug of beer. A score of heels and molls are quietly fighting about the room.

MR. MUNI—Zam! I got the little one in the patched pants!

MR. CAGNEY—I got him, you mugg!

(They unobtrusively shoot each other in the abdomen.)

A RAGGED STRANGER—(from under the table)—They couldn't keep their noses clean!

MISS DIETRICH—(entering, and hiking up her skirt to the vaccination)—The cops is outside.

MR. ROBINSON—(laying down the dirk and picking up a machine-gun)—Leave the muggs in!

(Mr. Nagel, accompanied by fifty bulls and dicks, enters.)

MR. NAGEL—Come on, Pie-Face, the Big Fellow wants to see you.

MISS TODD—(standing on her head for two obvious reasons)—Leave the rats have it!

MR. ROBINSON—(snarling)—I'm the boss, see? I give orders, see? I own this town, see? Reach for a handful of clouds, copper!

(A burst of machine-gun fire. Mr. Nagel and the fifty bulls and dicks fall, threshing about.)

A RAGGED STRANGER—(hanging from a chandelier)—They couldn't keep their noses clean!

The time has arrived, with "Scarface," for the gangster picture to end all gangster pictures. Here, citizens, it probably is!

"Pie-Face"—a Leonard Hall Production. Scenario and dialogue by "Scoop" Hall. Directed by L. Von Sternberg Hall. World premiere at Hogan's Place, ring three times and ask for Joe

(Messrs. Sam Warner, Howard Hughes, Mervyn LeRoy and Howard Hawks enter, stepping over the bodies. They point reproving fingers.)

MR. WARNER—Fie, Eddie! Tut! Remember the censors!

MR. HUGHES—(Wagging his index finger)—Naughty boy! Careless fellow!

MISS TODD—(turning a cartwheel)—Give it to the rats!

(Machine-guns chatter. Warner, et al., go down squirming. A terrific explosion. Police sirens sound. Beer barrels roll through basement windows. Ten-ton trucks collide. A sedan goes over Niagara Falls. Hand-grenades explode in a tin can factory. The Fifth Marines charge with the bayonet, bellowing.)

A RAGGED STRANGER—(sitting on a telephone pole in Bayonne, N. J.)—They couldn't keep their noses clean!

(He falls to the street, splitting his skull like an old gourd. Fade into a shot of a windy hill-top in Connecticut. It is spring. The note of a love-maddened cuckoo is heard.)

CHARLES FARRELL—Always together, darling—into the sunset.

JANET GAYNOR—Always together, Chuck, or God help the box-office.

CHARLES FARRELL—My pet!  
JANET GAYNOR—My duck!

(The cuckoo is joined by a tomtit, a bob-white and a purple-tufted goofus. The son sets, like a poached egg sinking in the sea of boiled spinach. Slowly fade into "The End.")

Friday and Saturday nights, at this theater—  
"HOW ANCHOVY PASTE IS MADE"

## Cast

Pie-Face.....	Edward G. Robinson
Rat-Face.....	Paul Muni
Baby-Face.....	James Cagney
Dirty-Face.....	Ralph Ince
Pansy, a gun moll...	Marlene "Legs" Dietrich
Petunia, a young Botany teacher.....	Thelma "Legs" Todd
A Ragged Stranger..	Adolphe "Legs" Menjou
Chief Potts.....	Conrad "Bull" Nagel

Guns, torpedoes, heels, bulls, dicks, molls, muggs, dopes and other vermin too numerous to mention





With cold cream smeared over the face, revolve the fingers round and round in a small circle in the spot indicated by Sylvia. This will put you to sleep, help you overcome nervousness and take away those worry lines

# Have You That "Desk-Chair Spread"?

By Sylvia

**H**UNDREDS of thousands of fat girls and women throughout the country are performing miracles upon their figures.

Hundreds of thousands of skinny girls are making themselves look more attractive.

I'm delighted. I could jump up and click my heels together with joy because I've been able to pound a little sense into those folks' heads. But there is one group of girls who don't please me. Listen, you girls who sit all day — you stenographers, secretaries, detail workers, telephone operators, artists, writers, publicity women, buyers! Listen, you girls who tell me you are chained to an office desk and are getting fatter by the minute!

Remember what they used to call the "matronly spread"? I call that the "desk-chair spread" and I'm sick of hearing all you girls whine about it. You tell me that because your work requires you to sit for a good part of the day you can't seem to bestir yourselves enough to have the beautiful figure which is every woman's right and duty. Well, snap out of that kind of talk and snap out of it quick. You can be as lovely as the picture stars if you work at being lovely.

When stars, who are often at the studio under those glaring lights for ten and twelve hours a day, can find the time and the courage to take my exercises and my diets why can't you, who spend but seven or eight hours in your offices, do the same thing?

It's not easy, but you can follow the routine I've mapped out in my former articles as well as anybody. And you know it, too, if you'll only have a little straightforward conversation with yourself.

I realize that your type of work makes it doubly hard to take off weight. I have seen what constant sitting can do, but just study the exercises I've worked out especially for you. You need drastic measures—and you're going to get them from your Aunt Sylvia. Nor am I going to confine myself just to office workers.

You others—the women who are housewives, the women with more active jobs, you can all learn something from what

I've got to say, if you have brains enough to realize it.

Thousands of letters ask me this question, "How can I take off that portion of the anatomy on which I sit?" "Can that part of the body ever be reduced or is it a hopeless task?" Nothing is hopeless; any surplus fat can be taken off and I know it! Follow the exercise you'll find on these pages, do it regularly day after day without fail, and I'll guarantee you'll take off two and a half to three inches in the first month! That's a promise and if you have enough stick-to-it-iveness to carry right through you'll write to me and say, "Sylvia, I didn't know it could be done, but I've done it."

## For Girls Who Sit All Day



Sylvia poses for you in a morning exercise that will reduce the lower hips from two and a half to three inches in a month. In this position and hitching yourself from side to side, progress across the floor—as if you were walking in a sitting position. Go back and forth across your room eight or ten times like this. You will feel the surplus flesh smashing off as you move along. This exercise is for everyone who wants to reduce in that spot, but it is absolutely essential for sedentary office workers

**B**UT, just because you're taking this exercise don't give up the others. They all work together, hand and glove, and every one of them is important. And right now I want to tell you something. You must do these things yourself. Don't believe what the other girls tell you. Don't listen to those friends who say, "I think you should do this and that and the other thing." Do what you think is right, listen to the small voice of your own common sense and your Aunt Sylvia.

You can look in the mirror. You can see how you look.



**S**YLVIA is known throughout the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. She is responsible for many of the beautiful figures you see on the screen. For the past five or six years she has been making the stars lovely and she has received as high as \$100 for a half-hour's treatment. She is the masseuse de luxe of the film colony. But now she devotes her time to teaching women

and girls throughout the United States how to do for themselves what she has done for the actresses. And hundreds of readers of PHOTOPLAY express delight with results. Sylvia is ninety-five pounds of concentrated energy, and the magic of her reducing and form-remedying knowledge is imparted to you each month on these pages. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she writes.

## Do This When You Feel Jumpy

You know better than anyone else what you want to accomplish with your own figure. Set an ideal for yourself and go after that ideal.

Many of the office workers who write to me, and thousands of others as well, ask me what to do for the jitters. "My face is thin and lined from worry," one woman wrote. "I can't seem to get the proper rest at night for I'm so nervous," said another. "I work at a high tension all day long and when I go to bed, sleep will not come. Is there any help?"

Certainly there's help, you poor darlings. But, like everything else you've got to do it yourself. I've told you before that seven hours sleep is plenty for anybody. But it's got to be good sleep—good, sound, restful sleep, the sort that relaxes your entire body and makes you wake up ready to lick the world.

**N**OW I'm going to tell you how to accomplish that sort of sleep. You'll find an exercise this month to take in bed that I guarantee will put you to sleep and make you sleep hard. But if you wake up before daylight and are restless, get up then—don't lie in bed and toss. Get up and do something—take a shower, take some of my exercises, give your face a good treatment. Stay up from then on and you'll find that the next night you'll be so sleepy and tired you'll drop right off.

I've also given you this month a little facial exercise that I gave Ruth Chatterton. She told me that no matter how nervous she was, that put her right to sleep. I'm passing it on to you and I tell you to do it every night before you settle down. Do it in bed and don't mind if you fall asleep with the cold



With head thrown forward in this position, arms stretched tight, move slowly from side to side and then relax. Repeat eight or ten times or until you feel yourself becoming less nervous. Be sure to feel the spine pulling, especially at the back of the neck. A tight neck makes you jumpy. This will relax those tense muscles in just a few minutes

cream still on your face. Besides, this little exercise will entirely relax your face and take away those tired, worry lines.

But what are you to do if you have the jitters during the day? What will you do when that time comes when you feel as if you must scream from sheer nervous tension? First of all, don't scream. Instead, get the muscles in your neck loosened up. Did you know that the tightness at the back of the neck is the direct result of nerves? Then take the exercise I give you this month for that. You can shut your office door and do it for a few minutes. You can do it at night before you go to bed. Five minutes of this exercise makes you feel like a brand-new woman. You won't want to scream when you've got your neck and back limbered up.

Here's another thing. Because I feel so sorry for nervous people I hate to say this, but you nervous girls are selfish. You think too much about yourselves. When you begin to feel jumpy, get up and look out of the window. Find the most interesting thing you can see in the street and concentrate on that thing, even if it's only a piece of paper blowing in the wind. Get out of yourself. Think about something else, no matter what it is.

If you're nervous you'll have a faulty digestion. But my diets contain everything you need. However, take as much liquid food as possible. Often the most nervous people are thin. On the general building-up diet I've given plenty of milk. If a lot of milk is hard for you to digest, here's the way to take the milk. Chew it. Sounds crazy? I mean it. Take a mouthful of milk and move it around [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



## This Will Put You To Sleep

Do this lying in bed with hands clutching the head of the bed. Tense every muscle in your body. Feel your whole body becoming tight. Don't let a single muscle escape your notice, or it will not be so effective. Then relax. Repeat until you feel yourself slipping off to sleep. If you get seven hours sleep after taking this exercise it will mean everything to your beauty

# *The* Love Life *of* Jimmy Durante

*By*  
*Donald*  
*Ogden*  
*Stewart*



"YOU'LL find Mr. Durante in his den," softly announced the eunuch-voiced footman, and following his directions, I went up two flights of marble stairs and discovered the object of my search comfortably ensconced in a deep arm chair, his feet on a low table. Nearby, an old-fashioned music box tinkled sweet, sentimental music. He was smoking a cigar and as he did not at first notice my entrance I had a moment to observe the tempestuous Great Lover in repose.

His feet, such as they were, were encased in dark purple

brocaded slippers, which were a perfect match for his bright orange dressing gown and mauve toque. His nose, which shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly, was resting quietly on his chest and seemed somewhat fatigued—possibly from being so frequently referred to. On seeing me, however, it lifted quickly up and graciously waved me into a seat by the fire.

I sat down nervously and arose almost immediately, as what I had unfortunately mistaken for a bench turned out to be a little extra girl, one or two of whom Mr. Durante always





Alone with his memories of love, the great screen lover dreams of his conquests while his priceless antique music box tinkles "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." Strangely enough, this ballad recalls poignantly to him his early loves among the busy push-carts on the East Side of New York

Photos  
by  
Stagg

charitably keeps around the house, for the Great Lover is anything if not kind to those less fortunate than himself. However, when the laughter at my curious mishap had somewhat subsided, he dismissed his little companion and I was **alone** at last with the *Don Juan* of the talking screen.

The den itself was a curious mixture of old world romance and modern plumbing. Over the fireplace, in which lay the dying embers of what must have been at one time a very successful fire, hung an enormous overstuffed Moose head, whose resemblance to my host was somewhat startling. I

commented on this and he informed me his uncle had been a Moose.

"So you stuff uncles," I remarked, and then, taking the lion by the horns, I asked him about his recent affair with Greta Garbo.

"Who?" asked Mr. Durante.

I repeated the name.

"Garbo?" he mused, "Garbo?—is she on this lot?"

I assured him that she was—at least up to her recent departure for her native Sweden. His eyes suddenly lighted up.



"You see," says Jimmy, "you gotta put all your soul in a kiss to make it click. For instance," and he grabbed up one of his dolls to demonstrate, "any guy who knows as much as I do about love never makes any noise when he smacks 'em. Once I put over the big kissing act, they're sunk"

"Oh, sure," he said, "that Swedish girl." And a faintly reminiscent smile played over his lips. "Say, whatever became of her?"

"She's gone back to her own country," I said.

"That's right," he agreed cheerfully, "and maybe I wasn't glad to get her out of here."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Oh, you know how women are," was his answer.

"I'm afraid I don't," I replied, and then, quickly, "How are women?"

The *Casanova* of Cahuenga Canyon stroked his nose thoughtfully for a few minutes before replying:

"I'll tell you about women," he said at last, and the room became very quiet. "They're a funny lot. You take what's her name . . ."

"I'd love to," I agreed, "what *is* her name?"

"I only know her first name," he answered. "It begins with Lupe."

"Lupe Velez?" I suggested.

"That's it," he said, his face lighting up. "The French girl."

"I think she's Mexican," I suggested.

"Sure," he agreed, "Mexican—French—those foreigners are all alike."

"When did you know Miss Velez?" I asked.

"Let me see," he mused. "When was the earthquake?"

"The earthquake of October 3, 1929?" I asked.

"That's the one," he replied. "Well, sir, I was new to pictures in those days and all I can remember on that date is meeting Lupe at the Brown Derby and then everything went black, and chimneys began tumbling down, and when I came to, Lupe and I were in Agua Caliente."

"Quite an earthquake," I commented.

"PRECISELY," he agreed. "And then there was Polly Moran." His eyes closed momentarily as though he were dreaming. "I can see her now," he purred, "dancing her exotic dances in the native quarter of Hong-Kong. She was a Nautch girl—in fact, at the time I met her, she was the Cat's Nautch."

The embers of the fireplace blazed up momentarily at this, and then died out completely.

"She must have seen me watching her in the crowd," he continued, "for I felt that she was dancing only for me. When she had finished, I gave the cry of the bull-ape and the crowd

fled in terror, leaving us alone. I craved an introduction, but as we did not seem to have any mutual friends, I walked forward beating on my chest and saying, 'Me, Jimmy Durante—me wantta be introduced.' At first the poor girl was frightened and ran up a nearby cocoanut tree from where she commenced to shower me with the luscious native fruit. Undaunted, I took from my pocket a small piccolo and began to play. She was fascinated. She slowly descended. I waited until she was within ten paces of me and then gave her this."

Mr. Durante illustrated "this" by flashing at me an intense look from those burning eyes, coupled with a slight opening and closing of his nostrils and I felt myself swooning.

"JIMMY," I murmured, and he leaped hastily up and dashed a glass of cold water (which he always keeps handy for such purposes) over my face.

"Sorry, old man," he muttered, "sometimes I forget my own power."

"That's perfectly all right," I assured him, taking a position a little farther away and putting on a pair of smoked glasses, which he offered me. "Please go on."

"Well, to make a long story short," continued my host, "where was I?"

"You had just given her 'this,'" I replied, "only don't do it again."

"Well," he went on, "she stood there transfixed and I once more adjusted my flute to my lips and played an old Indian love song and she began to dance. Never in my life have I seen such a performance."

"I can imagine," I agreed.

"When she had finished, I once more took off my hat and emitted the cry of the bull-ape, but this time she was not afraid. She smiled and in that curious lilting voice of hers, she said, 'Me, Polly Moran.'"

"Me, Jimmy Durante," I replied.

"Polly Moran."

"Jimmy Durante."

"Polly."

"Jimmy."

"Jimmy."

"Polly."

"This went on for several minutes, at the end of which I blew a small whistle and this [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



# Hollywood Speaks— Fashionably

WHEN you want to inject a little real glamour into the clothes budget—buy a hostess gown! This stunning one, shown below, is worn by Hedda Hopper in "As You Desire Me." Gray crepe swathes her figure in slim, sculptured lines. Chinchilla fur cuffs fall gracefully above a fitted wristline. The side drape forms a train extending from the back of the neckline.



HERE is what is meant by a coat that looks like a dress. This distinctive costume, at left above, is also worn by Hedda Hopper in "As You Desire Me." The coat is made with a straight skirt, wrapping to the side, where it is held by a belt of the material. The scarf-like collar is draped to the left shoulder where it is held by a strap buttoning over. Be sure to note that the sleeves in all three of Hedda's costumes show fullness bloused above the elbow. The soft woolen of this coat is a rich yellow-green in tone. Hedda's hat has a high back ribbon trim.

HEDDA ought to enter "the best-dressed" competition in Hollywood—she knows what is smart and how to wear it. Look at this white coat, at right above—isn't it a knockout? Its lines are similar to the green woolen except that it closes nearer the center and stresses a collarless line. And the material shows a definite ribbed texture. There's a hint for you in the trick tie of that black and white plaided taffeta scarf. The plaid is used again for accent on the pertly tilted white hat. A perfect outfit for rounding out the summer smartly. It's in "As You Desire Me."

— Seymour



THE straight, slim silhouette is smartly endorsed by Genevieve Tobin in this suit which she wears in "Hollywood Speaks." Made of heavy black silk, her skirt follows the straight and narrow. The cape on her silk jacket is lined with the same white crepe that cleverly accents her skirt. Genevieve's blouse, shown in the sketch, is white lace and is fastened with novel black clips. The girdle is black satin



DOESN'T Helen Twelvetrees look as if she might have stepped from a picture of another century? Yet her charming white organdie frock is the picture of modern chic. Just what you should be wearing these summer evenings, in fact. Helen's flaring skirt is deeply tucked, while petals of the material edge the sleeves and decorate the corsage of her brief peplum bodice. That high buttoned neckline is flatteringly naive. And how many of you are going to sit through "Without Shame" several times so that you can tell the hairdresser just how to do those ringlet bangs?



# Three Youthful Styles

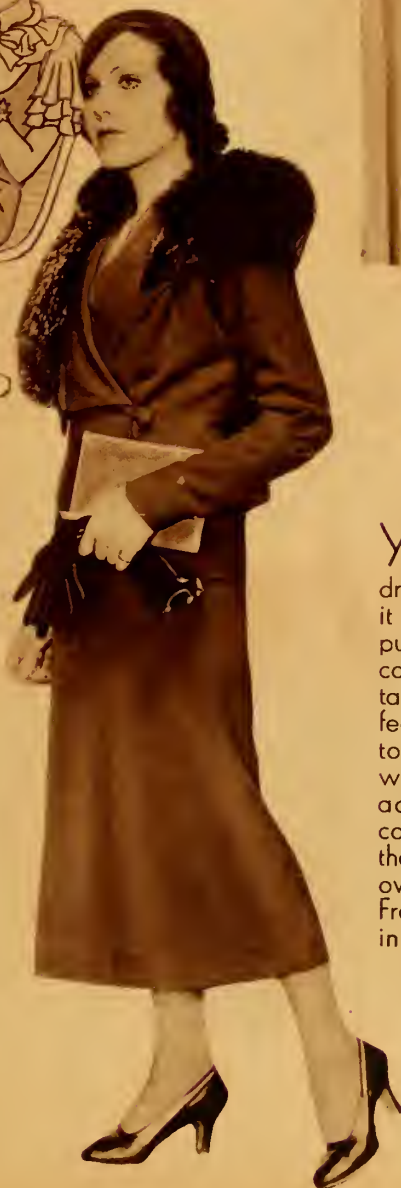


NEW PICTURES  
GIVE SMART  
TIPS FOR AN  
EARLY FALL  
WARDROBE



**YOU** will find Joan Bennett wearing a perfect lounging outfit for college in her new picture, "Week-Ends Only." You see Joan in it, above, and the sketch gives you details. A frilly pink guimpe is topped by jumper pajamas of blue silk. The guimpe type of thing is much seen around Hollywood—and will be about campuses, too. Be sure to notice Joan's bracelet made entirely of silver stars—isn't it a novel new gadget to add to your collection?

**MARY BRIAN** wears a number of stunning outfits in her role of young newspaper woman in "Blessed Event." This suit is particularly smart—it looks toward fall. The smooth woolen is billiard green. The trim jacket buttons to one side and has a flattering collar of silver fox. The straight skirt again! Under that jacket is a feminine looking blouse in a lighter green crepe. Mary's turban is green crepe, her bag a lighter green but blending leather and her shoes match the suit in color.

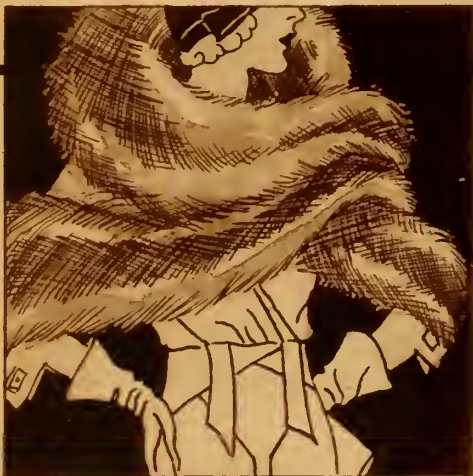


**YOU** can wear Myrna Loy's type of tweed dress right on into fall. Isn't it gay and young with its puffed sleeves and round collar with big bow of plaid taffeta? The two-piece effect is new—you are going to see lots of it. Brown wooden buttons and brown accessories give effective contrast. Myrna's beret is the same tweed stitched all over. Myrna, as a dashing French countess, wears this in "Love Me Tonight."

# Hollywood Stresses Shoulders



RUTH CHATTERTON likes this brown tweed cope-suit so well which she wears in "Children of Pleasure" that she is taking it on her vacation trip to Europe. The long cope with wide shawl collar is a new fashion note. It is lined with the brown and white silk that forms her scarf. Note the patch pockets with novel tab buttoning. And that big brooch is a favorite type of scarf ornament with the stars.



BLUE fox encircling the neckline and extending over the arms gives shoulder interest to a blue wool suit Ruth wears in her new picture.

IT IS said that Ruth Chatterton dislikes fashion pictures of herself—yet she persists in wearing unusually smart clothes that cry out to be shown. In her new picture "Children of Pleasure" she has a stunning wardrobe. One of the charming gowns is this one of white chiffon with sweeping skirt the hem of which is hand painted in a brilliant flower design.

The drop shoulder of the frock is further stressed by an ingenious ermine capelet. In the sketch you can see how it ties in the back, quite reversing the order of most fur copes. Isn't it a grand fashion tip for all of you?

— Seymour



Here are a few tips to help you solve the puzzle. All of the men are married. One is noted for frivolous rôles and the other two for heavy drama. Two came from the stage and one played in an orchestra. One of the girls has been recently married, one recently divorced and the other, the youngest, is a divorcée of several years. Two of them have children. One was a famous stage star. One is the daughter of an army officer, one the daughter of a great stage star. Two are blonde and one has brown hair.

# \$1,000<sup>00</sup> *in* Prizes

1. Eighty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$300.00
Second Prize.....	100.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Thirty Prizes of \$10 each.....	300.00
Fifty Prizes of \$5 each.....	250.00

2. In three issues (the August, September and October numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Six 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, six portraits may be produced. \$1,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named, spelled and most neatly arranged set of eighteen portraits, and who name a motion picture in which each of these actors and actresses has appeared.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the October issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of eighteen only. 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 and that it carries sufficient postage.

4. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired. The eighteen puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below, together with the name of some motion picture in which he or she has appeared.

5. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by studying the suggestions appearing below the pictures in

each issue. They apply generally to the six sets on the page. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. 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.

6. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. 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 October 20th. All solutions should be in at that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1933, issue of PHOTOPLAY.



**T**HOSE who have seen "Strange Interlude" say that Norma Shearer has realized her ambition and may now be classed with the greatest actresses of the day—Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne. So it's no discredit to Clark Gable to say she steals the picture



# Will Clark Gable Last?

**C**LARK GABLE has photographic virility. Has he photographic versatility? Between these two words lies the answer to Hollywood's burning question of the month.

Three months ago you weren't popular in Hollywood unless you were raving about Clark.

Today, you're not in the conversational running unless you can give a lot of good reasons why he won't last.

Cruel? Heartless? Sure—but that's Hollywood and certainly Clark Gable knows the town. He's had plenty of experience with Hollywood's cruelty both before and after his tremendous success.

Let's consider the facts in the case.

Clark, like Garbo, introduced a new vogue in screen personality. He became the pattern from which screen idols who followed him were moulded. He is the epitome of the ruthless, handsome, knock-'em-down, treat-'em-rough he-man, the strong, virile, modern cave man. And not only women in Keokuk and Medicine Hat went crazy about Clark, but the actresses of Hollywood as well. Once he had become a sensation, Hollywood backed up the public's preference.

Now, just as long as women remain interested in that type of man, he will last—provided the studios give him that type of rôle.

But when women change their minds? When a new screen hero comes to replace the old—what then? Will Clark Gable be able to change his type of screen behavior? Why not be honest about it! *Can he act—* as Leslie Howard can, for example?

**T**HERE were numerous protests from his vast public when he played the rôle of a minister in "Polly of the Circus." Those who have seen "Strange Interlude" in which he has one of the greatest acting chances of the screen, say that Norma Shearer tucks the picture under her arm and leisurely walks away with it. This is not so much a discredit to Clark as it is a tribute to Norma's superb acting.

Whether Clark wears the garb of a minister or changes, as he does in "Strange Interlude," from a young man to an old man, he remains Clark Gable, they say. Costume, make-up, characterization—all are submerged in his own personality. Leslie Howard, on the other hand, has already proved that he can play a variety of rôles.

Hollywood will tell you all these things to bear out its argument that Gable can't last, but I believe that Hollywood has overlooked one salient point.

Last October, Clark said that he wanted to remain in pictures just two years and it is my firm belief that he will last just as long as he wants to.

He is perfectly willing to retire when he has made enough money to be independent of public opinion. Clark has asked but one thing of life. And that's independence, with enough money to live as he pleases thrown in for good measure.

By nature, he is an "I will do as I please and say what I please" person.

Hollywood accuses him of being just one of those "personality" boys rather than a great and versatile actor

*By Ruth Biery*

Much to their bewilderment, his producers discovered this early in his career and that is why they encouraged him to avoid as many interviews as possible and insist that he leave town as soon as each picture is finished.

This determined, immovable trait in Gable's character is what stops him from being versatile on the screen. He is as he is—and will always be. Versatility is the

ability to change with each characterization a screen story demands—to feel as if one were a hundred different people. Of that Clark Gable is almost incapable.

Clark is not, by nature, a brilliant man. Determined, yes, and ambitious—but even his ambition takes a single path, the end of which is independence. What Clark wants is money—not, mind you, for its own sake, but merely so that he can have the sort of life he wants, while he is still young enough to enjoy it fully.

Naturally, even a person as determined as he, must make concessions to Hollywood. One of [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113 ]



But when Clark played with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," Norma's fine performance paled beside the brisk virility of Gable. In this, the picture that brought him fame, he created a type—the brutal, knock-'em-around hero—and became a sensation overnight. Until recently he has continued playing that same sort of rôle



You movie-goers discovered Johnny Weissmuller



You made Helen Hayes, stage success, a screen star



Is Randolph Scott star stuff? It depends on you

# YOU Pick The STARS

**C**LARK GABLE had eighteen tests made before he got a rôle. His first good part was that of a plumber without sex appeal, in "The Easiest Way."

When they cast Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," they said to him, "This will be a great picture for the kids. Grown-ups won't go for it, but little boys will love it."

Helen Hayes hung around Hollywood for months. They wouldn't give her a part because they didn't think she would photograph well enough.

"That James Cagney is all right in secondary gangster rôles—but he'll never be a star." Honest Injun, that was Hollywood's opinion!

And as for Garbo—well, you know that one. "What can a big Swedish girl who can't wear clothes do in the movies?" is what they said about her.

But there was a boy named Walter Pidgeon. Hollywood raved about him. "He's got everything," they said over the coffee cups at Henry's, "looks, charm, manner, a grand singing voice. That lad will be the sensation of talkies."

And as for Alexander Gray—they couldn't say enough nice things about him. He was handsome. He could sing. He had sex appeal. Why, in just no time at all it was a cinch for him and Bernice Claire to give Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor a run for their greenbacks as a knock-'em dead box-office team.

And there was a lad named John Wayne. Didn't he look like Gary Cooper? Wasn't he typical of clean American manhood? Wasn't he good looking and just the sort of fellow that all the girls would go for? Hollywood prophesied that John Wayne's future would be brighter than Peggy Hopkins Joyce's diamonds.

So then what happened?

Listen!

Clark Gable played the rôle of a plumber and eight million women wrote to M-G-M and said, "If there were more plumbers like that I'd never leave the kitchen."

For every kid that saw "Tarzan, the Ape Man," there were twenty women

who asked, "Where has this Weissmuller been all my movie life?" You know what happened to Helen Hayes, Jimmy Cagney and Garbo—none of whom were hot shots according to Hollywood.

And the Hollywood hot shots—the ones whose future was all in the bag? Walter Pidgeon may be singing sweetly in some girl's ear, but there's no microphone there to pick it up. Alexander Gray croons over the radio. Bernice Claire? Who knows **where** she is? You'll see John Wayne in an occasional "quickie."

So maybe by now you've got the idea that when it comes to picking stars Hollywood knows less about it than your Aunt Eloise. In reality, your Aunt Eloise is the one who picks

them. You, way up there in North Dakota, and you, along the levees of the Mississippi, and you from Keokuk, Medicine Hat and Walla Walla—you are the real casting directors of Hollywood. You pick the stars—and make no mistake about that.

**A**LL sorts of money may be spent on publicity, on fine productions, on capable directors, but if you turn thumbs down on a player the player will never become a star. And nine times out of ten Hollywood is wrong about star material.

You see, Hollywood is a funny town. And it is often fooled by charm. Walter Pidgeon is a shining example.

Randolph Scott is a Hollywood rave at the moment. The girls around the studios all go for him in a big way. The studio has prophesied his success, but so far he has not registered on the screen. True, he had only a bit in "Sky Bride." But Gary Cooper had only a bit in "Wings." Yet the minute he walked before the cameras you spotted him. He had that something it takes. Gary is another whom Hollywood thought just a bad actor. His stardom came because of you—the audience.

I sometimes think that being well liked personally in Hollywood is the worst possible omen for a film career. There's the case of Billy Haines. You made him a star. And then Billy bought a big house and became a social light. His career took a down- [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124 ]

The loudest ballyhoo can't put a screen personality across unless the audience gives its okay, too

By Katherine Albert



# What *Red Hair* Did To A *Platinum Blonde*

It changed her looks and her personality and made her able to play a rôle half the girls in Hollywood so badly wanted

A FRIEND who had not seen Jean Harlow since she left Hollywood to do personal appearances met her on the lot not long ago.

"Why, Jean," the friend gasped, "I wouldn't have known you—you look more, more . . ." "Say it," Jean laughed. "More human. Yes, and I am, too."

And that is one of the things that red hair has done to the platinum blonde.

Whether it was the strangeness of that platinum hair—cold and white, like an arctic midday, or whether it was the frozen glamour it seemed to cast over her personality, no one knows, but Jean Harlow was an enigma to Hollywood. In spite of the very warm rôles she played on the screen, there was a standoffishness about the girl herself.

"She is only a kid," a Hollywood gossip once said, "but she looks like a woman who has lived forever and loathed every day of it. She's sort of frozen inside."

But that was before Jean was cast as the lead in "Red-Headed Woman." Folks thought giving her the rôle was ridiculous until she put on the red wig. And then Hollywood couldn't believe its eyes. Neither could Jean.

For when the platinum locks were covered up by the red wig Jean's air of boredom and the icy barrier that set her apart from the world was gone. She suddenly became real, human, understandable.

The first day, she bounded on the set like a kid just let out of school—and snapped right into the rôle. That flaming wig became the torch song of youth and Jean immediately became alive, real and vivid.

When you see her in "Red-Headed Woman" you'll find

her playing a hussy, it is true, but there is humanness combined with her badness. You hate that girl in the film, but maybe you can sympathize just a little with her—which is more than you've ever been

able to do with any of Jean's other characterizations. It's amazing to see her change, right under your fascinated eyes.

She arrives at the studio with her own platinum hair—aloof, mysterious, her sex-appeal in an ice-box. She goes to her dressing-room and has the wig adjusted. And becomes a bright, snappy little hoyden—a brand-new Jean Harlow. So much for what red hair has done to a platinum soul.

NOW take a look at PHOTOPLAY'S cover. Would you know it was Jean Harlow—this young, charming girl? Her face is soft, her eyes, although still heavy-lidded, are clear and honest. And that mouth, full and lush as it is, is almost naïve. Isn't it an amazing transformation?

But wait—we're not through yet.

When Jean was being a platinum blonde all day she had no steady beaus. Men were fascinated by her but there was something strange about her. "I can't seem to understand that dame," one lad said.

But now? Well, the villagers gasped when Jean and Paul Bern, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor (an M-G-M executive) went down to City Hall and filed intention to wed—just like that. Folks thought that Paul would never marry, but when you see him look at Jean there's no doubt about his loving her.

So there you are—and that's what red hair did to a platinum blonde.



Here's the Jean Harlow you used to know—aloof, mysterious, icy. On the screen she was a siren, but a cold, calculating one



Now look at the new, red-headed Jean—a gay, youthful hoyden. PHOTOPLAY'S cover this month shows you the color of her hair

*All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month*



JOAN BENNETT presents the Riviera bob, her first distinct departure in coiffures in three years. Heretofore her bob has been long. This new coiffure emphasizes three important trends. The bob is short. The ends are curled. The neckline is revealed. From a left part the hair sweeps into a profusion of poppyette curls on the right. On both sides the hair is brushed upward.



HERE is the beauty and delicacy of design of a sea shell. Poppyette curls resemble the swirl of water. They are small, tight, and do not break the head contour. Notice how the hair at the nape of the neck is uncurled and follows its natural line.

A PERFECT frame for the soft, youthful face. That unbroken stretch of hair is especially lovely when the texture is fine and the color rich. It accents the beauty of Joan's hair and clarity of expression.



# Beauty Shop

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck

ANITA LOUISE illustrates an ideal coiffure for the blonde, spirituelle type. Hair of this kind should be persuaded into an aura for the face rather than curled in definite form. Slight wings of hair at the forehead show fashion's compromise between the completely exposed forehead and the bang vogue. Feathery wisps at the ears also suggest the popular face curls. A long bob, at least four inches of back hair, is necessary for this arrangement.

Fashion, which for a while has more or less frowned upon the back roll in favor of the revealed hairline, now admits that either the roll must come into wide popularity again or the hats with upturned backs must go. The smooth, unadorned neckline simply does not adjust itself becomingly to this more romantic line in hats.



THE part leaves the hair free to form a shimmering nimbus for the face. The side hair is cut and turned gently backward and the back hair is drawn smoothly downward. Only a suggestion of wave breaks the sides.



## A Trilogy for Charm

**R**OCHELLE HUDSON is demonstrating her pet oatmeal facial. Gently stimulating, marvelous for cleansing and soothing, and leaves the skin with flower-like radiance. Wash your face thoroughly, rinse in cold water and to the damp skin apply the pack. Fill a gouze square with oatmeal, wet well and wash the face gently, especially the nostrils and chin. Or pour a tablespoon of oatmeal in the palm, wet with hot water, and apply to the skin. Remove with cold water.



**T**HE original eye shadow! Fifi Dorsey follows an old theatrical tradition and makes her own. She smoke the bottom of her cold cream box with a candle, mixes a dab of black with cream, shadows her lids. We prefer ours in modern cream form.

**A** PINT a day keeps her hoppy and gay! Mory Carlisle attributes some of her radiant exuberance to the daily pint of milk she consumes internally and to those dabs she applies externally. An occasional milk cleansing is soothing and softening.



## Why Hollywood Is Sweet and Lovely

**H**OLLYWOOD is a lavish consumer of perfume but suits it to mood and mode rather than adhering to a permanent perfume preference. A charming and effective means of making ourselves more interesting and exhilarating is frequent change in fragrance. A light scent for day, for evening something romantic! Floral and light synthetic odors share popularity. Lilyan Tashman likes perfume sprayed back of the ears on hair or that tiny conceit of a hat.



**K**AREN MORLEY, all set for a wave, offers a home course in hair tricks, doubtless one of the reasons Karen's coiffures are never the same. If vacation finds you far from a hairdresser, half a dozen combs and a hair setting lotion will help. Wet the hair thoroughly, following any trace of wave, adjust the combs smoothly, let dry. Then press the waves in place.



# From The Stars' Beauty Secret



LILYAN TASHMAN exhibits with pride her compact traveling case in which seven beauty blessings have been gathered for that trip by train, boat or car. A beauty kit is a boon to the vacationist. No broken bottles, no forgotten lipstick, no spilled powder. It is quick and convenient for use in the dressing-room, too.



"PLENTY of laughter and plenty of face exercise," advises Fifi Dorsay in the interest of youth and beauty. Fifi's favorite is lifting the face at the temples, so that eyes and mouth curve upward. This relaxes, rests.



TWO of the most beautiful hands in Hollywood—Mary Brian's. Nature is responsible for the perfect, graceful moulding, but Mary is responsible for the fine skin, smooth cuticle. After every washing she uses a hand cream or lotion and a cuticle cream at night.



A MODERN touch, that Harlequin disc of rouge Lilyan Tashman applies low on her jawbone. "Artifice should look like artifice, not try to be natural," says Lilyan. "The rouge carries out the doll motif of my bangs and I like color next to my frock."



# Portfolio



LILYAN TASHMAN'S deep red nails, her ruby ring and diamond and ruby bracelets create a rich jewel symphony, chic for Miss Tashman but not suitable for most of us. The very newest polish is bronze, shot with mother-of-pearl, designed to accent dark skin.

ROSE for her fingers and rose for her toes is Mary Brian's polish choice. The shade is light and the rose tone very natural and becoming with Mary's fair skin, giving both toes and fingers a fresh, childlike flush of color. Light rose is a good choice for many.

More Beauty Hints on Page 86



A HUNDRED strokes of your brush masquerading in this interesting manner will give you the best dry shampoo you ever had. Irene Dunne ties gauze over her brush and proceeds with a perfect cleansing and polishing treatment for her hair. Let the bristles come slightly through the porous gauze, which in turn will catch and hold the dust and oil. Change to fresh gauze as the treatment progresses.



# You



“WELL, we licked the old place after all, didn't we?” Chet Morris asks his wife, Sue. Now, standing on top of the world, these two grand kids live as simply as your next-door-neighbor, for Chester remembers the time when Hollywood didn't want him. Sara Hamilton tells you about that on the opposite page



# Can't Live On Promises

By Sara  
Hamilton

Says Chester Morris, whose bitter experiences in Hollywood are a warning to any youngster with an eye upon movie fame

IF a clever boy or girl, with looks, charm and maybe untrained talent, came to me and asked, "How's chances of my breaking into the picture game?" I wouldn't waste time citing the thousands and thousands of examples of those who have tried and failed, in pointing to the long list of disappointed extras who are thankful for one day's work a week, or in reading aloud Hollywood Chamber of Commerce warnings.

Instead, I'd take that boy or girl right over to Chester Morris' house and let him or her listen to what happened to Chet, a lad with ten years' theatrical experience behind him and a "pull" with a big Hollywood director. And the first thing that Chester would say, I feel sure, is, "Don't come to Hollywood expecting help from a friend."

You see, I remember when the Morrises, Chester, his father, mother, brother and sister were on a vaudeville tour, together. They landed in Los Angeles for a week's performance, on their way to Portland, the last stop on their tour.

One evening, the whole family received an invitation to sup at Cecil B. De Mille's. That was oh, at least five or six years ago when De Mille was the king in Hollywood.

Mrs. Morris had known both Cecil and brother William as boys, had practically raised William during their early days on the stage, and had been the soul of kindness.

Halfway through the meal Chester became conscious, not that Chester had been previously unconscious you know, that the appraising eyes of Cecil were fastened upon him with an "I wonder" look.

He couldn't swallow. He became all entangled in his glass of water and felt sure he wasn't crooking his little finger in the proper manner. Chester was fussed.

"Etta," De Mille said to Mrs. Morris, "I am going to steal your son. I am going to place him in pictures. I have a part coming up that was simply made for him." Chester floated home, his head in the clouds.

SO it was arranged that the Morrises were to finish their tour in Portland, return to Hollywood and drop Chester off for his movie career.

But when Chester tore out to the studios, he couldn't get in.

Nobody knew him. Finally, after days of trying, he did manage to get to De Mille's secretary who relayed the message to Cecil.

"Oh—ah—yes, yes, it's Chester," the director said. "Well, well, it's Chester. Well."

So a pass to visit the sets was written out and given Chester. Here he was to absorb and learn.

For three solid months a miserable young man absorbed. And there's nothing like absorbing in Hollywood. He got in the way, made himself a nuisance and wished he were dead or had five cents extra to buy an ice cream cone or something.

Funds dwindled while an entire family waited for the promise of an old friend to materialize. The other Morrises had hunted picture work, too, but, pshaw! if you couldn't work with De Mille behind you what could you do without him?

The family car seemed to know the plight of the Morrises and, sympathizing no end, ran almost of its own accord. No gas. No oil. It just naturally kept going.

Finally the family grew desperate with everything going out and nothing coming in, and Chester determined he would do something about it. Oh, now mind, he'd tried to bring things to a head before. But suave promises and assurances were always given.

Wait, wait, wait, he was told. And starve in the meantime, he supposed.

But now he was mad, boiling mad. He stormed up to the secretary. "Have you an appointment?" she asked. "Listen," old man Morris' boy Chester shouted, "I want to see De Mille." And if you've seen Chester on the screen you know he's considerable of a stormer.

WELL, he saw Cecil. The director was up on a ladder, directing a bathroom scene, and he looked down at Chester.

"My boy, my boy," he choked. Chester hoped he would. "I was dreaming of Etta, your dear mother, last night. What a sweet friend she was to me in time of need. How kind. Now, you have been a good boy. You've been patient. And I am about to reward you, for your sweet mother's sake." Who was, Chet remembered, looking pale and wan that morning and almost hungry.

"You come to me at 9:45 tomorrow morning," he said, "and get your first part."

And the old car kicked up its hind end, turned around and made a bee-line for home.

"Well, De Mille wasn't such a bad guy after all," Chester decided. "He knew what he was doing. They do keep promises in Hollywood, after all."

The next morning the sun shone bright and at that, it had nothing on Chester's face. Chet positively beamed.

He approached the secretary. "Certainly I have an appointment," he grinned. "I was to be here at 9:45. And boy, I'm here."

The secretary looked puzzled. "When did Mr. De Mille tell you to be here?" she asked.

"Yesterday morning," he smiled.

For a long minute the secretary looked at him. Finally she said, "I—I'm really sorry. I am honestly. You see, Mr. De Mille left on his yacht yesterday afternoon for a three-months' cruise."

Somehow Chet got back home. And somehow they began gathering together funds to



Here's the story you've been waiting for. Read it next month in PHOTOPLAY

WITH the September issue, PHOTOPLAY brings you a treat we have been planning for some time.

It's the story of a woman who has endeared herself to millions of fans all over the world—Marie Dressler. She has lived a rich, colorful life—full of heartaches, humor and triumphs, and her philosophy will be more helpful to you than most sermons. Equally important is the fact that it will be written by Adela Rogers St. Johns, whom this story brings back to PHOTOPLAY

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]

## Movie Stars Turn Broadway into Hollywood Boulevard—New



Photographed for Photo y

**L**OOK, look! Buddy Rogers snapped on his way to the Pennsylvania Roof to lead his orchestra; Fifi Dorsay, fresh—very fresh!—from vaudeville. Leslie Howard takes a lingering look at the skyline before returning to the studios



## York Traffic Stops when These Folks Are in the Big Town



Underwood and Underwood

**D**ON'T look so glum, Eddie Lowe. Aren't you meeting Lil at the Ritz for tea? June Collyer stops bassinet shopping long enough to point out the Empire State Building to hubby Stu Erwin. "Uh-huh," says Stu, "I'd rather see a palm tree"





Madge Evans demonstrates some of her tricks of packing. First, pack the shoes, stuffing the toe with tissue paper and placing mates toe to heel in a neat layer. Then cover with a sheet of tissue and pack the daintier things on top



Sleeves—ah, there's a problem, especially in these days when they are such an important part of the frock. Madge stuffs the sleeve with tissue to keep it from annoying wrinkling when folded



The circular skirt of the dress is smoothed out and folded carefully over a sheet of tissue. Madge selects a table of just the right height for her work. An important item, that, because you can wear yourself out with bending

# Travel Tips From Hollywood

By Mildred  
Cornelius

ONE the day when a parade of bell hops laden with suitcases, hatboxes, and pedigreed pooches trailed a traveling moving picture actress. Now, we find by sleuthing in airports, railroad stations and at the docks that these ladies travel comfortably with a few well-chosen pieces of luggage.

Claudette Colbert, for instance, went around the world with a couple of hand trunks and an overnight case carrying all the frocks she needed.

Lace evening frocks she recommends to the traveler. They don't wrinkle, you know. Two, one in a light color and one dark, saw her through evenings all over the world. The short evening wrap is a boon to the traveler for it can double for formal afternoon wear.

Almost all the room in one hand trunk was taken up with a supply of Claudette's favorite creams, lotions, perfumes and such, for she says that whatever one's wardrobe may suffer, it is easier to repair than any damage to the complexion.

Lilyan Tashman has a case in which she carries nothing but her creams, soaps, tooth-paste and the other odds and ends that are likely to clutter up the suitcase.

She is a very methodical packer, with her suitcase full of labeled cases for hose, gloves, handkerchiefs, and everything neatly in place so that anything needed may be taken out without rummaging through the whole bag.

Lounging pajamas are indispensable to the smart traveler. Nancy Carroll wears them in her drawing-room on the Pullman—very sober ones with wide-skirted trousers that are not conspicuous when the wearer steps off the train for a stroll.

Genevieve Tobin likes tweeds for traveling—

a tweed coat with a dark frock or a tweed suit with jersey blouse. Genevieve has no patience with travelers who have to have everything pressed the minute they arrive at their destination. She considers time given to careful packing much better spent than time wasted with having things pressed once the traveler is on her way.

A tailored suit or a trim travel coat is the accepted thing for boarding or leaving the train, of course.

THERE is so much motoring about Hollywood that no star's wardrobe is without several soft, roomy topcoats. The newest are severely tailored, very broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, not belted. Since Garbo started it, there may be a vogue for capes for motoring and traveling. So far she is one of the few who wear them and she had several like the one she wears in her latest picture.

Remember Claudette Colbert spent some time in the Orient on the famed trip she and her husband, Norman Foster, took on a happy-go-lucky freighter. She had a number of cotton and linen frocks with her for the hot countries—a consideration for all of us in a season when cottons are so smart. They take up little room, can be laundered in a few hours and they are always so much fresher looking than silks. A good idea for the August vacationist.

For one so young, Madge Evans is a seasoned traveler, with several trips to Europe and much

cross-continent commuting to her credit. She says no traveler is comfortable without at least one deep piece of luggage to hold such bulky things as coats and robes.

She is another who considers careful packing the best way to insure a comfortable and happy journey. As a matter of fact, she does the job so well that it is always given her. So, whenever the Evanses go jaunting, their well-groomed appearance is due to little Madge.

At a moment's notice Joan Crawford could have trunk and hand luggage packed for a trip to Europe. In the first place, she is so methodical and neat and efficient about her wardrobe that she knows where everything is. Every garment is in perfect repair or it doesn't get put away. And there is one secret of that Crawford girl's chic and smartness.

A loose button on a jacket, the tiniest rip of a seam, a loose clasp on a bracelet, a spot on a scarf—these small matters are not brooked in the Crawford wardrobe. So Joan can step out any time in a trim, smart ensemble, sure of the freshness and sleekness of her costume.

When it comes to packing, Joan sees to that herself. No maid can quite achieve the Crawford deftness. The bag is packed with care and thought for the destination. When Joan goes traveling she considers the costume and ensembles she will need and everything is packed accordingly. If she arrives in time to be a spectator at some sports event, the appropriate frock or suit is packed last with its accessories all at hand. The dinner frock is next to the last, as the second to be needed, and so on through the days and evenings. No time wasted looking for an odd stocking or a wandering handbag. They are neatly and obediently in place.





Mrs. Carnegie beginning her beauty treatment—"I apply Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Sinking deep into the pores it floats out all grime—wipe away with these softer tissues."

"Saturating a pad of cotton with Skin Freshener I pat, pat, pat until my skin glows—this, you see, refines the pores, tones and firms and also brings up one's natural color."

"Always before I powder, I smooth a dainty film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, for evening. This both protects my skin and holds the powder."

## "I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO KEEP MY SKIN LOVELY AT HOME..."

*Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.*

### Young society favorite shows how she gives herself her Home Beauty Treatment

Young Mrs. Carnegie is blessed with that exquisitely clear pale skin usually possessed by only the Parisienne.

"WHAT do I do for it—why that's very simple," says Mrs. Carnegie. "I have found the perfect way to keep my skin lovely at home.

"What I do is—but wouldn't you actually like to see me do it?"

"First, thorough *cleansing*—I always have a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream. There's nothing like it for cleansing. The cream melts almost instantly—I wait a few minutes to let the fine oils float every speck of dust and dirt out of the pores. Then I wipe it all away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues—I like them best because they're so much *softer* and *more absorbent*.

"Now my skin is absolutely clean and ready for the second step—*stimulating*. You have to stimulate the skin if you

want it to stay young looking. Wet a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener, and pat, pat, pat like this till the skin glows.

"The next step is to *protect* the skin—to keep it smooth and fine. Smoothing on Pond's Vanishing Cream takes just a second. I'm devoted to it because it doesn't dry the skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a marvelous powder foundation.

"Isn't that a simple home treatment? And it works. I do it every day and always after exposure.

"*At bedtime*, after cleansing with Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the rich Cold Cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin. You know, scientifically, the skin does need just four things to keep it lovely—cleansing, lubricating, stimulating and protecting. And my Pond's method supplies every one of these."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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Photographs by Nicholas Muray  
MRS. CARNEGIE... AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

# Teens \_ Twenties \_

## WHICH STAR IS

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN



"I'm 20"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"

DOROTHY MACKAILL



"I'm 28"

ILSE MARVENGA

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

*Screen Stars declare—  
and these pictures prove it*

Which one of these lovely favorites is near *your* age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty *very* carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

*How* do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beau-

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JUDITH ANDERSON



"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE

"I'm 38"

ETHEL CLAYTON



"I'm 40"

IRENE RICH

# Toilet Soap - 10¢

# "Little Missouri" Clyde

The amazing story of June Clyde who was a concert singer when she was eight

By Frances  
Denton

THE other day a Hollywood woman said, "June Clyde has something rather pathetic in her face, and the minx probably never had a worry in her life."

No? Well, listen to June's story.

She's twenty-one years old, and into those twenty-one years are crowded numerous joys, sorrows, two careers and one or two or even three good-sized heartbreaks.

When June was eight, Oscar Walsh, a Metropolitan Opera singer, came to her home in San Francisco to call. A jumping jack of a tow-headed, brown-eyed little imp listened to the great singer and insisted that she sing, too.

Indulgently, they let her sing and for no reason at all the song was "When It's Peach Picking Time in Georgia." She stood there, a thin, wiry little thing and from her throat poured a mass of golden notes that completely filled the little room. And as the song came to an end, one person at least knew what lay ahead for June Clyde. That person was Oscar Walsh.

He took her under his wing. Each day he came to the house to give June her singing lessons.

At the time, an operetta called "Underground Chinatown" was being rehearsed in San Francisco with Mr. Walsh as its musical director. The cast was composed entirely of adults but a bit in the second act was injected for little June. In this, she was to make her debut.

"Now don't be nervous," they cautioned while June looked at them in wonder. Just why, she reasoned, when she was about to do the thing she wanted to do above all else, should she be nervous?

"Don't be frightened. Don't be frightened," they cautioned her over and over.

Her mother stood wide-eyed and speechless in the wings. Her father's face in the audience stood out like a white blur in a sea of darkness.

Dressed in her little Chinese pajamas, waving her fan, rolling her eyes of milk chocolate brown, pulled onto the stage in a gaily decorated rickshaw, came June.

"Hong, He Came From Hong Kong," she sang as back and forth the little fan waved. The eyes flirted outrageously. Tiny, she was, like a Chinese doll. And as that voice rolled out through the theater, people sat forward in their seats, amazed.

"Were we fooled by a little eight-year-old girl?" one San Francisco paper demanded. "Could it be possible for so tiny a mite to possess a voice like that, or did someone else do that singing?"

"Little Missouri" they billed her as she went up and down the coast, filling the theaters that clamored for her. June was born in the show-me state.

"She'll be the greatest singer of all time," everyone assured. "The greatest, with that voice."

"Don't let her sing too much now," the teacher cautioned. "At twelve she must ease down, for several years." But the crowds demanded. And nothing could stop little June from singing.

BUT a day came when June felt the power within her receding. The notes weren't as full, or as golden.

And then, when she needed him most, Oscar Walsh died. Bravely, but a bit fearful, June carried on, until finally she gave in. Her voice did need a rest. So the blazing lights and the

thrills of the theater behind her, June went off to the Tobin School in San Francisco.

The school planned a theatrical and June was in her glory. She designed the costumes and the backgrounds. Growing bolder, she even decided to sing. She chose "Remembering" from "Topsy and Eva." She could scarcely wait for the joy of singing again before people.

The excitement buoyed her up. The night came. The auditorium was packed with her friends. She opened her lips and only a thin, reedy sound came to her ears. Her voice was off key but she couldn't stop. Suddenly there was laughter from schoolmates.

She vaguely remembers boarding a street car and riding for hours, too numb to move.

June didn't go back to Tobin School. She finished her year at a public high school. Out of her failure, June built a vow. She would go on, anyhow. The theater was where she belonged, and some day she would go back to it, even without the voice.

She had just entered the University of California when her chance came with a small stock company playing one night stands in Southern California. She grabbed it.

Fanchon and Marco, creator of prologue ideas sent for her next. She had learned to dance, to pick up the fragments of her broken voice and even sing a little. And, more important, she learned to act.

In Seattle, it was, that a wire reached her. "Come to Paramount Studios," it read. "We want you for a picture."

June did her first picture, "Why Bring That Up." Then she went to Radio Pictures and a contract. But even then musicals were on the wane.

They saw in June, not a splendid little actress, but only a mediocre singer and fair dancer. They didn't renew her contract.

DESPAIR seized her again. Long ago she had heard her mother choose between her father and her. "June leaves the stage or I go," her father had said. And her mother, knowing what was in June's heart, had chosen June.

So the responsibility of providing for this mother who had stood shoulder to shoulder with her throughout the years, fell upon June alone. The time came again when June Clyde, scarcely out of her teens, stood on the threshold of finding another career.

And just at that point came a test for "Whoopee." Thornton Freeland was the director. He looked at June and understood a little how things were with her. The test wasn't successful. But it meant the turning point in June's life.

A rest followed in a sanitarium and a little later June and Thornton were married.

Out at Universal, June has just signed a new contract. Life for her has suddenly seemed to flower and bloom again. She recently finished "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," "Radio Patrol" and "Back Street."

About her there is a sparkle, a spontaneity, that is catching. As if all the tragic years between the debut of that little eight-year-old June with her fan, and the present June, were all erased.

There is a lot behind her. And there is a lot ahead. But into her eyes at times comes a look that seems to speak of things that can't ever be forgotten.



Whenever "Little Missouri" came to town, the auditorium was packed. Her voice had the beauty, the richness and the power of an adult singer's



June Clyde today, a radiant, happy girl of twenty-one. Only a few people know the heartaches she suffered when she had to give up her career



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the task of  
enlightenment

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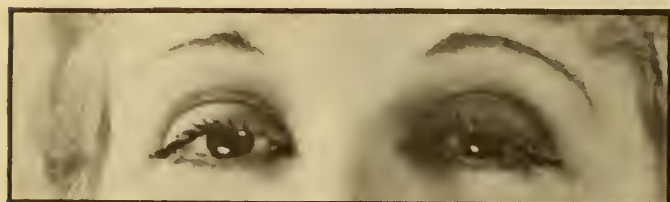
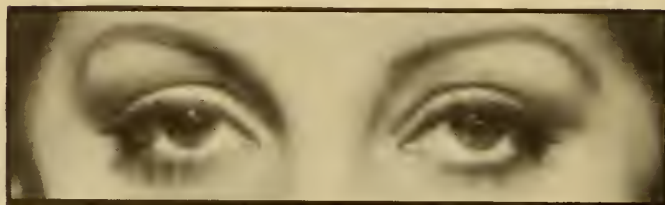
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# Consider Your Brow Line Carefully

By Carolyn Van Wyck



**H**ALF of the beauty of Tallulah Bankhead's searching eyes, at top, are her brows which arch decidedly yet which mark perfectly that unusually full space between bone and eye socket. Below, Anita Page's faintly arched brows contrast most favorably with the old straight line seen at the right. With the arch Anita looks sweeter, more likable.

**T**HE influence of that platinum wig Greta Garbo wears in "As You Desire Me" doubtless will leave its mark. Already some of the Hollywood coiffures have been inspired by it, I think. With a few reservations and a few modifications it is rather a grand style for the girl who likes a trim shingle with a careless forelock.

**D**OROTHY MACKALL is a true blonde. One look at that light, sun-bleached outdoor head and you are convinced that she does not know even a lemon rinse. It is nice hair for her pleasant, comradely personality. A striking feature of her face are those wide-apart eyebrows, slanting almost straight downward, a style I often decry. But with Dorothy they are right. Lon Chaney designed them for her in 1923, she told me. One day he looked at her, decided her brows were wrong, took a pencil, drew the two lines to which she has clung ever since.

Wide-apart brows do something for the face, if by nature you have that kind of disposition—a frank, sincere one. They also add a pleasant sense of innocence and wonderment to the very young face. Rochelle Hudson's baby sweetness of expression comes largely from her brows. Loretta Young has the same kind.

**A**ND speaking of brows, Fifi Dorsay illustrated a point with her own which is very true. Narrow brows make the eyes appear larger. Heavy brows detract from the size of the eyes and should be permitted only when the eyes are quite large and lovely. A nice make-up trick is to allow the brows to remain fairly light—if you have that coloring—and to use a little mascara and eye shadow to darken the eyes themselves. In this treatment the eyes receive the emphasis of attention.

**L**ILYAN TASHMAN certainly has a few beauty tricks up her sleeve and some to spare. Miss Tashman has decided to remain unburned this summer—from the waist up, that is. For beach she has decided to don a long-sleeved sweater, a scarf a very large hat, and gloves, and from the waist down wear

only shorts, so that her legs may tan. She will not mind the tan legs because they will burn in smart stocking tones and not interfere with them in the least. "I will go around the beach looking for shade and cool places. Of course there won't be any and everyone will hate me for being a big nuisance," she laughed.

Another Tashman trick, startling in its simplicity, is Miss Tashman's consumption of water. "At least a gallon a day," she admits. A gallon is certainly self-discipline, but the requisite eight glasses are not so bad. For some reason women do not drink nearly so much water as men, and it is too bad, for it is a great skin beauty aid. Begin, if possible, before breakfast with a big tumbler and half a lemon or a filip of salt. It isn't so bad, after all!

**S**YLVIA SIDNEY is another one of those girls who shampoos her own head—and every week at that. The head seems the most difficult part of the human body to work on, oneself. My hat off to Sylvia. She uses a castile liquid shampoo, or, that missing, will

make her own from castile soap. She does not find the weekly shampoo too drying, nor does any young head, I think.

It is said that among the secrets of Jean Harlow's platinum aura is that every-other-day shampoo. That seems too much of a good thing.

Sylvia also okays my favorite resting stunt—lying flat on the floor, arms outstretched, for ten or fifteen minutes. It sounds awful, but try it, and you'll find you simply have to relax and be another person.

**I** ALMOST forgot the big secret about Fifi Dorsay. Her hair is not black at all. It is a reddish, tawny color, believe it or not. Fifi invited me to look at the roots, and there it was, along with her light gray eyes and the fair, delicate skin that goes with that type. Why does she do it, you will ask. Fifi thinks the American audiences would expect a little French girl to have shiny black hair, so she obligingly has it dyed, then pours quarts of an oily hair tonic over it to make it shine. There are plenty of blondes that have strayed from the intentions of nature, so far as their hair is concerned, but there are precious few blondes who go black.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD'S mouth in "Letty Lynton" caused a cloud of comment. In the New York theater, at luncheon, indeed wherever there were girls who had seen the picture you were sure to hear, "Did you like Joan Crawford's mouth?" I don't think any did, yet I think it fascinated some people. It was so advanced it hardly resembled a mouth at all, yet it added great dramatic value to her rôle. Good make-up slant, but this extreme exaggeration should be reserved for screen or stage. It is too much to expect our friends, our family or office to accept any startling extreme day by day.

**P**ARAMOUNT has promised the most luxurious and ornate bathroom of modern times in the forthcoming "Sign of the Cross," a replica of the bath used by Poppaea, wife of Nero, with marble steps, fountains, hand-maidens.

Many of us will return from vacation with too fulsome curves and the common skin ailments incident to too much oil and not enough care. Our skin leaflet and reducing booklet may contain just the simple aids you need. These, as well as our August letter of helpful beauty suggestions, are yours on request. Remember the stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th St., New York City.



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stead, the skin is given a radiant, youthful underglow, revealing a new beauty, yet concealing the artistry of make-up.

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair.....	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry.. <input type="checkbox"/>
	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy.. <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
Olive..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
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# Ask The Answer Man



"One Hour With You" was another triumph for Jeanette MacDonald. But it brought Genevieve Tobin out in a new type of rôle. Proving herself a deft comedienne, she and Jeanette ran a very close race for the feminine honors



**T**HERE are a lot of arguments this month about whether Jeanette MacDonald or Genevieve Tobin had the main lead in "One Hour With You." Well, I'll be the referee. Jeanette was Chevalier's leading lady but Genevieve certainly gave her a good chase for first place and almost stole the picture from her.

And now, to satisfy hundreds of questioners, here is a short sketch of each girl's history:

Jeanette was born in Philadelphia, Penna., on June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has red-gold hair and green eyes. She was a favorite in musical comedy, appearing in "Irene," "Tip Toes," "Yes, Yes, Yvette," and "Sunny Days." She got her first break in pictures in August, 1929, when she was given the lead opposite Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Among the pictures that followed were, "Her Wedding Night," "The Lottery Bride," "Oh, for a Man," "Monte Carlo," and "The Affairs of Annabelle." Her next will be "Love Me Tonight," in which she again appears opposite Chevalier.

Genevieve is a native of New York where she was born on November 29, 1904. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Appeared on the stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Little Old New York," and "Murray Hill." She made several silent pictures way back in 1924, then deserted pictures for the stage and returned to the screen in 1930 in "A Lady Surrenders." Since then she has appeared in "Seed," "Up for Murder," "The Gay Diplomat," and others. Her next will be "Hollywood Speaks," with Pat O'Brien.

Both Jeanette and Genevieve are still single, but Jeanette is engaged to Rob Ritchie, who is her manager.

**SALLY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**—Paul Muni was born in Vienna on September 11, 1897. He came to America with his parents when he was four years old. At the age of eleven he made his foreign stage debut playing a sixty-year-old man. Made his New York stage debut in "We

Americans." His performance placed his name up among the popular actors in the theater. In 1929, Winfield Sheehan gave him a contract to appear in Fox pictures. His first was "The Valiant," which was followed by "Seven Faces." Howard Hughes gave him his next break, assigning him to the lead in "Scarface."

After "Scarface" was completed, Paul returned to the stage in "Counselor-at-Law." With the release of "Scarface" he was immediately put under contract by Warners and returned to Hollywood. Paul is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weighs 165 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Has been married to Belle Fink since May, 1921. His real name is Muni Weisenfreund, but he changed it when he entered pictures.

**JUNE BERTON, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Sidney Fox is just about 5 feet tall. Boris Karloff was born on November 23, 1887. Jimmie Dunn's latest picture is titled "Society Girl."

**CADET FAUCETT, WAYNE, PENNA.**—Here's the low-down on that little girl you admire. Madge Evans was born in New York City on August 1, 1907. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 116 and has golden hair and blue eyes. Didn't you like her on the June cover of PHOTOPLAY? Madge received her education

## 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.

through private tutors. She has been connected with the stage and screen since childhood. Her latest picture is "Huddle," opposite Ramon Novarro.

**HADLEY ODHOLM, DENVER, COLO.**—Don't ask me why the girls pluck and paint their eyebrows. But it looks swell on some types of girls. Ruth Chatterton was busy all spring producing a play called "Let Us Divorce." Her husband, Ralph Forbes, and Rose Hobart had the leads, but the play just didn't make the grade. Ruth's next appearance in pictures will be in "Children of Pleasure."

**MARGARET E. WARD, AUGUSTA, GA.**—Johnny Weissmuller is about 28 years old. He is married to Bobbe Arnst, musical comedy dancer. Johnny received a long-term contract from Metro right after the release of "Tarzan." You'll be seeing him on the screen soon again. Lew Ayres name is pronounced A-i-r-s.

**L. B. C., CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.**—Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and attended Public School No. 9 there. She never attended school in any part of Missouri.

**CHARLOTTE THEEL, BALTIMORE, MD.**—Here are the girls who are 5 feet, 6 inches in height: Garbo, Vilma Banky, Eleanor Boardman, Marguerite Churchill and Doris Kenyon. In the 5 feet, 7 inch class we have Hedda Hopper, Gwen Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson and Lilyan Tashman.

**JACK SINCLAIR, PASSAIC, N. J.**—Yes, Gloria Swanson is going to make a picture abroad. When it is completed she will return to America with her new daughter and her husband, Michael Farmer.

**HENRY MCCONKEY, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.**—Judging from the description you give of your homeland, it must be a grand place. Richard Dix celebrates his birthday on July 18. He has been doing this since 1895. Robert Ames passed away on November 27, 1931;



Robert Williams on November 3, 1931; Lon Chaney on August 22, 1930, and Louis Wolheim on February 18, 1931. They were all grand actors and great favorites.

FREDA BECKER, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Helen Hayes is a native of Washington, D. C., where she was born October 10, 1901. She is the daughter of Francis Brown and Catherine Hayes. Is 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 100 pounds. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent in Washington. On the stage she appeared in "Coquette," "What Every Woman Knows," "Dancing Mothers," and many other plays. She entered pictures in 1931 appearing in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." This was followed by "Arrowsmith." She was married to Charles MacArthur on August 17, 1928. They have one small daughter. PHOTOPLAY printed a story about Helen in January of this year.

A TRACY FAN, BUFFALO, N. Y.—And for all the other Spencer Tracy fans, here's the low-down on the lad. Spencer was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on April 5, 1900. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated in public schools of Milwaukee and Marquette University. Also attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Had considerable stage experience before entering pictures in 1930. Among the pictures he made since that time are, "Up the River," "Quick Millions," "Sky Devils," "Disorderly Conduct," and "Young America." Spencer is married to Louise Treadwell and they have one son. Junior is seven years old and a carbon copy of his popular daddy. Spencer's hobby is bowling. He also likes golf. Favorite pastimes are fishing, hunting and swimming. His latest picture is "Society Girl."

ANN L., NORFOLK, VA.—In "The Hatchet Man" Leslie Fenton played the rôle of Loretta Young's lover. Leslie hails from Liverpool, England, where he was born on March 12, 1903. He is 5 feet, 9; weighs 150 and has black hair and gray-blue eyes. On March 17, he was married to Ann Dvorak.



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**99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE**



International

If you don't say that this is just about the cutest little fellow you ever saw—May McAvoy will be pretty doggone mad at you. "We've named him Patrick Garrett Cleary," said mama May. "That makes him a real Irishman, doesn't it?" Domesticity has kept May off the screen for a long time and she isn't figuring on returning right away. Oh yes, Maurice J. Cleary, a broker, is the baby's father



# The New "Shady Dames" of the Screen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

blossom complexion and a rather high pitched voice. Tut, tut, Elissa, it simply won't do.

At the moment M-G-M is concentrating upon Jean Harlow. Funny thing about Jean. She made her screen debut as the old-fashioned vampire of the Theda Bara tradition in "Hell's Angels." But she's being made over now, into the modern version—hair pushed back (it's red now instead of platinum—see page 69), eyebrows a mere wispy line and eyes half hidden beneath put-'em-on-with-glue lashes.

**E**VEN Norma Shearer attempted glamour in "The Divorcee," "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul" and others. She went after it with such vigor that even Adrian, the head gown designer at M-G-M, demurred at her suggestions for clothes.

Norma bought that revealing costume that brought amazed gasps from the audience when she appeared in it in "A Free Soul."

And then Norma did a right-about-face. The public was annoyed with her for substituting glamour for romance. Letters poured in to her begging, "Please, Norma, stick to romance."

The public had enough shady dames without little Mrs. Thalberg.

Several mothers, who always allowed their children to see Norma Shearer's films, wrote to her begging her to return to straight dramatic rôles and good clean pictures that children could see.

Norma is a smart girl. Having finished "Strange Interlude," she's rushing into "Smilin' Through," as sweet a little story as you'll see.

Maybe you remember when Jane Cowl played it on the stage and Norma Talmadge did it in pictures.

"Possessed" began Joan Crawford's glamour cycle. "Letty Lynton" carried through. In that picture Joan did as good a piece of dramatic acting as she has ever done, and all her admirers knew it, but even so, hundreds of them wrote to PHOTOPLAY to protest about her screen morals and to beg her to return to the gay type of "Our Dancing Daughters" film in which she became famous.

Strangely enough, although Garbo started the vogue by packing them into the theaters, the public was grateful to her for those scenes in "As You Desire Me" when she was a sweet, charming, young girl. And they expressed the wish that she would play such scenes again in other films.

**T**HE public will not allow Janet Gaynor to follow the new vogue. Poor Janet—she's more than anxious to try her hand at something a trifle daring, yet when it was announced she had cut her long bob short, dyed her hair redder and insisted upon being sophisticated, hundreds of letters begged her to let her curls grow back and remain just sweet. Incidentally, one of the gallery pictures in this month's magazine is of Janet with her hair done in the fashion you'll never see on the screen—the way she wants it but the way the public doesn't. She is now letting her hair grow again.

This change in the women stars has brought about a change in the men. The pretty boys, the matinee idols, the gallant, protecting heroes have been replaced by the Clark Gables, James Cagneys, George Rafts and Johnny Weissmullers.

Each studio is hunting for second Clark Gables—men who knock women down, kick 'em around and make 'em like it.

The shady dame has become the heroine instead of the vamp; the rough guy is the hero, instead of the villain. A few years ago had Johnny Weissmuller presented himself to any self-respecting casting director, he would have been listed immediately as a heavy—one of those big, strong guys whom the handsome hero could overcome single-handed. But not now—no sir, Johnny was cast as the hero in "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

Even that big, burly Wallace Beery is a hero in many pictures.

And as the style in heroes and heroines has changed, so have movie plots. Marriage is not a necessity on the screen these days and, in spite of the censors, illicit love is sometimes glorified.

**T**HE wave has swept even farther. Second leads, juveniles, ingénues have all been touched by the new vogue, for on the screen the sweet young girl is left in the lurch while the shady dame walks off with her man. So Hollywood girls, trying to get a break in pictures, have realized that in glamour lies their fortune.

At a recent Hollywood luncheon I noticed a number of the newer players, girls like Frances Dean, who is making her first picture for Educational. With very few exceptions, these young girls had rouged their mouths until they looked like nothing so much as members of a minstrel show just about to ask Mr. Bones a leading question.

Now remember, make-up cleverly and subtly applied is necessary to the charm of every woman. I'm only speaking of the exaggerations.

Even Colleen Moore has gone glamorous, with a new hair style, new make-up and false eyelashes.

As a novelty, this new sex is interesting. Garbo was and is fascinating.

**B**UT her imitators—not only among the actresses of the screen, but among the thousands of women throughout the world—what of them?

For the screen stars are imitated—of that there is no doubt—and if this new type of woman becomes the standard, will there be a place for the sweet, simple, natural, thoroughly feminine type which has inspired the world for ages and ages?—the secret ideal of most men?

Fortunately, even caviar becomes tasteless when you have had too much of it.

This new sex was daring and therefore attractive as long as it was unique, but when everyone from all the screen stars to your next-door-neighbor attempts glamour, it becomes just a bore.

Norma Shearer has already turned her steps toward screen



This caricature of Garbo, by Joe Grant, emphasizes the facial characteristics of the star—the heavy lips, half-closed eyes, high forehead and snaky eyebrows, which have apparently been taken as a model for the new school of shady dames









Van Arsdale

Try this on old Eben J. Peanut-Cruncher in YOUR theater !



## The Strange Case of Ann Harding

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 ]

subsided. The smile was too near a tear. Nervous.

Ann Harding of this year.

A smart young matron from the East looked unbelievably at this famous star.

A Northern representative lifted two perfectly arched eyebrows in astonishment. But a lady from the South lifted a lace-trimmed handkerchief to her trembling mouth.

It was too pitiful.

Ann was afraid. For women's clubs, women's church societies, and just women, from all over the United States have sent her scathing messages.

"How dare you break up a home for a selfish career," they demanded. "How dare you?"

They forget that after all it was Harry who wanted to be free. Ann staying at home wouldn't have helped. He wanted to be on his own.

And try to hold a man that needs and wants his freedom.

AND now what for Ann?

She's in a spot. She knows it. And therein lies her salvation.

She's fighting to come back stronger than ever.

Gradually she is finding her way out of the fog of bad advice and rigidity of mind.

She is trying to find herself.

Her friends hope she will soon return to them. That once again her phone will ring with cheery messages.

It's the same old battle of one woman trying to do it all. It can't be done. Not in the making of movies, or the business of life. It can't be done.

Chatterton came through it, a finer, surer actress. Swanson has tried to.

Will Ann?

We hope so. The screen needs Ann Harding. She is too fine, too real to lose.



It's easy to see where Claudette Colbert got her beauty, when you take a look at Mama Colbert. Incidentally, Claudette lives with her mother, whenever mama is in town, while her husband, Norman Foster, has a house by himself. No, that's not a Hollywood idea—they've been occupying separate establishments almost ever since the day they were married

# WORLDS APART .. yet they agree on this TOOTH PASTE



**New luster, new brilliance  
new safety with this  
thrifty dentifrice**



One woman could afford to pay \$2.00 a tube for tooth paste if she felt like it. The other, with a growing family to look out for, must shop sharply. Yet both are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste, the quality dentifrice at the common sense price.

Both have discovered from actual experience, by critical comparison with other dentifrices, that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes amazing results. More than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents.

If you are open-minded, we think you will want to try it yourself. You will never spend a quarter more wisely.

When you begin to use it, you will see why it has attained such tremendous popularity.

### *New luster and brilliance*

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans—but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

### *Firm, healthy gums*

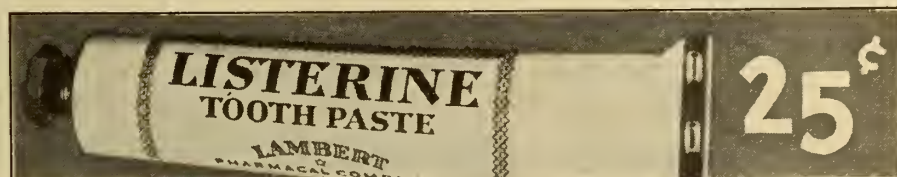
After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

### *A common sense price*

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.





Come with us on a personally conducted tour through the home of the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise—née Constance Bennett



Connie and the Marquis have their small, exclusive parties. The arched living room combines attractive and comfortable furniture with a dainty color scheme in pale green and other pastel shades

Photographs by Robert W. Coburn



You'd expect Connie to go in for satin drapes, French furniture and old rose, wouldn't you? Yet, for all its elegance, her bedroom still has an air of simplicity. Note the interesting way that the draperies are hung

Compare the bedrooms of Connie and the Marquis. His is panelled in walnut, modern in treatment but typically masculine. Look sharp and you'll see a picture of Connie on the chest of drawers and still another one on the bed table



A combination of French and modern inside, the outside of the house is pure Hollywood Spanish—with its sunny patio, intricately tiled fountain and well-clipped, cool cypress trees



## Not A Sock In A Hundred Reels

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

have created a *Frankenstein*. They have this tremendous thing and do not always know quite what to do with it. Pictures interest me—but I refuse to be a part of the machine. I could never be happy nor do my best work under a contract that did not allow me to select the rôles for which I know myself to be best suited."

AND it's my hunch that before there are many more full moons at Malibu, moviegoers will be fed up with those all too obvious he-men types and that Leslie Howard will open the door to a new school. Personally, I've always been just a little suspicious of he-men. It seems to me that when a man must slap another man on the back, punch him playfully in the ribs and knock women around, he is making too great an effort to prove his masculinity.

Real masculinity, my dears, does not need to be proved.

And I'll wager that it won't be very long before being a gentleman will be a better movie trick than being a so-called he-man.

If this comes to pass, just point with pride to the Leslie Howard you and you and you demanded. He will be responsible for the new type.

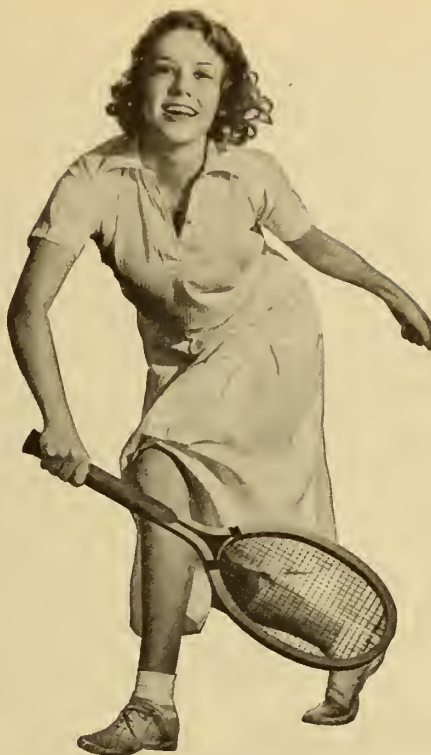
## Here's Your Double Chance to Make Money

Two Big Prize Contests start in this issue.

A New Treasure Hunt and PHOTOPLAY'S Famous Annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

You can enter one or both of them. It won't cost you a cent.

Turn to pages 65 and 121 and read the details.



## Keeping up with the CHILDREN, a HUSBAND and HOUSEWORK

Do you find it difficult sometimes to get just the cereal to please your husband? Don't you occasionally worry, too, whether the children are growing as sturdy as they should?

Then you'll be glad to know about Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. They're the kind of food men love and need . . . the kind that builds and nourishes the children.

These *better bran flakes* are made especially for active people. They contain the food elements that you need when you work hard and play with zest. Whole wheat—which is nature's storehouse of iron and other minerals, vitamins and proteins. Bran, with the gentle bulk that is mildly laxative and helps keep you feeling fitter. And the matchless flavor of *Pep*—the delicious taste that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have.

Shorten your housework by serving these ready-to-eat flakes for breakfast, your own luncheon, the children's supper and bedtime snacks. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. In the red-and-green package. *Quality guaranteed.*



FOR CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's *SINGING LADY* every afternoon, except Saturdays and Sundays, over stations affiliated with the N. B. C. from Coast to Coast. 5.30 Eastern Daylight Time, 6.00 o'clock Central Time, 5.30 Pacific Coast Time. Songs and stories children love.

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

**WHAT!** No girl friend for Joel McCrea? No sir! The ex-soul mate of Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett, Dorothy Lee and others has become the favorite stag at all Hollywood parties. One after another, his gals up and marry another guy. Joel just smiles serenely, but lets it slip once in a while that he can't quite understand why Connie preferred a Frenchman.

## **HORRORS!** More Garbo?

A yacht full of press folk sailed over to Catalina to visit Joan Crawford's set in "Rain" and no Joan was to be found. Finally a writer located the star behind a bamboo shack, trembling with fear. For Joan has as great a fear of crowds as Garbo herself, and is really as timid as a mouse.

**PEOPLE** for miles around the vicinity of the Fox lot were awakened in the wee hours of the morning recently by a terrific blast. Guests at the fashionable Beverly Wilshire

Hotel thought it was an earthquake and many ran into the street in their nighties.

But the blast was merely an explosion to frighten the frogs! It's the latest way to make them shut up so they can record scenes at night without the creaking being recorded in the microphone!

**JUST** try to make monkeys of movie star shoppers any longer! Heretofore, as soon as a star entered a shop, especially those exclusive ones without price tags, to make a purchase, invariably the merchandise price shot upward. And often doubled. The shopkeeper seeing an opportunity to make a little extra at their expense.

But now. A movie star enters a shop, admires an article and decides to come back later. An hour later, their purchasing agent, as he is known, walks into the shop, admires the same article, and as plain Mr. John Jones, buys it at the original low price.

Through their purchasing agents, Ricardo Cortez saved \$300 on a horse, Ann Harding saved several hundred dollars on clothing,

Helen Twelvetrees had her entire house decorated at half the price quoted.

So you see, many a dollar is saved in this manner.

Love and movie stars will find a way. They always have.

**GOOD NEWS!** Clara Bow is down to 120 pounds now and rounding up in good shape for her next talkie, "Call Her Savage."

**LIONEL BARRYMORE** does beautiful etchings, you know, or do you? As a gift for his new nephew (John's new son) he slipped down to the waterfront and etched John's famous yacht. Something the boy can always keep to remember his dad and uncle. But in a couple of years he'd rather have a toy train!

**DAVID MANNERS** has been seen with only one woman at previews, openings, and so on.

Don't get excited, girls! It's his mother. David's not going to get his name connected with any screen flappers. No siree!

**ENRICO CARUSO, JR.**, son of the late great tenor, is playing extra in pictures.

He did his first work in Universal's "Air-mail"—but not another extra on the production knew that they had the son of one of the most famous celebrities the world has ever known among them.

**NORMA SHEARER** has finally spoken up and denied the rumor that she is knitting little things for a Blessed Event.

**WARREN WILLIAM**, one of Hollywood's new leading men sensations, carries his lunch to the studio every day, and in a brown paper sack, if you please.

Broiled carrots and cottage cheese! Men have to guard their figures as well as women!

**LORETTA YOUNG** and George Brent are making goo-goo eyes at each other in a picture they are making together. Oh my, but won't a certain great feminine star who has just left Hollywood on a vacation be mad when she hears about it?

**THE** first time that Sylvia Sidney went to New York after her screen success, she visited her parents there, and stayed right in the home she had left to make her fortune in Hollywood. It's a simple home; her father is a dentist and both he and her mother are immensely proud of Sylvia. But upon her last trip East, Sylvia took an enormous suite at the Waldorf-Astoria in the traditional movie star manner.

It was there that Sylvia entertained her friends and saw members of the local press. My, my, what changes Hollywood can work!

**AFTER** some months of very polite bowing, the Dietrich-Bankhead feud is over and Marlene and Tallulah are just like that. Are they chummy?



The marching musketeers of M-G-M—tra-la! And if you go through Hollywood with a fine tooth comb you won't find any jollier kids than these three—Karen Morley, Robert Young and Mary Carlisle. The girls found Bob just as he was coming out of the wardrobe department with his consignment of clothes for the next scene. These youngsters have a right to be happy—they've all had great screen breaks during the last year



**A**N all-movie law suit is on the fire.

Film star Helen Hayes, wife of film playwright Charles MacArthur, is being sued for \$100,000 by the ex-Mrs. MacArthur, Carol Frink, film critic for a Chicago paper. The peppers charge alienation of Charlie's affections. Carol divorced Mac in 1926, and in 1928 he married Helen. Miss Hayes, a noted stage star, has scored cinema-wise in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith," and is now making "A Farewell to Arms" for Paramount.

Let's hope the all-film litigation turns out to be just a scenario after all!

**W**HILE writers, directors and stars vacationed in the high Sierras, flew back and forth to New York, sailed to Hawaii or toured the world over, Joe Jackson, First National scenario writer, stuck to his job and wrote. For five long years he kept at it.

And then, at the end of his five years' contract, Joe decided to take a vacation. A few days' rest at Laguna for Joe, Mrs. Jackson and their little boy, and then a trip to Europe. But the trip to Europe for Joe, will never come. He was drowned the second day of that long needed vacation!

A great boy, Joe. One of the saddest things in years.

**I**T didn't take long for the yarn about the romance of Lina Basquette and Jack "Socko" Dempsey to bust wide open.

Jack, said the dailies, was smitten limp by the sultry charms of the fair Lina.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



Remember this scene from "As You Desire Me"? Well, Garbo's unusual hat stole the scene, it seems. Everyone says that her drum hat is the fore-runner of a new millinery fad—do you think you will want to wear one? It's striking on the beautiful Garbo, but it will take a bit of daring to walk down Main street wearing one!



**Damp handkerchiefs irritate**  
**HAY FEVER VICTIMS!**

## Use soft, disposable **KLEENEX TISSUES**

**HAY FEVER SUFFERERS**—when your nose is so inflamed, so tender... don't irritate it further by the use of a rough, damp handkerchief. Put away your handkerchiefs and use nothing but Kleenex during hay fever season.

The soft, silky texture of these rayon-cellulose tissues makes them wonderfully soothing to irritated skin.

### **Highly absorbent**

Kleenex is highly absorbent—much more so than cotton or linen. It is always soft and dry, because you use a clean tissue every time! What a relief to be rid of those soggy handkerchiefs! Rid of washing them, too—because

Kleenex is destroyed after a single use. Naturally, Kleenex is more sanitary. Germs multiply rapidly in damp handkerchiefs, making them unfit to carry.

Kleenex is a great aid in applying make-up evenly and naturally. Mothers find Kleenex an ideal nursery accessory.

### **Now in two sizes**

Kleenex is now available in large sheets, three times usual size. These large sheets are convenient for guest towels, for dusting and kitchen use. You will like them, too, for extra luxury and efficiency in removing face creams. A free sample of Kleenex may be obtained by writing the Kleenex Co., Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago.

### **'KERFS**

are a formal version of Kleenex; exquisite tissues, smartly bordered... 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Nice enough to appear anywhere as handkerchiefs or tea napkins.

**KLEENEX** *disposable* **TISSUES**



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 ]

**T**HE wise guys of Hollywood who stated on every occasion that Ann Dvorak's career was considerably damaged when she married Leslie Fenton are looking a bit silly.

For it was the one break Ann needed! Fenton, one grand actor, knows the game, forward and backward. And he's teaching Ann tricks that would have taken her years to learn. He watches her scenes like a hawk. One mistake and Les is at her. She doesn't make it again.

As a result she's gone up like a sky-rocket. And no matter what the outcome of this marriage, it was the best thing Ann Dvorak could have done to hasten that climb upward!

**N**EWLYWEDS, listen!

Know the newest and smartest thing yet and originated by none other than that bright little originator, Constance Bennett? It's the six months anniversary party, and it's called the cellophane anniversary. Every thing comes wrapped in bright colored cellophane. And what a grand excuse for a party! Especially if those first six months have been happy ones, as Constance's seem to have been.

Try it on your friends Mrs. Bride! It's brand-new.

**A**T Albuquerque, N.M., relates columnist Walter Winchell, Dick Barthelme was busy autographing things during the fifteen minute stop.

"Must be tough," commented a bystander, "to be bothered by all these autograph hounds."

"Must be tougher," said Dick, scratching his name on a proffered cuff, "when they stop asking!"

**O**LD Buddy Rogers (no more of this "Charles" stuff) is as chirpy as a cricket away from the studios.

"I like radio much better than pictures," says Bud. "I can reach as many people on the air in one night as I would in weeks on the screen."

Buddy and his band are dance-tooting at the Pennsylvania Hotel Roof in New York all summer. He recently flew to Hollywood on investment business, stopping off in Kansas City to visit Pop Rogers, who had just been operated on. Incidentally, old Bud doesn't seem to have an extra-super-special girl friend at present. Still heart-whole, girls!

**T**HE little birds have been busy, this month. They also report a disturbance in the Marian Nixon-Eddie Hillman menage. The story about their adopting a child is being given credit by the know-it-alls as so much bologna.

Again—career versus marriage. Marian was just making small and infrequent independent pictures when she married millionaire-escion, Eddie. Now she's a big shot at Fox, with stardom in the ofing. It does make a difference. There's so much less time for her to devote to hubby!

**T**HEY took a love-scene in "Red Headed Woman," between Jean Harlow and Chester Morris, twenty-seven times. The one in the telephone booth. Hard to shoot.

And each shot, contrary to custom, was better than the one before!

"How can you act the same scene over and over and do it better each time?" someone asked Chester.

"That wasn't acting," Chester answered. "That kind of scene is just natural when you are making it with Jean Harlow!"

**A**N acquaintance of Josef Von Sternberg's told us that he ran into the director on the day he and his protegé, Marlene Dietrich, re-

turned to the Paramount lot after the fracas about a story.

"Well, Joe. You surely got a lot of newspaper space on that row. It was a splendid publicity stunt for The Blonde Venus. You're sure to have another box-office smash."

"Oh, no. It was not a publicity stunt! It was—"

"Now, don't kid us, Joe! That was really clever!"

"Oh, vell!" Von Sternberg smiled, as he shrugged his shoulders.



Now who would have thought that it was Conrad Nagel, the good boy of the screen, who started the punch-the-heroine-in-the-jaw vogue? Remember "Free Love," in which Conrad and Genevieve Tobin played together? Why, that was before Clark Gable was heard of, yet Conrad gave Genevieve a good rousing sock—as this still from the picture testifies



WELL, Marie Dressler has answered all this gossip about her being ready to give up the battle by purchasing one of the largest homes in Beverly Hills. Twenty rooms, extensive grounds, and so on.

"What does Marie Dressler want with such a huge place?" is one of the common questions of the month.

Marie wants to live the last few years of her life to the fullest! If she must rest a lot as she has been doing, why not rest in luxury and peace and inspiring surroundings? For the first time in her life, she can afford it. This house is like the toys she missed in her poverty-stricken childhood. She goes from room to room peeping into one corner after another. She will never tire of the pride of possession it brings her. A little girl with the biggest doll in town. That's Marie Dressler—God bless her!

# WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timmins

AND then there's the producer who was asked his opinion on a certain question and gave it.

"I still think," he said, "that all advertising should go to New York and disintegrate from there."

IT wasn't Friday and it wasn't the thirteenth, but to Sally Eilers it was just one of those days!

Early in the morning she received a wire telling of the death of a close relative. Half an hour later her mother screamed over the phone, "Your father is dying and he wants to see you." When she came to, fifteen minutes later, she discovered her mother and father had been in an automobile accident, on the way to her home.

She put in a rush call for her husband, Hoot Gibson, at the studio and together they dashed to the receiving hospital.

Nervous and shaken, she arrived home an hour later to find the colored cook gloriously pie-eyed and imagining herself a knife thrower. More wild calls for Hoot and the police, who finally quieted the hilarious cook and Sally went to bed with a nervous collapse.

Just one of those nice quiet days in Hollywood! Like the Western Front.

THE last show was over in a small Hollywood theater when, suddenly, the audience was startled to see a young woman bearing down upon the attendants with a wild gleam in her eye!

They recognized her as the star of the picture they had just seen, "Shanghai Express." It was the glamorous Dietrich herself. And mad as a wet hen!

It seems that certain scenes had been left out of the picture and Marlene was out to know why.

And who was to blame.

And while Josef Von Sternberg, the director, Marlene's husband, and Maurice Chevalier paced up and down before the theater, Dietrich and the operator argued.

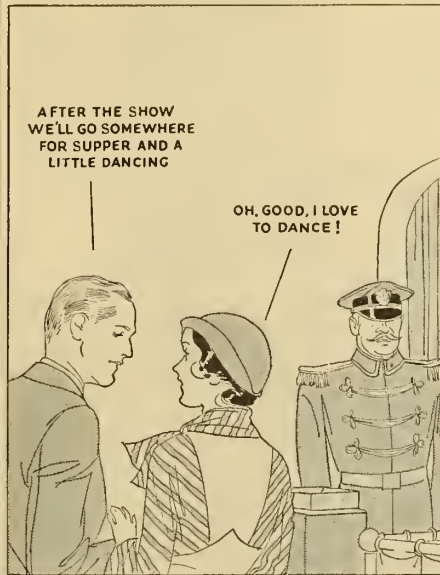
It seems the operator ran the picture exactly as it came to the theater, and Marlene retired—still raging!

LOVELY Mary Astor, who has had more than her share of anguish, is about the happiest mama Hollywood has ever known.

Her little daughter, born in Honolulu, is the darling of her heart and the apple of both optics of the proud papa, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe.

Heaven knows Mary deserves such joy. Incidentally, a movement among joking chums to name the infant "Hula" was immediately squelched.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



**Beware of "B.O."**  
(body odor)

**these hot summer days**

IT'S natural to perspire more in summer. But make sure that "B.O." (body odor) doesn't offend. Keep pores thoroughly cleansed and deodorized—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

**Great for complexion**

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather deep-cleanses face pores—freshens the skin to glowing health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]



When rumor was rife that Garbo was going home her good boss Irving Thalberg, up there in the corner, gave her the most gorgeous traveling bag that could be designed, especially made by a high-class shop, Alexander and Oviatt. It is genuine maroon colored Morocco leather, twenty-two inches long, fourteen inches wide and six and a half inches high. The outside of the bag is simple and bears merely the square block monogram "G. G." Inside, the solid gold fittings are initialed like the outside. The glass containers are hand-etched and trimmed in solid gold. The lining is dark brown moiré. Leather from England, glass etched in Austria and gold from France. It took twelve months to make—a grand going-away present, but now they say she isn't going away. Well, it's a swell bag anyhow to think about using some day

WHEN the report that Garbo was going home was hottest, Supervisor Bernie Fineman was dispatched by the Powers to see if he could get the straight dope.

He decided to use craft. Going on the set, he held out his hand to Greta and said, "Well, goodbye, Miss Garbo."

He expected her to commit herself, one way or another.

But Greta just held out her paddy and said, "Oh, are you going away, Mr. Fineman?"

And Bernie retired in confusion, gnashing his teeth.

And some people have called her a dumb Swede!

JOAN BENNETT made a record on "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

She went through the entire production without mufing a line. Not one re-take was made!

When Janet Gaynor heard it, she determined to equal the record. She couldn't have any other young lady on her lot putting one over on her. So she bet director William K. Howard, her cameraman and the assistant director on "The First Year" that she would not make a mistake throughout the picture. In-

identally, W. K. Howard had megaphoned Joan through her glory, which gave Janet a double inspiration.

They were in the second week of the picture. Janet's throat went dry. The words wouldn't come! She stopped, walked from the set, shook hands with the three men she had bet and handed each his five dollars.

TRUST Tallulah!

Four of her wisdom teeth had to come out. "Take them out all at once!" ordered *la* Bankhead.

The dentist demurred. One this week, possibly one the next.

"Will you do it, or do I have to get someone else?"

Out they came—one immediately after the other!

The result—Tallulah lost ten pounds, and her gowns for "Devil and the Deep," which were all ready for her to start work with Gary Cooper, had to be made completely over. And she's still on a milk diet!

JOHN "PROFILE" BARRYMORE sure believes in looking out for posterity—especially his own.

For years Jack tried to make the exclusive Tuna Club of Catalina, and for years one old meanie blackballed him. At last the blackballer died, and John crashed merrily in.

A week after young Jack, Jr., was born Pop startled other members by putting baby up for membership.

"History must not repeat itself!" smiled the old man, as he filed the peppers with the membership committee.

HAS Spencer Tracy known hard luck? Has Spencer been down? "Why listen," Spence said. "My pants were so thin that I could sit on a dime and tell whether it was heads or tails."

And, gentlemen, that's being down.

HERE'S a dainty tidbit to roll about the palate!

As you all know, Garbo never talks to people working on her set. It's a far stricter rule than the Moral Law.

But something happened during the making of "As You Desire Me" that still has the Metro lot gassing. No one but the flighty genius, Herr Eric Von Stroheim, crashed through that stone-wall reserve that cuts off the Swede from mere mortals.

Several times, on that set, Von was noted sitting on a chair, with the great woman sitting on the floor at his feet listening to the gems of wisdom that fell like pearls from his lips!

The end of the world would have caused less buzzing.

And I hear that the two have been seeing each other since the picture was finally put in the can and sent to the screens. Ah, we always said that Von had Something!

YOU'VE heard about that pin of jewels which Joan Blondell got from her sweetie, George Barnes? It's a basket with 102 diamonds, four rubies, three emeralds and two onyxes. She spent the first week after she received it showing it to everybody.

And one night when she arrived home it was gone! She was a mad person! She telephoned the studio. The night watchman went to her dressing room and found it on the floor, exactly where she had dropped it.

Now it's in a safety deposit box. "I only use it on Sundays," Joan said seriously, "I take it out every Saturday night and put it back every Monday morning. A girl as careless as I am can't risk it more than one day a week!"

THOSE who would have you believe Constance Bennett is high-hat beyond all endurance have probably forgotten that, after all, Connie is a lady of title who has never seen fit to advertise it!

For instance, her stationery and calling cards are free from the de Falaise coat of arms. Her limousine doors are ditto. The Christmas cards that go to business acquaintances bear the simple signature of Constance Bennett.

Those to close friends are signed "Constance and Henri de la Falaise."

Her secretary calls her Miss Bennett, her servants "Madame" but to the boys at the studio she's "Connie."



**G**ARBO and Dietrich have the same tailor. And is that tailor on pins and needles about keeping their appointments straight!

For instance, it wouldn't do for Miss Garbo and Miss Dietrich to occupy the center of the stage at once, as neither girl will be bothered with curtained booths.

They take their fittings, like good fellows, out in the open.

And that tailor himself has a picnic trying Garbo's clothes on Dietrich and Dietrich's on Garbo without either girl knowing just whose clothes they are!

And do they go into raptures over each other's garments!

If they only knew!

For a going-away coat, Garbo spied a brown tweed coat that took her eye. Nothing would do but she must have that coat copied for herself.

It was. But what Greta didn't know was that the coat belonged to a Mr. Josef Von Sternberg.

And a copy of a coat belonging to Marlene's director will take itself back to Sweden.

Strange how the lives of these two women have crossed and recrossed without their ever meeting!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]

# 2 smart shades of Cutex Liquid Polish



in generous trial bottles—with every purchase of Cutex Liquid Polish (Natural or Rose) or Polish Remover . . . See your dealer today.



## Tinted Nails or Natural? BOTH—say Beauty Experts

**B**BETTER take advantage of this grand new Cutex offer. Stop wrinkling your brows, the Beauty Experts say, over whether to tint or not to tint yournails. And just put your best thought on *which tint* to wear with *what dress*.

And once you get going you'll find this new fashion of Variety in nail polish can do a lot for you.

Rose nails worn with any of the new aquarelles will take you to tea anywhere! And Coral nails with white chiffon are guaranteed to bring you a whole flock of dance partners!

Anyway, don't wear the same color nails with red, green, blue and pink dresses. You might as well wear the same hat.

And right here is a good place to mention quality as well as color. Cutex has both. It won't crack, peel, streak or fade; and keeps its lustric a whole week! It even has a new bakelite cap with brush

**Natural** just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

**Rose** is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

**Coral** nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

**Cardinal** is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

**Colorless** is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

attached so the tip never touches your table top. Go ask your dealer for the two lovely sample shades to start with. Free, with the special offer!

NORTHAM WARREN  
New York • Montreal • London • Paris

**Cutex Liquid Polish.. only 35¢**



This is what the French—the clever fellows—call *joie de vie*. But in good plain American it's Virginia Bruce doing nip-ups on the beach. What makes the lady so happy? Oh come now, you know! It's because she's engaged to be married to happy Jack Gilbert. And is he a lucky laddy!

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101 ]



We'll bet that rows of expectant little girls looked at this stunning figure and wondered, "Do you suppose he's going to ask me to dance?" You'd never guess in a million reels—it's that rough screen guy, Edmund Lowe, when he was a gay ten year old blade and attended dancing class



"And if you hold still real good I'll buy you an all-day sucker," a fluttering mama probably said when this picture was made. Warner Baxter didn't know then that some day he'd be getting paid a lot of money for "holding still real good." This photo was snapped when he was four

Maurice Costello, with bundles from the ten cent store. Eddie Cantor, grey about the temples.

Ann Harding actually going into a beauty parlor. Tourists swooning at the sight of Gable in a yellow beret.

A loud screeching of brakes. Sightseers from Kansas, gazing open-eyed for stars, from their car, missing **Chevalier** by a hair's breadth. And never recognizing him! Marlene Dietrich and little Maria slip into a movie. Peter the Hermit, Hollywood's pet, swings along on bare feet, wearing a bright red beret. A living symbol of that boulevard called Hollywood!

**W**ONDER if John Barrymore's performance in "Grand Hotel" has caused as much talk out of Hollywood as it has in? He's a straight leading man for the first time in years! No "Sea Beast" eccentricities, you know.

Most of Hollywood likes him better this way. In fact, most of the screen ladies would like a chance to play straight, undiluted romance with John—after seeing him make love to Garbo. He's getting as many "ohs" and "ahs" as Clark Gable did in "Possessed" with Joan Crawford.

Here's a funny thing! Jack plays a straight leading man after he's adopted a straight rôle in life. He used to be as eccentric off the screen as on. He was a weird one. Walked down Hollywood Boulevard singing in the wee hours of the morning, and all that. But now! A model husband! Father, for the second time. Home every night to help take care of wife, Dolores Costello, and the babies.

**B**Y the by, did you know that—

Ann Harding has been made an honorary colonel in the Rainbow Division in honor of her father, the late General Gatley—who had a war-time command in that outfit?

The Gablish Eskimo, Chee-Ak, hit of "Igloo," is half Jewish and half Eskimo, and is known in Hollywood as Harry Wise, a Fox cameraman?

Jackie Coogan, being seventeen, goes to Santa Clara College next fall?

Slim Summerville was the only "All Quiet" boy who wasn't knocked off during the story, and therefore rates a part in the sequel "The Road Back"?

George Arliss' real handle is George Augustus Andrews?

Hollywood shops are selling ducky little corsets for those plumpish male stars? And that they are selling plenty of them?

Ricardo Cortez, after starring in "Is My Face Red?" is now assigned to "The Man Without a Face"? Lay off Ric's face—it's fine.

Marie Dressler entertains more genuine swells than any other two people in Hollywood—but never talks about it?

**I**T'S Hollywood Boulevard—

He's a famous young director. Strolling along gazing into shop windows. Suddenly a young blonde swings into sight. They pause. Gaze hungrily at each other. He speaks. She snubs him. Then a few steps farther along stumbles over a curb. Eyes dimmed with tears. He rushes to aid her. She shakes him off. They were divorced just six months ago!



Mickey Mouse is the favorite star of Europe and all countries have immortalized both Mickey and Minnie. French children read, with delight, "Les Aventures de Mickey," and prize their Mickey and Minnie toys (right) made of felt, wool and wire. Note the addition to the family. At the left is an American Mickey and in the center a German craftsman's version of *Mickey Maus*. Best bars in Germany feature a Mickey cocktail!





# OILY-HAIRED GIRLS

*see what the microscope reveals about your hair*

Oily hair—limp, lank, stringy. How distressing it looks in a close-up!

Now look at the micro-diagram. That object which looks like a tree trunk is really a hair magnified many times. See the little plume-like sacs beside it? These are sebaceous (oil) glands. They empty oil (really grease) to lubricate your scalp and hair. There are *over 900 of these oil glands* to every square inch of scalp!

You can really understand why your hair looks greasy if every one of the 900 glands per inch is just a *little over-active*.

The Packer Company has made a shampoo especially for oily hair . . . Packer's

Pine Tar Shampoo . . . This is a mildly astringent shampoo.

Use it as often as you need to—every three or four days, if necessary. Notice how soft and fluffy it leaves your hair.

**FOR DRY HAIR** . . . Packer also makes an emollient shampoo for *dry* hair: Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo*. This shampoo contains nothing which tends to dry out the scalp. Because it contains soothing, softening glycerine, it leaves the hair silkier and easier to manage.

**NEW! PACKER'S SCALPTONE**—the first hair preparation that is really your own prescription for your own case. Make it *astringent* for *oily* hair, or *oily* for *dry* hair—simple directions with each bottle tell how.

**FREE:** 32-page illustrated book "The Care of the Hair." For your copy, write PACKER, Dept. 16-H, 101 West 31st Street, New York.



# PACKER'S

**PINE TAR SHAMPOO**  
FOR OILY HAIR  
**OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO**  
FOR DRY HAIR

**REMEMBER** Clara Kimball Young, a great and famous star of just a few years ago?

Now almost forgotten, and lying ill from injuries, Clara's beautiful furnishings, various objects of art and a beautiful lace handkerchief given her by Qucen Marie, have been sold at auction. The lovely costumes worn by Miss Young in her former pictures, remained unsold. No one, it seems wanted these reminders of the days when Clara played in "My Official Wife," "The Deep Purple," and the rest.

Moving into smaller quarters, Miss Young no longer had room for her treasures.

Clara's accident brought out the fact that she's been married four years!

**OVERHEARD** in the Brown Derby. Two beautiful brunettes were talking.

"No," one said, "I don't go out with actors any more. They're as nice as any other fellows for a while, but I never knew one that wouldn't, eventually, right out of a clear sky, go profile on you!"

**EVER** hear of ptomaine bringing two souls together?

They tell a funny one of how ZaSu Pitts became friends with Garbo.

ZaSu was cast for a comedy part in one of Garbo's earlier films, and the first day of the shooting, ZaSu was seized with a case of ptomaine. Not wanting to lose the part, ZaSu went onto the set and took her ptomaine with her.

Between scenes she sat off in a corner, a sad and lonely figure.

Garbo spied her and thinking that here, too, was a kindred soul aloof from the world, they became fast friends.

**BEN LYON**, as you know, is one of Hollywood's best aviators. "How do the producers feel about all this fancy flying?" some one asked Ben.

"That," grinned Ben, "depends mostly on what they think of your last picture!"

**THAT** little Southern babe, Una Merkel, strolled into a fortune teller's recently for a reading.

"Don't worry, dear," the soothsayer said, "you'll find the right man soon. In fact you'll be married within the year."

And poor Una walked out a bit groggy. She has been a happy bride for six months!

**RAMON NOVARRO** had planned to scud over to Europe this summer to begin his memoirs, dash off a novel and so on. He's deadly serious about a writing career. Instead, he decided to stick closer to home. So he's bought a hideaway ranch as a writing retreat, and won't tell a soul where it is. Peek-a-boo, Ramon!

**NOT** so many years ago Joan Crawford was trying to promote a romance between a little dancer and that big, blond football hero, Marshall Duffield.

The romance didn't quite come off, but the dancer, whom Joan called her "protege" with a note of pride in the voice, was Ann Dvorak—the feminine sensation of "Scarface" and the girl they'll all tell you is halfway to big-time stardom already! When Joan was introducing her around, everybody thought it was just another case of Crawford enthusiasm on the loosc. How wrong they were!



**Remember!**

**The**

**DOCTOR**

**knows best**

There is no excuse for taking the slightest gamble with your health by using laxatives made by secret formulas.

The odds are all against you.

When makers refuse to divulge their formulas for doctors to study, it is probably because they realize that such formulas might not meet with medical approval.

Harmful after-effects may hide behind laxatives with secret formulas. Such laxatives, often habit-forming, do more harm than good.

*Doctors approve of Ex-Lax*

A laxative, says the doctor, should be mild and gentle.

It should not rush food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on each of these requirements.

The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein, a laxative known to the medical profession throughout the world.

This phenolphthalein, in the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—is combined with a delicious chocolate base, which makes Ex-Lax popular with children.

Ex-Lax acts by bringing the bowels back to gentle activity. It stimulates the intestines, does not "whip" them into action.

*Insist on Ex-Lax  
to get Ex-Lax results*

Just "any" chocolate laxative won't do! Get genuine Ex-Lax—take it tonight! At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

**EX-LAX**

—the safe laxative  
that tastes like chocolate

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. A82  
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

THE beautiful, hand-painted bedroom suites, the lovely furniture, the exquisite appointments and even the beautiful house itself, in which Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey spent many happy and hectic years in Hollywood, went on the auction block recently. Every last thing to be sold. No memories left behind!

And then the crowd gathered. And the things they went after! The golden key to Culver City that had been presented to Jack was grabbed off for thirty-five cents. A plump person fought madly for Jack's rub-down table and got it. Estelle's make-up box went for a pretty penny.

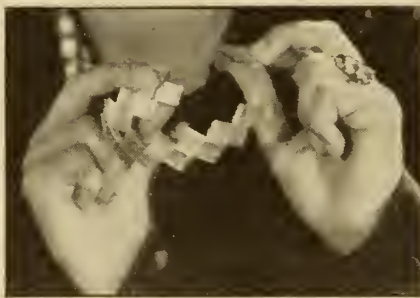
It wasn't the exquisite furnishings and imported carpets the crowd seemed to crave so much as those little intimate things of Jack's and Estelle's. Worn-out punching bags, discarded boxing gloves, toilet sets, all found ready buyers. The nine-room English house still remained unsold after the auction, but of the many little sentimental belongings of Jack and Estelle, not one remained!

JACKIE COOPER, who won't be nine years old until September, is a thoroughly disillusioned young man. He is definitely off dames and Mitzi Green is to blame.

Mitzi—one of those "older women" in every man's life—double-crossed Jackie, and young Cooper is pretty sore about it.

"I spent plenty money on Mitzi," he said, bitterly, "about five dollars every time she came to Malibu. And what did she do? She threw me over for Junior Coghlan!"

ANN HARDING isn't finding it so pleasant all alone in the old family mansion except for a mess of servants. Hollywood police hurried to the place when someone telephoned "Help! Murder!" They found that the yowling of a stray pup had kept the whole Harding household awake. Just how anybody figured murder out of that no one knows. No doubt the cops muttered into their long white beards as they went back to their checker game. The point seems to be that Annie is a bit lonely.



Here's how to make cellophane accessories. Rochelle Hudson's hands show you. But that's Gloria Stuart decked out in belt, hat band and bracelet. Cut the cellophane cigarette wrapping to three and a half by three inches. Fold lengthwise through center. Open it and fold two edges to meet center fold. Fold in center again and press fold to a sharp ridge. Fold this strip once more and you have a piece of cellophane about half an inch wide, three and a half inches long and eight thicknesses. This strip is folded in center, opened again, and the two edges folded to meet at center ridge. That's the first link in bracelet or belt. Repeat process with a second piece of same size. Slip the two ends of one oblong through the opening of the other and you have a V-shaped piece. Slip third link through end of those already joined and the belt is started. Keep that up for about fifty links and sew on buckle or clasp. The bracelet must end in links that can be fastened together. Pull out ends of one link and put them through ends of link to which it is to be fastened. Turn in these ends and push them into place through center of other link. There, that's the whole trick. It's Hollywood's newest fad!



THREE names pop from the great past of pictures.

Lillian Gish has been playing pore ole Camille way out thar in Central City, Colorado. It's an attempt to make the famous old mining camp, long abandoned, a headquarters for the summer-tourist drama.

June Caprice (does THAT name take you back, old-timer?) has been doing a little suing in Hollywood. What an ethereal beauty June was in her Fox starring days—blonde, and oh how wistful!

And Betty Bronson, whose Peter Pan was the beginning and practically the end of her great film career, has gone thoroughly domestic. Married to one Ludwig Lauerhaus, a financier, she has settled down quietly in the mountains of Asheville, N. C. "Mrs. Lauerhaus now has no picture ideas," says the spouse, in all sincerity.

THE latest Hollywood Advance-in-Civilization note—

Lil Tashman is having a glass bed made for herself, to go with her white boudoir. Is that the sort of item that starts revolutions?

IT doesn't make such a lot of difference to Bill Haines any more about pictures! When he took that wallop of a cut on his salary at Metro, he turned his wholesale attention to his antique shop. And is he making good? Just ask him! He's down to work every morning at nine, doesn't leave until six, and has had to hire two assistants. Of twelve commissions for interior decorating, his biggest is the new Chester Morris estate.

THEN there's that prize *bon mot* of a Hollywood wit. Some one told him Columbia was filming a picture called, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." "Hmm" the wit said, "not sexy enough. Should be called 'The Bitter Yen of General Tea!'"

A HOLLYWOOD trade paper carried a spicy tale of an unnamed but prominent comedian on a major lot. And the next day five studios phoned into the paper wanting to know how they dare say such things about their star. Ah, these funny men in the movies!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]

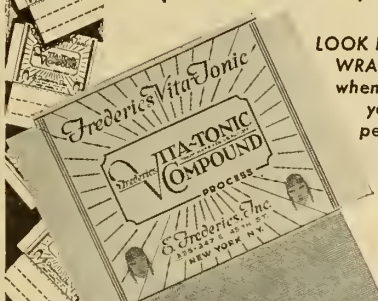
## Radio Contest Winners!

HERE are the capital prize winners in the last two PHOTOPLAY Radio Contests. Winner of first prize, the Rockne car in Contest No. 8, which was broadcast June 6, was Harriet H. Tuttle, 75 River Street, Comstock, Mich.; and in Contest No. 9, which was broadcast June 13, was Bee Nolan, 301 E. Masterson, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Other winners in Contest No. 8 were: 2nd prize, Abbie E. Sargent, 70 Congress Ave., Providence, R. I.; 3rd prize, Mrs. M. Elizabeth Crooker, 241 Shaubut St., Mankato, Minn.; 4th prize, Miss Virginia L. Tyler, 6 Washington Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Other winners in Contest No. 9 were: 2nd prize, Helen P. Power, 2523 University Ave., New York, N. Y.; 3rd prize, Genevieve Ziller, 1115 35th Ave., Meridian, Miss.; 4th prize, Mrs. Paul E. Thompson, Box No. 25, Winkelman, Arizona.

In addition to the eight capital prize winners two hundred other prizes were awarded, one hundred in each contest.



LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER when having your permanent wave

# The Only Permanent Wave I Will Recommend

## CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

"One of the irresistible features of appealing charm and loveliness, is soft, alluring wavy hair," says Constance Cummings. "I advise women everywhere to secure a soft, flowing permanent wave with the Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair—the appealing beauty you've longed for—can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. Make sure you get it . . . Mail us the coupon below and we will send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper; an interesting booklet on the care of your hair, and a complete list of hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Waves. Take the Vita Tonic Wrapper with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your hairdresser . . . Assure yourself of getting a genuine Vita Tonic Wave . . .

**See that no harmful imitations are used.**

FREE... If you will send us 10c to cover our mailing expense, we will also send you a tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and a tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Shampoo.

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Please send me a free Vita Tonic Wrapper, booklet and list of Hairdressers  I enclose 10c; please send me free Frederics Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and Shampoo for dandruff  oily scalp  dyed and bleached hair

Name..... City.....  
Address..... State.....

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105 ]



Lippman

If you've seen "The Dark Horse" you know that Guy Kibbee is one of funniest actors —what's more, he isn't one of those *Pagliacci* guys with a smile to hide the tear, for there aren't any tears. That neat little bundle under his arm is his six-months baby daughter, Shirley Ann Kibbee

**MAURICE CHEVALIER** has refused a portable dressing room! Which puts him in the Garbo class. She's the only other one to have refused this Hollywood luxury.

Most of the stars use their tiny palaces to learn their lines, sleep, relax, and so on. When the studio offered him such a retreat at the beginning of "Love Me Tonight," he said that he learned his lines and did his sleeping at home.

He would spend his time, when not working himself, behind the cameras watching others work. "I might learn something," he added. Attaboy, Morry, old boy!

**KAY FRANCIS** and Kenneth MacKenna are hopping about Europe just now—Kay's first real holiday since she hit Hollywood over three years ago.

Three months of glorious rambling over the old world, that's the reward for Kay and Ken. Serious-minded, they are taking in the great Reinhardt drama festival at Salzburg. Then they will go to the island of Majorca to do a bit of fancy loafing. Then home to the chain-gangs of Hollywood again.

**DID** the jealousy between Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey get the better of Wheeler, or was it his desire to play vaudeville with Dorothy Lee?

Woolsey doesn't know. It wasn't salary, because a year and a half ago when the two had their big split about money, Radio made the pay checks equal, approximately \$2,000 per week each.

When Woolsey discovered his side-kick had jumped East without even a by-your-leave and left their Columbia contract for a picture flat, he lit out for Mexico. Going to see about a bull-fight story and get local color.

When he returns, he plans to get another partner (possibly Harry Langdon) and produce the yarn himself—unless some company ups and finances it for him!

**DON'T** get too excited about those little black cigars that Garbo smokes in her last picture "As You Desire Me." For, believe it or not, they aren't cigars, fans! They're just plain cigarettes in exotic black wrappings. A new fad, maybe?

**I**F you don't think Claudette Colbert had a tough time during her first week of work on "The Man From Yesterday" with Clive Brook, list to this, my children:

They called for the picture to begin on the day she was moving into her new home in the Outpost estates. And if you've never tried moving and starting a picture on the same day, you ain't had no difficulties.

The next day, Hollywood discovered that her husband, Norman Foster, was not moving into the house with her. He had taken his own place. There were twenty reporters on the set when she arrived and there were twenty-five at her home when she returned that night. And if you've never tried telling forty-five men that you live separately from your husband because it makes love more interesting, that it doesn't mean divorce—then you've never tried talking!

And the third day, she came down with a case of sinus. Result of too much nervous excitement. Stop work? Of course not. The picture was in production. But she did have to report to the doctor twice a day for treatments. And if you've never tried sneaking off a set twice a day—you've never tried sneaking.

And the fourth day her mother arrived from New York for a visit. Her mother has been ill—is recuperating. And the fifth—Claudette threw up her hands. "I am nuts, simply nuts! I can't talk to anyone or see anyone!"

And now they'll probably call her temperamental! Ye gods!

**WALTER WINCHELL**, the columnist, was in Hollywood recovering from a nervous breakdown. Everyone protected Walter's shattered nerves—except Buster Keaton. Walter was in Buster's dressing room when Buster's colored man entered and rarg a big cow-bell. Winchell grasped the arms of his chair and shuddered.

"Tea time," Buster explained.

A few moments later the boy entered with a huge tray of tea things. Just inside the door he dropped them. The crash sent Winchell from his chair.

"Something for your column," Buster muttered.

**AUGUST** Garbo fashion note for Seymour's attention. The Noisy One buys a lot of her duds at a little shop in Beverly Hills. As this is written, three pairs of mannish grey "walking pants" await her call. No bane got dough, Gret old girl!

**T**HAT old rascal, Guy Kibbee, such a sensation in "The Dark Horse," furnished at least one sector of Hollywood with the loudest howl of any recent month.

In the picture Guy is forced to crawl through a barbed-wire fence clad only in a suit of full length woolen underwear. At a crucial moment, with the cameras grinding, a responsible button came off!

"Seamstress! Seamstress!" yowled Kibbee, prancing around holding himself together.

And while a director and ten electricians lay on the ground, screaming, the lady with the needle was found, and she repaired the damage and Guy's shattered nerves.



**GONE**, with the coming of the mike, are the clever little two and three-piece orchestras that whipped the emotions of many a Hollywood movie star into rare bits of acting before a camera.

All except the two-piece orchestra of one of our biggest stars, Richard Dix. Dix still maintains the same two musicians he employed years ago. A pretty Spanish girl, Dolores Ordocqui, plays the violin and Eddie Frazer drags about his little portable organ from set to set.

And while Richard tramps majestically up and down the stage, repeating his lines aloud and gesturing wildly, the midget band sends out the thrilling notes of "St. Louis Blues!"

During the actual shooting of the scene, the entire orchestra rests, but once let the scene be filmed, and "St. Louis Blues" once again goes trilling out over the sound stage.

During the making of "Roar of the Dragon," with Chinese children scurrying in and out of the sound stage, Richard was pacing madly up and down an Oriental garden while off in a corner the faithful little orchestra wailed out that hotsy-totsy torch song:

"I hate to see that evenin' sun go down."



Adrienne Allen wears this stunning outfit in "Merrily We Go to Hell." The color scheme is beige, from the cleverly arranged fox trimming to the very new square-crowned felt hat. Note that Adrienne wears her veil under her hat brim, rather than over it. Her gloves and shoes are brown.



Lightex in the red box for oily skins... With Olive Oil in the purple box for normal skins.



Crystal Laboratories, Dept. Y-8,  
130 Willis Ave., New York

Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# In these scorching days your Skin gets Thirsty too!

Restore its natural moisture with this famous Olive Oil Face Powder

WHEN the sun's hot rays beat down on your skin, the tissues soon dry up... grow drawn and shriveled.

Little lines creep in under the eyes. Around the mouth. Your skin peels, flakes, wrinkles. Lacking vital moisture, the glands get "thirsty" ... Something *must* be done!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Ann Harding       | <input type="checkbox"/> Marie Dressler   |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Maurice Chevalier | <input type="checkbox"/> Jean Harlow      |
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Keystone

Charlie Chaplin believes in that old wheeze about doing in Rome as the Romans do—but whoever said anything about Japan? Was Charlie fussed when he had to sit cross-legged when he was invited to tea in Japan—and how could he crook his little finger when there wasn't any handle on the cup? Why, he even has his shoes off and doesn't seem any too happy about it either. But the real Japanese thought it was a swell joke

**N**ILS ASTHER wanted to become an American citizen. Red tape made it necessary for him to go to a foreign country and re-enter this one. He went just across the border into Mexico.

There was a week of restless waiting. Then the word came. He dashed into the United States. Dashed so fast that two miles from the border he was arrested for speeding and put in jail for several hours, until his identity could be proven.

Beginning his citizenship in jail was not according to Nils' expectations!

**T**HE Bright Young Son of one of Hollywood's most noted directors nearly gave Pop a stroke the other night. In the midst of dinner, at which guests were present, Junior piped up with—

"Dad, what kind of meat is this?"

"Lamb, my boy," answered unsuspecting pap. "Why?"

"I wondered," said the precious child. "You said you were having a muttonhead for dinner!"

**A**RE you as loyal to your work as many movie stars are to theirs? Do you work with a raging temperature and broken bones, for days and weeks at a time? Do I? Don't be silly!

In no line of work are people as faithful even to giving up their lives for their labor.

Robert Williams had appendicitis. He knew it. But rather than hold up a production that

meant a fortune to the studio and possible stardom for him, he kept on.

You know the result.

Gary Cooper is another who came near making the supreme sacrifice for his work. Eight pictures in twelve months, and his health completely broke. Another month, doctors say, and Gary Cooper would have followed Robert Williams.

Lila Lee and Renee Adoree worked themselves into a sanitarium. Lon Chaney is another who sacrificed his life for the work he loved.

Joan Crawford danced for three days in "Grand Hotel" with a sprained ankle. Try it sometime. Gavin Gordon made "Romance" with a broken collar bone.

Barbara Stanwyck worked for weeks with an injured back, and had to be carried from set to set.

Today, studios try to be more careful of an actor's health.

But the feverish devotion to their work is hard to combat. They work when they're well and when they're broken and ill. And that's more than most of us do.

**W**HYY, Connie!

It seems Miss Bennett, who receives more proposals through the mail than any ten other movie stars, received a letter from an ardent admirer.

"I hope you will never play the rôle of a good girl on the screen," it read. "I take so much **pleasure** in seeing you go wrong."

She does do it beautifully, at that!



**M**OTHERS of America are largely agog. A new disease called "Tarzanitis" seems to be sweeping the country.

Doctors are being called on to treat countless fractures, sprains, contusions and plain bumps among the small fry. That's because every kid in the land is playing Tarzan—leaping off garages, hanging from trees by their tails and diving headlong into plates of pea soup. The casualties are terrible.

It's always that way. The old Doug Fairbanks leaping pictures always caused an epidemic of bruises and worse among the small boys.

If Doug could leap off a castle, they could at least jump from the barn roof.

And "Robin Hood!" How many little sisters got an arrow in them somewhere while big brother was just playing the outlaw of Sherwood Forest!

**BARBARA BEBE LYON**, eight months old, was allowed to visit her father on the set the other day.

But business is business, so papa Ben had to get on with his work, daughter looking on.

Microphone was swung into place, camera set. A tense scene. Rapid fire of dialogue.

A moment of silence. And Miss Barbara Bebe, daughter of efficient scene-snatchers, took advantage of it to express her approval of her father's work in her own language.

Of course the scene was ruined. But was father nettled? Not at all. Not at all.

He rushed over to the sound man.

"Isn't that wonderful? It's the first time her voice was ever recorded. How did it sound?"

The cost of the shot was estimated at about \$500. Did papa offer to pay for it?

"What? Me pay for the scene? You should pay me for the record of her voice."

The beginning of Miss Lyon's career in the talkies?

**S**OMEBODY thought it would be a good idea to find out what stars are popular in the South American countries. What would be your guess? Lupe, maybe, eh? Or Del Rio?

Guess again. None other than the Swedish Garbo herself remains the favorite of the Latins. Ramon Novarro was the only Latin in which the South Americans displayed more than average interest. But Chevalier. That Maurice. Whoops, my dear. They go Chevalier crazy.

And the favorite comedians? Laurel and Hardy. That pitiful whimpering of Stan's is sending the South Americans into hysterics.

**W**HEN the Junior Leaguers held their national convention in Los Angeles recently, guess what movie sheik almost stopped the show? The girls went for him in such a way that he was unable to utter a word of his speech for five minutes.

Did I hear you say Gable? Nope—it was good old Wally Beery himself! Ah there, Wally!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



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G. S. GLOW

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\*The World's Most Beautiful Women



**ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.**  
WORCESTER NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109 ]

**S**PEAKING of Barbara and Frank Fay, here's the low-down on this independence of the Stanwyck gal.

It's the truth that she thinks more of Frank than careers, fortunes, and so on. She is simply old-fashionedly mad about her husband. And she wants any studio with which she is connected to hire her husband.

And when he's on the lot, getting a chance, she's perfectly happy.

She's as meek as a lamb, and does what anyone asks her.

But when a studio won't hire Frank, whom she honestly considers the world's greatest actor, she's mad. She hates them for wanting her and not him.

Hollywood calls her temperamental. Executives, who aren't used to wives who put a husband's career first, call her crazy. I think she's a breath of fresh air in this egotistical, self-centered city.

**D**ISAPPOINTMENT in Hollywood means as much to the rich as the poor.

Take the case of Margaret Perry, daughter of Antoinette Perry, actress and directress of plays. Margaret is eighteen and wealthy. When she's twenty-one she comes into an independent fortune.

She brought to Hollywood the maid who has cared for her since she was a baby, and an aunt to chaperone her.

You'd think a kid with a golden spoon like that wouldn't let this business upset her. But when she read the review of her only picture, "New Morals For Old" in a Hollywood trade



Now that we are all trying to make one dress look like several, novel ideas like this one are welcome. Ruth Mannix can have long or short sleeves for her polka dotted frock. She merely buttons or unbuttons long sleeves that look like gauntlets. The sleeves removed, reveal a short sleeve attractively cuffed in lace. Tricky, what?



Hendrickson

Here's China's contribution to the cinema, and if that most dramatic young woman on Richard Dix's right knee isn't a second Anna May Wong in the making we'll eat our hat and a couple of reels of film. These kids, brought from Los Angeles' Chinatown, appear with Richard in "Roar of the Dragon," and if you asked one of them about his "vellee honorable ancestors," he'd probably answer, "Oh you mean grandpop. He's okay"

paper the morning following the preview, she took the next train for Denver. Rushed home to mamma and the folk who love her in spite of the fact that a naughty reviewer said she was a very bad actress.

A New York writer said she ran away from a boy friend. 'Taint so. She was too well chaperoned during her short stay in Hollywood to get her heart involved. She ran away from professional heartbreak. For, in spite of the gold spoon, her one ambition has been to become a Norma Shearer.

Margaret shouldn't base her all on one reviewer.

PHOTOPLAY thought she did well for a newcomer. And her second might have proved a sensation. Who knows?

**D**IRECTOR Mervyn Le Roy went to see "Grand Hotel." When he came out, he turned to girl-friend Ginger Rogers with: "The title should have been 'Cramped Hotel.' Did you ever see so many actors trying to get into a camera at one time?"

**G**RETA GARBO attended the preview of "As You Desire Me" with her friend, Mercedes D'Acosta.

And that, chums, is news in Hollywood!

Only one person save those in the preview section knew Garbo was in the house. That was a small boy who sat across the aisle. When she left, he streaked after her.

No—she didn't scrawl in his autograph album. That would have been simply TOO sensational. But the kid did see Garbo, which is more than most of this starving world does!



**A** COUPLE of good Hollywood husbands are on the loose!

Chartering the Cecil B. De Mille yacht, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Robert Montgomery have sailed away on a fishing trip through Mexican waters.

Anxious to gather proper atmosphere for "Revolt," his next picture with a Russian background, Doug attended the Russian Art Club the night before he and Bob sailed and in a truly Fairbanks manner, invited the entire Russian orchestra to join them.

Three days later Doug wired in from the briny deep—"Sending back the Russians. They got seasick on me."

Mrs. Montgomery is visiting in New York and Joan Crawford, Doug's wife, is off on location making "Rain."

**A**ND all the time we thought we were society! But just read those Hollywood papers and see where movie stars stand among the "400" of Beverly Hills! Society parties and luncheons there are galore, and not a movie name among them. Not even a Pickford! There is no place in the world as snobbish in its exclusiveness as Beverly Hills.

One might live next door to a famous movie star, but one doesn't invite one's neighbors to one's party. Not if Beverly Hills society knows it, he doesn't.

And it might interest you to know that there are two "sets" in that exclusive society.

One who will in a generous moment, accept an invitation to a film star's home, and those who never do. And never will, according to Cholly Angelo, society reporter.

But when one of New York's blueblooded "400" visits the land of sunshine and oranges, they make a bee line for Mary Pickford or Marion Davies and the hotsy-totsy of Beverly Hills can chew their nails all they want.

We're a curiosity to New York, but to Beverly Hills we're just "those people next door." We don't count it seems.

**T**ALK about economy in the movies!

A large part of "Tiger Shark," Eddie Robinson's latest, is being filmed at sea. The picture shows the catching, transportation and unloading of tuna fish.

Warner Brothers hired a tuna boat for the purpose, and then instructed the men to actually catch enough fish to pay for the rental of the boat.

And they did! They stayed out until they had 85 tons, which they sold to a cannery and made expenses.

In the old days—what a feed for the pelicans!

**H**OLLYWOOD has gone nuts on cottage cheese! One restaurant serves it four ways. You can use it with sour cream, with chives or in the form of a salad. It's supposed to be reducing—but the joke is, it's really fattening!

**G**ARBO'S dressing room is separated from Joan Crawford's by only a phone booth. Though the ladies never meet, sounds are audible from one to't other.

Greta's colored Alma and Joan's sepia Alice have become quite pally, lately. Garbo watched the friendship blossom without comment. Then, as she and Alma were descending the stairs one day, they came face to face with Alice.

Garbo stopped dead.

"Alma, is dis Alice?" she asked.

"Yes'm," replied Alma, wondering if she were in for a scolding for occasional gossip-sessions.

Greta turned loose one of her now-and-then million-candle-power smiles.

"Hello, Alice!" she said, while Alice seemed in a fainting condition.

This is sort of a silly story, after all. "Hello, Alice!" What's that? Just forget I ever brought it up.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]



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It's in your eyes right now — that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

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"The producer signed me even before he heard my voice"



# That "Second Valentino" Curse

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

an actor almost spontaneously—and like Jimmy, he scored his first smash success in the rôle of a slit-eyed, cool-nerved gangman.

Raft left school in the seventh grade, by special request.

He boxed some. Then he found himself, somehow, dancing professionally at the Manhattan Casino.

There was no such word as "gigolo" then, with its nastier implications.

Georgie, throughout his Broadway club and cafe career, was a "dancing partner." It was just a job, like juggling trays—only a little pleasanter.

He had plenty of partners, for it was in the time of the Valentino madness, and that fatal resemblance attracted wide attention.

Broadway night-life knew him well. In 1927 he worked for Texas Guinan, whose cry of "Hello, sucker!" has been heard 'round the world.

Stepping into the spotlight nightly, he hurled himself into a hot dance.

Then he retired to a quiet corner of Tex's old "300 Club" and sat quietly with the boys. Tex gave him a pair of gold-plated garters. He still wears 'em.

THE Guinan chorus girls like Georgie—called him "The Old Black Snake." They still do.

The boys' pet name for him is "Jig-ie." Even my feeble brain figures that as a diminutive of "gigolo."

The scene changes—1927 to 1932. It is the opening night of a new Texas Guinan club.

Again Raft is sitting in the place.

But this time, when the spotlight hits him,

Georgie just gets up and takes a bow or two. For he is the new movie wow—the panic of "Scarface"—the lad all the girls are moaning about. That's Broadway fame—it's the knighthood of night life!

What things can happen to a dancing boy in a few years!

GEORGIE is a man's man, for all his slick good looks, slim figure, nifty clothes. He likes to gather with "the boys." He knows most of the figures in the sport world. His pal is Jimmie ("Schnozzle") Durante. He is a free cusser when roused, and can use his fists for something beside scooping food. In short, a very handy guy to have on your side in a dispute.

His flicker shot is another movie miracle—F. O. B. Hollywood!

He was out there "just looking around"—palling with the New York crowd, Durante, and that lot.

Director Rowland Brown saw him in the Brown Derby one night. "I want a menace with sex appeal," said Brown to Raft. "You're it!"

The next morning he went to work in "Quick Millions."

Again the quick eye of a director had started a nobody on the road to being plenty somebody!

"Dancers in the Dark" followed, with Georgie giving Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie stiff competition.

The stage was set for his "Scarface" triumph.

And when it came, it was a roar!

Not long ago I attended a showing of "Scarface" at the famous Rialto Theater, New York.

The picture ended, and a spotlight hit the stage.

Into it stepped George Raft, for a bow.

Just a few years before he had worked in a presentation on that very stage, for a few dollars a night!

Heigho, what a world when the breaks are with you!

A strong, silent boy, this Raft—not one to monkey with.

He lives inconspicuously in Hollywood, with a pal.

He speaks some Italian and fluent Broadway American.

He knows everyone there is to know in New York night life, high and low, harmless and dangerous. He has potent friends who wish him well.

Oh, he'll get on, Georgie will! He laughs off the old "Second Valentino" hoodoo, that has inflated so many skulls and dumped over so many careers, since he toiled as a dancing boy for a few pence.

IS "Scarface" to be a second "Miracle Man" as a star-maker? Will it do for Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak and Georgie Raft what its predecessor did for Meighan, Compson and Chaney? I, for one, shouldn't be a bit startled if it did!

Whatever happens, olive-skinned Georgie Raft is up there, in there, doing mighty *fine*. He'll play anything, do anything, act anything the bosses want.

For he's had a taste of film fame—and it's sweet upon his palate.

And don't call him a "second Rudy"—and don't do anything to him that isn't nice! For he has a cold and meaningful eye!

# Have You That "Desk-Chair Spread"?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

in your mouth, actually chewing it. This makes it mix with the natural saliva and digests easily.

Many women have told me that diets made them feel weak on account of the effect on their nerves.

You won't feel weak on my diet, I'll guarantee you that!

And women and girls of any age can take my diet, my exercises and my prescribed number of hours sleep.

And now a word to you girls who want to put on weight in spots—on the back, the arms, the neck.

There is but one way to do that.

Get plump all over and then take off the surplus weight in spots.

That's what Connie Bennett had to do, you know.

I worked to put a little more weight all over her and then took off the parts that weren't necessary.

For anything can be done. Flesh can be squeezed and slapped away.

Even bow legs can be made to look less bowed.

I did that for one very famous star.

You can do it, too, by taking off all the flesh on the outside of the legs and leaving flesh on the inside.

But right now I might as well tell you that I can't change bone formation and if you have bow-legs all you can do is camouflage them as I've explained. A girl told me she had a prominent jaw line and flesh along it. She can mould off that flesh, but she can't change the jaw bone.

And another begs to know what to do for a large head. Did you ever hear anything so silly?

Does she think I can tell her how to reduce the skull?

What she can do is to choose her clothes cleverly and wear her hair smartly so that the head will not look as prominent as it is.

You must work out your own salvation about lots of things.

If one side of your back is larger than the other or one hip higher, you must reduce the flesh on the large side—a camouflaging process again.

But you can correct a sway back. The reason anyone has a sway back is because of wrong posture and because the muscles of the abdomen are not strong enough.

Therefore, take my abdominal exercises. Hold the abdomen in and strengthen those muscles.

And now, don't let me hear any more of you all-day-sitters complaining about that "desk-chair spread."

Get busy and take it off. It can be done. I know it as well as I know my name is Sylvia.

Get to work, girls. Snap out of your indolent ways!

And watch out for next month—I've got a couple of surprises for you and a lot of brand-new ways of making yourselves lovely.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen

pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mould the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.



## Will Clark Gable Last?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

these concessions is, I believe, his marriage. And we cannot blame him when the talk of divorce made him fearful at this time. Now he and Mrs. Gable are re-united.

Here's another strange thing that gives you a tip-off on Gable's character.

When he first came to Hollywood he was indifferent to all forms of so-called psychic phenomena.

And when the subject was mentioned—it is a very vital part of Hollywood conversation—his laconic answer was, "Rot!"

But accidentally he met a psychic who gave him a reading, and since then he has sought out the psychics several times, always trying to discover "How long will this success of mine last?"

After conferring with Clark more than once, a certain psychic wrote a story about him, several paragraphs of which I should like to quote for you.

Here they are:

"CLARK GABLE believes that his fame was a freak of fate. He will tell you that his success is accidental. But this does not deceive a psychic, since Gable is what he has made himself.

"By hard study and diligence he has made himself over—changed the quality of his voice, learned his best points.

"The help he has received along the way has not been accidental either. If his romances have contributed to his success, that has not bothered Gable. And much credit must be given to this clear-minded young man who became tired of poverty and longed for some of the luxury that he knew could be his by dint of hard work.

"Clark, on the screen, plays the rôle of lover, but because he lacks the tenderness that is essential if a man be permanently fascinat-

ing to a woman, he would disappoint the average woman.

"He is fundamentally selfish. A well regulated home and children cannot appeal to him, since his nature demands travel, change, excitement—anything to appease the insatiable longing for the color of life that is so closely identified with his ego.

"If he doesn't last on the screen as long a time as he has set for himself—his disappointment will be terrific.

"A more intellectual person would not have put everything into a career, but would have held something back in case the career did not pan out.

"But Clark in his eagerness to succeed and to acquire independence, has burnt all his bridges behind him.

"He has wanted so ardently to prove himself to himself, that he has given all his vitality to his career. If the career lasts until he is sure of himself he will be content to retire with the tidy sum he has made by his screen work."

YOU may or may not believe the psychic. But this analysis comes so close to Clark's real character as I know it that I find much food for thought in it.

I doubt if he can change any more than he has—either as an actual person or a screen type.

Therefore I repeat that he will last just as long as women accept him as he is and just as long as the film companies give him typical Clark Gable rôles.

When the powers that be try to make him versatile and allow him to step out of the character that he has created, his days will be over.

For, powerful as the camera is, it can't give Clark qualities which he does not have!



"What appeal, mother, what appeal!"



## BEAUTIFUL WOMEN use New Wonderful Face Powder

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.

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Kindly write here name of your favorite store:



# You Can't Live on Promises

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77 ]

get back to the home town. The fact they were stranded didn't matter so much as the blow of being let down so cruelly, by a friend.

SO that's the first lesson you must learn, if you hope to tackle Hollywood. Don't ever come on indefinite promises. Not even from higher ups. Especially not from higher ups.

Oh, it doesn't always happen. But too often to take a chance. And the friend may *not* be able to help you. It's just the way things are in Hollywood.

Then, don't come without a contract or a big chance of one. And don't, please, expect options to be taken up. They seldom are, unless you are one of those once-in-every-ten-year sensations, or a very famous actor indeed. But suppose you do get a *bona fide* contract. Be prepared to find the catch. There's sure to be one in it.

No, I'm not just trying to be pessimistic. I've seen this happen not once, or ten times, but dozens of times.

Wait till I tell you of Chester Morris' experience with contracts. He went back to New York after the De Mille episode and resumed his career on the stage. He was going good, had a contract with Woods, had married lovely little Sue Kilborn, and all was hunky-dory.

And then came another Hollywood come-on. The chance to play in "Alibi." United Artists dangled a contract before Chet's eyes.

A contract. Was that something? He broke his New York contract and came to Hollywood again. He made one picture, "Alibi," on that contract. It took three months. For the rest of the time he sat around lonely, ignored, forgotten, and at the end of three months had his great big, good-looking contract snatched from under his nose. He nearly starved before he could get another one.

So don't get contract-conscious. It doesn't mean much in Hollywood. Of course, Chester signed another, one he felt sure was right this

time. But it kept him off the screen for fifteen months, while story after story was turned down as not suitable for Chester. Mind, Chester doesn't say anything about it. Not Chester. But you're no dumbbell. You know what fifteen months off the screen means to an actor in Hollywood. And what a comeback in a weak picture like "Cock o' the Air" can mean.

Expect those things, I'm telling you. You are never sitting too pretty in Hollywood. There is a pin in every cushion. Many a young man with a contract has gone back to where he came from, a sadder and wiser lad.

Now if you are one of those determined persons who **decide** to come on promises, or cute little contracts all wrapped in cellophane and pink ribbon, at least bring plenty of extra cash to tide you over several years of disappointments.

Chester Morris, with Sue and a brand-new baby, can tell you a few things about that.

The icy fear around the heart when the door bell rings. Another tradesman to combat. The milkman, to collect. There is nothing like it to tear down the morale.

And over three-fourths of Hollywood are living in the icy clutches of fear and bluff, today. Remember that, young man—and young woman.

NOW, we'll surmise you're here and you're making money. Then for heaven's sake, I beg you, go to see Sue and Chester Morris in their home and absorb some of their normalcy. Oh, it's grand to be exotic; to be hot and sexy and talked about. But if you want to stay awhile, don't be.

If you have a family, say so. The way Chester Morris loves his brings him more praise and notice than any ten violent affairs with violent people.

The other evening two insurance men came to the Morris home on business. Sue was sewing by the fire. Chester had his slipped feet

higher than his head, reading away. Brooks, the boy, sat on the floor with a toy train. The baby was propped up on a chair with pillows, busy with a rubber doll.

The men stared and gasped. "Why-er—that is—good evening," they said. It happens these same men had come straight from the home of a famous and much written about star. Things happened at that star's home that those two matter-of-fact business men will never forget.

THE next day, at a large business luncheon, stories of the two homes were told, hundreds of families heard it by nightfall. Chester Morris' stock went up one hundred per cent in thousands of homes, before the week was over.

Respectability pays. And don't let anyone try to tell you differently.

Living simply is a good idea, too.

Right here I'll wager you five dollars that Chester and Sue Morris live on less than any Hollywood folks drawing one-fifth his salary. You would shriek to high heavens, if you knew. Chester is having his shekels stored away for him. He isn't even touching them himself.

Experience? For heaven's sake haven't I mentioned that yet? How much, you ask, does this Chet Morris think you need, to tackle Hollywood?

It's simple and easy. Not over ten good years on any stage, with little tank town tours in between. In Texas. In Iowa. With cold rooms, cold beds and colder receptions. Four years of vaudeville. Five years on Broadway, say. That's what Chester Morris had behind *Chick Williams* in "Alibi." You didn't think that performance just happened, did you? Or the boy in "The Big House"? Or the crook in "The Miracle Man"? Years and years of hard work stand behind those rôles, and also the one he plays with Jean Harlow in "Red Headed Woman," which you'll see soon.

# Would You Believe It?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 ]

things. For where else was he? But you know and I know about the Jordan sitting room. Hollywood doesn't.

What certain young leading man went to a friend of Dorothy's for advice. "Is there a chance for me?" Joel McCrea asked. This after Dorothy had played with Joel in "The Lost Squadron."

"She's the type of girl I've always liked and wanted to know." And all the time we thought it was the Bennett type. See. We told you. Here is a little brown wren at work. Tsk, tsk, tsk. And all the time we were dolling up in white satin and suntan make-up, Hollywood bachelors were following a little blue sash.

And never quite catching up.

FOR the truth of the matter is, Dorothy isn't bothered—much. Beneath the flowered dimity lives a determined, strong-willed young lady. Make no mistake about that. She has one ambition. To get on. On her own. And try, you with that fetching mustache, you with those millions, you with your charm, to swerve her just one inch from that goal. Try.

For behind that quaint little "down South" accent, those appealing little ways that are all a real and natural part of Dorothy, lives a clear thinking, cool-headed young woman. Yes ma'm.

Getting all that Hollywood has to give.

Without particularly trying or meaning to. Or lifting a little finger to do so.

Lady, keep down that little finger.

Down in Clarksville, Tennessee, Dot decided to go to New York to be an actress. Of course, thousands of girls all over Tennessee and Ohio and Iowa, too, make up their minds sometime to go to New York to be actresses.

Only Dorothy did.

Of course her father, a prosperous merchant, was against it one hundred per cent. But mother said, "I have a little money saved up." Which will bring a sting of tears to the eyes of many a successful man and woman who remember back to those other mothers who "had a little money saved up."

So Dorothy became a chorus girl and then on to a bit in "Treasure Girl" in New York. And the star of the show, Ona Munson, took one look at little Miss Jordan and promptly wore herself to a shadow doing things for that sweet little lamb. And stars in New York shows don't usually fret themselves over little chorus girls. But—and get this—Ona even dragged out her manager to see what she had found in the second act. And the manager, well, he practically worked himself into a fever doing things for that nice little thing. He just got her a contract with Fox, that's all he did.

But before she got here, there's one little thing that happened to Dorothy that no one

ever knew before. Not even her mother. So don't let on.

Just before Christmas her show closed. Dorothy had enough money saved to go home for Christmas but she did want a little extra to buy gifts. So—and here's that do-or-die spirit Hollywood will never lick—she stood in line with 250 other people who were after those seventeen open jobs at Wanamaker's department store.

Right in line. A New York show girl. And waited and waited.

And one of those efficient looking persons walked down that waiting line announcing that the jobs were filled, when suddenly those efficient eyes fell on Dorothy. Just standing there. All by herself. Well, anyway, they created a job for Miss Jordan.

Have I tried to tell you? Have I?

UP in the children's umbrellas went Dorothy. Plaid silk umbrellas. And there the nice old gray-haired floorwalker spied Dorothy in her especially created job, and was he burned? The idea of putting a nice little thing like that in the umbrellas where the commissions didn't amount to *that*. He snapped a mean finger, he did. And made the red-head in the boy's necktie and penknife sets move over to the umbrellas and Dorothy was moved to the necktie and penknife sets where the commissions ran up. Like a temperature.



But while the Wanamaker thing was in full bloom, Dot's friends were madly searching the city to tell her that for the love of Pete, Fox had seen a test of her and wanted her.

So Dorothy saw the Fox people, who gave her three hours to catch a train. But you see, they just didn't know Dorothy.

For one hour later, she left that office with a contract, a two-weeks stopover at Clarksville, and well—you just name anything offhand. It was Dorothy's.

And she arrived in Hollywood, as I told you, and no one cared or looked twice.

LATER, over at United Artists, Mary Pickford was getting ready for "The Taming of the Shrew."

So Dorothy took herself to the studio and sat in the casting office for hours. Days, practically.

One day a man came rushing in and spied Dorothy. "Would you mind trying on this dress for me?" he asked.

"Glad to," Dorothy replied and tried on Mary's dress.

"Maybe I can do something for you sometime," the wardrobe man said, and thanked her.

"Oh, you can," backward little Dorothy said. "You can get me to Sam Taylor, the director. I want to act in this picture."

And she did. You just know she did. If you know Dorothy.

But she looked too cute, so the ringlets she always wore were taken away, a too-large dress handed out, and her dialogue cut down to one word, "Father."

But it was enough. Her own father arose from a sick bed and traveled to Chattanooga, where "The Taming of the Shrew" was showing. Hardly able to move—he went.

And he heard Dot's one precious word of dialogue.

"Father," she said. "Father."

And he was thrilled and proud. And died the next day telling folks how his little Dorothy had stepped right out from the screen and said, "Father. Just like she was right here beside me, saying 'Father.'"

But while "The Taming of the Shrew" was being made, Dorothy gathered up her mail one day and while waiting for a stop signal at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard, she opened the home town paper and there it was.

One whole page from the bank, from the grocery, the shops, all congratulating Mr. Jordan, their fellow merchant, on having such a little Dorothy. In movies. With Mary Pickford, too.

And Dorothy read it, and the bell rang to go on, and horns honked, and people screamed, but Dorothy Jordan lay with her head on the steering wheel and cried and cried and cried.

OVER at M-G-M she stepped into "Devil May Care" with Novarro, and Ramon became helpless and hopeless. He spent hours showing her how to steal scenes from himself. And thought it must be something he'd eaten or a touch of the sun, maybe.

Today she's the most borrowed young actress in Hollywood.

"We want Dorothy Jordan," Radio has cried, and Fox has cried, and First National has screamed and cried.

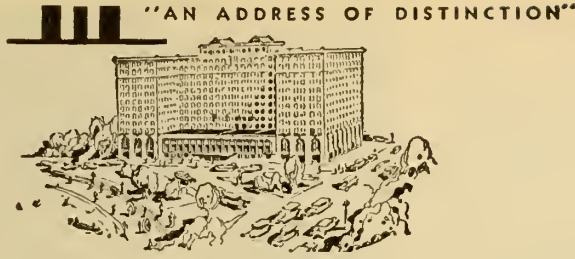
Dear me.

Ruth Biery tells you on another page of PHOTOPLAY of the new type of women who are coming along. Slim and aggravating and voluptuous. With slumberous eyes and hipless forms.

But do the men care? Not much, for look at our little Dorothy, the prize bit of femininity in Hollywood. And do they crowd around Mrs. Jordan's little girl Dorothy? Do they?

Why, Hollywood's scarce-of-jobs vamps sit back and—well, they just can't understand it. They don't realize that here is the real kind in action.

Just a little girl from down in Tennessee. Doing her stuff.



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The portraits are rich, rotogravure reproductions, and under each is a brief biographical sketch of the star featured, including such information as age, weight, height, complexion, etc. Just the kind of information that you want.

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Gaston Longet

Helen Twelvetrees at the door of her home in Brentwood, waiting to hear the flutter of the stork's wings. In several months Helen and her husband Frank Woody will be showing their baby its new home. And what a home that is. Below is the amazing front porch, which boasts an outside fireplace for toasting marshmallows and roasting hot dogs on cool evenings. Grand and comfy. Helen will make only one more picture before the baby arrives





# Short Subjects of the Month



When real life laughs are few and far between, they're doubly welcome in the movies. Jack Haley, from the musical comedy stage, helps you forget gloom with his silly antics in "Absent-Minded Abner," reviewed below

## ABSENT-MINDED ABNER

*Vitaphone*

About a poor sap who is so absent-minded he can't even remember his best girl's name. Jack Haley and his ridiculous gags will keep you laughing, and Olive Shea (now re-christened Gloria Shea) is easy on the eyes.

## THE GIDDY AGE

*Educational-Andy Clyde*

Poor Andy Clyde! Will he never learn about feminine wiles? This gay comedy finds him a crusty and wealthy old bachelor who succumbs to Dorothy Granger's seductive looks. It's very funny.

## EMPIRE OF THE SUN

*RKO-Van Beuren*

If you're letting any of the Vagabond Adventure Series slip by, you're missing a lot of good entertainment, plus definite educational features. This time the wandering camera picks up a Japanese cherry blossom festival and makes it come to life.

## FARMER AL FALFA'S BED-TIME STORY

*Educational-Paul Terry-Toon*

When farmer Al Falfa puts his cat out for the night, gay mad mice come up from the cellar to turn his home into a super-nightclub. Another rollicking, animated cartoon, accompanied by the sprightly tunes and lyrics that characterize the Terry-Toons.

## THE GLAND PARADE

*RKO-Radio*

In which Rosco Ates stu-stu-stutters his way through a maze of hospitals, dentists' offices, beauty parlors and other locations that lend themselves to rough and ready comedy of the old-fashioned slapstick variety.

## IRON MINNIE

*RKO-Masquers*

Another of those swell Masquers' comedies with Montagu Love, Mack Swain, Clyde Cook

and other first-class funsters. It's all about a crooked lawyer, a poor "widow woman," a stupid son and the brave mounted police—done in broad burlesque.

## MAN-EATING SHARKS

*Educational-Mack Sennett*

Have you ever inspected a shark's dental work? You haven't? Well, just see this latest episode in Mack Sennett's "Cannibals of the Deep" series and you will have a chance. Fine photography and thrills for fishermen.

## FAIRWAY FAVORITES

*RKO-Pathe*

A fine Grantland Rice sports subject which not only shows the golf methods of well-known champs but injects a little comedy, with the aid of Rube Goldberg, as well. Golf enthusiasts shouldn't miss this.

## LOUD MOUTH

*Paramount*

This bright little yarn about a rich girl, a baseball player and some professional gamblers moves along at a racy pace and is chock-full of laughs. Franklin Pangborn is great.

## TOY TOWN

*RKO-Van Beuren*

One of the decidedly better animated cartoons in which a couple of little mice are let loose in a toy shop. Of course, they are not your old friends Mickey and Minnie, but they're good.

## NOW'S THE TIME

*Educational-Vanity*

This Harry Barris comedy contains more really funny gags than any of the previous things in which he has been featured. Mary Carlisle is a pretty little blonde heart throb.

?

blonde



EDWINA BOOTH  
Lovely Screen Star

OR



CHITA MONTE CARLO  
Popular Screen Star

brunette

Seven out of eight  
debutantes know this

A WOMAN is as beautiful as her hairdress. A single pin showing, mars even a perfect coiffure—be it long, bobbed or growing. That's why HOLD-BOBS are the invariable rule among well-groomed women.

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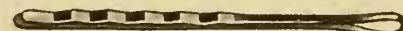
Name .....

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City .....

State .....

Blonde  Gray  Brunette  Gold





# All Hollywood Has Gone Color-Conscious

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

dark, brown soil." Has some unhappiness come into Norma's life to make her harmonize to brown?

Ann Harding abhors orange. Her hatred vibrates so strongly that she becomes almost ill every time she sees it. Naturally! Orange is the color which tends to submerge all about it, including the personality of the one wearing it.

Ann is not the type who likes to be submerged, as her life has shown. In fact, I think this orange hatred tells us much about Ann.

Since the day she married Harry Bannister she has been trying to subjugate herself to him. She has honestly attempted to make him the important member of their family. She couldn't do it, and their divorce was the result. Orange denotes so much vigor, clashes so harshly with the dignified depths of her strength, that it antagonizes her.

Ann's preference is light green. In other words, she requires a sedative rather than a stimulant.

Constance Bennett and Helen Twelvetrees share an antipathy for red. Connie thought this was because she was surfeited with red in her younger days. The numerous hotels in which she stayed while traveling with her father, Dick Bennett, were always decorated in red plush. The hotels may have accentuated the dislike, but was it not instinctive? Connie, like Joan Crawford, must be cooled, not further excited! And her favorite is blue—as Joan's is.

Helen Twelvetrees frequently wears touches of red but if she is forced to sit in a room decorated with it, she becomes so nervous she can scarcely remain. Undoubtedly, this is because Helen does not radiate so strongly to what is upon her as to that which is around her. Some people radiate, you know, more subtly to their surroundings than to themselves. Helen can never wear all red, however. And her favorite is blue!

IRENE DUNNE runs from pastels. Especially lavender. White is her favorite; green a close second.

Pastels, particularly lavender, suggest gentleness; old-fashioned politeness; a wall-flower personality. Irene is modern, with a determined belief in feminine independence. To wit: her insistence upon a career when she has a doctor-husband in New York to support her.

If she had preferred just white, we would have been inclined to believe her cold, dispassionate; but since green is her second choice we must add *ambitious*.

Claudette Colbert's pet is gray; her aversion purple. She also heartily dislikes all bright colors. Now, this *may* mean one of two things. Either Claudette is a colorless, in-between person or she is so highly-strung, tempestuous and radical that bright colors jar upon her because they, too, are tempestuous. They aggravate her natural tendencies. Of course, the latter analysis must be the real one.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S preference is black; she shuns violet or purple. She feels that the ban her mother put upon black in her youthful days created a longing to wear it. She swore she would always use it when she "grew up." The majority of her street clothes are black; many of her evening things are of white or black.

Carole is vivacious and lively. It would take a hurricane of bad luck to uproot her effervescent spirit. She has a quick temper, of course; but her anger is over in a second. She's actually so full of optimistic energy that even dreary black or dead white cannot retard it. Undoubtedly, it soothes her; keeps her in tune with other people.

Yet a seeming contradiction, she dislikes violet and purple. She says that as a child she remembers a particularly crotchety and despicable neighbor who wore a turban of purple violets. In Carole's case, this undoubtedly had much to do with her antipathy. She hates with the same energy that she enjoys! And, also, all half-measures annoy her. Purple is a half-measure. It is akin to black in its effect, but *not* black.

Don't overlook the men. They have their pet shades, also. Color is as vital to their happiness and success as it is to women.

Wallace Beery would rather see his wife in bright yellow than any shade of the rainbow. He believes it is because his Fourth Grade teacher, a colorful brunette whom he adored, usually wore it. To the big, round Wally—called "Jumbo" by the other boys—she was the epitome of daintiness and fragileness. She was undoubtedly the reason for his remaining in the Fourth Grade so long. It was his last. He left school when he could no longer have this teacher.

But we would have *expected* big, jovial, slow-

moving Wally to radiate to the most stimulating color of them all. A yellow necktie gives him the same sensation, to a lesser degree, as airplaning does. He soars out of his heavy, ponderous, physical self.

Bob Montgomery radiates to yellow from the reverse angle. His yellow scarfs, you know, are typical of him. Bob is the type that radiates to a color which casts the same wavelengths as his own personality. Yellow jonquils are his favorite flower. He is crazy about yellow sweaters. The first girl he kissed—he was sixteen and escorted her from a tea-dance in a taxi—was in yellow. Yellow—gaiety; joy; glory; power. Wally seeks yellow to get those qualities; Bob loves yellow because he already has them.

Jade green for Clark Gable! The wife of his first theatrical manager always wore green; there was a large, carved jade ring on her finger; a carved jade handle to her parasol. Her hats had jade pins. To the small town boy, she was the last word in sophistication and big city smartness. And she was kind to him. Today, he always selects gifts of this color. He dislikes red and orange.

Jade green is more of a stimulant than a sedative. It is employed by physicians, for example, who are more and more using color as a therapeutic measure, to stop headaches. The jade green ray stimulates the blood current through the head. But it is a more subtle stimulant than red or orange.

NOW, you can analyze your other favorites. Dorothy Jordan prefers pink; greens and blues depress her. Clive Brook likes red; dislikes purple. Sylvia Sidney hates red; prefers green; Frances Dee loves any shade of blue and detests chartreuse. Fredric March chooses green and avoids yellow. Charlie Farrell selects blue and runs from black and yellow. Ramon Novarro finds comfort from deep, warm reds and browns; dislikes blues, pinks and other delicate colors.

Joan Bennett's favorites are green and blue; her aversion purple. Dolores Del Rio likes bright colors; loathes purple.

Picture stars as a whole avoid reds and purples. Reason? They are too emotional to withstand further energetic vibrations. They are also too sensitive to seek anything as depressing as purple.

Now try this on yourself and your friends.

# The Love-Life of Jimmy Durante

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

phase of our courtship was ended. Then, to my great delight, I discovered that she knew a few words of English, most of which unfortunately are not reproducible in print.

"That's too bad," I admitted.

"Yes and no," he agreed, "but after a few days I taught her the fundamentals of English pronunciation and in no time at all she was talking as good as me."

"Marvelous," I exclaimed, "and then what?"

Mr. Durante yawned. "Oh—the usual thing," he said, "I met someone else."

"Whom?" I asked.

"Does it matter?" he replied with an enigmatic smile. "Possibly, Hedda Hopper—possibly Jean Harlow."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Tell me what Jean Harlow is like."

"You mean what she was like," he corrected.

"Has anything happened to her?" I asked.

"I suppose so," he replied. "When I left her for Lily Damita, she said she was going to commit suicide. Do you mean to say she didn't?"

"I don't believe so," I replied.

"Why, the dirty little liar," was his disdainful comment.

"Poor girl," I murmured.

The Great Lover shrugged his shoulders. "Is it my fault," he asked, "that God has given me this power over women?"

I was forced to admit that it wasn't his fault.

"And yet," I argued, "hasn't there, some time in your life, been one woman—one whom you really loved and wanted to marry?"

His face grew serious and he hesitated a long time before replying. I could see that he was troubled and I almost regretted asking the question. Finally he spoke, "Benchley, old man," he said.

"The name is Stewart," I corrected.

"Stewart, old man," he said, "I am going to tell you something I've never told anyone before."

"Don't, unless you want to," I urged.

"I want to," he replied. "I want to tell you about this girl because I want the world to know that Durante has at last found the perfect woman. A woman who makes all the others seem like shifting sands in the well of time. Oh, I know I've played fast and loose with feminine hearts—I know I've been a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. And now I must pay."

"Pay?" I questioned.

His eyes filled with tears and his voice shook as he spoke the following unbelievable words, "She doesn't love me."

I sprang up aghast. "Impossible," I cried. "A woman doesn't love you—you, whose every glance causes maidens' hearts to



palpitate—you, whose picture is in every high-school girl's room in this country—you, for whom princesses would give kingdoms just to feel your lips brush their necks. Tell me—who is this girl?"

"She's a girl," he replied, "who combines everything that is marvelous with all that is superb. She is a girl who—"

HE couldn't go on. His sobbing increased in intensity and after a few minutes, I arose and prepared to take my adieu. I tiptoed, as quietly as possible, across the thick carpets of the den with the intention of leaving the Great Lover alone with his grief. At the door, I paused and looked back. There he sat, his body shaken with sobbing.

I put my hand on the knob of the door and at the noise of its opening, he slowly turned and faced me.

With tears streaming down his cheeks and his lips trembling, he bravely tried to smile and my heart went out to him.

"Wait," he whispered.  
"And I waited as he struggled with his emotions. Finally, he got control of himself and with trembling lips he spoke.

"Tell my public," he said, "tell my public that the only girl that Jimmy Durante ever loved—"

"Yes?" I asked, for he had once more given away to his emotion.

"The only girl that the Great Lover of the Audible Screen ever loved is—"  
I waited and at last his lips formed the words. "Marie Dressler."

He sank back once more into his chair and I closed the door softly behind me, leaving him alone with his grief.



# Despondent Young Girls

**S**HE LOOKS despondent, worn out and depressed. Young girls budding into womanhood often get wistful. They should be watched.

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So that our readers need not miss a single issue of Photoplay during the \$1000.00 Picture Puzzle Contest we are making a special six months rate of

(See page 65 for full details regarding Contest)

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. Many of our readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Contest Six Months' rate, send \$1.25 (Canada \$1.75; Foreign \$1.75)—and we will start your Six Months' Subscription with the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Use the convenient blank below.

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



# The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

## STRANGER IN TOWN—Warners

TOO bad there's only one characterization for Chic Sale. When you've seen him in one, you've seen all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. He's the antiquated and only groceryman in a small town until a chain store busts in. His business slumps, his granddaughter marries his competitor, his friends forget—until the end. Then good little fairies fix everything! Kids will love it.

## THE TEXAS BAD MAN—Universal

TOM MIX can shoot, ride and act himself into everyone's interest. As an officer of the law he impersonates a desperado in order to trap a band of outlaws. Tom, interested in the sister of the gang leader, outshoots the mob during a bank robbery and wins the girl. Tony, his horse, is featured, and everyone is sure of a thrilling evening.

## THE JEWEL ROBBERY—Warners

A SMART little trick that tries too desperately to be cleverer than it is. The picture strains for smartness and a bit of naughtiness. Just the same, a gay job, with Kay Francis excellent as a lovely baroness and William Powell fine as a handsome and amorous burglar. The banter is bright and some of the situations fascinating but, somehow, the picture just fails to click as a truly clever film.

## WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox

BIG Victor McLaglen is head man of this rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spy-glass. Lots of action, with fights galore, and enough romance to please the sentimentally inclined. You don't believe it, but you don't want to, anyhow. Vic is good, in his swashbuckling way, and Billy Bakewell and Helen Mack take care of the love situation nicely.

## THE BIG PARADE— M-G-M—Reissued with Sound

THE youthful Jack Gilbert of seven years ago still initiates the little French peasant girl (Renee Adoree) into the mysteries of American gum-chewing. And the grim lines of American doughboys advancing through a forest infested with German snipers hold the same thrill as when "The Big Parade" won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for 1925. Sound effects have been skilfully introduced. Well worth seeing again.

## BIG CITY BLUES—Warners

JUST another version of the innocent youth who goes to New York, is taken in by the wrong crowd, loses his heart and his money and is back home in three days. Joan Blondell and Eric Linden make an interesting couple, by sheer contrast, in this drama of New York . . . gayety that turns to ashes when a member of a wild party is accidentally killed.

## A MAN'S LAND— First Division-Allied

CATTLE rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding and we have another Western. Hoot becomes part owner of a ranch in this one with Marion Shilling owning the other half. The local banker attempts to steal Hoot's cattle and plenty of excitement follows. Beautiful shots fine riding, a dandy story and a good time for all.

## PASSPORT TO PARADISE— Mayfair Pictures

ONE of those made-in-a-week "quickies" meant for people who enjoy their adventure by proxy. Jack Mulhall is left two cents and a pair of pants. If he gets around the



Acme

See here, young woman, is that any way to dress in a courtroom? And standing right on the judge's desk, too. Tut, tut! But three-year-old Jackie Lyn got her contract to appear in "Our Gang" comedies approved by law just the same. She will make \$100 a week the first year and \$175 the second—which ought to keep her in lollipops for quite some little while

world in three months his reward will be \$4,000,000. He meets Princess Blanche Mehaffey, whose loveliness inspires hope for further reward. Not even a cheap production can spoil that will-he-make-it interest.

## FLAMES—First Division-Monogram

IF you do not thrill at the sound of a fire-engine siren you had better stay home when this is shown. But if you like the fire-boys,

you have a treat in store for you. This is no fake fire. Likeable Johnny Mack Brown is the hero.

## MONTE CARLO MADNESS— UFA-First Division

HERE'S the picture that Sari Maritza, now being ballyhooed in this country as one of the coming glamour girls, made abroad. Although the music is tuneful, the dialogue in English and the atmosphere charming, it's not a knock-out. Sari plays the rôle of a petulant queen. She looks beautiful, but you'd better wait awhile to see whether she can act or not.

## TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia

ANOTHER villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch by hook or crook. Mostly crook. And Tim McCoy finds himself homeless and accused of murder. Nothing new or exciting in this one. A beautiful, well-trained horse is the highlight.

## FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS— Paramount

SARI MARITZA is new. The flash-backs are old. The story is tripe. They took a lot of stuff from C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" (and is it funny now!) and stuck it into a yarn about modern Russia, or rather, Hollywood's conception of modern Russia. You can't tell whether Sari is a comer or not when even such good actors as Gene Raymond and Irving Pichel fail to come through with such material.

## THE MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES— World Wide

YOU won't guess the identity of Bob Steele until the end of this Western. As an escaped convict he goes back to a small mining town where he becomes a deputy to the sheriff. Things pop from then on. Lots of gun play, fast horsemanship and flying fists. Pretty Nancy Drexel provides the feminine interest.

## THE MIDNIGHT LADY— Chesterfield

STILL another mother makes the supreme sacrifice for her child. The old Madame X story, but with enough interest to make a fair evening's entertainment. Sarah Padden gives a sincere performance as a child-deserter and Johnny Darrow, Claudia Dell and Theodore Von Eltz add new strength to an old story.

## THE SILVER LINING— Patrician Pictures

NOT quite just another picture, but near it. Betty Compson saves it from being that. Maureen O'Sullivan, as the self-centered girl of wealth, learns how the lower class live after serving a term in jail. John Warburton is the poor young lawyer Maureen finally marries. If you must see a picture, this will do.

## THEY NEVER COME BACK— First Division-Artclass

A MILDLY dull little picture about a prize fighter, a sweet night club entertainer and a wayward brother. Regis Toomey's smile and Dorothy Sebastian's hula dance are its two redeeming features.



**THE RINGER—  
First Division-Gainsborough**

A JOLLY little mystery story from jolly old England in which a murderer with an uncanny flare for disguising himself in different ways gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. From the pen of the late Edgar Wallace, the yarn is well worked out and will please mystery addicts.

**RIDERS OF THE DESERT—  
World Wide**

BOB STEELE rides at a fast pace through this tale of rangers who keep desert outlaws at the point of a gun. The story opens with the

rangers disbanding by order of the governor, but when a member is shot in the back, they ride forth to avenge his death. Plenty of gunfire and action. Gertie Messinger is the fair object of Steele's softer moods!

**THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—  
Mascot Pictures Corp.**

THE war-whoop of the warring Hurons sends this serialization of the great Cooper classic off to a thrilling start. You who trembled over the daring exploits of *Hawkeye*, *Uncas* and *The Sagamore*, must follow this from the first episode to the last. The first chapter leaves Hobart Bosworth, Harry Carey and Edwina Booth facing imminent death! Ah-ha!



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**Here's a New \$500  
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Read the rules carefully  
before hunting words

1. Thirty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

- First Prize . . . . . \$200.00
- Second Prize . . . . . 100.00
- Third Prize . . . . . 50.00
- Thirty Prizes of \$5.00 Each . . . . . 150.00

2. In this issue PHOTOPLAY Magazine has designated throughout the editorial pages in **blackface** type sixty words. When fifty of these words (not including the word blackface in the rules) are assembled they tell a little tale of picture people. \$500.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correct story from these fifty assembled words.

3. Solutions are to be written on one side of the paper only. The full name and correct address of the contestant should be written or typewritten on the same sheet of paper as the solution.

4. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to participate in this Treasure Hunt. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, from which the words can be copied, may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the

publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

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

6. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant. Neatness in submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes.

7. The August issue contest will close at Midnight, September 5. All solutions received to the moment of Midnight, September 5, will be considered. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The prize winners will be announced in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, which goes on sale on or about October 15. No solutions will be returned.

8. All solutions are to be sent to TREASURE HUNT EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The list of winners of PHOTOPLAY'S Treasure Hunt for April will be found on page 125

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# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander  
Adrienne Allen  
Ardienne Ames  
Richard Arlen  
George Bancroft  
Tallulah Bankhead  
George Barbier  
Richard Bennett  
John Breeden  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Claudette Colbert  
Juliette Compton  
Jackie Coogan  
Robert Coogan  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Claire Dodd  
Stuart Erwin  
Wynne Gibson

Cary Grant  
Phillips Holmes  
Miriam Hopkins  
Carole Lombard  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Florine McKinney  
Fredric March  
Sari Maritza  
Marx Brothers  
Chester Morris  
Jack Oake  
Irving Pichel  
George Raft  
Gene Raymond  
Charlie Ruggles  
Randolph Scott  
Sylvia Sydney  
Alison Skipworth  
Charles Starrett  
Kent Taylor  
Jerry Tucker

Jimmy Durante  
Madge Evans  
Wallace Ford  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Ralph Graves  
Charlotte Greenwood  
Nora Gregor  
William Haines  
Louise Closser Hale  
Helen Hayes  
Jean Hersholt  
Hedda Hopper  
Walter Huston  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton  
Myrna Loy

Joan Marsh  
Una Merkel  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Polly Moran  
Karen Morley  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Anita Page  
Margaret Perry  
May Robson  
Ruth Selwyn  
Norma Shearer  
Lewis Stone  
Veree Teasdale  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Robert Young

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Stan Laurel

Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton  
Thelma Todd

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Arledge  
Warner Baxter  
Ralph Bellamy  
Joan Bennett  
John Boles  
El Brendel  
William Collier, Sr.  
James Dunn  
Sally Eilers  
Charles Farrell  
Janet Gaynor  
Minna Gombell  
Bert Hanlon  
Weldon Heyburn  
Matty Kemp  
J. M. Kerrigan  
Alexander Kirkland

Elissa Landi  
Nora Lane  
Edmund Lowe  
Helen Mack  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Thomas Meighan  
Ralph Morgan  
Greta Nissen  
Marian Nixon  
George O'Brien  
Lawrence O'Sullivan  
Cecelia Parker  
William Pawley  
Arthur Pierson  
Will Rogers  
Raul Roulien  
Peggy Shannon  
Spencer Tracy

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong  
Rosco Ates  
Constance Bennett  
Bruce Cabot  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Creighton Chaney  
Lita Chevert  
Ricardo Cortez  
Dolores Del Rio  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Jill Esmond  
Roberta Gale  
John Halliday  
Ann Harding  
Julie Haydon  
Hugh Herbert  
Leslie Howard  
Rochelle Hudson  
Zita Johann

Arline Judge  
Tom Keene  
Kitty Kelly  
Eric Linden  
Phillips "Seth Parker"  
Lord  
Anita Louise  
Joel McCrea  
Ken Murray  
Edna May Oliver  
Laurence Olivier  
Eddie Quillan  
Gregory Ratoff  
Ned Sparks  
Helen Twelvetrees  
Polly Walters  
Ruth Weston  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey  
Fay Wray

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton  
Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ina Claire  
Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita  
Melvyn Douglas  
Billie Dove

Douglas Fairbanks  
Greta Granstedt  
Jean Harlow  
Al Jolson  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St

Eddie Buzzell  
Richard Cromwell  
Constance Cummings  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones

Barbara Stanwyck  
Genevieve Tobin  
John Wayne  
Barbara Weeks

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Frank Albertson  
Lew Ayres  
Noah Beery, Jr.  
Tala Birell  
Tom Brown  
Lucile Browne  
Mae Clarke  
June Clyde  
Andy Devine  
Arletta Duncan  
Sidney Fox

James Gleason  
Neil Hamilton  
Russell Hopton  
Boris Karloff  
Bela Lugosi  
Paul Lukas  
Tom Mix  
ZaSu Pitts  
Mickey Rooney  
Onslow Stevens  
Slim Summerville

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss  
Richard Barthelmess  
Joan Blondell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
Anthony Bushell  
Charles Butterworth  
James Cagney  
Ruth Chatterton  
Donald Cook  
Bebe Daniels  
Bette Davis  
Adrienne Dore  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Preston Foster  
Kay Francis  
Ruth Hall

Ralf Harolde  
Guy Kibbee  
Allan Lane  
Andre Luguet  
Ben Lyon  
Mae Madison  
David Manners  
Vivienne Osborne  
William Powell  
Edward G. Robinson  
Chas. "Chic" Sale  
Gloria Shea  
Lysle Talbot  
Lee Tracy  
Warren William  
John Wray  
Loretta Young

## 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, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther  
William Bakewell  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Virginia Bruce

Mary Carlisle  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Kathryn Crawford  
Marion Davies  
Marie Dressler

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



Here's the Corinne Griffith of fifteen years ago in "Miss Ambition." Sure, that's a funny hat, but Corinne's beauty can't be hidden. Too long away from the screen, she will soon be seen in an English film, "Lily Christine." Sorry we're unable to remember the name of the elegant dandy who acted with her in this old still

## 15 Years Ago

THE United States was at war and we reported that all the stars were doing their "bit," and proved it by pictures of Enid Bennett, Sylvia Breamer and Olive Thomas taking instruction in a nurses' class. How were we to know that when chauvinistic hysteria had died down the greatest preachments against war were to come from the screen in pictures like "All Quiet on the Western Front."

But, in spite of the dark shadows cast by the war clouds, we found time to hail the newest screen idol. Antonio Moreno was the lad that caused all those long sighs from the girls of fifteen years ago. Now Tony, having finished directing a picture in Mexico, sits back and listens to the folk sing psalms of praise to Clark Gable, Johnny Weissmuller and George Raft. But Tony was as big in his day as these.

Another new discovery was a girl who had just played a bit in William Farnum's "A Tale of Two Cities," and we tossed off the prophecy that Florence Vidor would be a star some day. She lived up to expectations but now she is content with being a wife and mother. Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, is her husband, you know.

Lionel Barrymore was the first big stage personality to enter pictures, but what neither we nor Lionel knew was that this great actor was to wait almost fifteen years for his greatness to be recognized by Hollywood.

Jackie Saunders was the girl on the cover and our leading gallery picture was of Corinne Griffith, whom we called, even then, the most beautiful girl on the screen. Others in the gallery were Harry Hilliard, Julia Sanderson, George Webb (Esther Ralston's husband now), Mrs. Vernon Castle, William Davidson, Sylvia Breamer and Mary Pickford.

Films reviewed included Norma Talmadge in "Poppy," Sessue Hayakawa in "The Jaguar's Claws," Mary Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods," Gail Kane (remember her?) in "The Upper Crust," and Wallace Reid in "The Squaw Man's Son."

Cal York item: Taylor Holmes has quit the stage for the movies (and now Taylor's son Phillips is a swell actor like his dad).

## 10 Years Ago

THIS was a busy month for PHOTOPLAY reporters and Cal York recorded a number of vital statistics which are interesting to look back upon now. Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford had just confirmed the rumor of their engagement; Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton were the proud parents of a son; Rudolph Valentino had just been freed of bigamy charges (remember about his Mexican marriage to Natacha Rambova before his divorce was final?); Mary Pickford's divorce from Owen Moore was at last upheld and Mabel Normand had sailed for England, telling her friends that she was tired and needed a rest. Poor Mabel—she knew that she was more than just tired.

Our cameraman caught Eric Von Stroheim at a mountain retreat where he was preparing his script for some new big picture. At that time Von was at his directorial height—Hollywood's most vivid personality, known, loved and feared. Strange that he should be only acting now (you can see him in Garbo's "As You Desire Me") when he can tell most directors tricks they never knew before. Poor Von! His life has been one of the stormiest upon the Hollywood sea.

Madge Bellamy was the girl on the cover and the gallery stars were Mary Pickford, Alice Terry, Bert Lytell, Jackie Coogan (looking for all the world like Robert does now), Constance and Norma Talmadge, Tony Moreno and Nita Naldi.

The best pictures—although we admitted it was a slim month—were "Nanook of the North," "Nero," "Sonny," "Our Leading Citizen," "Salome" and "Her Back Against the Wall."

## 5 Years Ago

JUST above, in the ten years ago section, you'll see that Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford were soon to be married. Five years ago Marilyn was in Paris to get a divorce. In fact, there was an epidemic of divorces in Hollywood just then. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan; Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh; Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reach—all had come to the parting of the ways. And the erstwhile matinee idol, Maurice Costello, was separated from his wife. That separation was the cause of a rift in the Costello family that only the last few months have patched up, for Dolores and Helene sided with their mother and did not see their father for years.

We were thrilled and excited—as was the rest of the world—by Gloria Swanson's purchase of Jeanne Eagels' stage success, "Rain," and we wondered if she dared make it, as Will Hays banned it. The picture was finally called "Sadie Thompson" and now, just five years later, with Gloria in London, Joan Crawford is playing *Sadie Thompson* for the talkies.

A strange and tragic death was that of Einar Hansen, a young Swedish lad signed about the same time Garbo was, and an intimate friend of Garbo. He was killed in an automobile accident and there are folks who will tell you that the occurrence cast a cloud over Garbo's happiness and partly accounts for her mystery.

The girl on the cover was Olive Borden and the gallery included Clara Bow, Eleanor Boardman, Thomas Meighan, Buddy Rogers, Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong.

The six best pictures were "The Way of All Flesh," "The Unknown," "Cradle Snatchers," "The World at Her Feet," "The Woman on Trial" and "Man Power."

Cal York items: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Helene Costello are going together. . . . Bebe Daniels and Charlie Paddock are no longer engaged to be married. . . . Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo are going to play opposite each other in "Love."



JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

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*Shall we take the children?*

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## PHOTOPLAY

The News  
and Fashion Magazine  
of the Screen

## You Pick the Stars

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68 ]

ward skid. Billy rented his big house to Tallulah Bankhead, stopped giving parties which included bouquets of orchids for every lady present, moved into a little apartment and immediately began doing some good serious work again.

Bill was great, in an entirely different type of rôle, in "Are You Listening?"

Many stars waste their energies amusing Hollywood when they really should be amusing you.

Personality is a strange thing—that something that seems to reach out from the screen and take an audience by storm. It very often hasn't a thing to do with great acting for, as a rule, if a star has the sort of **personality** an audience likes it doesn't matter what she does on the screen.

If she hasn't got it—well, it matters even less.

TAKE the case of Sylvia Sidney, for instance. That girl has had the biggest picture breaks Hollywood had to offer—"Street Scene," "Ladies of the Big House," "An American Tragedy."

Everybody admits that she's a great actress, but so far she has failed to be a tremendous personal favorite with you fans.

Some warm, vital quality is lacking within her. For all her smoldering eyes and her alluring mouth, there is something cold about Sylvia that can't be hidden.

Yet, Tallulah Bankhead has had a series of bad pictures and her personality has clicked in spite of it.

If ever the Bankhead girl gets the right film stories she'll skyrocket, for her personality gets through that silver screen.

Now if Tallulah just had Sylvia's chance in grand screen material—what a star she would be.

Besides those already mentioned, here are the stars you've made—Clara Bow (producers laughed at her when she applied for her first jobs); Barbara Stanwyck (Hollywood said she was a complete flop in her first picture); Una Merkel (they didn't see her as a comedienne, wanted to play her as a second Gish, then by good luck she got a comedy rôle and you said she was swell); Joan Crawford (just another chorus girl given a small contract—you discovered Joan and don't forget it); Wynne Gibson (played small parts until you started yelling for her and they had to star her in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane"); Minna Gombell (they thought all she was good for was to teach other actresses how to speak and walk correctly. She begged for the rôle of *Edna* in "Bad Girl," got it, and you said "Okay, Minna").

YOU don't enjoy being told whom you should like and whom you shouldn't.

With much ballyhoo Ina Claire was brought to Hollywood.

She was a great stage star, she had a tremendous following on Broadway, and while she has done some highly creditable movie jobs she has not made a sensation.

Yet Helen Hayes is also a great stage star, and in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith" she clicked with you one hundred per cent.

Marlene Dietrich is an exception. She was a Hollywood-made, publicity-made star. But you liked her.

She was dished out to you on a silver platter. She's the only one I can think of who was handed to you that you took!

So don't let the producers tell you different. That little theater in your own home town is the real talent testing and casting office of the cinema world!



# Winners of Photoplay's Big Treasure Hunt

WHEN PHOTOPLAY Magazine announced, in the April issue, its first Treasure Hunt Prize Contest, we had not anticipated so tremendous a response from our readers. But as the volume of entries began to roll in we awoke to the fact that we had started something. The Treasure Hunt, a new kind of contest invented by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, obviously gave everyone that tried it a lot of fun, for a good many thousands were trying it.

When the contest closed at the stipulated hour, midnight of May 5th, so enormous a volume of entries had been received that it was impossible to go through all of them carefully in time for announcement in the July issue. Every state in the Union was many times represented and nineteen foreign countries be-

sides. If a large map of the United States were stuck with pins, each one representing a contest entrant, the map would resemble a bristling forest. And for many large centers of population pins of another color, representing fifty or a hundred entrants each, would have to be used to find room for them in the right place.

Because of the great success of this contest and because of the tremendous interest shown in it by our readers, PHOTOPLAY Magazine is offering you another Treasure Hunt with thirty-three prizes. Announcement and conditions of the new contest will be found on page 121, this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Below are the names of the winning contestants—and the amounts they were awarded—of the April Treasure Hunt:

**First Prize \$200**

ROBERT N. COGSWELL  
929 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio

**Second Prize \$100**

MILDRED GLOVER  
Savannah Beach, Ga.

**Third Prize \$50**

MARY WELSH  
31 Fourth Ave., Roebbling, N.J.

**Five Dollar Prizes**

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Montevallo, Ala.

MRS. GEORGE J. LONG  
188 Grafton Ave., Newark, N.J.

E. L. MARMON  
1041 Sterrick Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.

WALTER A. NEAFIE  
Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, N. Y.

LOUISE TWYFORD  
200 Chittenden Ave., Crestwood, N. Y.

MRS. OTTO G. JENSEN  
819 North St., Logansport, Ind.

MARY COOPER DOWLING  
423 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N. J.

HOLMES WHITTEN EASTBURN  
3712 Baring St., Philadelphia, Penna.

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148 Cunningham Ave., St. Augustine, Fla.

MISS NATALIE G. ADAMS  
646 Pine St., Chester, Ill.

ELEANOR JULIETTE MINDECK  
2606 Seymour Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

IRENE E. JOHNSON  
2627 West 2nd St., Duluth, Minn.

MRS. LOVICK PIERCE HALEY  
1310 N. State St., Jackson, Miss.

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4786 Oak Terrace, Merchantville, N. J.

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4320 S. Tacoma Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

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707 Roosevelt St., Warren, Ohio

MISS CHARLOTTE SAPAUGH  
523 W. 35th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

MRS. L. S. DAVIS  
412 Adams Ave., Cottage Grove, Ore.

MRS. C. O. RUSSEY  
1605 Ash St., Commerce, Tex.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS"—FOX.—From the play "Precious" by James Forbes. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Andrew Hoyt*, Adolphe Menjou; *Stella*, Minna Gombell; *Oliver Denton*, Arthur Picon; *Eva Mills*, Joan Marsh; *Luke Radloff*, Alan Dinehart; *Jane*, Irene Purcell; *Ramon*, Don Alvarado; *Jepson*, Herbert Mundin.

"BIG CITY BLUES"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ward Morehouse. Adapted by Lillie Hayward and Ward Morehouse. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Vida*, Joan Blondell; *Bud*, Eric Linden; *Faun*, Iacq Courtney; *Jo-Jo*, Evalyn Knapp; *Hummel*, Guy Kibbee; *Sully*, Lyle Talbot; *Agnes*, Gloria Shea; *Gibbons*, Walter Catlett; *Serena*, Jobyna Howland; *Adkins*, Humphrey Bogart; *Jackie*, Josephine Dunn; *Station Agent*, Grant Mitchell; *Quelkin*, Thomas Jackson; *Stackhouse*, Ned Sparks; *Lorna*, Sheila Terry; *Red*, Tom Dugan; *Mabel*, Betty Gillette; *Baggage master*, Edward McWade.

"BIG PARADE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Laurence Stallings. Scenario by Harry Behn. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *James Apperson*, John Gilbert; *Melisande*, Rence Adoree; *Justyn Reed*, Claire Adams; *Harry*, Robert Ober; *Mr. Apperson*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Apperson*, Claire McDowell; *French mother*, Rosita Marstini; *Bull*, Tom O'Brien; *Flynn*, Karl Dane.

"BLESSED EVENT"—WARNERS.—From the play by Manuel Seff and Forrest Wilson. Adapted by Howard Green. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Alvin*, Lee Tracy; *Gladys*, Mary Brian; *Frankie*, Allen Jenkins; *Miss Stevens*, Ruth Donnelly; *Moxley*, Ned Sparks; *Bunny Harmon*, Dick Powell; *Moskowitz*, Milton Wallace; *Gobel*, Edwin Maxwell; *Alvin's Mother*, Emma Dunn; *Miller*, Walter Walker; *Office Boy*, Bobby Gordon; *Dorothy Lane*, Isabel Jewel; *Miss Bauman*, Ruth Hall; *Hanson*, George Chandler; *Reilly*, Frank McHugh; *Cooper*, Tom Dugan; *Boldt*, Walter Miller; *Flint*, William Halligan; *Church*, George Meeker; *Shapiro*, Jess DeVorska; *Bell Boy*, Harold Waldridge; *Emil*, Herman Bing; *Kane*, Charles Levinson; *Louis De Marco*, Jack LaRue; *Joe*, Lew Harvey.

"DARK HORSE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Joseph Jackson and Courtenay Terrett. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Hal Blake*, Warren William; *Kay*, Bette Davis; *Hicks*, Guy Kibbee; *Joe*, Frank McHugh; *Maybelle*, Vivienne Osborne; *Black*, Sam Hardy; *Clark*, Robert Warwick; *Jones*, Harry Holman; *Green*, Charles Sellon; *Sheriff*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Underwood*, Burton Churchill.

"DOCTOR X"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Howard W. Comstock and Allen C. Miller. Adapted by Robert Tasker and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Doctor Xavier*, Lionel Atwill; *Joan*, Fay Wray; *Dr. Wells*, Preston Foster; *Lee*, Lee Tracy; *Otto*, George Rosener; *Mamie*, Leila Bennett; *Dr. Rowitz*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Dr. Haines*, John Wray; *Dr. Duke*, Harry Beresford; *Stevens*, Robert Warwick; *O'Halloran*, Willard Robertson; *Editor*, Thomas Jackson; *Policeman*, Harry Holman; *Sheriff*, Tom Dugan; *The Madame*, Mae Busch.

"FLAMES"—FIRST DIVISION-MONOGRAM.—From the story by Karl Brown and Lee Chadwick. Directed by Karl Brown. The cast: *Charlie*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Pat*, Noel Francis; *Fishy*, George Cooper; *Gertie*, Marjorie Beebe; *Garson*, Richard Tucker; *Jake*, Russell Simpson; *Pete*, Kit Guard.

"FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by James B. Fagan and Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Louis Gasnier and William W. Schorr. The cast: *Anya*, Sari Maritza; *Paul Ossip*, Gene Raymond; *Marya Ossip*, Marguerite Churchill; *Prof. Marinoff*, Irving Pichel; *Priest*, Harry Beresford; *Doctor*, Edward Van Sloan; *Gregor*, Kent Taylor; *Registrar*, Frankie Adams; *1st Orator*, John Peter Richmond; *2nd Orator*, William Shawhan; *Ivan Ivanovitch*, Joseph Sauers; *Burly Student*, Boris Bullock; *2nd Student*, Allan Fox; *Room Clerk*, John Deering; *Officer*, Harry Cording; *Divorce Clerk*, Florence Shreve; *Nurse*, Helen Carlyle.

"IGLOO"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Ewing Scott. Narrative by Edward T. Lowe and Wilfred Lucas. Narrator, Gayne Whitman. Directed by Ewing Scott. The cast: *Native hunter and leader*, Chee-Ak; *The native girl*, Kyatuk; *Her brother*, Toyuk; *Her father*, Lanak; *Medicine Man*, Nah-Shuk.

"IS MY FACE RED?"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Ben Markson and Allen Rivkin. Adapted by Ben Markson and Casey Robinson. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Peggy Bannon*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Hilliam Poster*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mildred Huntington*, Jill Esmond; *Ed Maloney*, Robert Armstrong; *Bea*, Arline Judge; *Telephone Operator*, ZaSu Pitts; *Tony Mugatti*, Sidney Toler; *Ilorace*, Clarence Muse; *Angelo Spinello*, Fletcher Norton.

"JEWEL ROBBERY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Ladislaus Fodor. Adapted by Erwin Gelsey. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Robber*, William Powell; *Teri*, Kay Francis; *Paul*, Hardie Albright; *Count Rudolf*, Andre Luguet;

*Franz*, Henry Kolker; *Hollander*, Lee Kohlmar; *Lenz*, Spencer Charters; *Fritz*, C. Henry Gordon; *Henri*, Robert Greig; *Marianne*, Helen Vinson; *Professor*, Lawrence Grant; *Manager*, Jacques Vanaire; *Clark*, Harold Minier; *Chauffeur*, Ivan Linow; *Leopold*, Harold Waldridge; *Concierge*, Charles Coleman; *Alpine Tourist*, Herman Bing; *Maid*, Ruth Donnelly; *The Commissionary*, Clarence Wilson.

"LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE"—MASCOT PICTURES CORP.—From the book by James Fenimore Cooper. Adapted by Ford Beebe, Jack Natteford, Colbert Clark and Wyndham Gittens. Directed by Ford Beebe and B. Reeves Eason. The cast: *Hawkeye*, Harry Carey; *Cora*, Edwina Booth; *The Sagamore*, Hobart Bosworth; *Major Duncan Heywood*, Walter Miller; *Uncas*, Junior Coghlan; *Alice*, Lucile Browne; *Dulac*, Walter McGrail; *Magua*, Bob Kortman; *David Gamut*, Nelson McDowell; *Colonel Munro*, Edward Hearn; *General Montcalm*, Mischa Auer; *General Stanwix*, Alvan Cavan; *Red Wing*, Jewel Richford; *Huron Indians*, Big Eagle, Big Tree, Whitefeather, High Eagle, Little Pine; *Stunts* by Yakima Canutt.

"MAKE ME A STAR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Merton of the Movies" by Harry Leon Wilson and play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Screen play by Sam Mintz, Walter De Leon and Arthur Kober. Directed by William S. Beaudine. The cast: *Flips Montague*, Joan Blondell; *Merton Gill*, Stuart Erwin; *Mrs. Scudder*, ZaSu Pitts; *Ben*, Ben Turpin; *Mr. Cashwiler*, Charles Sellon; *Mrs. Cashwiler*, Florence Roberts; *Tessie Kearns*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Hardy Powell*, Arthur Hoyt; *Buck Benson*, George Templeton; *The Countess*, Ruth Donnelly; *Jeff Baird*, Sam Hardy; *Henshaw*, Oscar Apfel; *Ma Patterson*, Kathrin Clare Warde; *Chuck Collins*, Frank Mills; *Doris Randall*, Polly Walters; *Fellow Actors*, Victor Potel, Bobby Vernon, Snub Pollard, Billy Bletcher, Bud Jamieson and Nick Thompson.

"MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by R. N. Bradbury. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *"Flash" Manning*, Bob Steele; *Betty Williams*, Nancy Drexel; *Sheriff Williams*, Robert Homans; *Ellobo*, Julian Rivero; *"Shamrock"*, George Hayes; *"Half Pint"*, Pewee Holmes; *Danti*, Perry Murdock; *Morgan*, Earl Dwire; *The Drake Brothers*, Dick Dickinson, Buck Carey.



Now it's bibs that are elected to be a new fad for all you smart girls. Nancy Carroll introduced the bib scarf to Hollywood in the manner you see above. Her turban and handbag are made of the same blue and white polka dotted rough crepe as the scarf. Nancy says you can wear the scarf tied in back, or tied in front and worn in the same fashion as a sailor collar

"MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Nell Blackwell and Rowland G. Edwards. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Sylvia Suffolk*, Claudette Colbert; *Capt. Tony Clyde*, Clive Brook; *Rene Gaudin*, Charles Boyer; *Sieve Hand*, Andy Devine; *Dr. Waite*, Alan Mowbray; *Tony's cocotte*, Yola D'Avril; *Andy's cocotte*, Barbara Leonard; *Baby Tony*, Ronald Cosbey; *A Priest*, Emil Chautard.

"MAN'S LAND, A"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—From the story and screen play by Adel Buffington. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Tex Mason*, Hoot Gibson; *Peggy Turner*, Marion Shilling; *Skeeter*, Skeeter Bill Robbins; *Flossie*, Ethel Wales; *Thomas*, Robert Ellis; *Steve*, Al Bridge; *Joe*, Charles King; *Jake*, the Cook, Hal Burney; *Pudge*, Bill Nye.

"MERRILY WE GO TO HELL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan" by Cleo Lucas. Scenario by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Joan*, Sylvia Sidney; *Jerry*, Fredric March; *Claire*, Adrienne Allen; *Buck*, Skeets Gallagher; *Actor*, Cary Grant; *Charlie*, Florence Britton; *Pi*, Esther Howard; *Damery*, Charles Coleman; *Prentice*, George Irving; *Dick*, Kent Taylor.

"MIDNIGHT LADY, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Nita St. George*, Sarah Padden; *Bert*, John Darrow; *Jean Austin*, Claudia Dell; *Byron Crosby*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Harvey Austin*, Montagu Love; *Grandma Austin*, Lucy Beaumont; *Mona*, Lina Basquette; *Don Austin*, Donald Keith; *District Attorney*, Brandon Hurst; *Tony*, B. Wayne Lamont.

"MONTE CARLO MADNESS"—UFA-FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Hans Mueller and Franz Schulz. Directed by Hanns Schwarz. The cast: *Yola*, Sari Maritza; *Erickson*, Hans Albers; *Peter*, Charles Redgie; *Isabel*, Helen Haye; *Consul*, John Deverill; *Chief Engineer*, Thomas Weguelin; *Casino Director*, Philipp Manning; *Prime Minister*, C. Hooper Trask.

"PASSPORT TO PARADISE"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by George B. Seitz. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Bob*, Jack Mullah; *Elsa*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Gordon Battle*, Eddie Phillips; *Amos Turkle*, William Burt; *Norma*, Gloria Joy; *Ship Captain*, John Ince.

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"—FOX.—From the play by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. Screen play by S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Rebecca*, Marian Nixon; *Dr. Ladd*, Ralph Bellamy; *Aunt Jane*, Mae Marsh; *Aunt Miranda*, Louise Closser Hale; *Mr. Cobb*, Alphonse Ethier; *Mrs. Cobb*, Sarah Padden; *Mr. Simpson*, Alan Hale; *Mrs. Simpson*, Eula Guy; *Emma Jane*, Charlotte Henry; *Mrs. Randall*, Claire McDowell; *Jack-O-Lantern*, Ronald Harris; *Jacob*, Willis Marks; *Pig Woman*, Lucille Ward; *John Randall*, Tommy Conlon; *Billy Randall*, Wally Albright.

"RED HEADED WOMAN"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Katharine Brush. Screen play by Anita Loos. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lil Andrews*, Jean Harlow; *Bill Legendre*, Jr., Chester Morris; *William Legendre*, Sr., Lewis Stone; *Irene*, Leila Hyams; *Sally*, Una Merkel; *Gaerste*, Henry Stephenson; *Aunt Jane*, May Robson; *Albert*, Charles Boyer; *Uncle Fred*, Harvey Clark.

"RESERVED FOR LADIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Max*, Leslie Howard; *King*, George Grossmith; *Countess*, Benita Hume; *Sylvia Robertson*, Elizabeth Allan; *Robertson*, Morton Seltton; *Aline*, Maritza Hunt; *Chef*, Gilbert Davis; *Duchess*, Anne Esmond; *Sir William Carter*, Cyril Ritchard; *Innkeeper*, Ben Field.

"RIDERS OF THE DESERT"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Wellwyn Totman. Adapted by Wellwyn Totman. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *Bob Houston*, Bob Steele; *Barbara Reynolds*, Gertrude Messinger; *Slim*, Al St. John; *Hashknife*, George Hayes; *Houston*, John Elliott; *Capt. Reynolds*, H. B. Carpenter; *Gomez*, Jose Dominguez; *Apache Kid*, Greg Whitespear; *Bucky*, Louis Carver; *Cochimo*, Tex O'Neil.

"RINGER, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story "The Gaunt Stranger" by Edgar Wallace. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Dr. Lombard*, Patric Curwen; *Maurice Meister*, Franklin Dyall; *Cora Ann Milton*, Carol Goodner; *Samuel Hackett*, Gordon Harker; *Johnny Lenley*, Esmond Knight; *Sergeant Carter*, Arthur Stratton; *Inspector Bliss*, Henry Hallett; *Mary Lenley*, Dorothy Bardam; *Gwenda Milton*, Kathleen Joyce; *Det.-Inspector Wembury*, John Longden; *Assistant Commissioner of Police*, Eric Stanley.

"ROAR OF THE DRAGON"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by George Kibbe Turner, Merian C. Cooper and Jane Bigelow. Screen play by Howard



Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Carson, Richard Dix; *Natascha*, Gwili Andre; *Busby*, Edward Everett Horton; *Helen*, Arline Judge; *Gabby Tourist*, ZaSu Pitts; *Johnson*, Dudley Digges; *Kiang*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sholem*, Arthur Stone; *Dr. Prausnitz*, William Orlamond.

"SILVER LINING, THE"—PATRICIAN PICTURES.—From the story by Hal Conklin. Adapted by Alan Crosland and Gertrude Orr. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joyce Moore*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Kate Flynn*, Betty Compton; *Larry Clark*, John Warburton; *Michael Moore*, Montagu Love; *Doris Lee*, Mary Doran; *Jerry*, Cornelius Keefe; *Matron*, Martha Mattox; *Bobby O'Brien*, Wally Albright; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Grace Valentine; *Tommy*, John Holland; *Judge*, Frank Glendon; *Matron*, Jayne; *Ella Preston*, Mildred Golden; *Edna Joyce*, Marion Stokes; *Dorothy Dent*, Helen Gibson.

"SOCIETY GIRL"—FOX.—From the play by John Larkin, Jr., and Charles Beahan. Screen play by Elmer Harris. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Johnny Malone*, James Dunn; *Judy Gelett*, Peggy Shannon; *Briscoe*, Spencer Tracy; *Curly*, Bert Hanlon; *Warburton*, Walter Byron; *Alice Converse*, Marjorie Gateson; *Watkins*, Anne O'Neal; *Halloway*, Eula Guy; *Bulter*, Eric Wilton.

"STRANGER IN TOWN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Carl Erickson. Adapted by Carl Erickson and Harvey Thew. Directed by Eric Kenton. The cast: *Crickle*, Charles (Chic) Sale; *Marian*, Ann Dvorak; *Jerry*, David Manners; *Elmer Perkins*, Raymond Hatton; *Hilliker*, Noah Beery; *Mrs. Petrick*, Maude Eburne; *Brice*, Lyle Talbot; *Jed*, John Larkin; *Woman customer*, Jessie Arnold.

"TEXAS BAD MAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Tom Logan*, Tom Mix; *Dan Bishop*, Tom Mix; *Gore Hampton*, Fred Kohler; *Milton Keefe*, Willard Robertson; *Nancy*, Lucille Powers; *Capt. Carter*, Joseph Girard; *Cheerful Charlie*, Bob Milasch; *Slim*, Franklyn Farnum; *Cal Thurston*, Slim Cole; *Jim*, Capt. C. E. Anderson; *Art*, Theodore Lorch; *Harry*, George Magrill; *Gene*, Richard Alexander; *Pat Reilly*, James Burtis; *Chester Bigelow*, Edward Le Saint; *Andrews*, Francis Sayles; *Phil*, Booth Howard; *Billy the Kid*, Lynton Brent; *Clerk*, Richard Sumner; *Messinger*, Buck Moulton; *Tony*, Tony.

"THEY NEVER COME BACK"—FIRST DIVISION-ARTCLASS.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Jimmy Nolan*, Regis Toomey; *Adele*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Mary Nolan*, Greta Granstedt; *Ralph*, Eddie Woods; *Filmore*, Earle Foxe; *Kate*, Gertrude Astor; *Donovan*, George Byron; *Bates*, Jack Richardson; *Kid Diamond*, Jack Silver; *Master of Ceremonies*, Little Billy; *Referee*, James J. Jeffries.

"TWO FISTED LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by William Colt MacDonald. Continuity by Kurt Kempler. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Tim Clark*, Tim McCoy; *Betty Owen*, Alice Day; *Bob Russell*, Wheeler Oakman; *Sheriff Malcolm*, Tully Marshall; *Artie*, Wallace MacDonald; *Duke*, John Wayne; *Deputy Sheriff Bendix*, Walter Brennan; *Zink Yokum*, Richard Alexander.

"WEEK-END MARRIAGE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Faith Baldwin. Adapted by Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Lola*, Loretta Young; *Ken*, Norman Foster; *Peter*, George Brent; *Agnes*, Aline MacMahon; *Shirley*, Vivienne Osborne; *Connie*, Sheila Terry; *Davis*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Davis*, Louise Carter; *the doctor*, Grant Mitchell; *the judge*, Harry Holman; *Louis*, Luis Alberni; *Joe*, J. Carroll Naish; *Jameson*, Richard Tucker; *Jim*, Roscoe Karns; *Mengel*, Herman Bing; *Clerk*, Allan Lane; *Policeman*, Thomas Jackson; *Juan*, Wilfred Lucas.

"WEEK ENDS ONLY"—FOX.—From the novel "Week End Girl" by Warner Fabian. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Venetia Carr*, Joan Bennett; *Jack Williams*, Ben Lyon; *Arthur Ladden*, John Halliday; *Martin*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Washroom Attendant*, Henry Armetta; *Mr. Carr*, Burton Churchill; *Ted*, John Arledge; *Bartender*, John Elliott; *Mr. Brigg*, Walter Byron.

"WESTWARD PASSAGE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the novel by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Olivia Van Tyne*, Ann Harding; *Nick Allen*, Laurence Olivier; *Harry Lanman*, Irving Pichel; *Henrietta*, Juliette Compton; *Mrs. Traesdale*, ZaSu Pitts; *Diana Van Tyne*, Irene Purcell; *Mrs. Ottendorf*, Florence Roberts; *Ottendorf*, Emmett King; *Mrs. Van Tyne*, Nance O'Neil; *Lady Caverly*, Ethel Griffies; *Little Olivia*, Bonita Granville; *Bridesmaid*, Julie Haydon; *Girl*, Joyce Compton.

"WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Rowland Brown. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Mary Evans*, Constance Bennett; *Maximilian Carey*, Lowell Sherman; *Lonny Borden*, Neil Hamilton; *Julius Saxe*, Gregory Ratoff; *Muto*, Brooks Benedict; *Bonita*, Louise Beavers; *James*, Eddie Anderson.

"WHILE PARIS SLEEPS"—FOX.—From the screen play by Basil Woon. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Jacques Costaud*, Victor McLaglen; *Manon Costaud*, Helen Mack; *Paul Renoir*, William Bakewell; *Julot*, Jack La Rue; *Fifi*, Rita La Roy; *Roca*, Maurice Black; *Concierge*, Dot Farley; *Mme. Golden Bonnet*, Lucille La Verne; *Kapas*, Paul Porcasi; *Concierge's Husband*, Eddie Dillon.



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YOUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

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## OPPORTUNITY

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919 North Michigan Avenue

CHICAGO



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111 ]



Hollywood's funniest gag of the month! Conrad Nagel had been away from Hollywood for so long on a personal appearance tour that his friends and family were afraid he wouldn't recognize them, so they tramped down to the train to meet him like this. Rod LaRocque, Leatrice Joy's husband and director Sidney Franklin swore they had grown these muffs during his absence. Look sharp and you'll identify Leatrice Joy, Vilma Banky, Mrs. Conrad Nagel and their little girl, Ruthie

**WALTER HUSTON** has to have his naturally straight hair marcelled on the average of three times a day for his rôle of *Rev. Davidson* in "Rain."

He no sooner appears on the set with a new marcel, than they turn on the rain pipes, and his curls are gone. And is he disgusted? One marcel is bad enough, to Huston's type!

**JIMMY DURANTE** walked into the outer reception room at Metro. A woman, sitting on one of the cold, wooden chairs which usually held extras, said, "Hello, Mr. Durante. Don't you remember me?"

Jimmy, who never remembers anybody, nodded. "Of course. Hello."

"I don't think you do. I'm Ethel Barrymore."

"And I'm Lillian Russell," said Jimmy, wondering how he could avoid what he thought was surely going to be a touch.

"But Mr. Durante, don't you remember how you played for a party I gave in New York?"

"Sure. Sure. Glad to have seen you," Jimmy sauntered over to the desk. The information boy was all agog. He whispered to Jimmy. "Gee, I didn't know you were acquainted with Ethel Barrymore! She just came down from Mr. Thalberg's office and is waiting for her chauffeur. She—"

But Jimmy was gone. He was in front of Miss Barrymore. "Sure, I remember that party. Gee, it's swell you're out here. When do you start—"

A fast one on Jimmy!

**SEEN** on the set of "Skyscraper Souls," the other morning. John Ince, formerly one of our headline directors and brother of the famous Tom Ince, running the elevator!

**KNOW** who are moviedom's greatest wanderers? The Richard Barthelmesses! Dick and his wife have the itching foot, and probably do more traveling and sight-seeing than any other two people in Hollywood.

From the Canadian woods to Honolulu and on to war-torn China is just a little side trip for them.

Now as soon as his new picture, "The Cabin in the Cotton," is finished, the Barthelmesses will take themselves and their two children for a long voyage to Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Just back from the Orient, they're off for another spot on the map.

**THE** city of Troy, N. Y., is in a medium-sized dither.

Now fame has come to the Collar Town. Leila Hyams, it has been alleged, made her first stage appearance there. Her dad, John Hyams, was a Troy boy, or Trojan, and when he and his partner-wife, Leila McIntyre, were toting baby Leila around in vaudeville, they played the home town. Naturally, John got a great reception from the home folks, and for an encore, carried the baby on the stage. That was lovely Leila's début.

Now a strong demand for Leila's pictures is noted. Who was this dame Helen of Troy, anyway? Must have meant Leila!



Here's the most critical audience in the world—the folks who sit in studio projection rooms looking at the daily scenes before they are cut or the best "takes" chosen. How would you feel if you were Marian Nixon, who watches herself act before this group of these picture-wise people? "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the film they're seeing. That's leading man Ralph Bellamy and director Al Santell at Marian's right and left



# PHOTOPLAY



The NEWS and  
FASHION  
MAGAZINE of  
the SCREEN

•  
September

25

Cents

•  
30 Cents  
in Canada

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Marie  
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Story

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The  
Garbo  
Jinx  
On Her  
Leading  
Men

•  
Tallulah Bankhead  
and Gary Cooper

*... always handy, in your purse or pocket . . . for first aid to that dry and thirsty summer palate!*

## THE MOST DELICIOUS ORANGE-AID YOU EVER TASTED!



LIFE SAVERS Fruit Drops are made in LEMON, ORANGE, LIME and GRAPE. LIFE SAVERS Mints are made in 6 delightful flavors . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon, and Vi-O-let. And the newest taste thrill of all . . . CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS . . . the crystal-cool peppermint.

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All candies having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are made by Life Savers, Inc.



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Wouldn't let her nose shine  
 But lets her gums get flabby  
 and she has "pink tooth brush"!

LET her powder her nose ten times a day —if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that every time she laughs or talks, men look at her teeth, too! *Everybody* looks at them!

Now—if you want to be good-looking when you talk and smile, do something about those flabby, tender gums of yours.

Today's foods are soft. They fail to give your gums any stimulation. That's why your gums are tender. That's why

you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

Know about "pink tooth brush"? Do you know that it not only can dull the teeth, but can lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of your teeth?

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. It's first of all a splendid modern tooth paste that really *cleans* the teeth. Then—each time—put a

little *more* Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and rub it right into your gums.

Ipana contains a toning agent called ziratol. This, with the massage, stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days, your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month, your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush." And you'll never be afraid to smile!

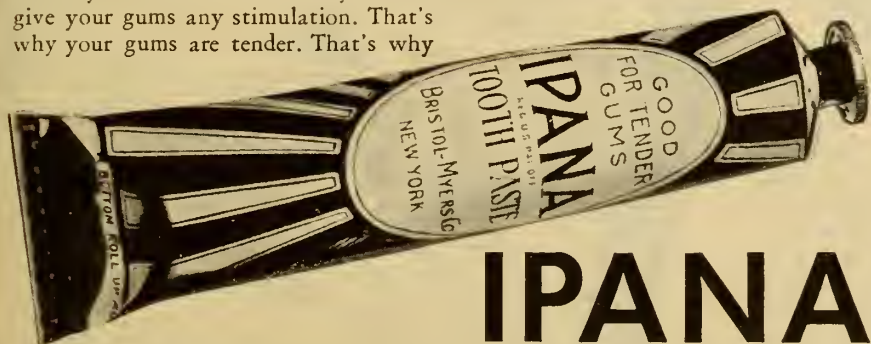
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with **HERBERT MARSHALL** **CARY GRANT**  
A **JOSEF VON STERNBERG PRODUCTION**  
The amazing Dietrich! Her past performances seem perfection — until her newest picture appears! Here her beauty, her glamour, her charm will thrill you in a brand new way!



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Directed by **Norman McLeod**  
The Marx Brothers in college! A riot of laughs that'll make you ache all over! A frolic of fun that'll make you go back to see it all over!



**Paramount Pictures**

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.  
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

### AND WATCH FOR —

"The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Burns & Allen, Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway, Mills Brothers, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer), Mauriee Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" with Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy. Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy". "A Farewell To Arms" with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolph Menjou. "The Phantom President" with Geo. M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante, Gene Raymond, Frances Dee. And more to be announced later.



# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 4

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

September, 1932



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

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

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# Brickbats & Bouquets

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



"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was the month's favorite. "Louise Closser Hale stole the film," one movie-goer wrote. "Even Janet Gaynor couldn't have been better than Marian Nixon," said another. Here are Louise, Mae Marsh and Marian

## THE \$25 LETTER

It surprises me that of the many articles on "How to Be Happy Though Married," not one I have seen has mentioned motion pictures. My husband and I have found that they act very nicely as a peace-maker.

Our system is simple and effective. If, or when, one of our arguments shows signs of running a temperature, one of us—whichever is most in command of his faculties—rushes to the telephone and calls all the nearest motion picture theaters. We declare a truce long enough to decide which feature is likely to prove most diverting. Then we maintain absolute silence all the way to the theater. At least, such is our intention. Of course, there are times . . .

At any rate, when we emerge from the theater a couple of hours later, all is changed. Either we have forgotten what the fuss was about or we are prepared to discuss it amicably. It works like a charm and I recommend it to all wives and husbands.

Mrs. H. L. HOLT, Bloomfield, N. J.

## THE \$10 LETTER

Yesterday I met a friend on the street, holding her small daughter by the hand and bewailing the fact that, "There isn't a movie in town suitable for Dorothy to see."

"Well, if there were, would you want to sit through it?" I asked.

And that, to me, is the answer to all this ridiculous discussion about showing only films planned for the "home circle." There are plenty of amusements suitable for small children and, incidentally, plenty of suitable pictures for an occasional treat.

Personally, I don't want all my plays, books and movies graded to the intelligence and experience of a six-year-old child.

FLORENCE W. LONG, Indianapolis, Ind.

## THE \$5 LETTER

Why this complaint about the lack of variety in pictures? Not long ago our city enjoyed a real première. "Scarface" was shown for the first time in any theater, here in Minneapolis. Two weeks later that most perfect picture up to now, "Grand Hotel," then "Letty Lynton,"

**W**HEW! What a lot of Crawford controversy. There's no doubt who got the load of mail this month. It was that girl Joan. PHOTOPLAY'S story "The Girl With the Haunted Face," in which Joan expressed her opinions about life and happiness started pens and typewriters going all over the world.

The battle of realism versus romance is at its height. And the audience can't seem to get together, for there are those who believe the movie theater is a place for glamorous forgetfulness, while some say, "Give us the problems of everyday people." The final judge will be that all-seeing, all-knowing box-office.

Warren William's popularity builds like a Dietrich closeup. (Incidentally, his last name is William, not Williams.) But Johnny Weissmuller continues to be among the head men, and not a slam in a bag full of mail. Even the boys like Johnny. Clark Gable got a few knocks this month, but he's still getting plenty of boosts.

"What Price Hollywood," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and "Red-Headed Woman" were the favorite films. The folks think that Janet Gaynor made a mistake in turning down "Rebecca," but they all agree that Marian Nixon was perfectly suited to the rôle.

"As You Desire Me," and "Bring 'Em Back Alive," the great animal film. This week we have that charming little actress, Marian Nixon, in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." There's variety for you!

We had just as great a variety of players—Paul Muni, Greta Garbo and Marian Nixon. So why kick?

Let's just thrill to them all and be thankful we can see such great players in such great pictures.

CATHERINE L. NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

## "RED-HEADED WOMAN"

Jean Harlow has gotten a real break at last and come out ahead in "Red-Headed Woman." I like those flaming locks of Miss Harlow's and really believe they give her a new personality.

Mrs. PERCY JOHNSON, Beaumont, Texas

Hollywood breaks a precedent! Chester Morris is cast in a rôle in which he is neither a "bad man" nor a story-book villain. In his new garb he's the same old Chester, but more likable and personable. And in my opinion he steals "Red-Headed Woman" from Jean Harlow.

JASPER SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

## WARREN WILLIAM

"Ultra-finesse"—that's a two-word description of the professional qualities of Warren William.

His "Mouthpiece" was excellent. "Dark Horse" brought forth the human quality this actor can put into his work. His kind are too few and far between—born artists, that neither a weak story nor absurd situations can put down.

JOHN A. MILLINGTON, Paterson, N. J.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]



**A TORCH SINGER'S THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS**



**BARBARA**  
**Stanwyck**  
in  
**"The Purchase Price"**

If she thrilled you in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit", wait until you see Barbara Stanwyck *flame* through this torrid romance of a night club torch singer. Beautiful! . . . Seductive! . . . She has everything—and uses it! . . . Lives violently—and loves passionately! See the most vibrant star on the screen in the scorching story ten million fans demanded for her . . . Hear her sing for the first time! . . . It's a double thrill you won't forget!

with  
**GEORGE Brent**

The sensational new find of "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "So Big".

LYLE TALBOT—HARDIE ALBRICHT

Based on the story by ARTHUR STRINGER

Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

They fought  
for her  
**LOVE!**



**The Racketeer**



**The Park Avenue Play Boy**



**The "Unknown" —from the West**



Watch **WARNER BROS.** for the new season's big thrills!

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

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

**AIR EAGLES**—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

**ARM OF THE LAW, THE**—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

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

**BEHIND THE MASK**—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and thrill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

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

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

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

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

**BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE**—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

**BORDER DEVILS**—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO.—Van Breun.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed". A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (March)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

**CAIN**—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

**CROSS-EXAMINATION**—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

**CRY OF THE WORLD, THE**—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

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

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

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

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

**DRAGNET PATROL**—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

**DRIFTER, THE**—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

**ESCAPADE**—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

**EXPERT, THE**—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

**FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE**—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

**"FAST COMPANIONS"**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

**FILM 113**—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (March)

## Can You Think Up a Good Gag?

There's money in it for you!

Harold Lloyd and PHOTOPLAY Magazine are seeking some new ideas.

Turn to page 45 and read all about it

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

**CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE**—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)



**DOWN...but NOT OUT!**



**HIS** bank went blooey...

his business took a Brodie...

and his family thought it was ALL  
a gag! That's what "Pike" (Will Rogers)

was up against when he got home from Paris.

The lovable Will got mad and decided to bring  
the family DOWN TO EARTH...It's a riot of fun—

and you'll agree it's Rogers' most entertaining picture.



# WILL ROGERS

## DOWN TO EARTH

in

with **DOROTHY JORDAN** and **IRENE RICH**

A FOX Picture

Directed by DAVID BUTLER



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**FINAL EDITION**—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

**FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

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

**FOOL'S ADVICE, A**—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

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

**FORGOTTEN WOMEN**—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

**FREAKS**—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (March)

**GAY CABALLERO, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

**GET THAT GIRL**—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

**GIRL CRAZY**—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (March)

**HEART OF NEW YORK, THE**—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

**HIGH PRESSURE**—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

**HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

**HUDDLE**—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

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

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

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

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

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

**KEEPERS OF YOUTH**—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

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

**LAW AND ORDER**—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

**LAW OF THE WEST**—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

**LENA RIVERS**—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as Letty. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

**LOCAL BAD MAN, THE**—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (March)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

**LOVE IS A RACKET**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

**LOVE'S COMMAND**—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

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

**MAN ABOUT TOWN**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

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

**MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE**—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

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

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

**MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE**—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

**MENACE, THE**—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

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

**MICHAEL AND MARY**—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

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

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117 ]

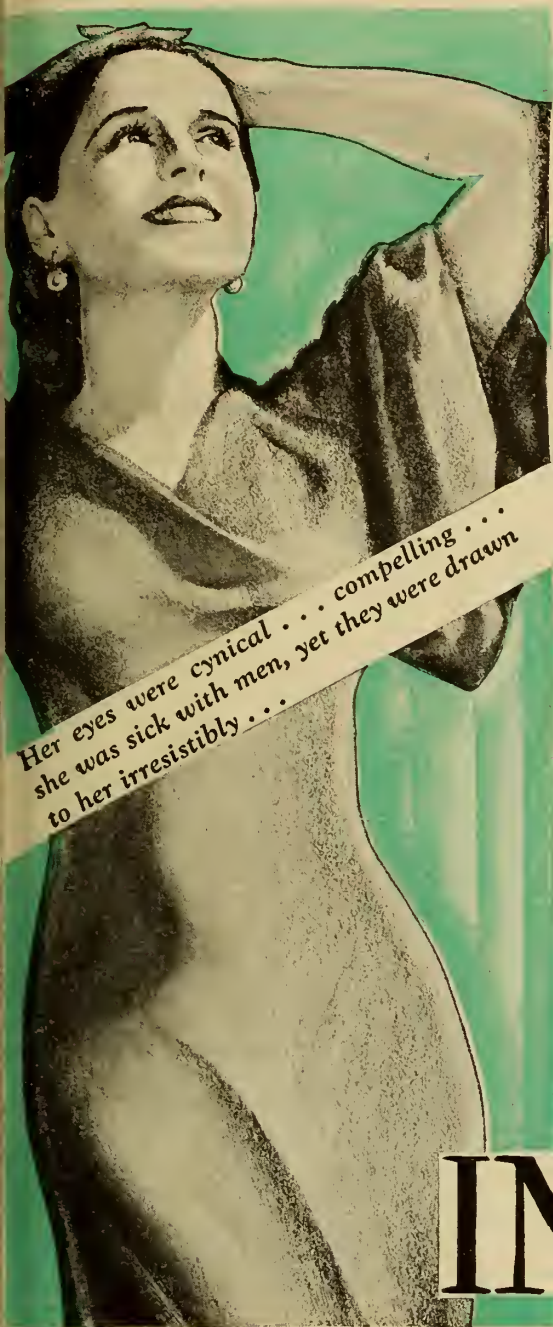
## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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# A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



For the first time you hear  
the hidden, unspoken  
thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer  
Clark Gable

IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

# STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

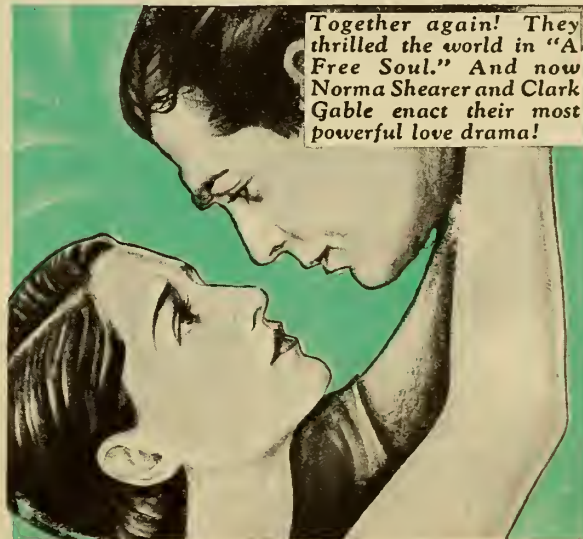
ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN  
ROBERT YOUNG • MAY ROBSON •  
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • TAD ALEXANDER  
HENRY B. WALTHALL • MARY ALDEN •



Eugene O'Neill  
America's greatest  
playwright, reaches  
the height of his  
glory in this mas-  
terpiece.



Douglas Shearer  
Chief Sound En-  
gineer of M-G-M,  
whose amazing in-  
vention makes this  
picture "different."





# What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



"Give that Bankhead girl a good picture," wail hundreds of her admirers. All say they know that Tallulah has acting ability and glamour, but that films like "Thunder Below" don't do the Alabama girl justice. That's Paul Lukas' profile in this still from the film

## "WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD"

For the first time in her life Connie Bennett really acted in "What Price Hollywood." What a performance, say I. She forgot her cultured accent, even forgot her poise, in order to play the role of that cheap but good-hearted little picture star. It was a magnificent job.

ROSE COLFAX, St. Paul, Minn.

Where have they been hiding Lowell Sherman? To my notion he is just swell. When I saw the new Bennett film, "What Price Hollywood," Sherman at once became my favorite. We need more actors like him.

HAZEL FISHER, Houston, Texas

I've seen a good many pictures in which Lowell Sherman appeared, but I never had a good word for him. Since seeing him in "What Price Hollywood," he is one of my favorites.

MISS F. LEWIS, Denver, Colo.

## CLARK GABLE

Every time I see one of Clark Gable's pictures I am more and more disappointed. The women fell in love with Gable because he was the big he-man. The men liked him because he did things they would like to do but didn't dare. Then why do they make Clark Gable a gentle lover now? Keep him a cave-man.

NORMA LARSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

Anyone who doesn't realize that Clark Gable is wonderful cannot be considered capable of having good judgment. His features are perfect; his smile the nicest in all Hollywood; his acting is superb.

KAY WHALEN, Chicago, Ill.

## "REBECCA"

One of the best pictures ever produced is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The story was delightful, but it was improved one hundred per cent by beautiful scenery, life-like characters and splendid sound reproduction. I wish we might have more pictures like this one. Marian Nixon was a vivid *Rebecca*.

R. WHITNEY, Plainfield, N. J.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was the favorite book of my childhood. You would never have recognized the book from the picture. The continuity was terrible. *Rebecca* grew up faster than Jack's proverbial beanstalk. And that unrealistic storm!

But I'm going to see the picture again just for the acting of Louise Closser Hale. There's an actress.

MABEL VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio.

I'm all "het up" over Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." What a team! You can have your Gaynor-Farrell and Dressler-Beery teams, but give me Nixon and Bellamy.

MARIE ORE, Wichita Falls, Texas

## HE'S A HONEY!

A new and different actor has captured my heart. It is the honey-bear in Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive." There was more rebellion in the way he left the camp to seek adventure in the jungle than any modern youth depicted on the screen could understand. He learned his lesson, too, and went scurrying home.

The world is a wonderful place to live in when men like Frank Buck bring back true romance and drama from lands we stay-at-homes cannot visit.

MRS. G. S. PETRIE, Pittsburgh, Penna.

## REALISM VERSUS GLAMOUR

I want movie stories about the kind of people I know, who work hard trying to realize decent ambitions. I want to see their struggles, until at last they win or lose. If they lose, I am interested in seeing how they take it. This to me is what life is all about.

But instead the screen lures me away to the South Seas, or the African desert or the underworld—all of which has as much to do with me and mine as the valleys of the moon.

VIRGINIA HEATHMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

I get a great kick out of the fans who beg for "more realistic pictures." I take it that they mean a picture isn't true to life unless it reflects the wickedness of humanity. But aren't there people who live perfectly frivolous lives? After all, it's the unusual in which we are interested.

SAMELA PARKHURST, Seattle, Wash.

What is it that makes the outstanding stars fascinating? It isn't only beauty. That abounds behind department store counters. Charm? Have you ever seen the girls on a college campus? It is the odd, the unusual that attracts.

Does Garbo look like the girl behind the counter? Is Dietrich like the pretty telephone girl? Mere natural prettiness is what makes the Mary Brians and Dorothy Jordans colorless after a few pictures. They have no unusual features, no exciting glamour to refresh our weary eyes. May the unusual and glamorous stars continue to make the movies the glorious escape they are, for those of us who live in a less colorful world.

D. P. MITCHELL, Vancouver, B. C.

Why do all the stars go in for glamour? The youth of America has been fed on the bottle of sophistication—Hicktown or Hollywood, it's all the same. I'm for the stars, but I do not like affectation and neither does anyone else, for no star can do earnest work when hampered by it.

MRS. YALE R. BUTLER, Franklin, Ind.

## ATTA BOY, BILL!

I just arrived from Liverpool, England. Until then I had considered my years entitled me to sit in a comfortable arm chair while my family tucked pillows behind my back. But, by Jove, what do my little Yankee grandchildren do but grab me by the arm, bustle me off to the talkies and call me Bill!

On the way home I had to buy a copy of PHOTOPLAY so I could find out for myself about these screen stars the youngsters speak of as old friends.

As I read that book I felt as if I had entered an enchanted world where everyone was beautiful and happy. It has put life in the old boy.

When I go back home, instead of spending my last days in my old arm chair, I'll be sitting in a movie theater, thanks to a couple of little Yankees and PHOTOPLAY.

WILLIAM SLIM, Palmyra, N. J.

## OH, DRY THOSE TEARS

Why, oh why, must producers give us close-ups of our stars weeping? Such scenes look silly and sound worse. It is much better to let them cry at long distance. Movie makers should remember that the American people have some imagination.

ROBERT KEATING, Indianapolis, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



This man is responsible for one of the rave pictures. "Bring 'Em Back Alive," Frank Buck's jungle exploits with wild animals is the sort of entertainment that film fans want, they tell us. This baby tiger cub was in the picture, but the honey-bear stole the show from 'em all



# BACK STREET

**Fannie Hurst's**  
POWERFUL HUMAN  
STORY IMMORTALIZED  
ON THE SCREEN

—◆—

**Waiting—always waiting**  
—in the shadows of the  
back streets . . . longing  
for the man she loves . . .  
asking nothing, receiv-  
ing nothing—yet content  
to sacrifice all for him.

## WHY?



**IRENE DUNNE**  
LEADING WOMAN OF  
"CIMARRON"

*with*

**JOHN BOLES**  
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

*Directed by* JOHN STAHL

# Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

*Carl Laemmle*  
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

# What the Audience Thinks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]



Wow! What a storm of comment "Red-Headed Woman" brought forth! Some thought the picture was too frank, others said it was great stuff, but everybody agreed that Jean Harlow, red hair and all, gave the performance of her life. Folks were surprised that Chester Morris could play a straightforward business man without a single leer

## TRUE PERSONALITIES

I have great respect and admiration for the stars who have adapted or changed their personalities to suit the blasé and sophisticated rôles that seem to be demanded at present, thus being able to keep in the swim amidst the keen competition of the younger players. However, I always will have a warm spot in my heart for the stars who, despite the trend toward sophistication, have had the courage to retain their true personalities. I refer to such players as Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelme, Harold Lloyd, Jean Hersholt, Marian Nixon, Charles Chaplin, Tom Mix and ZaSu Pitts.

IDA RAECH, New Glarus, Wis.

## JOAN CRAWFORD

I think Joan Crawford is a wonderful actress and never miss one of her pictures, but after reading "The Girl With the Haunted Face" in the July PHOTOPLAY, I can't help wondering what it takes to make a movie star happy. Joan makes more money per week than most people make in a year. She has come up from obscurity to one of the top places in the picture industry. But she is still searching. She is taking herself much too seriously.

MRS. W. B. EDMAN, Stratford, Calif.

Joan Crawford should stop thinking so much of Joan Crawford and take more of the "be yourself" medicine prescribed by Lupe Velez. Lupe has not a fourth of Joan's acting ability, but she is liked by almost everybody for her naturalness.

I am in hopes something can be done about Joan's unhappy mental attitude.

MRS. MARION MCCLAIN, Chicago, Ill.

Joan Crawford has shown me that where there's a will, there's a way. She is my inspiration.

NOLA CHAMPION, Wichita, Kan.

We never attend a Joan Crawford picture, although we admire her ability, because we do not care to place before the children the idea that the only way society people can amuse themselves is by drinking and smoking. Janet Gaynor gives them much lovelier surroundings.

VIVIAN FARLEY, Valley Ford, Calif.

## HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, JANET

What's this I hear about our darling Janet Gaynor wanting to go sophisticated? It can't be true. If she only knew how much we appreciate and enjoy her adorable, unaffected acting and the simple but sweet happy-ending pictures she plays in, perhaps she would change her mind. We do get so tired of this heavy acting and tragedy stuff. We want our Janet just as she is.

BETTY EDWARDS, San Francisco, Calif.

## HOW YOU "GONNA" FIND 'EM?

Jackie Cooper and his pals may be all very well as a type, but why can't we also have on the screen some clever, well-bred boys and girls with cultivated voices and pleasant refined manners? Instead, our ears are pierced with strident tones and ungrammatical crudities of speech such as "gotta" and "gonna" and our eyes disgusted with unkempt locks and a slovenly, unmannerly appearance generally.

A certain class of Americans seem to think that one must be as crude and ungrammatical as Will Rogers to be considered a typical American. Heaven help them! If they only knew what people outside of the U. S. A. think of such specimens.

There is, I am thankful to say, a large class of Americans of another type who would be more glad to hear cultivated children in bright, cultured plays. All children are not brought

up on rubbish heaps. Will film producers please take notice!

K. DOUGLAS, Theresa, N. Y.

## "WESTWARD PASSAGE"

The worst picture I have seen this year is "Westward Passage." What a shock to see our Ann Harding taking the part of a flighty, irresponsible blonde—our Ann who is all beauty, charm and dignity. Any more pictures like that and Ann Harding won't be a headliner.

GERTRUDE BLASCH, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Westward Passage" with Ann Harding was a bitter disappointment. Margaret Ayer Barnes' story is absolutely perfect in its original form for talkie fare, having a logical ending that is a knock-out for suspense and originality. But the movie-makers must butcher it, making it silly and unbelievable.

Neither was I satisfied with Ann Harding in the rôle of the modern, sophisticated *Olivia*. Never once in the picture did she look smart or up-to-date.

DOROTHY EDMONDSON, East Mauch Chunk, Penna.

## HOW ABOUT IT, SYLVIA?

I understand that Clara Bow's successful comeback depends upon whether she can reduce sufficiently or not. Why must she, like so many actresses, have to possess that very slim Crawford figure? Personally I would enjoy seeing a plump, snappy, healthy looking little actress once again on the screen. I am sure that a plump Clara Bow would be a very pleasant contrast to those thin, snaky women now so plentiful in the movies.

ELEANOR DAHL, Columbia Lake, Conn.



"What Price Hollywood" gave the fans something to write to PHOTOPLAY about. People who had never liked Connie Bennett's work before threw their hats into the air and cheered when this picture came to town. And as for Lowell Sherman—well, he was a real sensation



# \$6000 REWARD FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

YOU can be the detective in this astounding crime thriller! . . .

Tune in on this absorbing drama, to be broadcast over the nation-wide NBC RED NETWORK in six thrilling weekly episodes beginning Friday, August 26th at 10:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving time . . . ALL BUT THE FINAL CHAPTER will be given on the air.



## WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

*This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author . . .*

# "THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

RKO-Radio Picture featuring

**RICARDO CORTEZ**  
**KAREN MORLEY**  
**ANITA LOUISE**  
**ERIC LINDEN**

**HEAR IT ON THE AIR!**  
**SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!**

CONTEST JUDGES

O. O. McIntyre, Albert Poyson Terhune, Montague Glass, Peter B. Kyne, James Quirk, Julio Peterkin



**GET INTO THE DETECTIVE GAME!...IT'S FUN!**

*Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing contest rules, prize list and complete list of stations broadcasting this story from your local theatre, or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.*



MOTHERS MUST BE

# good sports



Help keep youthful energy with these "better bran flakes"

MANY a time, today, you'll see a mother teaching her daughter the first strokes of golf, tennis, and swimming.

Modern women stay active. That's why they retain their youth and charm. And they've learned an important lesson — to eat wisely and healthfully.

Whole wheat is the natural food for active people. Nature has made it a storehouse of iron and other minerals, of vitamins and proteins. All the food value of whole wheat is waiting for you in Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. *Plus* a wonderful flavor. And healthful regulating bran.

Have them often — for breakfast, luncheon, a bedtime snack. Let the whole family enjoy their matchless taste.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers in the red-and-green package. *Quality guaranteed.*



**BETTER  
BRAN FLAKES**

FOR CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon, except Saturdays and Sundays, over stations affiliated with the N. B. C. from Coast to

Coast. 5.30 Eastern Daylight Time, 6.00 o'clock Central Daylight Time, 5.30 Pacific Coast Time. Songs and stories children love.



# Chafing Dish Recipes

## Genevieve Stirs Up Some Tasty Morsels

Genevieve Tobin believes that the chafing dish is a great boon to entertaining. You can indulge your own particular flair for mixing up interesting concoctions, and dishes are kept hot so that none of the flavor is lost at second helpings. There are always second helpings at the Tobin home! Try these new ideas and see



If you have ever dined at a Japanese restaurant, you probably have yearned to stir around with a spoon in some of those savory dishes that cook right there in front of you. Genevieve Tobin contends that half the fun of chafing dish recipes is the fact that you can put a spoon in the proceedings whenever you like it. When she was on the stage, she liked to eat late at night—thus her chafing dish habit.

Genevieve is generous about her pet recipes. Several old Tobin favorites, therefore, are about to be given to you for personal experimentation.

There's *Savory Lobster*—a dish tempting beyond description. You do not need to have fresh lobster at hand to make this. Merely take the lobster meat from two small cans. Heat your chafing dish and melt three tablespoons of butter in it. When melted, add the lobster and sauté for several minutes. Add salt and pepper, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoon of dry mustard and a small cup of Sherry flavoring. Let this whole concoction simmer in the dish until the juices are just sufficient to cover the pan.

This dish is then served on pieces of toast. Genevieve declares that it seems like a very complicated dish to guests, but actually it requires little fuss.

*Spaghetti Creole* is another rich but delicious chafing dish recipe from the Tobin cook book. It requires a little preparation beforehand in the kitchen, but the last steps can be dramatically done in a chafing dish. The spaghetti is cooked thoroughly in the kitchen and brought onto the table in a deep covered dish to keep it warm. Then a Creole sauce, also started in the kitchen, is placed close at hand. The spaghetti is placed in the heated chafing dish, butter having already been melted therein. When this is thoroughly heated, the sauce is poured over it and the whole is allowed to simmer for several minutes.

### SAUCE CREOLE

2 tablespoons of butter	2 cups canned tomatoes
½ green chopped pepper	4 tablespoons chopped cooked ham
2 tablespoons chopped onion	Chopped parsley
1 tablespoon flour	Salt      Pepper
½ cup chopped celery	

Cook the onion in the butter and then sprinkle flour over it. Quickly stir in the tomatoes, pepper and celery. Let this simmer for about twenty minutes. Then add the ham, parsley and seasoning. Keep this hot until you pour it over the spaghetti in the chafing dish.

Have you ever tasted tomato rarebit? It is a marvelous mixture done in the best Tobin manner.

### TOMATO RAREBIT

2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons flour
½ small onion chopped	1 pint canned tomatoes
½ cup chopped celery	½ pound cheese
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs
½ green pepper chopped	Tabasco sauce

To the butter melted in the chafing dish, add the celery, green pepper and onion. Cook for five minutes, stirring frequently. Sprinkle the flour over the cooked vegetables, then pour on the tomatoes. Add the cheese, sliced in thin pieces, also the salt. Cook this until it thickens, then add the eggs, well beaten. A few dashes of the Tabasco sauce finishes this off. Serve on crackers or toast as you prefer.

Have you ever tried adding three-quarters of a cup of near-beer to your Welsh rarebit? It's an old-fashioned recipe and it's grand, even with our less powerful modern beers!

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.

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

# "WAKE UP REALSILK

and hear what's happening in Hollywood," SAYS

*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

REALSILK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
I AM WRITER NOT ADVERTISER BUT THINK  
YOU ARE MISSING BIG BET STOP MORE  
FAMOUS LEGS IN HOLLYWOOD THAN ANY-  
WHERE ELSE STOP KNOW FROM PERSONAL  
EXPERIENCE REALSILK IS FAVORED BRAND  
STOP WHY DON'T YOU WAKE UP AND TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF THIS STORY  
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS  
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.  
REALSILK SUCCESS NOT BASED ON  
MISSING BETS TELL US MORE ABOUT  
IDEA WILL PAY AT REGULAR RATES  
REALSILK

\* \* \*

Adela Rogers St. Johns was right and we are printing some of the interesting points of her letter to form this advertisement.



"There are many women in Hollywood," she writes, "who invest thousands a year in their wardrobes as part of their business. They want the best at any price. Realsilk stockings are brought to them right in their homes and studios.

"One of the best dressed actresses on the screen buys most everything she wears in Paris, except her stockings. She told me she sees no reason to go to Paris for her hosiery when Realsilk brings such exquisite stockings right to her.

"There are many other girls who must look well, but haven't a lot of money to spend on it. I find most of them wear Realsilk stockings, too.

"A certain very temperamental star was always flying into tantrums about runs in her stockings. When she complained to me one day I told her the way to cure those runs was to try the fresh silk kind—the ones that haven't lain around shelves getting older and older and weaker and weaker. That's why she switched to Fresh Realsilk.

"One day I called at the beautiful home of one of our favorite actresses to interview her for a screen magazine. What do you think I found her doing? Washing stockings in the bathroom and hanging them up on the shower rod, even as you and I!

"One actress when she first entered the movies, absolutely refused to wear stockings. The directors insisted and she got her hosiery baptism with Realsilk.

Stars of Hollywood! Who knows more about them than Adela Rogers St. Johns? In books, magazines and newspapers she has reported Hollywood People and Hollywood Happenings since the movies were young. She is also a prominent fiction writer, scenarist, and the mother of three children! Her most recent film story is RKO's "What Price Hollywood," starring Constance Bennett.

"Another famous star making a triumphant personal appearance tour found she was running low on stockings and ordered them from Realsilk to be delivered in another city 1000 miles away. They were waiting for her when she arrived.

"Getting down to my own case, I seemed to be haunted by hosiery bad luck until a couple of years ago, when an exuberant young man came bursting into my office. I didn't believe a word he said. What difference did it make if the stockings were fresh because they were 'direct from the mills.' As for the idea that they would actually wear—that they'd keep their shape and a straight seam up the back—I simply pooh-poohed the suggestion.

"Because I was desperate about stockings—because I know you can't climb the ladder of success with runs in your hosiery—because it was a timesaver not to have to go down-town—because he showed me many orders of motion picture friends of mine who had both good taste and sound business sense—I ordered some.

"Everything that salesman told me was true. I like fresh silk stockings and I like those seven Realsilk features. Realsilk put elegance and comfort on my feet and took a load off my mind.

They make the going a lot smoother—which is mighty important in our busy lives out here."

Of course we've been asleep

It took Adela Rogers St. Johns to open our eyes to our own stockings!

But we sense a great advertising campaign in the bits of gossip she's given us. So we're going to tell you of the adventures of Realsilk's Fresh Silk stockings in Hollywood.

Fresh Silk stockings are made possible only because Realsilk, by sending hosiery direct-from-the-mills, saves so much time over the ordinary method. And Fresh Silk is only one of Realsilk's seven exclusive features of extra beauty and extra wear.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
World's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery.  
Branches in 200 cities—look in your 'phone book.

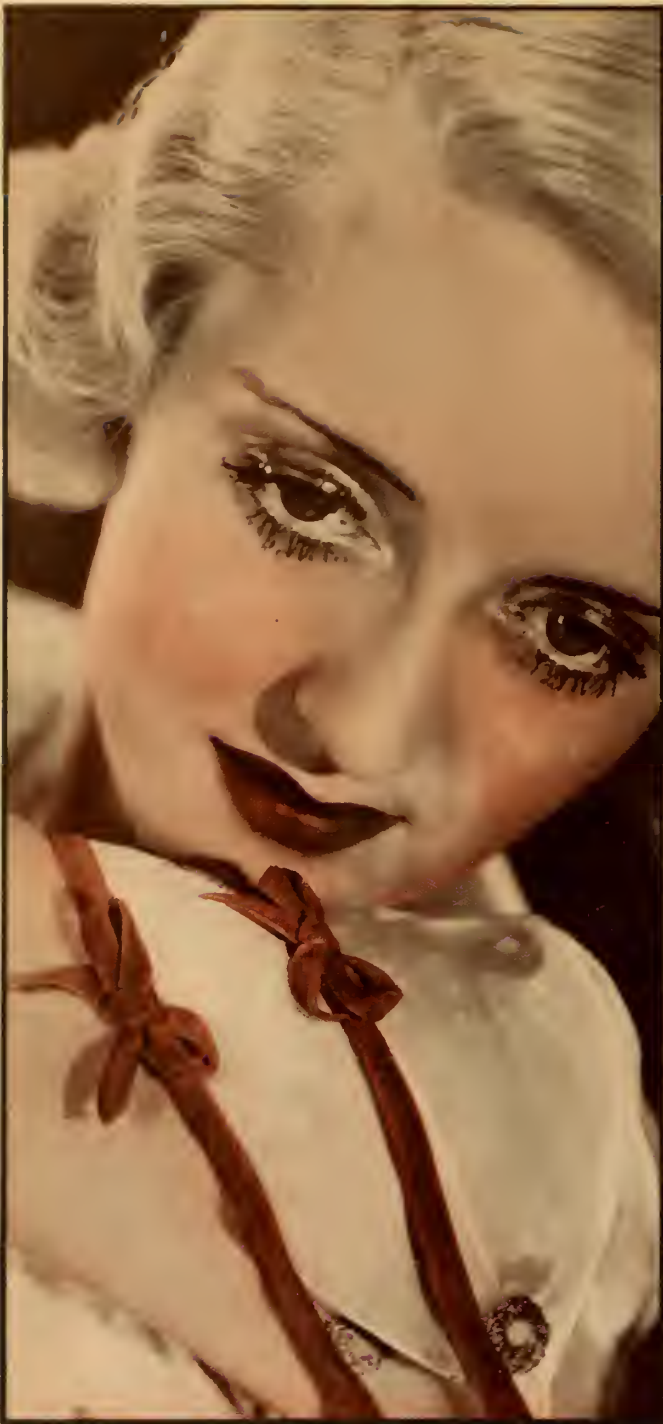
The *fresh* Silk Stockings  
**REALSILK**  
with 7 Exclusive Features





Apeda

"YOU must have glamour to be a big star," a producer said recently. Oh, yeah? Well, look at Helen Hayes, a simple, natural, charming little actress who, even without great beauty, became one of the outstanding screen sensations. She has just plucked a prize film plum—the rôle of the nurse in "Farewell to Arms." Gary Cooper plays the soldier



Irving Lippman



Elmer Fryer

WHEN Bette Davis first came to Hollywood, they looked at her demure, pale face and said, "Uh-huh, she'll be okay for colorless supporting rôles, but that's all." Now, the same lads who said that are lying awake nights wondering why they didn't see all that sophistication she let loose in "The Rich Are Always With Us." And our Answer Man has just rushed in to announce that Bette had drawn more letters asking about her than any other three stars this month

PRESENTING Hollywood's chief topic of conversation—big George Brent! And the question was, "If he's supposed to be in love with Ruth Chatterton, why has he been casting those tender glances at Loretta Young?" Here's the lowdown. George and Loretta were rehearsing for a vaudeville skit. But Ruth is still his first lady and we're taking small bets—just as small as possible—that when her divorce from Ralph Forbes is an actuality, it's wedding bells for her and George





Hurrell

**Y**ES, sir, we had to look twice to make sure—but it's really Colleen Moore. Didn't we tell you that the pert little minx had pushed back her straight bangs, beaded her eyelashes and gone glamorous? Not so long ago Colleen felt that films didn't want her. Now she is sitting pretty—as this picture testifies—with an M-G-M contract



Elmer Fryer

**L**ISTEN to the sad story of Kay Francis. With grips packed and passage booked on an ocean liner, she and her director-husband, Kenneth MacKenna, were Europe bound when—just like a movie—came a wire from Hollywood. "Return at once. You're scheduled for three pictures." But Kay thinks that it's good to be wanted, anyhow



# A girl must seek safety

## AS WELL AS THRILLS

The news is on every smart girl's lips . . . proclaimed in vivid loveliness . . . "Coty has a *grand* new Lipstick—and it's only 55c!"

There's thrill after thrill in this new Coty Lipstick: safe indelibility—a thrill in itself—, greater permanence, smoother consistency and silken texture, *and* its extraordinary price. Here at last, you will discover, is the wonder-Lipstick!

Wait till you see the thrilling colors! But no—*don't* wait! Dash out and see them now! They're so gay—so *adaptable*—so *fascinating* . . . you'll want all five! Extra Light · Bright · Light · Medium · Dark

The greatest thrill of all comes when you see what this Coty Lipstick does for you . . . how its magic color makes your mouth a warm curve of irresistible loveliness! Your fate is in your own hands—when one hand holds the new Coty Lipstick!

. . . .

You'll adore the case. Coty designed it in Paris . . . A gilt cylinder with button-slide of black enamel. Be one of the first to carry this chic aid to lovelier lips!



# Coty



NEW! SMART, INDELIBLE LIPSTICK FIFTY-FIVE CENTS!

# Entertain the Modern Way



**Send for this book today!**

*Written by a famous authority*

Contains 128 pages, beautifully illustrated. It tells you how to:

- Issue invitations, formal and informal.
- Set your table correctly for all occasions.
- Give birthday parties, luncheons, receptions, and so forth.
- Entertain with games for young and old.
- How to be a perfect hostess, with many wonderful recipes and hundreds of helpful suggestions.

## ***There's no place like home*** **for smart, inexpensive entertaining**

Coca-Cola, the drink of American hospitality, offers you a famous new book—written by a noted authority. Use the coupon on this page and send for it today. Read it while you *pause to refresh yourself* with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Learn how simple and easy it is to provide smart, inexpensive entertainment at home. You'd expect this book to be expensive. You can get it for a small sum to cover the cost of handling and mailing.

**• USE THIS COUPON •**



COCA-COLA CO.,  
564 PLUM ST., N. W.,  
ATLANTA, GA.

Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin to cover cost of handling and mailing) for which send me the book, "When You Entertain," by Ida Bailey Allen.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

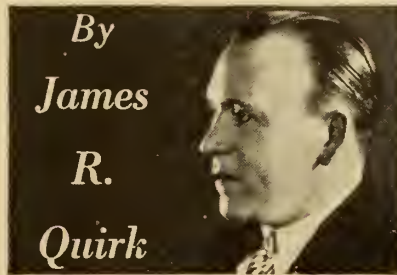


# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

A TYPICAL day of the editor in Hollywood . . . Read mail and proofs from New York office . . . Reject nine out of ten stories submitted by free lance writers . . . Story conference with members of Hollywood staff . . . Man comes into office with scheme to increase circulation to ten million copies a month . . . not in . . . Put off answer to Eastern writer on offers to give first aid treatment to motion picture business if I will introduce him to Will Hays . . . Lunch with Rupert (Grand Guy) Hughes and Al Cohn at Rupert's club and listen to many rare quips about movie business . . . Gab with youthful David Selznick, Radio production chief, who is racing around lot in his shirt sleeves . . . Help Corey Ford, who is right off the train from New York, find his typewriter which has been stolen from his office during the lunch hour . . . Jim Creelman, writing son of a famous journalist, knocking out a story in the adjoining cell . . . even assistant directors have better offices than writers in Hollywood . . . H. M. Swanson, former editor of *College Humor*, hard at work and wondering what it is all about.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS rushing across the lot to confer with production chief . . . her bright eyes reveal that she has an idea in tow . . . Ricardo Cortez resting between scenes of "Thirteen Men" . . . With May Allison, the blonde with whom I hold hands in picture shows, to dinner with beautiful Jeanette MacDonald and her business manager, Bob Ritchie . . . Fifty miles an hour from Beverly Hills to see Rene Claire's new French picture . . . find Harry Cohn and Walter Wanger, officials of the Columbia Company, studying the picture . . . To the Brown Derby for milk and crackers . . . and there is Ivan Lebedeff clicking his heels and kissing the ladies' hands . . . the monocle and the cane are there as usual . . . Home as the clock strikes one and into the hay . . . Chief subjects of conversation during the day—pictures, depression, pictures, prohibition, depression, pictures, depression, pictures. Nothing to do till tomorrow.



OVERHEARD at the Paramount Studio: "What are these assistant producers?" "Oh, they are mice studying to be rats."

I HAVE just seen "Scarface" for the second time—the gangster film to end all gangster films and I've been walking out in the middle of the street ever since. I'm afraid this guy Paul Muni might be lurking in the shadows.

What's more, I've been going around mumbling to anybody who'd listen to me, "What's to be done about it? Are we, the American public, going to stand by and witness scenes like this enacted before our very eyes?"

"Scarface" made me go civic with a bang—the bang of a machine gun.

FOR producer Howard Hughes, director Lewis Milestone and actor Paul Muni have done something that has never been done in any other gangster film. They have, I believe, ensnared the elusive and gory spirit of the monster.

Paul Muni gets into the mind of the gangster. He sees him—not as a glamorous, shrewd, exciting personality—but as a half-mad killer, a man set apart from other men.

He sees him also as the criminal moron he is. And, again, he makes him a coward—which most pictures have neglected to do.

He dies yellow.

The rigid code of the underworld, which has been glorified and romanticized by other pictures, falls apart in this one. There is, here, no code but the code of brutality.

I do not know whether or not Paul Muni has a wide acquaintance in gangster circles, but I'd be willing to bet all my winnings at backgammon that he has done some very clever inside research and that the character of *Tony* is as true as Lily Pons' high C.

There's a picture that won't undermine the youth of the country. This is the truth—and truth never hurt anybody.

A MAJOR studio has gone in for salary slashing in a big way. Or maybe you'd call it a small way. There is no record of any executive getting less on his four figured salary each week, but the boys in the mail rooms have been slashed from their eighteen dollars weekly to thirteen dollars weekly. And some with mothers to support. The stenographers wear a brave little smile that doesn't fool anybody—what with white scared faces and red eyes.

From twenty-five dollars a week to eighteen dollars is quite a cut. And from their windows they can lift weary eyes from their typing and watch thousands of dollars wasted each and every day. Even the actors are incensed about it, but nobody seems to be able to do anything about it. It's the way of the movies. Always has been, and probably always will be. Or maybe it's the way of the New York bankers in Hollywood.

THE statisticians, after sharpening their pencils and calling on the office boys to carry in a good load of nice, white paper, have been doing a lot of figuring.

Cuts in the costs of operating the picture industry are estimated to run to eighteen million dollars a year. This covers all departments, and the branches abroad, too. And in response to the cry of some financial backers, "Economize till it hurts" (somebody else), salaries of players have also been knocked down.

But some salaries, like a good man, won't stay down long. In many instances they are said to have bounced right back again, because you can't make a man radiate histrionic enthusiasm by curtailing his pay check.

That's just plain human nature, with no blame attached.

THIS holds, of course, only for those players who bring in the customers. There's another side to the situation.

The most pathetic sight in Hollywood are the former well known players who are forced, by reason of hard times and waning popularity, to play bits and atmosphere. The other day one of them turned gratefully to the director and thanked him for letting him stand with his back close to the camera.

AGAIN, we repeat that making pictures is not all a bed of gold coins. Take Barbara Stanwyck and that burning wheat field in "The Purchase Price."

They had her covered with sunburn lotion and they had men, hidden from the eye of the camera, keeping the flames down with wet blankets. But still she got burned. Arms and legs.

But she kept right on running. And she made the scene several times. Finished the day. It would have cost many thousands of extra dollars had she stopped.

But she spent the next three days in bed—covered with baking-soda.

"DON'T get a divorce until you see 'The Wet Parade.'"

"Don't get married until you see 'The Wet Parade.'"

These are just two advertisements quoted directly from sign-boards in Los Angeles while "The Wet Parade" is running at a Hollywood theater.

And they are moaning about the poor business the picture is doing.

Ho, hum, "The Wet Parade" has nothing to do with divorce or marriage. It is an exciting story wrapped around the drink problem.

Might we modestly suggest that honesty in advertising might help that picture a little?

"Do you believe in prohibition or don't you?" is a review in one line. Perhaps the public likes to know what they are seeing. Maybe not.

CLEVER little people, those English! *Variety* says that the London censors have figured out a way to revise the title of the Fredric March-Sylvia Sidney picture, "Merrily We Go to Hell," which is strictly forbidden as it stands. "Merrily We Go to —" is the suggested substitution.

IN Wales a visitor found that miners out of work and dependent upon the dole were patronizing the "cinemas" whenever they could, and at an admittance price of a shilling. That's about twenty cents a head.

Sounds like a lot of money for men who are drawing but four to five dollars a week and supporting families, too. But that fact shows how vital this recreation is to them.

They used to say that Henry Ford's low-priced car had probably shunted revolution away from this restless world. If not that it did replace unhealthy introspection with contentment and happiness.

Similarly, the cinemas are stabilizing British minds in the trying economic period they are going through.

UP pops a new business in the film colony. As we told you a few months ago in *PHOTOPLAY*, Hollywood children who have famous actor fathers or mothers are zealously guarded at all times.

Now ex-Federal investigators propose a system that will aid in recovering the child if by some unforeseen chance a kidnapper should slip through the intricate protective net and make a get away.

Parents are asked to have the finger prints of their children registered, together with other identifying data. Then in case of a kidnapping, police everywhere will be able to check back if they arrest a suspect with a child that resembles the description that has been broadcast.

It seems to be a good idea, but let's hope, for the peace of mind of parents, that its efficacy will never have to be put to the test.



# Doug and His South Sea Penthouse

This breath-taking charmer is known to you as Maria Alba. To Doug she is simply *Saturday*, because she comes after *Friday*—you know, his man *Friday*. If there were many other natives like her, we'd all go native



Don't be confused by all the men you see in this view of Doug's penthouse in the South Seas. Actually, they are technicians engaged in filming "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." Doug, in the picture, is a lone white man on an island paradise, who contracts to prove that modern civilization can be made to work in the wilderness. He builds a penthouse and equips it with every known device for comfort and convenience. The funny part is that all the gadgets he makes from weird materials really work



Here is our modern Robinson Crusoe and *Saturday* finding entertainment from the world Doug left behind. That radio is built from odds and ends. The horn is a conch shell; the dials halved coconuts. The mechanism was procured from trappings once worn by his cannibalistic *Man Friday*. When Doug first discovered *Friday*, he thought him a good *Friday*. When he learned the fellow was a cannibal, Doug decided he was probably *Friday* the thirteenth. There was little doubt from the stuff he wore, but what at some time or another he had eaten a radio man. Doug could only hope he was an announcer



"I just can't find the time to do it, Adela, darling. I've got so much to do now. I never get a chance to sit down from morning till night. Now go away, Adela. I'm too busy to talk"



# Marie Dressler's

**A** WOMAN past sixty years old is the most beloved figure before the world today.

Why?

Beauty is not hers, and perhaps never was, as the world judges beauty.

Youth has gone from her, if you look upon youth as a thing of the flesh.

Yet this woman holds hearts, stirs audiences, thrills millions as no gorgeous beauty of the screen has ever done.

We grant you that she is a great artist. But there have been other great artists from time to time. They have been applauded but never loved as this woman is loved.

What is the reason that men and women and children everywhere feel a deep warmth, a tear and a chuckle, a hot loyalty, at the sight of Marie Dressler's face and the sound of her name?

It is very simple.

Through that art of hers, through the age which she carries so proudly, through the rugged face, shines a great soul. And as the surface of a lake mirrors the glory of the sun, we mirror back to her the love that she has for humanity.

Next month it is my privilege to tell you the life philosophy of the woman who at sixty reached her greatest heights and achieved a fame unsurpassed in all motion picture history. To tell you what she thinks. To look into that mellow, tender heart and that shrewd, dynamic brain and find what sixty years of living have meant.

When I first went to Marie Dressler and asked her to do this story, the story of her life philosophy, she said "no." And

The first of a remarkable series of articles about the most beloved personality in a world full of troubles

she said it in no mean fashion. She glared at me. She started talking to herself, which is a habit she has.

"Got so much to do now I never get to sit down from morning till night," she muttered. "Think I didn't have anything to do. Philosophy! Go away. I'm too busy."

She didn't mention the fact—she never mentions it—that she has been desperately ill. Oh, she's better. She's really almost well again. But she gave us a few very anxious hours not long ago, when we wondered if we should ever see that smile and hear that chuckle on the screen again.

**W**ELL, I decided not to go away. I don't think I'm particularly eloquent and persuasive or anything like that. But I knew I had Marie on the spot.

Casually, I mentioned the depression. Marie squirmed.

It was not so very long ago that her close friend and secretary, Claire duBrey, found Marie sitting at her desk, weeping bitterly. It was the first time Claire had ever seen that fine head bowed and she rushed to her. Upon the desk were letters by the thousands. Before Marie was an open check-book. "I can't do it," she said. "They want so much. So many of them—and it's breaking my heart."

That was quite true. Marie, like an idiot, was taking upon herself the burden of all her thousands of fan letters. Every mother that wrote her a plea for her kids, every little girl with a broken romance, every family that needed help. And Marie received thousands of fan letters every day.





"I'm an old fool, Adela. I haven't the time, but I'll do it. I'll help you write my story if you think it will help others. I don't know much about philosophy, honey, but I do know life"

# Own Story

As Told By  
Adela Rogers  
St. Johns

At last she had to give it up. It was one of the causes of her breakdown. No one in the world could have met the demand, spiritually or financially. And to Marie it was a constantly increasing agony.

I mentioned, too, the thing I have seen so much of late—the hurt and confusion and bewilderment of young people going through their first hard times. And I told her how on every hand I saw men and women who had lost their moorings and loosened their grasp on hope. How, having sailed so easily and gaily the high seas of prosperity with a philosophy, often without a God, they had no pilot to steer them, no course to follow, through the heavy seas of these latter days.

I told her of the pitiful lack of courage I had seen and the bitterness and rebellion that burned in many hearts.

"YOU can help them," I said. "You've lived a full and wonderful life. You've been up—and you've been down. You've had everything and you've had nothing. You have conquered age, broken down tradition. You have lived and loved and suffered. You have found happiness. You ought to tell other people how you have done these things. They love you and they will listen."

She sat for a long time, looking out over her garden. Her face was grave. There was grandeur in it.

I thought—gee, she's a swell person. There are not many like her. She makes you feel good. Troubles don't look very big. Get your confidence back, while you're talking to her. Life warms up. It's good to be with her. Her eyes are so bright. Why, she's younger and more beautiful than any woman I know. I love to look at her. That's because beauty is a thing of the spirit. And youth is a thing of the heart, superior to all the stupid ills of the flesh.

I had an uplifted feeling, as though I could run miles.

When she looked up, she was smiling. No one I know can be as gay as Marie.

"I'm an old fool," she said. "I haven't the time—but I'll do it. Why, you've got to be a fighter, honey. Don't folks know that? Everybody gets socked. Why, I've been—all right, all right, I'll do it. If I'd tend to my own business I wouldn't be so tired all the time."

"You love it," I said, "you know perfectly well that you love it. You'd be furious if you found yourself living a placid, sane, easy existence somewhere in the backwater."

The twinkle deepened. She winked at me. And we both howled with laughter.

"I know," she said. Then she hesitated and a look almost of humility came across her face. "Do you think I can really help? I am not a philosopher. I am just—a woman. I'm not a student. I don't know any big words. I haven't any grand phrases. I have never deliberately thought it all out—we must put it down just as it comes."

And do you know, for just a minute, I was blind with tears. I do not see very much of that exquisite virtue—humility—in my daily travels. So she promised. For the first time, to set down with me all that life has meant to her, all that it has taught her, what she has learned in sixty years of life and love and laughter—for she has spent forty-seven years in the cause of laughter. But to gain the uplift, the practical wisdom, the renewed hope, the happiness of that philosophy, you must know the woman who speaks.

What manner of woman is this, who has in her own life achieved that magnificent poetry of Browning's—

*Grow old along with me,*

*The best is yet to be,*

*The last of life, for which the first was planned.*

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



# Hollywood's Greatest First Night



"STRANGE INTERLUDE" brought them out in droves. It was undoubtedly Hollywood's greatest first night and our indefatigable photographer, Stagg, caught the real spirit of the event in these pictures. You can easily identify Connic Bennett in the foreground talking with George Fitzmaurice. Then there is Jean Harlow dividing her attention between Paul Bern, her new hubby (left), and Harry Cohn whom she also embraces. Directly behind this group you see Mary Pickford, but the chap reading the paper seems to be pulling a "cover-up" act. Take that paper away from your nose, Jimmy Durante, we know you.



# "STRANGE INTERLUDE"



Clark Gable and the Mrs. directly above. It was Mrs. Gable who startled the first nighters by wearing the only woolen gown in a sea of silk, satin and velvet. And last, but most important of all, the star of the picture, Norma Shearer

When the stars turn out, so do the fans. Above is a cross section of the twenty-five thousand people who thronged the streets around the Chinese Theater for blocks. Police were unable to handle the mob. Many were hurt in the crush







# Town



Once in a cobalt moon, a woman-bossed male will break away for a good camping out and no dressing for dinner

Did you think any man would deliberately choose to sit around for a whole evening in a formal evening coat and a white tie, working a jig-saw puzzle? Yet, that's what they do—and like it—at Connie Bennett's parties

rage for white has even invaded the beach houses where it is, to say the least, impractical. Men, as a rule, prefer splashing, definite colors—red and green and orange—and unspottable leather and monk's cloth for upholstery and drapes. Imagine what happens if you sit down just once, in a wet bathing suit, upon a chair cushioned in white and pastel chintz!

Doug Fairbanks took a friend to the attic at Pickfair the other night to show him some etchings and prints of cowboys and bucking horses.

"Why, Doug, these are swell things! They are rare and valuable—why in the world do you keep them up here where you can't see them?"

Doug smiled. "I had them on the wall in my room," he said, and changed the subject.

When Ronald Colman first took a house at Malibu, he was attracted to it because it was remote and almost primitive. No electric lights or gas. All supplies, including ice, milk and oil for fuel, had to be brought from the city by the householders. The only convenience available was running water. The three or four houses there were real beach shacks. Simple, easy to care for, furnished for rather stark comfort. A place where a man could lounge all day in a bathing suit or a sweater and duck

pants. Where he would not be troubled by callers at the cocktail hours. Where the telephone could not ring and where, certainly, no one dressed for dinner!

There were no built-in bars in those first houses, no glass-enclosed terraces where ladies in smart beach togs could play bridge. No white coated butlers. No one ever went swimming in those days in an ermine coat, as did one actress in a prankish mood last summer!

A MAN'S resort, it was. A refuge from parties and formality and evening clothes. Do you suppose that any regular man's man would choose to spend his leisure summer hours in Malibu now—unless some woman urged, "Everyone goes there"?

Ronnie says that Hollywood is becoming more and more a woman's town—for a rather special type of woman.

"Most of the women here make just as much money as the men," he told me. "They don't have to try to get along with men because they are not dependent upon them. They can afford to be arbitrary!"

"It is always a woman who plans a big party—a really formal, smart affair, I mean. Men usually dread those functions. But after we get there, urged or coaxed or dragged by some woman—we have a grand time! I know I do. Yet I should never think of giving a party like that and I never consent to go to one if I can avoid it. It's the way men are!"

"The woman who has a job and who likes out-of-door things—tennis, swimming, riding, golf, has things all her own way here. She receives more attention than she can use. It's no town, however, for the idle, sleep-until-noon, frilly, afternoon tea woman. Hollywood simply hasn't time for her!"

When Gary Cooper gave his house warming the other night, Mary Pickford, the Countess di Frasso and Gary's mother collaborated on the plans for menu, flowers and entertainment. The three presided over his home for the evening. Do you suppose if it hadn't been for those [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]





# The Garbo Jinx On Her Leading Men

By  
*Ruth Biery*

Charles Bickford stands alone! He was the only chap able to remain strong, dominant and natural as Garbo's leading man. In "Anna Christie" his performance equalled hers. Charlie thought Greta a fine workman, but he was not swept off his feet by the Garbo mania

**G**ARBO, the greatest actress of them all, is a deadly menace to her leading men. While other splendid actresses, like Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich develop those who play opposite them, Garbo overshadows them.

Garbo has proved to be an absolute jinx to eleven of the twelve men who have been her screen lovers in the sixteen single starring pictures she has made since she came to this country.

Look down the list of Garbo's leading men. Recall what has happened!

Ricardo Cortez in "The Torrent." It took Riccy *six years* to come back after those fatal days spent emoting opposite Garbo in her first American production.

Antonio Moreno is still fighting for his return—now, via Mexican pictures.

John Gilbert! He was the greatest star when the Swedish newcomer became his leading lady. Today, she holds that position. He has never stood alone in vivid, individual splendor

since the completion of the three pictures they made together. Lars Hanson returned to Sweden.

Conrad Nagel was a capable, popular leading man in the days-before-Garbo. But since he completed his second film with her, he has not had a real chance.

Nils Asther, at first a sensation, left the screen. He is just now fighting for a come-back.

Gavin Gordon had a good record on Broadway. He came to Hollywood with one definite hope—to play in a picture with the woman who had appealed to his imagination as no woman had before, on or off screen. Garbo! He realized his ambition in "Romance." He has done nothing of importance since.

Robert Montgomery! The colorful, light-hearted Montgomery of Norma's and Joan's pictures became a colorless shadow of his former self in "Inspiration." Thousands of Montgomery fans wrote letters demanding that he never again be subjected to the Garbo-jinx.

And Clark Gable. You saw him at his worst in "Susan Lenox." Only his splendid work in "A Free Soul" with Norma



# They Were Overshadowed by the Garbo Jinx



Antonio Moreno played with Garbo in 1926 in "The Temptress." Once an ace leading man, he is now fighting for a comeback



The poised Bob Montgomery became a colorless shadow of his former self when he worked with Garbo in "Inspiration"



Jack Gilbert has never stood forth in individual splendor since that fateful day when he and Garbo started "Flesh and the Devil"



While Gavin Gordon worked with Garbo he could talk of nothing but her. His adoration for her resulted in a bad performance

Shearer, and "Possessed" with Joan Crawford, saved him from an ignominious retreat from the screen after his single experience with Garbo.

Ramon Novarro. If Bob Montgomery was a shadow of his former self in "Inspiration," Ramon was merely a ghost in "Mata Hari." Only eleven years of stardom and memories of "Ben Hur," "Scaramouche" and "The Pagan" saved him.

Did you see Melvyn Douglas, a Broadway newcomer, with Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never"? He was alert, lively and emotional. Compare him with the stiff, awkward, lethargic actor opposite Garbo in "As You Desire Me." Melvyn mastered Gloria. Greta mastered him.

YOU notice that we skipped Charles Bickford. He is the exception that proves the rule. In "Anna Christie," he was brilliant and dominant. Charles Bickford kept his personality. But even Charlie has not had a really big screen opportunity since! Of all the curious phenomena surrounding this curious woman, this is the most singular.

It is the most amazing angle of her unparalleled career.

Nothing about Garbo is comparable to the histories of other internationally famous women. She, indeed, stands alone. An anomaly; a phantom woman, who defies description.

But the fact remains that over a period of seven years, through seventeen pictures, she has been consistently the greatest money-maker of the Hollywood stars. There is nothing weird, phantom or unexplainable about those cold, metallic, box-office figures!

She snatched glory; she has held onto it. But as she held it with a grasp which grew stronger and stronger, she weakened the hold which others already had upon it.

Even Lionel Barrymore gave the weakest performance of his illustrious career in "Mata Hari." It is one rôle which both Lionel and his admirers wish to forget!

Is Garbo to blame for this jinx which she has brought to the men who have played with her?

I think not. No single brain could have created, either deliberately or intuitively, the per-

sonality or career of Garbo. She was born an unusual woman; fate has developed her exceptional qualities.

Garbo could not have designed her life as an architect does a building. She could not foretell that, as she was to add to her glory, she would detract from the glory of others. If she could have foreseen—she would have plotted differently. She is, by nature, the kindest of women. The mechanics, electricians, cameramen and prop boys will furnish you with proof of this.

There was the day when fifteen additional minutes of work would have completed her picture. That meant she could remain at home the next day. She needed rest. But if she left at five sharp, as is her invariable habit and her contract right, it would mean another day of much needed work for the laborers. She knew that they depended upon her to close shop at five; that they felt safe in making definite engagements while employed on a Garbo picture. She did not hesitate but smiled that slow, wistful, slightly amused smile which is so typical of her. "I tank I go home. We will finish tomorrow."

When she completed her latest picture at M-G-M, "As You Desire Me," there was a diamond watch for one of them; a gorgeous traveling case for another. No member of that crew of thirty was forgotten. She had chosen each gift herself.

No, the Garbo jinx is not intentional. It is, like the rest of her, something that she, herself, cannot interpret or control.

There are two classes of men who have played opposite her:

1. Those who have fallen in love with the idea of playing with Garbo.
2. Those who have fallen in love with Garbo, the woman.

Some of the second class—those actually in love with Garbo—have fallen into the first class, also. But the first class have never slipped into the second.

Robert Montgomery exemplifies the first class!

No man in Hollywood dressed more informally than Bob. Unless he was in a picture costume, he wandered about the lot in indifferent trousers, sweater, white

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## Garbo's Leading Men

The Torrent	1925	Ricardo Cortez
The Temptress	1926	Antonio Moreno
Flesh and the Devil	1926	John Gilbert
Love	1927	John Gilbert
The Divine Woman	1927	Lars Hanson
Mysterious Lady	1928	Conrad Nagel
A Woman of Affairs	1928	John Gilbert
Wild Orchids	1928	Nils Asther
The Single Standard	1928	Nils Asther
The Kiss	1929	Conrad Nagel
Anna Christie	1929	Chas. Bickford
Romance	1930	Gavin Gordon
Inspiration	1930	R. Montgomery
Susan Lenox	1931	Clark Gable
Mata Hari	1931	Ramon Novarro
As You Desire Me	1932	Melvyn Douglas
Grand Hotel	1932	All-Star



Wide World

Hey there! Where's the hat going with the little girl in the spotted beach costume? Lilyan Tashman, here hiking up and down the hot sands of Malibu, is wearing the last word in seaside duds. White jersey blouse, red and white bolero jacket and trousers, and huge red hat

**T**HERE was a real heartbreak in Gloria Swanson's recent sale of her favorite screen story, "Rockabye." For that yarn was the apple of Gloria's eye and the joy of her heart!

Little did she know, when the dicker was made, that the great rôle would be played by Constance Bennett—her matrimonial, professional and social rival!

Old Cal's tears spoiled his morning coffee when he first heard the tale. For I know how near and dear to the heart of the star was this same "Rockabye." She ached to play it, she toiled over the script—she had consummate faith in the story as a means to a magnificent comeback to her heights as an emotional star. But she couldn't make Samuel Goldwyn see it her way, and the story was shelved to make way for another.

Then Michael Farmer came along. Marriage and motherhood interrupted the Swanson career. Soon, from London, will come an English-made picture as her screen return.

Perhaps finances forced her to peddle her beloved "Rockabye." Something else may have caused the loss. At any rate, what tragic irony! To have her favorite tale in the hands of Connie, who married her Marquis and took her vacant place on the screen—what a bitter pill for Gloria to swallow!



Acme

Will the acting genius of their famous father name in these two young sailor-men? The Fox Company, who has them for five pictures at \$35,000 per, devoutly hopes so! They are Sydney Earle (Tommy for films) and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., snapped on their way home from foreign parts to make their movie bow under the chaperonage of Mamma Lita Grey Chaplin. They do say that Charlie, Sr., is not any too happy about this baby-star business

# Cal York

## Announcing—

Blame me for diluting my coffee with tears? Or perhaps I'm just a sentimental old goof!

**L**IKE most brides, Jean Harlow needed a dress to be married in. So the day before the ceremony she rushed into a smart shop, tried on a white beauty just in from Paris, said "I'll take it" without looking further. Five minutes to do what most girls fuss over for weeks. Whatagirl!

**E**CHOES of the Jean Harlow-Paul Bern wedding are still heard round the film world. The platinum blonde who went red-head

to get really famous is buried under a mass of gifts. Over a hundred dozen glasses alone—cocktail, water and wine. Mostly solid rock crystal. Oodles of silver—heaps of China.

The gift that touched Jean most was a set of sterling spoons that had been in her secretary's family for generations. This secretary, Nancy Barbara Brown, was a chum of Jean's in finishing school. She wanted to be with Harlow in pictures, so she studied stenography and here she is!

**P**AUL and Jeanie picked a Saturday for the knot-tying, and most of Hollywood was off for the long week-end. As a result, a hundred





Cosmo Silco

Young Doug and Joan give New York a big hello as they step off the rattler which brought them from filmland. A few days later the couple climbed aboard the *Bremen* and shoved off for a European holiday. And Doug realized a four-year-old ambition—showing Joan Paris and letting Paris see Joan. Incidentally, Joan did all her shopping in Hollywood and New York, like the good little citizen she is, and took along four trunksful of coals to Newcastle



A fine actor has gone to his reward—plenty of bones and lots of cats to chase in the dog heaven. Jiggs, in short, is dead—good old Jiggsie, bull-dog star of those canine comedies that had us howling a couple of years ago. Jiggs was eleven years old. Remember him?

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

and fifty people turned up for the reception instead of the expected five hundred.

But then—filmtown's ladies may be a bit miffed.

For Harlow has carried off their favorite bachelor and most dependable friend. Bern's kindnesses to young film aspirants are innumerable.

Also—since "Red-Headed Woman," Jean is ace, king, queen and jack of the Metro lot. Perhaps some of the old guard are burning up, burning up!

Ah, mates, thorny indeed is the path of the sudden success in pictures—especially when she simultaneously annexes the town's most eligible bachelor!

## MONTHLY Ho-Hum Department—

Elissa Landi was given the big rôle in "The Sign of the Cross," says Cecil De Mille, because "she combines mysticism and sex with the pure and wholesome, and has the depth of ages in her eyes, today in her body, and tomorrow in her spirit." And now has anyone a soda-mint tablet?

STILL eluding reporters, Garbo left for her European vacation late in July. She was reported in four or five towns at once. She got off the train in an outlying station of New York

—accompanied by her friend, Mercedes de Acosta Poole. She led reporters and cameramen a wild-goose chase. Finally cornered, she did say a few words, but revealed little.

A few days later she quietly boarded a ship and lit out for her holiday.

BEFORE Greta sailed away, these were the last minute rumors—

That her vacation would last three months.

That she will re-sign with M-G-M for three years, her pay-check to begin at \$12,500 a week.

That her health, at present, is not too good.

These, as I say, are rumors. But don't sue. Who can collect these days?

BUT this is the pay-off!

Garbo had been especially nice to the crew during the shooting of her last picture, and the boys decided to return the kindness. They had a swell scroll made up, and all signed it and, one was deputized to deliver the dingus to the star. All shined up, the lad went to Garbo's home and found the gate locked. Nothing daunted, he climbed over the wall into the grounds—and was chased right back over the fence by Greta's man-eating hound! All the poor fellow could do was toss the fancy scroll over the fence into the yard and trust to luck that the star got it!

P.S. We are still waiting to know whether or not the dog ate it.



# Strike Up the Band, Boys,



Hollywood has had Thelma Todd engaged again and again. But not anymore. Recently she became the bride of Pasquale de Cicco



Besides being a swell actor, he's one of Garbo's best friends. Jean Hersholt, in costume, takes time out for a little walk and smoke between scenes



Meet Hollywood Cinderella No. 123456, young Diane Sinclair, who popped from a few minor stage rôles to a fat part in "The Washington Masquerade"



Never mind your ritzy valets—John Boles can carry his own duds, thank you, when he goes from the wardrobe department to his dressing-room. That's a make-up box he's got in his right hand

PERHAPS by the time this issue appears, John Gilbert will be married to Virginia Bruce. Perhaps he won't. Circumstances may force a later date for Gilbert's fourth matrimonial venture, which he set for early in August.

But as we go to press, Jack says that the beautiful Virginia will be wife Number Four.

They played together, of course, in "Downstairs," the picture Jack wrote for himself. It didn't take long for professional association to ripen into love.

This is Virginia's second try at pictures. Her first, as a Paramount contract girl, got nowhere. A stage interlude came next. Then, opposite Cagney in "Winner Take All," she scored a hit. And now, unless all signs fail, two careers loom. One as a bright success in talkies. Another as the bride of John Gilbert, Esq., of Beverly Hills!

A REPORT that Harry Bannister, ex-husband of Ann Harding, was to marry Nancy Lyon, eighteen-year-old society girl, had the country in a mild dither not long ago.

Bannister denied it. "She's eighteen and I'm ninety-four," he told reporters.

"They say she looks like Ann Harding," tried a scribe. "Not at all," answered Bannister, "they don't make 'em like Ann Harding!"

So saying, Harry leaped in his plane and zoomed away. Bannister is reported to have settled his contract with Pathe for \$40,000. The document called for \$1,250 a week.

ACCORDING to the erudite Skol-sky, columnist for the *New York Daily News*, a woman approached Groucho Marx at a Hollywood party and said, "I saw your picture last night. It was the first time I'd ever seen you. You're very funny." Groucho gave her the look and replied, "This is the first time I've seen you. You're very funny, too!"

"I GUESS I'm just a washout!"

That's what Buster "Sad-Faced" Keaton said as all the world gossiped about Natalie Talmadge Keaton's suit for divorce, after a marital partnership of eleven years!

The suit climaxed a long series of domestic spats and near-separations. There was the time Buster took their two sons and lit out for Mexico by plane—only to be stopped by a plea from Natalie. And there were other times.

"Extreme mental cruelty" was the charge brought against "Dead-Pan" Keaton. That he stayed out nights and refused explanations

later. Sad thing, all this. For the Keatons lived together in amity for nearly a decade. It has been only in the last year or two that discord found its way into print. Buster and the youngest Talmadge sister seemed to get on just fine. And now, barring changes of heart, it seems to be all over.

OUR flapping friend, the stork, has been unusually active in the Hollywood sector of late.

Carol Iæe Stuart, first-born of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, has been getting her first view of the movie colony in the past few weeks. The June Collyer-Stuart Erwin blessed event is eagerly anticipated by their friends. Arline Judge, too, is anticipating, and Director Wesley ("Cimarron") Ruggles, the prospective papa, looks excited and happy.

It's a girl at the Spencer Tracy's, and Florence Vidor has presented Jascha Heifetz, the great fiddler, with a son—a baby brother for the two-year-old girl of the family.

BUT Hollywood is furthest agog about Connie Bennett!

Is she going to be one of the next Hollywood mamas of the royal line? That's the red-hot rumor of the moment.



# For the Hollywood Parade



Irving Lippman



Irving Lippman

Although they say it isn't a romance anymore, when Mary Brian was in New York in vaudeville she spent a lot of time at the Pennsylvania Roof Garden where Buddy Rogers is orchestra-leading

Three famous Hollywood grins, but alas—this picture was snapped just before Ann Dvorak (left) ran away to Europe because she wasn't making as much money as a baby that played in one of her pictures; Joan Blondell went for a yachting trip with her mother and her best beau "somewhere in the Pacific," and Bette Davis set out for an Eastern vaudeville tour. Ah, Hollywood—here today and gone tomorrow. We are wondering when will these three meet again?

Connie is to sail for the south of France in September. If the little stranger (if there is to be one) is born over there, a nice international problem is posed. A French father, and born on French soil. Probably a little French Bennett, is the answer.

**I**HATE a fellow who says "I told you so" but it was no surprise when Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes came to a parting of the ways. Ralph is now in Reno seeing about the little thing one goes to Reno to see about.

Ruth and Ralph have continued to go places together and while they have remained friends, the old spark was undoubtedly gone. Theirs is as friendly a divorce as the one Ann Harding and Harry Bannister enjoyed, but without any apparent heartaches on either side. George Brent is quoted as saying that Ruth and he will be married upon her return from Europe. They have seen a good deal of each other since he was her leading man in "The Rich Are Always With Us." And, of course, there has been gossip—the nicer sort of gossip, for they are three nice people.

**H**OLLYWOOD'S myriad tongues have been on the wag concerning the Countess Dentice di Frasso and Gary Cooper. It's an

old Hollywood—nay, world-wide—custom. She's a house-guest of Mary and Doug, by the by.

But an angle to the Frasso-Cooper friendship that the town doesn't know is that the tall boy is paying back, in a friendly way, the many kindnesses the lady and her husband showed Cooper during his stay in Rome.

Gary was very ill with jaundice in the Eternal City, and the Count and Countess brought him the best medical attention available. Then they went to Africa with him on his hunting trip. The titled lady says Gary is a crack shot—he always gets his lion. And in return for the Frassos' kindness, Cooper has been doing the gentlemanly act during the Countess' Hollywood sojourn.

**D**IRECTOR Josef Von Sternberg, discoverer of Marlene Dietrich, is putting on a better act than ever, these days, reporters say. "Psycho-analytically speaking," is his pet phrase. Joe's big moment comes when he is sitting in his modernistic office, pointing to the modern art on the walls and saying, "Pictures are only a secondary interest to me! My real passions are art and music!"

**W**HAT will Chevalier do now, romantically speaking?

That's the question that overshadows war debts in the public mind today!

"I have no other love," says Maurice, indignantly casting aside all references to himself and Marlene Dietrich.

"We are divorcing to keep our friendship," was the word from Yvonne Vallee, Maurice's charming little French spouse to whom he has been wed since 1927.

"Incompatibility" was a reason both agreed on.

**M**R.S. CHEVALIER spent considerable time in this country since Maurice clicked in American pictures. Some talk was caused when she suddenly left Hollywood and trekked back to France not long ago. Chevalier's surprise action followed as soon as he reached his homeland. The tongues of gossip are already awag. New York newspapers casually mentioned that Genevieve Tobin sailed on the same ship as Maurice. They appeared together, you remember, in "One Hour With You."

In the meantime, a few million American girls are going to be wondering in which direction maddening Maurice's heart will veer!

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## Typed the Script and "Stole" the Picture

SIX weeks before the assembled motion picture critics of Hollywood proclaimed her one of the real discoveries of the year at a studio preview of "The Age of Consent," Dorothy Wilson was contentedly copying the script of that very picture in the stenographic department of the Radio Pictures studios.

No great beauty in real life, she is utterly lovely on the screen. But most remarkable of all is her amazing talent.

"She is just a natural actress," said

Gregory La Cava, the director. "It was hard to believe that she had never faced the camera before. I told her what I wanted and she gave it to me. That girl is going to be one of the great emotional actresses of the screen and it won't be long, either."

A few weeks before she was selected for the part, the executives had given screen tests to several stenographers, hoping to find new personalities, and Gregory La Cava saw something in Dorothy Wilson's test that made him know she was the girl he wanted.

Four years ago she was a Minneapolis high school girl. She took a six months' course in stenography, worked three years

Richard Cromwell has been considered one of Hollywood's best juveniles ever since he played the title rôle in "Tol'able David" about two years ago. Capable and attractive young actor that he is, Dorothy Wilson, who moved from the stenographic department of the studio to leading lady in "The Age of Consent," stole the honors right from under his eyes

in Minneapolis and then she came to Hollywood. Dorothy had no high-flown ambition; she wanted and got a stenographic job at the studio. That was a year ago.

And while Dorothy bent over her typewriter, the dramatic coach from the studio was searching through the colleges of the country for new screen bets. It's very doubtful that in this nation-wide search he will find a girl who can act as Dorothy Wilson can.

Yet, there she was right on the home lot! One of those strange set-ups only to be found in Hollywood.

HERE'S another amusing sidelight on this Cinderella story. When they engaged her for the picture, they told her that the day she finished the film she was to go back to her typewriter until they had discovered whether the public liked her or not. But Dorothy wasn't kept on the anxious seat very long. There came another fast break for her.

They didn't have to wait for the public. The reviewers settled the matter right then and there in that projection room.





Gaston Longet

**H**ERE'S the most annoying picture of the month. Look at these three Radio Pictures mermaids—and who wouldn't?—playing around in a Hollywood pool while the rest of us slave. Phyllis Fraser, wearing one of the new bathing caps that look like hair, Rochelle Hudson and Mary Mason show how difficult it is to be a film actress



Hurrell

THEY were talking about this Robert Young the other day in Hollywood. "That boy has everything—pep, poise and real screen warmth," was the consensus of opinion. And lots of movie-goers wrote to PHOTOPLAY protesting because his name wasn't in electric lights over "The Wet Parade." It'll be there soon or we don't know star stuff!





THEY'VE taken Joel McCrea out of the drawing-room and given him a couple of desert islands to roam around in *a la Tarzan*. In both "Bird of Paradise" and "The Most Dangerous Game," he gives Johnny Weissmuller competition. But this cinematic change hasn't affected Joel's private life. He is still Hollywood's favorite *Beau Brummel*



Cecil Beaton

**I**T'S funny about Evelyn Brent—Betty to her pals. Directors say that she's an A-number-one actress, yet months go by and Betty's lovely, brooding face is not before the cameras. So clap hands while you have the chance. She now has a rôle with Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus." (Aside to Marlene: You're up against competition, girl)



# Harold Offers \$1000<sup>00</sup> To Photoplay Readers for Gags



These stills from Harold Lloyd's new comedy, "Movie Crazy," illustrate what Harold considers a perfect gag. In fact, it is one of a series of gags, or, as is known in picture parlance, a "running gag." When you see "Movie Crazy" you'll find out how the gag ends. We can't spoil your fun by explaining it here. But we can give you these tips. The gag is simple. It involves the crushing of a straw hat. Just to *break* a straw hat comes under the heading of slapstick. But here, because of the situation that has been worked out, it is elevated to high comedy. Now read about Harold's Gag Contest

**H**OW many times have you thought of some hilarious joke, stunt or situation which, if enacted upon the screen, would send movie audiences into convulsions of laughter?

Probably every time you see a motion picture comedy you say, "I know one as funny as that."

Well, here is your chance to write one as funny as that—and cash in on it!

What everybody needs and wants right now is a great big laugh—and the more the merrier.

Harold Lloyd has done his share to make the world laugh by producing and acting in "Movie Crazy," and dozens of other comedies. Now he is going to give every reader of PHOTOPLAY an opportunity to demonstrate his or her wit and, at the same time, make money out of it. He is offering, through PHOTOPLAY Magazine, \$1,000 in cash prizes for the best 107 jokes, stunts or situations selected by a judging committee composed of Harold Lloyd, James R. Quirk and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff.

All you have to do is think up a "gag." In Hollywood the lads who get weekly salaries for doing this call themselves by the high-fallutin' name of "comedy constructionists." But around the studios they are known as "gag men."

A gag is simply a funny situation—the sort you see on the street or in your homes every day. It may involve one person or a group of people. The main point is that it must be funny.

Perhaps you may remember a gag that you have seen or experienced in real life. Maybe it will be just a bit of fanciful fun that seems to you to have photographic possibilities. If you think it is funny, put it on paper. You can use up to 500

words, but if you can say it in less, so much the better. Send your gag or gags to the Movie Crazy Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your situation, joke or gag may win one of the prizes.

The prize money will be divided as follows: First prize, \$250; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; four prizes of \$25 each; one hundred prizes of \$5 each, making a total of 107 prizes.

There is nothing complicated about entering this contest. All you have to do is to describe the joke, stunt, scene, situation—in other words, the gag—in simple, everyday words and send it in.

**B**UT before you do this, be sure to turn to page 125 of this magazine and read the rules of the contest very carefully. Don't fail to do this, for by neglecting to follow the rules, a very fine gag of yours might be disqualified.

A later issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine will tell you when the winners will be announced. The judges assure you that it will be as early as possible.

Remember that this doesn't take any literary genius. Just sit down and write the gag as you would tell it to a friend. Think back and remember all those situations that have caused you to say, "Why, that ought to be in a movie—it would be a scream."

You can send in as many gags as you like, but keep them short, snappy and to the point! It's easy and will give you a laugh while you're thinking them up. This is Harold Lloyd's and PHOTOPLAY Magazine's invitation to you to join the contest and have some fun.



# Mad, Merry Malibu

The cradle of the beach pajama and the home of the \$5,000-a-week beachcomber. The most interesting and goofiest stretch of sand in the world, where the antics of the stars make the sea-gulls dizzy



Malibu—the craziest community in the world, bounded on the south by Wesley Ruggles and on the north by Connie Bennett. That's her shack nearest to you. The road is from Hollywood. Stars go here to "get away from it all," and build their houses this close together. Note garages and tennis courts in back of homes

**M**ALIBU. Hey, hey. A row of houses on a sandy shore. Bound by Connie Bennett on the north and Wesley Ruggles on the south. With Louise Fazenda smack in the middle. The spray ground of the stars. Hollywood gone pajama. The gay, hysterical Hollywood of old, moved twenty miles north and twenty times goofier. The place where stars go to get away from it all only to get in deeper and slightly wet to boot. And love it. "What's become of the good old Hollywood?" incoming writers mourn. "The gay, mad spirit that made Hollywood, Hollywood? Where is it?" Calm down, stranger. It's still here. Just a few miles farther north on a damp and sandy shore. All here. Everything, including Lew Cody.

Hi there, Malibu. A half mile stretch of delirium tremens architecture along an astounded Pacific Ocean. Even the fish can't get over it. And the sea-gulls fly dizzily around. Squawking for help and a bit more imported caviar. Where people build seventy-five thousand dollar houses on a thirty foot lot they can never own. And pay a dollar a day for the privilege. *The freak property of the world.* "What, sell my land," cries the owner, "when people, hundreds of people, pay me one dollar every day just for the privilege of living on it? For just ten years? Be your ladylike self." Malibu. Where everything is dated from the fires. "Now, let's see. When was it Jack got his divorce from





Stagg

Mabel? Was it right after the big fire or just before the little one? No, remember Fred got sunburned and peeled all over everything just after the little fire, so it must have been the medium one. Yes, that's right. It was just after the medium fire. Only seven houses (contents included) burned that time."

Where the white stone mansion of Miss Ringe, the owner of Malibu's golden sand, sets high above the movie colony on a nearby hill and looks down. Wondering, wondering, wondering.

A good half mile strip of houses. With a tiny three feet between. A Swiss chalet next to a Southern manse. With bell ringers and yodeling in one house and banjo strumming in the other.

A Spanish fandango with a tamale front next door to an up and down board shack. Like the Mulligan's, across the track.

The red and white mansion of Lil Tashman. And a Mexican adobe shack with a water jar (never touched) and two scandals each season.

## By Sara Hamilton

A suburban type home with *green grass in the front yard, geraniums, palm trees and shrubs. On a sandy shore. I*

ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask you.

And all this next door to a sand-drifted front yard, with the sand sweeping across a completely hidden fence into the jellied consommé.

Chiffon curtains to an ocean-sprayed window. Cretonne, next door. Oriental rugs. With grass ones on the other side.

Every house screaming out the personality of the owner. A dead giveaway.

"Here am I. A Spanish complex with a slight leaning to Bank of Italy architecture. Look."

We look.

But no matter the style or period of any house they all have that triangular glass windbreaker on the northwest corner of the fence. There is such a thing as an ocean breeze overdoing it.

It began, this Malibu, with Anna Q. Nilsson, a desire to rest, and a tiny board hut. And, year by year, it has grown bigger and bigger, and madder and madder, and gayer and gayer.





Joan Bennett's house has a color scheme of blue and white both inside and out. The bedrooms are off the balcony

In this little red and white nest, buffet supper may start at 7 P. M. Friday and finish around 10 Tuesday morning. It belongs to Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman. And there are mine host and mine hostess, themselves, snatching a short, quiet sun bath. Lil's bathing suit and Eddie's robe are red and white to match the house. And, you ask, who are those folks at the back door? Oh, just a few droppers-in

People once paraded in old sweaters and corduroy. And now look. If you have a strong constitution, that is.

A 3 by 6, red and white awning on a front porch on Monday, means three new red, white and blue 6 by 9 awnings on Tuesday, four red, white, blue and orange 9 by 12 awnings by Wednesday and on and on, until the next Monday the original awning-putter-out thinks up another one to slap the neighbors silly. It's grand.

And styles. At the beginning of each season all the Malibu-ites gather up last season's clothes and swear this year they'll wear out their old things at the beach. What's a beach for but to wear out old clothes, they demand?

Then, the first warm Sunday, Lil Tashman or Connie Bennett strolls, oh so nonchalantly, up the beach, and the riot is on. A bright green bathing suit, backless on Monday, means four brighter green backless suits on Tuesday. On Wednesday, there are seventeen of the brightest green suits full of wide open spaces ever viewed by mankind. And are they viewed? Until the next Sunday someone thinks up something else.

**G**OOD old Malibu. Where everything is different from an everyday world. Elsewhere rents go down. In Malibu, they go up. Like a fevered temperature.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars a month for a yellow frame cottage. Including dog kennels, of course. Seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a month for a bilious looking stucco with four master bedrooms, a ping-pong table and quantities of leftover aspirin.

And people claw each other for the privilege of living on the poorest beach along the coast, where the rip tide rips, the undertow tows, Jack Gilbert entertains Hawaiian princesses and everything finally burns down, anyhow.

Where Violet Love walks to her bedroom window and sniffs, "My Gawd, smell. Peggy Pretty is using Coty tonight and last night it was Feu Follet. Where does she get all that perfume, is what I'd like to know."

Or a famous blonde glances through an open window to another open window and sneers, "Humph. Call that real lace



Photos By Stagg

Here's the lad who stands guard over Malibu, at the main road. A kidnapper or a casual whoopee-maker with seven or eight too many under his belt wouldn't have a chance against hard-boiled Bill Barber, who shoots a mean forty-five, if the occasion arises. Bill knows who has and who hasn't the right to cavort on Malibu sands





Welcome—if you're invited—to the brand new home of Marie Prevost. Right on the sandy front yard there's a small strip of garden. And what a grand sun porch for bridge playing. But does Marie have any privacy? Just see how close her next-door neighbor's house is. That's Malibu!

The general store at Malibu looks just like the one at Hicktown, except that R. L. Bills, the proprietor, sells more caviar and *pate de foies gras* than pecks of potatoes and turnips. John Boles, in typical Malibu costume—white cap, white sweater and open shirt—does the family marketing for his missus just like you and I do

A gateman is posted here who halts every incoming car of strangers. "All right, where are you going? You expected? Just a minute." As we now have telephones in some houses, the gateman phones. "You expecting visitors from Sedalia, today? Two women, one man, four children, one with the whooping cough, and four guinea pigs? *No? Okay.*

"Out please, and make it snappy. You're not expected."

And the informal visitors are

on those stepins? Ridiculous. Simply ridiculous, if you ask me."

A stone wall along the coast highway protects Malibu from the outside world. At the gateway stands a small white hut. The post office. With old-time open boxes and names printed beneath. And what names! Connie Bennett, Chico Marx, Warner Baxter, Estelle Taylor, Leila Hyams, George O'Brien, Eddie Lowe, Louise Fazenda and dozens of others as famous.

"My dear, there's that same bill for Susan Bigname again. See, sticking out of her box. Well, the way some people don't pay their bills has me under."

Just a village post office where world-famous people gather every day for mail and gossip. Just as thousands of others do, the world over.

on their way. Out.

A kidnapper wouldn't have a chance to ply his trade here.

A straight road leads down from the main highway to the settlement. From the back road all that can be seen is a row of garages and a low black fence marked, "Visitors for number fifty-three park here. Visitors for sixty-eight park here, etc." The owners' Chevrolets, Rolls Royces, Packards, Fords are all tucked away in the small garages.

Seven patrolmen are on duty night and day. Protecting the homes from gate crashers that may have gotten past the gateman, souvenir seekers, over-eager fans and yes, gangsters. Then too, there's the ever-present danger of fire.

After the first fire, when fourteen houses burned to the ground, a new fire engine was [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



**H**ERE he is—idol of the New York Stage, now called “the nicest man in Hollywood.” You’ll be seeing Herbert Marshall soon with Marlene Dietrich in “The Blonde Venus.” If you want to know just how fine marriage really can be, read the story on the opposite page



# Folks—that's *Romance!*

Neither Herbert nor Edna will allow their careers to separate them. While he is acting in Hollywood, she plays housewife for him



Do you remember the tender love scenes played by Herbert Marshall and Edna Best in the English-made film, "Michael and Mary"? That wasn't acting—that was just the way Herbert really feels toward his wife, and the way Edna loves him. Maybe some Hollywood producer will co-star these two

**T**HE biggest and finest true love story in Hollywood is an imported one, right off the ship, labeled "Made in England."

It's the story of Mr. and Mrs. (Edna Best) Herbert Marshall.

Playing throughout the country today is a British-made picture. It's as simple and unpretentious as its title, "Michael and Mary." If you see it, you will capture something of the rare sweetness which belongs to this couple in real life.

In a few weeks, you will see Marshall in an American picture opposite Marlene Dietrich. It's "The Blonde Venus." Meanwhile, Edna is playing housewife for the first time in her busy career.

You really cannot appreciate this couple unless you see "Michael and Mary." Although it is merely a play, it will make you love them. This may seem like free advertising, but it's okay with the editor because he raved about the picture to me.

Hollywood picture companies are always trying to separate those love birds. Remember when Edna came to Hollywood with a six-months contract with M-G-M? She had her costumes ready and her tests made for the lead with Jack Gilbert in "The Phantom of Paris." Then came the day to start the picture. And with it arrived a telegram from Mrs. Herbert Marshall saying she was on the train en route to New York. She could not stand being anywhere—not even Hollywood, without her husband!

They are as reticent as a pair of high-bred Persian cats. They refuse to talk about themselves. You can't interview them.

Marshall won't talk about his ghastly war experience, which left him with a bad leg. Look sharply when you see him on the screen and you can detect a slight limp, which only adds to his

charm. His nice English face gives no evidence that he still suffers and that every once in a while another operation is necessary.

But if physical suffering can bring to a man the love and tenderness that Edna has for him, perhaps he thanks God for that shrapnel-shell.

There is more than just physical beauty in Edna's face. The physical perfection is there but with it—something beyond. Spiritual loveliness is the most difficult quality to describe. It has a way of defying the adjectives of a human language, because it reaches beneath the everyday understanding of human beings. But when you see Edna on the screen you will catch something of that idyllic love that does not allow her to leave Herbert even for the length of time it takes to make a single picture. In "Michael and Mary," her characterization stretches from girlhood to middle-age. I really do not know in which part she is the more lovely.

**T**HIS love which grows so straight and strong was not a mad first-sight affair. They met on the English stage and played several rôles together. In 1926, they co-starred in their first American success, Michael Arlen's "These Charming People." They thought that they loved then, but they waited to make certain. Love, to them, must supersede everything else. If it were a perfect love, it must help careers; not interfere. They have given their romance some pretty severe tests and it has come through them all valiantly. In 1928, while they were playing "The High Road" in New York, they were married.

Their histories are simple. His shows us a young man who did not particularly want to be an actor and had no illusions about a trouper's life. His father had conducted stock companies in the Colonies, so he knew about the hardships. But when he had lost one accountant's [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103 ]

*By Ruth Biery*

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ *BACK STREET*—Universal

THE story and spirit of Fannie Hurst's book are here exquisitely translated to the screen—and we can hear state censor boards groaning with rage as they do not dare to ruin, with their clumsy shears, this lovely story of unconventional love. This is the tale of a seemingly ordinary girl forced by fate to tread the lonely back streets of life, sacrificing everything for her man and becoming a character of rare beauty. In this rôle Irene Dunne rises to new heights. She can make the hardest-boiled shed a tear. John Boles does his best work as the young banker for whom the girl stays in the background, content to see him rise to fame.

The motion picture in one of its finest forms—a story that will follow you from the theater, tugging at your heart-strings. Do not cheat yourself by missing "Back Street."

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



☆ *STRANGE INTERLUDE*—M-G-M

NOT as rollicking or thrilling film entertainment is this picture given the place of honor among the month's productions. But PHOTOPLAY goes on record as keenly appreciating the courage and ability of Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, its producers, and must point out the significance of this contribution to screen art. We have been reading a lot of criticism from screen reviewers. This picture is a devastating answer. Get behind this picture, you high-brow critics, or hold your peace. See this picture, fans, and do your bit to encourage men who dare to spend a fortune to produce such a radical departure from screen fare.

Eugene O'Neill is the Pooh-Bah of theatrical intellectuals. The story of "Strange Interlude" is a morbid one, deficient in the action of the medium into which it is wonderfully translated. It is a tale of a neurotic woman and her three lovers, from youth to old age. Its pace is tedious at times. Its adaptation, direction and acting are superb. Its novelty is the utterance of unspoken thoughts, a technical and at times confusing device, but intensely interesting.

Norma Shearer here takes her place among the great artists of her day. Clark Gable does his finest technical screen work as he ages over a period of forty years. Ralph Morgan, Alexander Kirkland and Robert Young share honors.



☆ *AMERICAN MADNESS*—Columbia

HERE is the first picture that steps up and seriously considers that little situation known as "The Depression." The action covers twenty-four hours. Sounds dull? Wait until you see it!

Why, the run on the bank is more exciting than an advancing army! And the scene in which the small business men rush to save the bank by depositing their profits will bring tears. This story about money is more poignant than most of the sweetheart hokum of the day!

Walter Huston, as the home-spun banker with faith in the little merchants, gives a flawless, delightful performance.

Pat O'Brien is fine as the chief teller. Kay Johnson and Constance Cummings turn in good work—but it's the picture itself that's the big thing! Don't miss it!



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

STRANGE INTERLUDE  
BACK STREET  
MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE  
THE FIRST YEAR  
THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE

MOVIE CRAZY  
AMERICAN MADNESS  
THE AGE OF CONSENT  
TOM BROWN OF CULVER  
CONGORILLA

## The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude"  
Clark Gable in "Strange Interlude"  
Walter Huston in "American Madness"  
Irene Dunne in "Back Street"  
John Boles in "Back Street"  
Douglas Fairbanks in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe"  
Dorothy Wilson in "The Age of Consent"  
Richard Cromwell in "The Age of Consent"  
Eric Linden in "The Age of Consent"  
Arline Judge in "The Age of Consent"  
Janet Gaynor in "The First Year"  
Charles Farrell in "The First Year"  
Lionel Barrymore in "The Washington Masquerade"  
Karen Morley in "The Washington Masquerade"  
John Gilbert in "Downstairs"  
George Bancroft in "Lady and Gent"  
Alison Skipworth in "Madame Racketeer"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122*



★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists

HEY, Rube Goldberg, this Douglas Fairbanks is stealing your stuff! He's got more goofy gadgets on that South Sea island than you've got in a month's supply of your cartoon inventions. He's got a turtle that pumps water, a monkey that milks a goat, he's got hot and cold running water right out of bamboo faucets. And out of a lot of junk, he makes a radio that really works!

Take the little woman and the two boys to see it. It is Douglas at his best. Doug makes a bet that if they put him on a tropical island alone he can have a penthouse on Park Avenue with all the modern conveniences within two months. And what's more, he does it! And Rube, not a word to the wife, but get an eyeful of that hip-shaking Maria Alba, and you will stow away on a ship for Tahiti!



★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

HAROLD LLOYD'S first in two years—and the best talkie he's made! In fact, "Movie Crazy," in sheer movie merit, harks back to the spacious days of "Grandma's Boy" and "The Freshman." It's a ten-strike for the goggled Harold and will delight his fan army, which, like the elephants, never forgets. Lloyd's new one marks a great advance in the use of comedy dialogue. It never slows down the action nor interferes with the gags. It is, as you may gather, a peach of a picture.

"Movie Crazy" tells the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame. It doesn't, however, satirize pictures and picture people. Its glamorous background helps a lot in building up the romance between movie-mad Harold and two actresses—one excellently played by Constance Cummings; the other no less deftly done by a mysterious Spanish peach-erino. Her identity isn't disclosed until the picture's end.

Harold, himself, turns loose a burst of comedy speed. The film has six brand-new comic sequences, which gives the boy the world's championship. All in all, a red-hot credit to the eternal and immortal Lloyd.

Also in the cast are Kenneth Thomson, Louise Closser Hale, Spencer Charters, Mary Doran and Robert McWade—and all good. Go "Movie Crazy"!



★ **THE AGE OF CONSENT**—RKO-Radio

ON another page of this issue is a short story about Dorothy Wilson, a new studio heroine, who will rank with Olympic winners in breaking records. She shines even in contrast with two grand performances by Richard Cromwell and Eric Linden, and for looks holds her own with Arline Judge. Originally called "Fraternity House," your reviewer spoke up in a meeting at the preview and denounced the new title as unworthy of the film's sincerity. The action takes place at a co-educational college, and Judge Lindsey, after he saw the film, said it was a true diagnosis of our educational methods—long on text-book biology but short on the problem of the biological urge of the students. Splendid entertainment, and it will bring about the happy culmination of more than one prolonged engagement.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures



**THE FIRST YEAR**—Fox



AND so Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell were married—again! But this time these box-office darlings go beyond the altar to the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. A bright, homey little picture, from the famous Frank Craven stage play. The two young folks nearly go smash—but Uncle Dudley Digges fixes things. Minna Gombell, Maude Eburne, Robert McWade, George Meeker—dandy!



**TOM BROWN OF CULVER**—Universal



A GRAND picture for everybody—mom and pop, and every boy and girl! Devoid of all mushy girl-interest, it moves zestfully through famous Culver Military Academy, with Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and Ben Alexander fighting nip and tuck for acting honors. The film shows men in the making, and it is evident that at Culver, where the scenes were really shot, they make 'em good!



**THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE**—M-G-M



WASHINGTON—politics—Lionel Barrymore. Shake up the lot and you have a fine evening's entertainment. Into the capital's intrigue comes *Jeff Keane*, a respected attorney. That's Lionel. He fails to grab a brass ring on the political merry-go-round, becomes involved with skullduggery and a woman, and ends, a defeated man. Karen Morley, as a scheming vamp, is great. You'll weep for Barrymore. Good picture.



**CONGORILLA**—Fox



YOU'VE seen a lot of darkest Africa lately. You may even have seen a better animal picture. But we'll bet you've never seen a more amusing one than this cinematic adventure of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson among a tribe of Congo pygmies! Watch the Johnsons teaching the black mites the arts of cigar smoking and American jazz! Animal shots are good, but the pygmies steal the show. Swell!

**SKY-SCRAPER SOULS**—M-G-M



THE drama of a skyscraper—that's the grandiose idea they've tried to capture in this one. Pardon is due if they confuse us with a few too many stories to follow, for the film is magnificently produced, and excellent performances are given by Warren William, Norman Foster, Anita Page, Maureen O'Sullivan, Verree Teasdale and Jean Hersholt. Financial wizardry and romantic intrigues are here. Unusual picture.

**DOWN TO EARTH**—Fox



WILL ROGERS and his rich, four-flushing family lose their butlers and Rolls-Royces and learn to like it! Not a new theme, by any means, and a picture that might have been one of Will's best if it were not quite so sketchy and obnoxious. Will gets off some real depression philosophy that is comforting to us all, and maybe it's not such a bad depression as depressing things go!



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**DOWNSTAIRS**  
—M-G-M



**JACK GILBERT** was dissatisfied with his stories, so he wrote one himself and stars in it. Jack plays a chauffeur. When he isn't chauffing, he's a combination of Beau Brummell and Casanova. Neither his lady boss nor the maid (Virginia Bruce) escapes him. Jack's idea of a happy ending is to drown himself in a barrel of wine. Anyhow, Jack does his best work in a long time. Worth seeing.



**LADY AND GENT**—  
Paramount

**GEORGE BANCROFT** is back again with a good picture, a down-to-earth story with plenty of heart interest. George is fine as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter. There's also a boy, making it somewhat reminiscent of "The Champ." But there's a nice love story, too, the part of the girl being beautifully done by Wynne Gibson. The theme isn't new, but you'll like this.

**SPEAK EASILY**—  
M-G-M



**HERE'S** a goofy picture that stands up in a month of screen comedies. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante clown their way through six reels of hilarious tomfoolery. Buster plays a college professor in charge of a cheap musical show and Jimmy Durante plays a marvelous burlesque of himself. And oh, is that beautiful Thelma Todd easy to look at! Save enough out of your pay envelope to take the family to this.



**MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**—  
Paramount

**MARX BROTHERS'** comedy technique, without the Marx boys. Nonsensical, rapid and stark mad. How the crazy athletes of mythical Klopstockia win the Olympic games! Lyda Roberti does a broad take-off on a certain Swedish filmster (guess!)—the comics are no less than Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin, Andy Clyde *et al.* A new peach appears in Susan Fleming. A good insane comedy for nonsense fans!

**BACHELOR'S FOLLY**—  
World Wide-  
Gainsborough



**THEY'VE** done right by Herbert Marshall in this one and he makes you understand why he is one of New York's favorite matinée idols. Take a look and see. The story—all about honor among race-horse owners—is as charming as the English countrysides and drawing-rooms where the pleasant little Edgar Wallace yarn unfolds. Edna Best, Marshall's wife, has a small part.

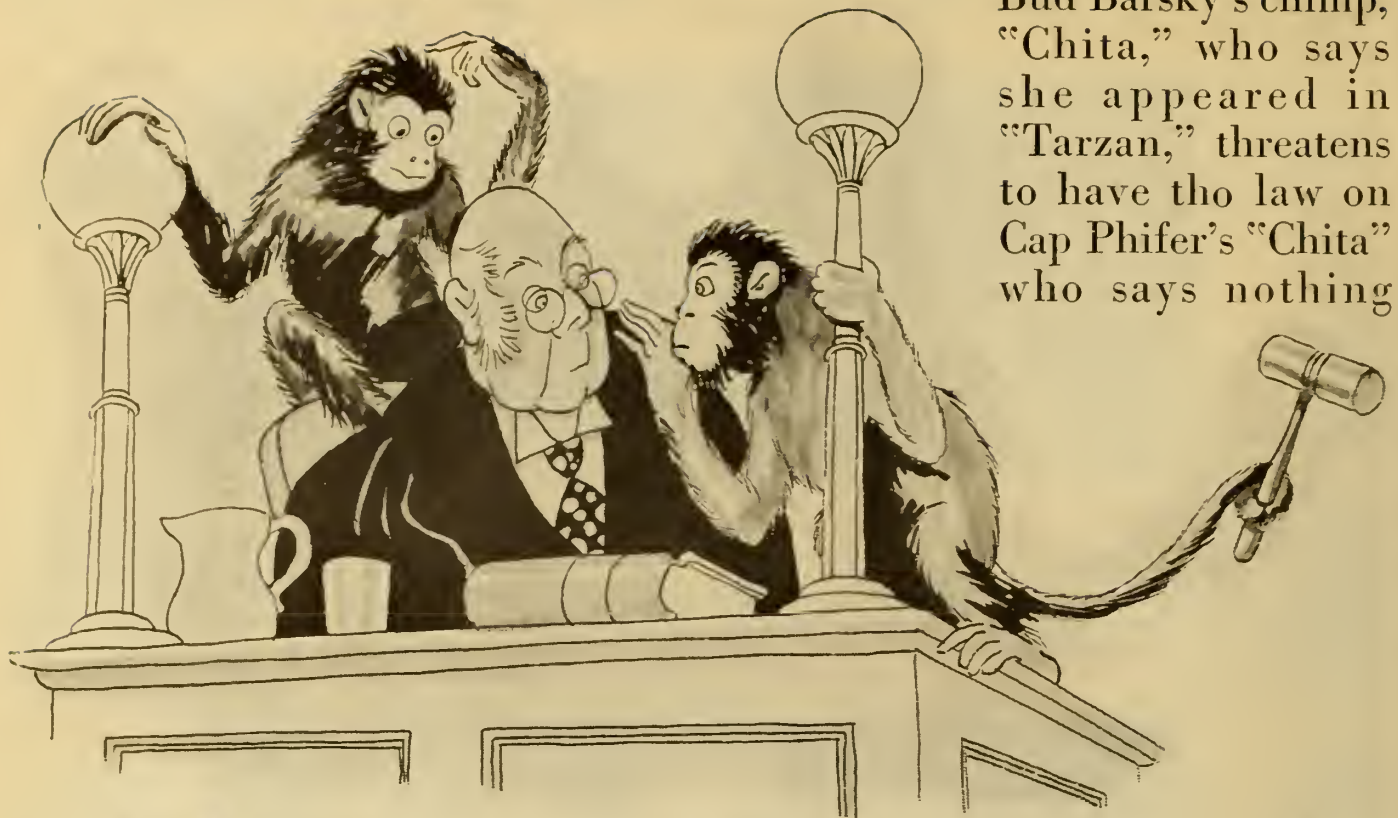


**HOLD 'EM JAIL**—  
RKO-Radio

**WHEELER** and Woolsey's last picture before their recent split. (And now they've made up.) If you like crazy, impossible gags tumbling one upon another, you'll like this. The kids will get a real kick and the grown-ups will get laughs from the very ridiculousness of it. It's the jail football team that plays as no other team ever has or will!

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 110]





Bud Barsky's chimp, "Chita," who says she appeared in "Tarzan," threatens to have the law on Cap Phifer's "Chita" who says nothing

# Monkey Business!

(Editor's note: A few months ago Leonard Hall, PHOTOPLAY's ape expert, or expert ape, interviewed one Chita, dainty chimp belonging to Captain Phifer. The lady claimed that Johnny Weissmuller stole all the glory from her in "Tarzan, the Ape Man.")

Now appears another Chita, a chic chimp belonging to Major Bud Barsky of Hollywood, who claims that only she or he was the Simian star of "Tarzan." The major's Chita has the law on Cap's Chita, charging plagiarism, libel, mayhem, transporting narcotics, breaking glass in the street and beating Officer J. McGinnis, Shield 8080, on and about the head and body with some blunt instrument.

The case was threshed out in court. And here is the chaff.)

Supreme Court,  
State of Coma,  
Chita vs. Chita, or when ape meets  
ape the cocoanuts fly.

Justice Abner J. Doze on and under  
the bench.

**J**USTICE DOZE—(waking sharply  
and hurling an inkwell at the attorney  
for the plaintiff)—Call a witness  
and let's get this monkey business  
over.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—I call  
Chita.

(Both monkeys leap to the witness  
stand and start excavating each other's  
windpipe with claws and toofies. Court  
attendants separate them with difficulty  
and scratches.)

MESSRS. BARSKY AND PHIFER—  
There, there, girls! Soft paws! No  
scratchie! No bitie! Nice babies!

By Leonard Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

JUSTICE DOZE—I'd rather have a  
couple of blood-sweating Bengal tigers  
in this here court! Which is Chita?

BARSKY'S CHITA—Me!

PHIFER'S CHITA—I!

WALTER WINCHELL—(a lion tamer)—Just a couple of chitas!  
Hehehe!

JUSTICE DOZE—Order! I'll clear the court with insect powder!  
Which Chita do you want, Lawyer?

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—Major Barsky's Chita, you dope!  
(Major Barsky's Chita clambers to the stand and makes faces  
at the judge.)

JUSTICE DOZE—That's contemptible!

BARSKY'S CHITA—So are you, doubled and redoubled.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—Chita, are you the chimpanzee  
that practically starred in "Tarzan, the Ape Man" for Metro?

BARSKY'S CHITA—You're darned well  
right I am. You should see my fan mail!  
A bunch of the Congo gorillas are booming  
me for queen. I also starred in  
"All Quiet on Sunnybrook Farm," "The  
Shanghai Bad Girl" and "Bring 'Em  
Back to the Grand Hotel." Now Uncle  
Carl Laemmle wants me for "The Road  
Back to the Poorhouse," and Zukor—

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—That's all  
—swinging down out of there. Good girl!  
Peanuts I'll give! That's my case, your  
honor.

JUSTICE DOZE—And a very cute case,  
too. Send one around to my place. How  
about this other Chita?

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—I call the  
other Chita.

(Cap Phifer's Chita hops neatly to the  
stand and starts eating off the toupee of  
Court Attendant Dennis J. Cohen.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101 ]



The picture that started the  
whole rumpus. Cap Phifer's  
"Chita" interviewing Len Hall



# What Price Stardom?

By Evaline  
Lieber

"D LORES DEL RIO'S contract was not renewed by Radio Pictures!"

That simple news item appeared in a Los Angeles paper recently. Behind the brief sentence lies a tragic and poignant story.

Dolores is the epitome of natural beauty and is the type of woman about whom poets have raved for generations.

She has never attempted to be anything but what nature intended her to be; has imitated no one; used no artifices to enhance her native charms.

Her raven hair has never known curling-iron or finger-wave. She has always (and still does!) pulled her hair back from her forehead and parted it in the middle, in the straight, severe lines typical of the high-class Spanish Senorita. It has never been cut.

Her eyebrows are natural, too. She plucks only a few stray ones near the eyelid. She has never arched or shaped them, and they are fully one-half inch thick. Her long lashes are likewise her own. No stuck-on-with-glue additions.

She uses neither powder nor rouge on the screen or off. Once in a while, she reddens her lips. But the color is applied on the natural curve of her mouth. Of course, only a woman as radiantly beautiful as Dolores can get away with all that. It's all right for Dolores, but not for girls less richly endowed with good looks.

In other words, her dark beauty is one hundred per cent her own. The artificialities of our new "Shady Dames" (we told you about them last month) are completely foreign to her.

Two years ago PHOTOPLAY conducted a search for the most perfect feminine figure in Hollywood. Our judges were medical men, artists, designers. Their unanimous choice was Dolores Del Rio.

Dolores still has her lovely figure. She still has the same beauty. But she is without a contract.

D LORES is the outstanding and tragic example of what happens when producers take an unknown girl and launch her as a star immediately. She is the living proof that girls must grow to stardom through shrewd, careful and intelligent training. They must learn to crawl before they walk; walk before they run. They cannot be skyrocketed to lasting fame, even though they possess the greatest beauty and talent.

Her case is also an example of what happens to stars who play exclusively in million dollar productions. Million dollar spectacles seldom make money. Although the star is not to blame for the extravagances of these productions, she automatically receives the censure. "Oh yes, Dolores is a grand actress; she's a great beauty—but her pictures never make money."

Her last picture for Radio, "Bird of Paradise," is a perfect example. She does splendid work and reaches the same heights she did in "Ramona." The picture is good entertainment. But it cost more than a million dollars! It can't possibly make that money back.

A cast of forty-five was taken to Hawaii on location and lodged at the ultra-expensive Royal Hotel for a month and a half. When the company returned to the United States, the production costs were already \$450,000 and not one scene of the first half of the picture had been taken.

Not Dolores' fault, certainly, but it was her picture. Another Del Rio picture would not make money, they said.

If Dolores had not been starred, but built to popularity little by little instead, she would not have been blamed.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]

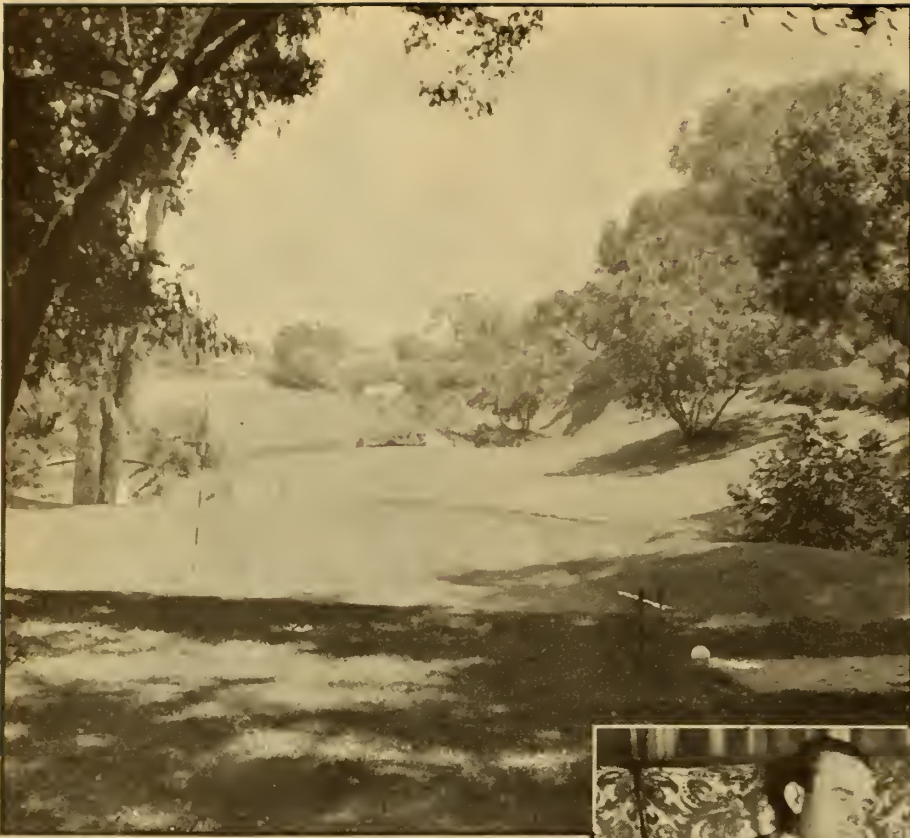
Dolores Del Rio is one of the few absolutely natural beauties in Hollywood. She is also a fine actress, yet upon the recent completion of "Bird of Paradise," her contract was not renewed

Being stamped as "a million dollar baby" has almost cost Dolores Del Rio her career





# Thrift In A Palace



Here's Harold Lloyd's nine-hole private golf course. During this time of depression and while he is busy putting final touches on his new picture, he would give it up—but he doesn't, since it would throw men out of work



Amid all the grandeur of his home, Harold spends his evenings in a comfortable sweater, reading—mostly mystery thrillers. And he doesn't dress for dinner, either. Sometimes Mildred does, but that's just because she likes to look pretty for him

MILDRED and Harold Lloyd live in a palace. There is no getting around that—and who would want to? The fairy-land twenty acres are landscaped and gardened and floralled until one thinks of famed Versailles and velvet swards and jewelled fountains and avenues of flowers where kings have walked. Within the mansion is such luxury and warmth and beauty and color as might strike awe to the costliest heart.

Yet no awe is struck.

For within this castle two bungalow-dwellers-at-heart play at house. Two home-makers, two simple children-loving, friend-loving young people keep budgets, practice economies, petty and enormous, plan and work and consider "tomorrow" as do any young Mr. and Mrs. Man-and-Wife in any bungalow court or small apartment in the land.

Harold set the pace the very first night they dined in their new home. He came to dinner in his bathrobe. And not a very elegant bathrobe at that. The kind of bathrobe any young husband's mother-in-law might have given him, with a grunt, the Christmas before last. And if you could see that dining-room with its sumptuous gold brocade hangings, its deep-piled, sea-green carpet, its sheen of priceless polished wood (the table cost \$5,000), Raymond, the Major-domo, in full evening toggery and manner to match, you would get the full value of Harold's gesture.

Harold said to me, "This is our *home*. I'm going to be comfortable in it. I'm going to wear what I please when I please. When I come home from the studio at night, or from golf or wherever I happen to be, I'm tired. I want to relax. I want to be myself. And I can't relax in a museum. It's *got* to be a home. And a heck of a home it would be if I had to 'live up' to my surroundings. I'll make my surroundings fit *me*. Now and then Mid dresses for dinner. She does it because she likes to look pretty for me. She would do the same in a log cabin or in a beach shack. Now and then we give a small party. I tell the boys to dress if they feel that way about it, but to wear

soft-collared shirts and be comfy. It's swell to live in the midst of beauty, but you don't have to be a stuffed shirt to do it."

At almost any hour of any day you may "run in" on Mildred. You'll find her sewing, more likely than not, in her small and exquisite dressing room. She'll be clad in a simple gingham frock, priced \$3.95, with a \$5.95 coolie coat flung over it. Gloria and Peggy will be tumbling over her, begging for a piece of cake or a piece of candy. Harold, Jr., will be parked on the floor at her feet playing with his favorite toy telephone. And you'll forget that you are in what is undoubtedly the most gorgeously expensive home in all Hollywood and think only of the home it is, of the warm and homely living that pervades.

ON last Easter eve, for instance, we dropped in to see the Lloyds. The Major-domo, elegant in coat-tails, said that Madame was in the kitchen. Mildred giggles and says, "It's fun to be called 'Madame'!" We tramped into the kitchen and there were Harold and Mildred and Mildred's mother and dad and aunt, and all of them were dyeing Easter eggs with the most intense absorption. The majority of Hollywoodians were dancing on each other's feet at the Mayfair that night. The Lloyds were in the kitchen!



By  
Gladys  
Hall

The Harold Lloyds allow themselves the luxury of a magnificent home, but Harold knows where every cent needed to manage it goes. He checks over the bills himself and keeps a budget. Just look at that beautiful living-room



And how does Mama Mildred occupy herself in their palace? Skilful herself, she teaches the children to make hooked rugs. That's Peggy, the adopted daughter, with bobbed hair. Gloria (right) is their own child. And the love given them is equal

Mildred could so easily have had the maids perform this task for her. But not Mid! "Why, it wouldn't be any *fun!*" she said.

Harold, that night, was perched tailor fashion upon the kitchen sink, a large apron hung about his neck, very pleased with himself because he was dyeing his eggs in smart, solid colors.

And, again, you forgot your surroundings. The huge and serried ranks of electrical ice-boxes. The metal, shining-topped tables. The uniformed maids, capped and gowned and smiling, in the background. You saw only *people*, the blonde and eager figure of Mid, the bent and eager figure of Harold, deep in a task other mothers and fathers were performing in the same eager fashion the country over wherever mothers and fathers live in a *home*.

**T**HIS boy Harold, who started life in a small frame cottage in a mid-Western town, who sold newspapers and was usher in a theater, whose father clerked in a shoe store and whose mother worked in a millinery shop to make the lean ends meet, has never got entirely away from his average-American boyhood. He still remembers the days when he wanted a bicycle

with every beat of his small heart—and couldn't have one. He remembers the Christmases when, under a stringy tree, two or three cheap toys made brave display.

But he knows what money is worth. He knows that nothing it can buy is so precious, so vital as the things it does buy for himself and for his family—*Home*. The simple pleasures, the simple contentments. If you can have the other things, too, Harold says, the luxuries, the beauties, the softnesses of living—fine. But if there had to be a choice, Harold Lloyd would give up the luxuries and the softnesses without hesitation for Mildred's wholesome zest, for the laughter of his three children, for the unpretentiousness of living he maintains in his palace of a home.

His one and only extravagance has been this house. And they have made this house—a home.

**N**O small house in any suburb, subsisting on a meagre salary per week, is more carefully budgeted, more carefully run than is the home of the young Lloyds. Mildred and Harold know every detail of the housekeeping, every item of the expenditures. The servant problem has been estimated and worked out down to the last gardener. There are nine in help in the Lloyd house itself. The cook and her assistant are two. The Major-domo and the man under him make four. There are two nurses, one for the baby and one for the little girls, making six. Two upstairs girls make eight and one house-boy to fill wood boxes, wash windows and do other small chores makes the nine. Outside, there is a pool boy in constant attendance, two chauffeurs and eighteen gardeners. The indoor help are the only ones who eat on the estate. The outside help eat in their own homes.

"The household bills," Harold told me, "are taken care of by my studio secretary. Every month I go over them myself, item for item. I know what we pay for butter per pound. I know the price of eggs and when these prices go up a cent or two, or go down. I know the price of beef per pound, and the prices of lamb and veal and poultry. If the bills of one month exceed the bills of the month before *I find out why*. I question the extra amount of butter used, for instance. I want to know why we have used four dozen more eggs this month than we used last. If the bills sky-rocket too high I [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]





They came to see Crawford, but they remained to rave about red-headed, blue-eyed William Gargan

He plays the tough marine opposite Joan's *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." He comes from the New York stage but when you see him in that picture, you'll never let Bill Gargan go back to Broadway

# He Upset Joan's Party

**H**AVE you heard of William Gargan? Well, don't be discouraged. You will. So don't say you haven't been warned. For this Gargan man—

Well, first let me tell you. You see, Joan Crawford and company were over at Catalina putting good old *Sadie Thompson* through her paces for "Rain."

And as Catalina is quite a watery distance out in the Pacific from Hollywood, the usual newspaper men, magazine writers and so on, couldn't get round to get much news.

So United Artists decided something had to be done about it.

Practically every member of the press, with wives and sweethearts, were loaded on Joseph Schenck's well nourished yacht and taken for a boat ride. They were on their way to see Joan. Half-way there, several reporters were waving bye-bye to leaping porpoises and confiding to flying fish they were going to see Joan. Whoops-de-whoops.

Joan, with her grand smile and ready hand-clasp was waiting to meet us. More gorgeous than ever.

Feminine hearts sank ten miles in two seconds.

Then suddenly, there *he* was. On the top step of *Joe Horn's* old general store. He stood there in that marine uniform, looking down. A strapping lad of six feet, blue eyes, his marine hat tilted at a wicked angle, revealing a glimpse of reddish-brown hair. His blue eyes twinkling at the open mouths below. A slap-him-down slayer with a bit of Irish about him. Beat that combination!

There stood William. And the feminine press of Hollywood, as one, claimed him for their own. Husbands, sweethearts and unattached males completely forgotten. They bombarded the publicity man with questions. Who is he? Where did he come from? Why have we never seen him in Hollywood? And what was the idea of holding out on us like this?

And then it developed that William Gargan was born in Brooklyn, and was taken out of the cast of "The Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard on the New York stage, to play the part of the hard-boiled marine who loves *Sadie* in "Rain."

He had been there seven long weeks and had never yet seen Hollywood. He had been rushed from the train to the

Catalina boat. And the romantic scar, it was explained, had been added after he arrived. He was just so darned handsome something had to be done to make him more suitable for the part.

He has been a little of everything—including private detective—and he went on the stage when the detecting business wasn't so good. "Aloma of the South Seas" was the first thing he did. He didn't do much acting in that—just put on a brown make-up from head to foot every night. Try it some time and see how you like it. But that wasn't all he had to do. The stage manager needed a little assisting. Bill assisted by working a complicated storm scene that kept him busier than a shop girl at a penny sale. For all this labor—brown make-up and everything—he got thirty dollars a week.

**B**UT that gave the Broadway folks an idea. Whenever there was a real hard job to be done they thought of this Gargan fellow. It was in a Theater Guild production that a member of the cast lightly tossed him off a ship into thirteen inches of water every night. Outside of a slight limp and a couple of bruises in vital spots, Bill faired well enough in that job. He doesn't limp any more.

There's this to be said. At least he's not going to mind the hard work in Hollywood. Bill has had hard work and he isn't afraid of it. But what he wasn't prepared for was the way the press fell for him—all in a heap.

The feminine writers followed him about in a pack. He scarcely seemed aware of their existence. But did it discourage them? It did not!

Three husbands wandered dejectedly down to the beach and sat idly watching the sad, sad waves. Darn it all, they liked him themselves.

So what started out to be a serenade to Joan turned out to be a hysterical outburst over William Gargan.

You'll see him soon and you'll learn why feminine Hollywood went completely Gargan. He's gone over to Radio Pictures on a seven-year contract and will make "The Animal Kingdom" next.

So be prepared, girls. For a red-headed man is on his way.

By Jeane North



# Three Youthful Fashion Pointers



SUSAN FLEMING is going to start some new fads with the young set this fall. This young star wears some of the cleverest clothes you ever saw in her new picture, "Million Dollar Legs." Each costume has some new twist worth copying—a belt, an unusual collar, a different color scheme. Three of her costumes are shown here—don't miss a detail. New clothes are slim and young-looking, you know. There are trick details in necklines and sleeves. Waistlines are still high, as you like them. And there's loads of flattering fur on everything. Many silks look as if they were masquerading as woolsens. Watch the new pictures for clever, original trends.

— Seymour —



LONG live the short jacket says Hollywood! And Susan Fleming recommends this one she wears in "Million Dollar Legs" for college wardrobes. It is one of those abbreviated ones that has earned itself the name of a "bellhop" jacket. Susan's is yellow chamoisette with brass buttons. Blue wool fashions the slightly flared skirt. And that knitted cap which looks like the kind you used to wear skating, is also blue and yellow. Several such jackets in various colors and materials would make one skirt look like a number of costumes. This in leather would be a grand idea, too. Why not copy it?



A TRICKY belt is this one above, of brown suede trimmed with big metal discs. Susan wears it with beige crepe. Those buttons are mere trimming, the dress really opens with a slide fastener!



A PERFECT suit for fall is this of blue ostrich tweed which Susan Fleming wears in her new picture. Interest centers about the fur trimmed neckline and flounce of the jacket. That second row of fur on the collar is a little detachable cape of sable—this detachable fur idea continues to be one of the cleverest fashion ideas in seasons. Notice how the fur bordered peplum is brought to a point at front.

# Smart Details And



FLORENCE ELDRIDGE, who is Mrs. Fredric March, you know, will be seen wearing this charming dinner gown at left, in "Thirteen Women." The dress is a sheer black crêpe with top of Valenciennes lace and is posed over a black satin slip, the hem of which is also edged with the lace. This gown is a perfect illustration of the simple type of formal costume which will be much worn this season. The covered shoulder line is an important detail—and note the slim line of the skirt. The pendant clip at the neckline is a further mark of good taste

— Seymour —

FLOWERS are appearing in all sorts of interesting arrangements on new screen costumes. When you see Irene Dunne in "Thirteen Women" be sure to notice how ingeniously the daisies are placed on her dull crêpe hostess gown. A sketch of the front and back of this gown is shown, above. Yellow daisies with brown centers are used in a single row, rising to a point at front. In back they are massed at the low decolletage in double formation.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT is French by birth so she has that flair for chic which is universally attributed to her countrywomen. In regard to jewelry, Claudette has very definite ideas—ideas which are dramatically illustrated in the photograph and sketch, at right. For instance, with rhinestone earrings, no necklace but clips are permissible. And she, like so many other smart screen stars, likes to wear a sparkling bracelet or two over her evening glove. The glove is black suede and her stunning frock is black crêpe roma.

HERE'S a close-up of the rhinestone clips. And also that wide diamond bracelet.



# Accessories That The Stars Like



THOSE are rhinestones at waist and shoulders.



LOOK closely at the unique tucking on this.

WHO doesn't wait eagerly for every new Constance Bennett picture to give new and wearable style tips? In "Two Against the World," her latest picture, you are not going to be disappointed. I have sketched an evening wrap and the dress that accompanies the ensemble partly shown in the picture above. The coat is a soft wool trimmed with fox and has sleeves with elastic bands at the wrists to make them adjustable. The dress is shown in the sketch, at right. It is the same fabric and has a tricky scarf of dull white crêpe. The hat is stitched fabric—a smart touch. The black velvet evening wrap endorses the long, slender silhouette fitted at the waist.



THIS beige lace blouse, sketched left, is worn under the jacket.

ISN'T it nice to have Lila Lee back again? And especially looking as slim and stunning as she does in "War Correspondent." This suit is one of the interesting outfits she wears. The jacket has a pointed line at back and front. A collar of blue fox is cleverly arranged. The skirt has a wide belt, boned in front, to give a high waistline. Although this suit is a light beige wool, it could be copied in a heavier and darker material for fall. A deep green or the new dark brown, perhaps.



# Four New Screen Style Notes



SO much interest is directed at the necklines in the new screen clothes. Karen Morley who has established a reputation for looking smart, uses white organdie to trim the neckline of this black cloth frock she wears in "Washington Masquerade." Not only her collar line has the touch of white but also the sleeve cuffs—and a large flower of the same fabric is posed close to the neck on the left shoulder. Karen's hat is black felt in pancake shape.

THERE'S a wintry look to this black broadcloth coat which Karen Morley also wears in "Washington Masquerade." A huge collar brought down in front with wide lapels has the air of the military top-coats Garbo has immortalized. The luxurious mink fur gives it a very feminine look, however. And the wide flaring cuffs of fur give a graceful line to the sleeves. Note how almost form-fitting this coat is—a most popular silhouette trend for fall. The button fastening is a knowing style detail. You will find a great deal of fur is bulked at the top of coats—to give that wide-shouldered effect. The tiny hat is a fitting accompaniment for these large collared coats. And broadcloth is one of the best coat fabrics.



— Seymour —

I HAVE had two of Constance Cummings little accessory foibles sketched above for you. One is a twelve-inch square handkerchief of white linen with large applique initial in two colors. The other is a tiny enamel cigarette holder



All the girls are young. One has blonde hair, two have brown. One comes from the Emerald Isle, one is a little Southern girl and the third is from the "show me" state. Only one is married

# Cut Yourself a Prize

1. Eighty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize .....	\$300.00
Second Prize .....	100.00
Third Prize .....	50.00
Thirty Prizes of \$10 each .....	300.00
Fifty Prizes of \$5 each .....	250.00

2. In three issues (the August, September and October numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Six 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, six portraits may be produced. \$1,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named, spelled and most neatly arranged set of eighteen portraits, and who name a motion picture in which each of these actors and actresses has appeared.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the October issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of eighteen only. 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 and that it carries sufficient postage.

4. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired. The eighteen puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below, together with the name of some motion picture in which he or she has appeared.

5. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by studying the suggestions appearing below the pictures in

each issue. They apply generally to the six sets on the page. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. 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.

6. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. 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 October 20th. All solutions should be in at that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1933, issue of PHOTOPLAY.



Yum-yum, take a look at that groaning table. (Guests who overeat groan later.) When Herbert Brenon gave a big tennis party the buffet supper, consisting of fried chicken, salads, hot biscuit, etc., was served at seven P. M. That's Billie Dove asking Herb what that meal will do to her figure

# Let's Have A Hollywood Party

LET'S have a party. There's nothing like it to keep up inevitable games of bridge were in progress for those who didn't

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Here's the way Mary Pickford's table looks when she gives one of the delightfully informal formal parties for which she and Doug are noted. You can copy many of Mary's ideas. The cloth is gold-colored linen, the service crystal and silver. There's a printed menu (you can have them at very small cost for your more elaborate dinners) and cigarettes near every place. Just study the individual set-up carefully. It's the last word

*By Lois Shirley*

Have you, for instance, considered the gorgeous effects that can be attained with the new colored linens? Mary's cloth was gold-colored with gold-colored napkins and candles. The flat table silver and the crystal service gleamed richly against that background. An elegant effect, achieved by simple means.

Printed menus were placed about the table at various points.

*Hors d'œuvres* consisting of cheese puffs, anchovy canapés, caviar canapés and tomato juice cocktails were served in the drawing-room before dinner.

Mary's menu (and it's a good one to copy) began with consommé Julienne, celery, olives, radishes, enchiladas and fried bananas (try the fried bananas by all means). Then roast lamb with mint sauce, vegetables, rainbow salad made of chicory, endive, water-cress, romaine lettuce, chopped eggs and French dressing. There were chocolate rolls and mints for dessert. Coffee was served in the drawing-room.

People, even those in Hollywood, have the weirdest ideas about parties at Pickfair. They imagine dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses bowing formally from eight o'clock till one. Until there isn't another bow left in their systems.

What's the fun, people wonder?

Lots of fun. There's a grand sense of informality at Mary and Doug's. People have grand times. Doug usually puts on a show that is hard to equal.

Even the guests are seized with the uncontrollable urge to do monkey shines and eventually find themselves clad in one of Doug's old movie costumes, cutting comical capers. It's fun. And *there's* the success of a Pickfair party.

The famous Shri Meher Babo, who hasn't spoken a word for seven years and couldn't out-talk Doug even if he tried, was there to amuse the guests at this particular party. With his alphabetical board, Shri Meher Babo read their future. Not a dull moment.

A MARION DAVIES party means something out of the ordinary. MARION goes for Hard Times Parties—and couldn't we all? Guests must wear old, discarded clothing, the get-ups of the arriving guests throwing everyone into hysterics for hours.

Then, too, Marion gives her famous baby party once every year. Picture to yourself the very plump Mr. Brown (the bank president) in rompers, or the sniffing Mrs. Van Dyke-Brown in a ruffle to the knees and a blue sash, and get ready to send out those invitations.

Or, how about a horseback party for the early fall days? Does your set like to ride? Good. Marion gave just such a party last week, and it was grand.

The guests gathered at Marion's [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



# If You *Have* A Good Figure—Keep It!

**D**ON'T fall over backwards (although it would be a good exercise at that) when I tell you I'm not going to bawl you out this month—well, not much, maybe just a little bit along toward the end of this article.

The reason I'm not going to give you one of my big, riproaring lectures, is because most of you have been so good, followed my instructions so carefully and are at the point where you want to know what to do with that good figure now that you've got it.

Don't think for a minute that you can lie down on the job and give up your exercises and diets just because you've reduced or built yourself up to the weight you want to be. The time has come to work and work hard to keep what you've gained.

And this goes for you girls with naturally good figures. There are plenty of you. I get your letters telling me that you take some of my exercises just to keep healthy, but that there's nothing wrong with your hips and waistline. To you I say, now is the time to preserve and keep that figure. If you don't watch out, Old Lady Age will come creeping up on you. There's no reason for you to get old. I'm over fifty and I've as much pep and vitality as a girl of twenty—more than a lot of girls of twenty I know—the lazy things!

**T**O keep the good figure that you already have or that your work with me has brought you, you've got to stimulate your ambition to be young in spirit. And then start watching out for danger signals. The first, and most important, danger sign is in the abdomen. Take a look at that old lady who lives in your block. She may be fat or she may be thin, but I'll wager that she has a big stomach. You've got to watch the abdomen. It's the keynote of a good figure and most of your grace and beauty hinges upon it. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to keep the lovely figure you have.

So, on these pages you'll find the best abdomen exercise in the world. Get your kid brother or sister or your husband, mother, father or a friend to work with you on this exercise. And you folks with lumpy, bad figures or you who haven't gone right through with me in my course of instructions—it's grand for you, too.

It is almost harder to keep a good figure good, than to make a bad figure good. The reason is that when you look at yourself in the mirror and see yourself sloppy and fat and awful, you say, "I've



To Take Lump of Flesh Off Back of Neck

Sit in chair in the position Sylvia is in. Push head back until it rests on lump of fat. Slowly, feeling the back of neck pulling, lower head until chin touches chest. Concentrate on the lump and feel it move as you do the exercise



How to Get a Firm Chin

Push chin out, lower lip protruding. Press up and out with the hand. Relax. Repeat this exercise twenty times. Use cold cream while doing it

By *Sylvia*

got to do something about myself." You're shamed into getting off those pounds. But when you see a nice, slim figure reflected you say, "I look nice. There's no need to worry."

Well, that's where you're dead wrong. You do need to worry. Now let that picture in the mirror fade and imagine yourself twenty or even ten years from now. That ought to put the fear of Sylvia in you. So buck up and start today, at once, to keep lovely.

**T**HE second danger signal is the waistline. As you grow older—I mean as you change from twenty-five to thirty, you'll be inclined to slump and as you slump, your stomach will stick out and your waistline will enlarge. I know this—I've seen it happen too many times. The best exercise possible for the waistline is dancing—just dancing a gay little fox-trot either around your own room alone or with a partner at a dance. But—there are two ways to dance. One of them gives you a good figure, the other will spoil it. I show you this month the right and wrong way to hold yourself when you dance. Now see that you study the pictures and live up to my instructions.

Whether you dance a lot in the evening or not, be sure to dance at least one hour every day to the radio or just humming a little tune by yourself. That dancing is absolutely necessary to the preservation of your figure. You can't get along without it! Look what dancing has done for Joan Crawford's figure, and Joan dances the right way.

This hour's dancing gives you pep, poise and vitality. It makes you alive, if you put your whole heart and soul into it as you should. Then, no matter how plain your face is, you will arrest attention with the spring of your walk, your energy and your lithe, graceful figure.

The third danger signal to a lovely figure is the lump on the back of the neck—you know that little bit of fat that ruins a nice back. If it has reached a very advanced stage, you can squeeze it off with your fingers, as I've already told you how to do to get rid of lumps; but I show you an exercise this month that will keep it off. Do this exercise every morning of your life without fail. Of course, what makes the lump is a wrong standing and walking position. If you keep your shoulders



**S**YLVIA is known throughout the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. She is responsible for many of the beautiful figures you see on the screen. For the past five or six years she has been making the stars lovely and she has received as high as \$100 for a half-hour's treatment. She is the masseuse de luxe of the film colony. But now she devotes her time to teaching women and girls throughout the United States how to do for themselves what she has done for the actresses. And hundreds of readers of PHOTOPLAY express delight with results. Sylvia is ninety-five pounds of concentrated energy, and the magic of her reducing and form-remedying knowledge is imparted to you each month on these pages. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she writes.



### Reduce Your Stomach This Way

Sylvia says, "One of the first signs of losing your figure is a big stomach. But this is the sure way of making your abdomen perfectly flat. Get a member of your family or some friend to do what I'm doing to this girl. I raise her legs high in the air and then lower them to the floor. While I'm doing this the girl is stretching the stomach and arm muscles and keeping her figure. This should be done twenty times a day"

back and walk with your head up, you won't get the lump. But take the exercise, anyhow. It's good for you.

Now for a diet for you girls with good figures or for you who have gotten your figures to what they should be. You thought I was going to let you off a diet, didn't you? Well, I'm not, for the reason that women lose their figures when they eat incorrectly. So here is a balanced menu—a health-building, figure-preserving diet.

#### BREAKFAST

Half grapefruit or orange juice  
Two slices crisp whole wheat toast, buttered lightly  
Cup of black coffee

#### LUNCHEON

Salad of lettuce, two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese  
One slice thinly buttered whole wheat toast  
Dish of fresh fruit in season  
(And that's plenty. You can vary the salad.)

#### DINNER

Tomato juice cocktail  
Four ounces of roasted or broiled meat  
Six heaping tablespoons of vegetables (turnips, string beans, lima beans, peas, carrots or 12 stalks asparagus)  
Skin of baked potato, with about half inch of the potato left on the side and the center scooped out  
Dish of fruit gelatine  
Demi-tasse or glass of skimmed milk

**I** WONDER if I can make you understand the value of that sensible, balanced diet. It is designed to keep you healthy and you simply cannot be lovely unless you are well!

Lots of mothers have written me asking if their young daughters could safely follow my diets. They can certainly follow that one and it will do them lots of good. I know that often girls between sixteen and eighteen have surplus fat which they will just naturally slough off, but that's no reason why they shouldn't have nice figures right now. My exercises and [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]

PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood



*All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month*

"FOR perfect harmony in skin tone and texture, begin powdering at the forehead and end well down on the chest," advises Frances Dee. "Never forget the back of your neck, and press on the powder over a cream or lotion base."

ROCHELLE HUDSON and her hair brush are on the friendliest of terms. For a flat, smooth coiffure always brush the hair against the scalp, as Rochelle is doing. For a wind-blown, vagabond effect, brush up and away from the head.



MARY BRIAN'S lashes owe much of their length and lustre to nightly brushings. Castor oil, white vaseline or lash grower will help a silken, skyward sweep.



# Beauty Shop

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck



THREE marvelous masques: At left Sylvia Sidney applies beaten egg white over a cream-cleansed face for an instant beauty treatment. When the skin begins to tighten, remove masque with water. Use about once a month. A favorite with Kay Francis, also. At center, Frances Dee mixes cornmeal with buttermilk for face, neck and arms as an effective bleach against tan and freckles. Keep the moist masque on fifteen minutes, then allow to dry twenty. Remove with warm water. Three masques usually remove all summer signs. At right, Sylvia Sidney mashes a yeast cake in water to paste consistency for an excellent cleansing, soothing and refining treatment. Keep on fifteen minutes, then remove with water.

GLORIA STUART likes those pancake vanities that set us agog on their first appearance. Lilyan Tashman says that her silver one, designed by Schiaparelli, was the grandfather of all. A boon to escorts, for none can fail to sight them when they're dropped. A grand gift suggestion!

## Combless Coiffure

HERE is the coiffure adopted by Adrienne Ames for her current role in "Guilty as Hell". Those curls are fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, uncombed, merely loosened a trifle with the fingers. Adrienne is still an ardent advocate of the shoulder-length bob because of its adaptability. A tight curl will give it that short, chic effect, if you wish, or a looser arrangement create a flattering, youthful frame for the face.



THERE is the precision of sculpture almost in those little tumbled, uncombed curls that caress the neck like a soft fringe. A charming disguise for the long, too-slim neck, also. Preserving them is somewhat of a problem, but with a good wave set lotion, innumerable hair pins and a sleeping net you're on the right way. Adrienne's eccentric, interesting eyebrows accent the color and size of her eyes. High, thin brows always do that.



ADRIENNE convinces us that simplicity and sophistication may well combine in a coiffure. There is a mere suggestion of face curl in that second broad wave. Cut just a fingerful of hair to temple length and press in with your wave for that feathery, frivolous touch.



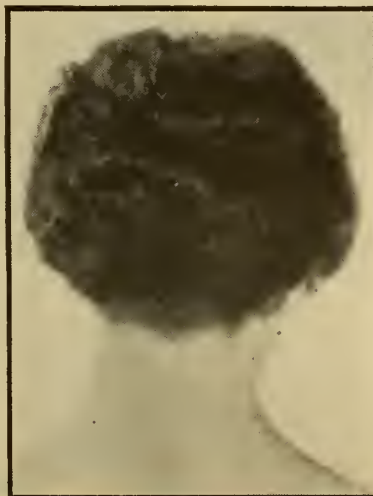


## Rag-Tag Bob

CONSTANT confusion seems to be the keynote of this very amusing and insouciant bob introduced by Claudette Colbert. The more disarranged, the smarter it is. The beginning of this bob is a short shingle, with the shearing continued all over the head. An uncurled margin of hair is left about the face for those twisty curls and forehead fringe. Then the hair is crisply curled over the entire head. As chic and original as Claudette!



FROM all angles this coiffure is both pleasing to the observer's eye and pleasing to its owner's face. Those brisk ringlets are obtained by curling each shingled layer separately, then combing them all together. Notice that its true charm lies in its easy grace of unconcern and willful waywardness. There must be no attempt at precise order or design. Either formal or informal, according to your costume, occasion and make-up.



THE elfin quality of this head-dress is emphasized through those ear and temple curls. A beautiful line that follows the natural neck growth and reveals the ear tip has been achieved. Perfect for button earrings! An ideal coiffure for the animated, sparkling young person!



Sylvia Sidney is not playing hide-and-ga-seek with you. Instead, she is showing you a miraculous method of resting the eyes. With hands tightly cupped so that they do not touch the eyes yet exclude every ray of light, Sylvia sits in velvety blackness for five minutes.

FOUR steps in the magic of eye make-up. Above, Ruth Hall is placing shadow. Usually, this should cover the upper lid only for day use. The space between Ruth's brow and eye lacking sufficient natural shadow, she applies a brown tone there for clearer eye contour. Next, Ruth draws a light line with a brown pencil along her upper lid for a little more depth and mystery. The pencil is then used to extend these brows, a telling touch for almost all types. The final step is application of mascara. And here's a Hollywood secret—dampen your brush with saliva instead of water. After all, they're your own eyes and mouth! A sugary quality causes the mascara to adhere better. Then, having beautified her eyes, Ruth, at right, smiles and hopes you like them.





# Two Steps for Charm and Chic



THIS portrait of Karen Morley is fairly pulsing with romance and glamour, achieved, please notice, not by that chin-chilla collar nor those devastating lashes. Her new hair arrangement for "Washington Masquerade" is entirely responsible. And doesn't it strike a note of memory somewhere? Of course—those post-war days when we were bobbed, banged and marcelled just like Karen.



POLA NEGRI makes an unusual observation about those profound brows of hers. That serious, straight line is harmonious with the fuller face. The high, arched brow belongs to the small, oval face. An interesting experiment for yourself.

A FRONT view of that bang is worth attention. A dozen ringlets cluster irregularly against the forehead. The side dips are pronounced and those back curls do something regal for you. You appear taller, slimmer, more picturesque.

[More Beauty Tips on Page 90]

# He's No Romeo, BUT —

**T**HE only stage, outside a picture studio, Jack Holt was ever on was the stage he drove, up in Alaska.

And yet, here he is, eighteen years a movie star and going strong.

Though sheiks, he-men, and the sophisticated highbrows may come and go (and do, thank heaven); though silent pictures may die and talkies be born; John Gilbert get married and John Gilbert get unmarried; Jack Holt just keeps right on going. Ringing the bell year after year after year. Unconcerned and unflustered.

It's something to think about, isn't it?

Why, he's been all our Dads' favorite since before the War, through the Coolidge prosperity, prohibition, Al Capone, before radio and after talkies. And what's more—he still is.

It's a record. And how, in the face of all the rapid fade-outs in Hollywood, does he do it?

He wouldn't know himself. Unless it's the fact that Jack Holt has always looked on the making of pictures as a business. Something to get up in the morning for, hurry downtown, work hard at all day, and then come home and read the paper. Or go swimming. And forget it. Just as every average business man does with his job.

**H**E doesn't allow it to slop all over his private life, or the front pages. He wouldn't know how. It's a pleasant job to do, and waving "Yoo-hoo" across the Brown Derby, or sipping cocktails at Fluffy Fussmore's or grinning ape-fashion at a Hollywood premiere, has nothing to do with that job.

He'd quit, if it did.

And there's part of the reason for his long success. He's so much a man.

He gives the audience good pictures and no after-work hooey. In fact, you never see or hear much about Jack Holt off the screen. And for that reason he's lasted eighteen years. There's nothing to get tired of.

Jack comes from Virginia. One of those "first family" kind. His father was a well known Episcopalian minister. And while many a star would hire the Hollywood Bowl to scream out the interesting fact that Lord Justice Holt of England and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, John Marshall, were both direct ancestors, Jack would squint up those brown eyes of his and demand, "Aw, who the heck would be interested in that?"

You see, there's nothing of Hollywood about him.

After being graduated from the Virginia Military Academy, he de-



Jack Holt is Hollywood's favorite he-man, and did the home towners let out a hearty laugh when a visiting New York actress asked at a military ball, "Who is that fascinating person? He must be Continental!"

The most revealing story ever written about a man who has been a favorite star for eighteen years

By Sara Hamilton

cided to be an engineer instead of an army man and got himself a job on the Hudson tubes. And fell into the river the second day.

At the conclusion of the tunnel business, fate stepped in and sent Jack to pictures. Indirectly, of course.

He held a coin in his hand. Heads, he went to Havana. And rhumba-ed through the tropics. Tails, he went to Alaska. And froze himself silly.

It was—tails.

**H**E drove stages, leaped from ice cake to ice cake, like no Eliza with or without bloodhounds, fell into another river—slightly colder—hunted for gold, for food and for some good reason why he was there. He could find none. So he came down to Oregon and tried being a cow puncher. His military training came in handy. He could ride like a wild Indian.

The life appealed to Jack. It was big and rugged and outdoorish, like Jack himself. So he decided to stay right there and raise apples.

And then his engineering experience came in handy. Instead of planting the trees in rows as they always had been

planted, he worked out a system of planting them in circles, getting 4,800 trees where only 2,400 grew before. A system that is used in plenty of orchards today.

But the apple adventure turned out to be a lot of applesauce after all, so he came down the coast to San Francisco. And there a strange tale came to Jack's ears. Something about some people making a movie or something over at San Rafael. Sounded kind of interesting and adventurous, so Jack took himself over to see.

**T**HE rumor was correct. They were making a movie called "Salomy Jane," and what's more they needed a man who could ride. And was he right there? And could he ride?

He doubled for the star, rode a horse off a thirty-foot cliff and into still another river. He could not, it seems, keep out of the wet.

But he practically leaped into movies with that leap. He came to Hollywood and in two years was a Famous Players-Lasky star. And starred in everything from drawing room triangles to Zane Grey Westerns. And was at home in either. And still is.

We watched him on the set the other day. It was warm. He sat in the cockpit of a plane on a Columbia sound stage, with leather helmet and heavy suede jacket buttoned tight. Smoke was constantly fanned in his already sweaty, grimy face. Engines

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99 ]



# "Keeping my skin lovely at home is so easy now —"

M<sup>RS.</sup> Lawrence Coolidge



Mrs. Coolidge photographed removing with Pond's Cleansing Tissues the rich Cold Cream used for cleansing . . .

Pond's Cold Cream does *more than cleanse*. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin. Use it to bring life and freshness to a tired skin.



Applying her favorite Vanishing Cream to protect, give velvety finish and hold powder for hours.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. One application gives a lovely finish.



Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MRS. COOLIDGE AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

## Brilliant young society leader shows you exactly the simple steps of her home beauty treatment

MRS. COOLIDGE's fresh girlish complexion is as natural as her unaffected cordiality. "Certainly I'll show you my complexion care. As a matter of fact, I do it myself.

"First comes *cleansing*—I always use this Pond's Cold Cream, its rich oils get every bit of grime out of my pores. And Pond's Cleansing Tissues to remove it—they are *softer*, more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"Then comes *stimulating*. A brisk patting like this with cotton soaked in Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the pores, tone and bring up my natural color.

"Now for *protecting*—this silky Pond's Vanishing Cream protects my skin, holds the powder and doesn't dry my skin.

"There—that's all. Simple, isn't it?"

"Of course, *at bedtime*, after thoroughly cleansing my skin with this rich Cold Cream, I put on an extra bit of the cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin.

"These four Pond's preparations give just the things your skin needs—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating and Protecting."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9.30 P.M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for free samples of Pond's four delightful preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J  
111 Hudson Street . . . New York City

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# Over 30

"I'm over 30" says Betty Compson



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Screen Stars know how to KEEP the radiant charm of YOUTH . . . .

SCREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! A woman can be charming at *any* age, they declare, if she knows how!

"I'm over thirty," says the fascinating Betty Compson, adored screen star. "And I don't mind admitting it in the least. No woman need fear the years ahead if she knows how to take care of her appearance."

And Anna Q. Nilsson agrees! "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays," says this exquisite star, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. "Stage and screen stars have learned how to *keep* their youthful charm."

What is the secret the lovely stars know? *Guard complexion*

■

Who would believe this lovely star is over 30! "Actresses *must* keep youthful charm," she says, "and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for some time—it certainly does wonders for the complexion."

# LUX



# *but gloriously* YOUNG

*beauty above everything else, they advise. Use Lux Toilet Soap, as we do!*

On Broadway, as well as in Hollywood, this luxurious soap is the favorite complexion care. It is found in theater dressing rooms throughout the country.

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap—so gentle, so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it. It has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

Over 30, and so amazingly youthful! "Keeping young is a matter of knowing how," says Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star. "A smooth, clear complexion always says 'youth.' I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin always at its very best."

"I'm over *says*  
30" *Anna Q. Nilsson*



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

# Toilet Soap



Three guesses! But perhaps you only need one. It's Claudette Colbert, all right. We'll say she's all right. Tired of ordinary dramatic rôles, Claudette begged to play the *Empress Poppaea* in DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross." No one thought she could look wicked or seductive enough for the famous consort, so Claudette had her picture taken thus. P.S. She got the job

*Nero*, by the way, will be none other than Charles Laughton, the English actor who has refused all offers of stardom in favor of real parts. And, by the way, have you heard the latest DeMille gag? "Is it true that Cecil DeMille is remaking 'The Ten Commandments'?"—"No. He's improving on them. It's twenty this time. He's calling them 'The Sign of the Cross' "



"IS JUDY USING  
A REDDER LIP  
ROUGE LATELY?"



"NO, HER TEETH  
ARE WHITER  
THAT'S ALL"

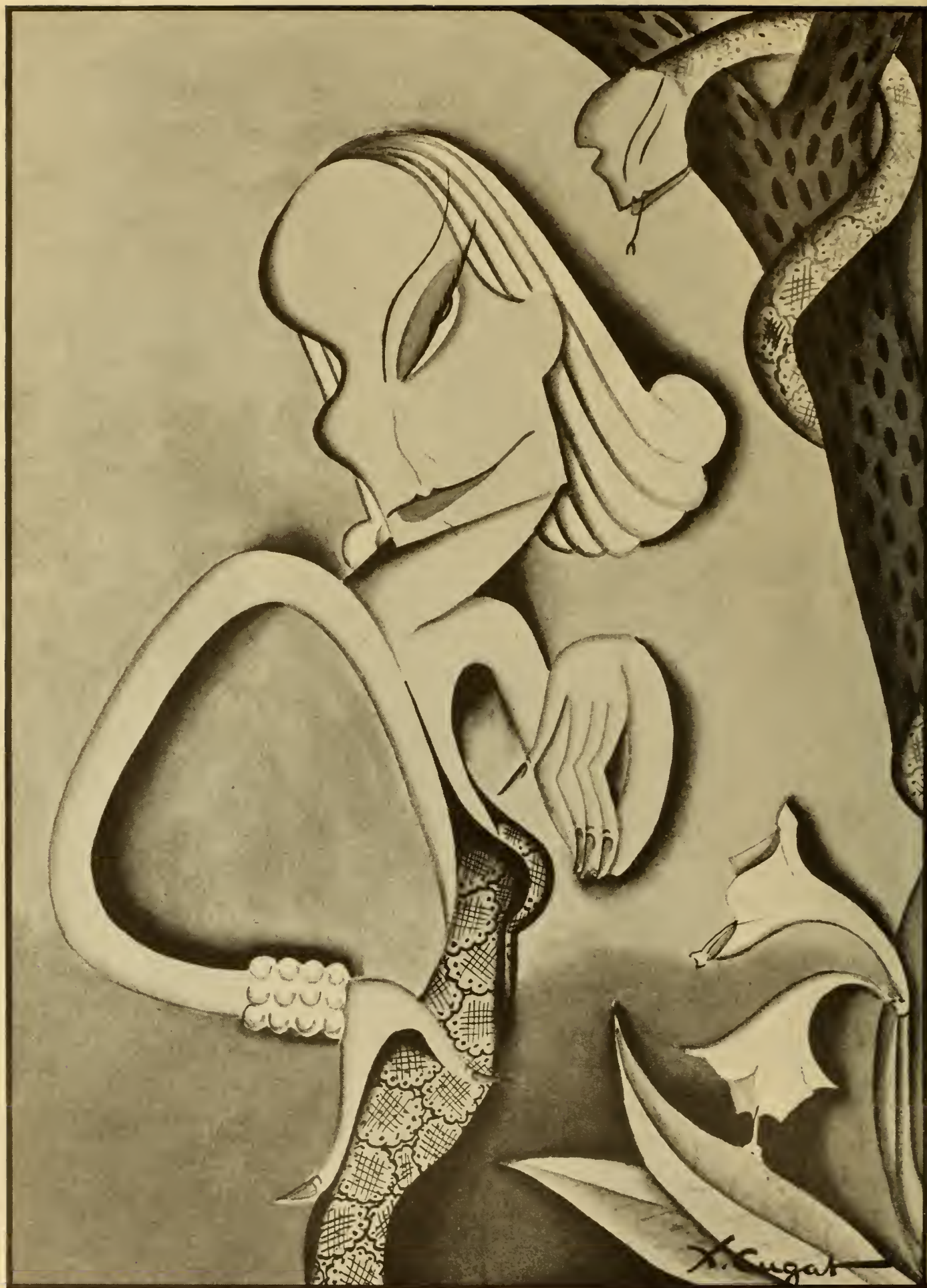
"Though it costs  
only half as much  
I like it  
twice as well"

"COLGATE'S costs me half what some people pay for toothpaste. And I'm saving these quarters because of something my dentist told me. 'Judy,' said he, 'toothpaste can clean—nothing else. Now the best one I know of is Colgate's. Those people have studied how to clean teeth for thirty years. Not how to cure—that's my job—but how to clean teeth thoroughly and honestly. So my advice to you is not to pay out money for fancy-sounding claims—because Colgate's does all that any toothpaste can do.' That seemed sensible to me. So—frankly, if Colgate's cost *twice* as much, I'd still like it. But since it costs only a quarter—I like it *twice* as well."



This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.





An impression of Garbo



# Yes — You can have a silk that won't "pull" at the seams



A smart example of the short overblouse—made of "shore beige" Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe.

WHY be doubtful about your fabric when you start to make a dress? Why take infinite pains with the pattern, the fittings, the drape of the skirt, only to have the gown go bad at the seams or "pull out" at unexpected places?

Why, in short, spend good money for a nameless fabric just because it is cheap in price?

Thousands of women, disillusioned, are turning again to known brands — responsible goods they know they can trust. Sad experiences with "miracle prices" and "miracle values" have proved how impossible it is to get something for nothing.

To these women, Skinner offers a new and remarkable fabric—*Trouble-*

*proof Crepe*. It sells at a moderate price, yet has extraordinary wearing quality.

It is slip-proof — woven of specially-twisted threads of fine silk — four times as strong as ordinary crepes at the seams.

It is pure-dye and pre-shrunk. Washes beautifully. It is soft and beautiful in texture.

If your favorite store does not carry *Troubleproof Crepe*, write us direct. We want every woman in America to have the opportunity to secure this wonderful dress fabric.

William Skinner & Sons — Established 1848 — New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.



*This won't happen...*



*nor this...*



*nor this...*

with  
**SKINNER'S  
TROUBLEPROOF  
CREPE**

•  
"LOOK FOR THE NAME  
IN THE SELVAGE"  
•

## Skinner's

TROUBLEPROOF CREPE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]



The most married couple in the world—Walter Pahlman and his Tahitian bride, Simone Terai. Pahlman, who is Doug Fairbanks' chief technician, met Simone in San Francisco where she had been sent from her home in Papeete for an education. Married there first, they were re-married in Hollywood by a priest. Then they went to Tahiti with Doug to film "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" and, since neither of these marriages was recognized by Simone's tribe, another ceremony, including three days of feasting and dancing, was performed

But the happy couple did accomplish something. They saw, for the first time together, a little old New England homestead that Ken bought six years ago—and never saw the inside of!

It was just what he wanted, and he bought it without inspecting the innards of the house. He furnished it with rare antiques, planning the rooms from blue-prints.

Somehow, he never managed to get around to his New England home, though his mother and father have been using it as a summer home lately.

This year, for the first time, Ken was able to visit and enjoy his own little farmhouse. And to it he brought his beautiful bride. Nice little story about nice people.

YOU think you've seen a lot of Marlene Dietrich? Pshaw, friends, you practically haven't beheld anything so far.

La Belle Marlene wears a costume in "The Blonde Venus" that is guaranteed to make a blind man yell "Uncle!"

It consists, solely, of a sheath of gold cloth that has a very high neck, but downstairs is cut—well, a bit above the bathing suit line, to put it mildly.

All this, I suppose, because her underpinnings supreme were not unveiled once in "Shanghai Express!"

One hot noon she wore the costume right into the Paramount lunch room, and was there a sensation! Fifty strong, sun-burned men fainted dead away!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



Eugene Robert Richee

THE Hollywood jump-off of "Strange Interlude" was one of the big moments of this or any other year.

Hardened to eternal "permeers" though it is, the film town turned loose a few new tricks for the big Metro picture of tortured loves.

Four women fainted in the sidewalk mob and had to be carried away feet first. One small boy was run over. Store windows were kicked in, clothes were torn and a general melée was had by all.

Norma Shearer, Clark Gable and the missus, and other film lights, escaped with their lives.

THE sympathy of all Hollywood—and the thousands of his fan friends—has gone out to Bill Haines in the loss of his dearly beloved mother. She died recently at their Hollywood home, at the early age of fifty-four.

The bond between this mother and this son was particularly strong, and Bill is desolate.

MARY PICKFORD story has just come to light, and is titivating the girls who gather round the old parchisi board.

It seems that while last in New York Little Mary went to an exceptionally high-hat party.

A maid, passing south of the star at table, spilled a cup of hot chocolate down Pickford's neck, and was ossified with fear.

The host went purple, but Mary just said "never mind" and the host didn't, though the fluid ruined a very fine white evening gown. The hostess, who hadn't seen the mishap, was honored by never having the star turn her back on her the whole evening.

And did the maid get the merry old bounce? Next morning came an autographed picture from Mary, inscribed "Think nothing of it." A nice display of all-around tact and graciousness.

AL JOLSON was leaving a Hollywood theater after a benefit performance, when the usual crowd surrounded him.

"What were they after, Al," a friend asked, "autographs?"

"And touches!" Al replied. "Why, these days you can't even play a benefit and break even."

KAY Francis and Ken MacKenna didn't get to Europe on that honeymoon, after all. They reached New York—and then Kay was called back to work on the new Lubitsch picture.

She has been called temperamental, hard to manage and very, very ritzy, my deah, but since her contract troubles Nancy Carroll has changed. Softened, and playing the game one hundred per cent, she is not too proud to admit she's made mistakes. So let's give the little girl a hand



# "His eyes don't stray to other faces since I took my beauty expert's advice"

She said: "Start tonight! Apply this beauty treatment to your skin. Use this soap rich in olive oil. See how yielding softness—youthful firmness returns to the skin."



**W**ARNING—to careless youth—to discouraged age—to women of all ages who know... but too often forget, the lure of a soft, seductive skin.

Don't ignore it! Never forget it! Remember—there is a simple, easy way to guard the inviting skin of youth... to win back the charm that you may think you are losing as you grow older.

Olive oil in soap is the answer. Doctors advise it from the time of baby's first bath—even an olive oil rub *before* baby's first bath. Beauty experts are unanimous in advising it to their patrons. In fact, nothing compares with the softening, soothing, firming effect of olive oil.

But how to use olive oil. The answer is Palmolive Soap. For Palmolive chemists know the exact proportion of olive oil needed to produce a genuine cosmetic effect in soap.

Remember—beauty claims don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Palmolive's beauty claim is based on olive oil. Don't expect beauty results from a soap that does not contain Palmolive's generous olive oil content.

Watch—expectantly, confidently for visible results from Palmolive. Notice how satiny smooth and clear skin becomes after regular use of Palmolive Soap.



"Don't try this, that and the other thing. Olive and palm are the finest of cosmetic oils. Palmolive combines them for you in an excellent skin cleanser. I endorse its use after prolonged experiment in my salon."

Elin Dahlstrand,  
Stockholm's most distinguished beauty expert.

*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]



Irving Lippman

Maybe that's a jacket for sister Barbara's baby that Connie Bennett is knitting. And maybe not. Little birds have been whispering industriously that an heir to the de la Falaise title is expected and that is why Connie wants to go to Europe for a vacation

**ANN DVORAK** is the latest Hollywood trouper to burn up at what they call "picture slavery." Accompanied by Spouse Leslie Fenton, Ann arrived on Broadway in a dither.

Ann told reporters that while she was getting \$250 a week from Howard Hughes, who has her under contract, Hughes was collecting a thousand a week from Warners, where she was on loan. She said she needed a long rest—and away went Ann and Leslie, Europe-bound.

What really angered her, she says, was the fact that while her pay envelope held \$250, a child in the film was drawing down \$500 a week.

**FATTY ARBUCKLE** is married! And happy! While on a vaudeville tour Fatty and Addie McPhail, his partner in a vaudeville act, were wedded in Wesleyville, Pennsylvania.

**JIGGS** is dead. That famous talking bull dog of the movies. Known and loved by thousands of stars who mourn his death.

Back in the old "Leather Pusher" series at Universal, Jiggs began barking his way to fame. With such stars as Chevalier in "The Love Parade," with Buddy Rogers in "Wings,"



International

And if this isn't just about the cutest picture you ever saw, we don't know a cute snapshot when we see one. Honestly, the baby couldn't have been half a day old when the cameraman tip-toed into the room and got this shot of Sue Carol's first child, Carol Lee Stuart. Papa Nick Stuart almost burst with pride when he saw his little daughter, and all the folks around the studio are smoking big cigars. Little Carol weighed seven pounds and three ounces when she was born

the kids in "Skippy" and the dog comedies of M-G-M, Jiggs always gave an outstanding performance. And now, at eleven years of age, he's dead. And friends gathered to mourn for Jiggs. He was buried in the tiny redwood casket made especially for him, and beside him rested his youngest puppy who died the same day as his father.

Movies will miss good old Jiggs. It will be a long time before his place can be filled.

**DON'T** tell a certain Hollywood director that the Si Perkinses of the Crossroads aren't as modern as the next one. The tale goes that this director sent a scout out in the back country to find a suitable location, one of the requirements being a place for thirty extra men and thirty extra girls to dress.

An ideal spot was found and the farmer promised the necessary accommodations. A week later the troupe arrived to find just one large room built. The director stormed. "I've got thirty men and thirty women," he said, "They can't all dress in here."

"Why," the farmer asked in surprise, "what's the matter? Ain't they speakin'?"

**THE** name of Gary Cooper's chimpanzee has certainly caused a riot of discussion! Half of Hollywood claims it's Tallulah and the other half bets on Toluca.

Here's the low-down, as reported to us. Gary called it *Tallulah* but the publicity department at Paramount (where Miss Bankhead and Mr. Cooper both work) thought that not so hot and rechristened the animal Toluca. Oh me! Oh my!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]



Sound your A, crooner! All those actresses who have been emoting to Bing Crosby's phonograph and radio singing gave him a big welcome when he arrived in Hollywood to work in "The Big Broadcast." That's his wifey, Dixie Lee, with him



# Absolutely new

most radical advance in sanitary protection  
since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

## the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN  
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Leaves no trace of revealing  
outline—even under  
closest-fitting frocks.

FROM THE makers of Kotex comes this announcement of supreme importance to women. Announcement of an utterly new design in sanitary protection.

The new PHANTOM★ KOTEX—called Phantom because you are scarcely aware of its presence—is so skilfully shaped and tapered that you wear it under closest-fitting gowns without slightest hint of revealing outline.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new PHANTOM KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

### Other Kotex features retained

It is—as you will see—amazingly soft—delicate—five times more absorbent than cotton; can be worn on either side with the same protection. Easy disposability is still a superior Kotex advantage.

Another thing: You get this vastly improved product at no increase in cost. So important is it for you to get the new PHANTOM KOTEX that we have stamped the name Kotex on both ends of the new pad. All dealers have it. Also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

**Note!** Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.



To ease  
the task of  
enlightenment

This message is sent to  
parents and guardians  
in a spirit of con-  
structive helpfulness.

**T**HIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender  
Room 2161  
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."  
Signed.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]



Sergis Alberts

Hollywood's most exciting wedding of the month was that of platinum Jean Harlow and executive Paul Bern, for just when the town had it all doped out that Paul would continue being an eligible bachelor for the rest of his life and that nothing could tempt Jean to the altar a second time—the marriage ceremony was read. Congratulations, Paul! And worlds of happiness for you, Jeanie!

I THINK the following little true story of Ann Harding illustrates her change in heart and attitude toward life and Hollywood more than the numerous articles of thousands of words.

A little more than a year ago, while she was still happily married and living in her world of unmarred ideals, she visited in the home of James Frazier, sculptor, in Connecticut. She met Frazier's nephew, John Schroyer.

"You look exactly like Joel McCrea," she told John. "You should be in pictures. You'd better come back to Hollywood with us."

John shook his head. "Don't be silly. I'm teaching school and like it. Why should I give up something sure which I like for pictures?"

"Well, if you ever change your mind, look me up," Ann answered.

Three months later, Lawrence Langner started his theater guild in Westport and John Schroyer became leading man. He discovered

that he *did* like acting better than school teaching.

Then he fell in love with Helen Clarke Robertson, leading lady and daughter of wealthy, socially prominent attorney Francis Robertson of New York City.

The young folks eloped and started for Hollywood in an old car.

Private detectives and police searched the country for them.

They landed at Ann Harding's hill top house, a dirty, worn couple, late one evening. "Here we are. We've come to go into pictures. You told me to come," John added.

Ann took them in and telephoned their people.

And the next day she talked to them. She told them Hollywood was no place for people who wanted happiness.

She pictured its pitfalls, its jealousies, its artificialities.

"Go home and live life as it was intended. Forget what I told you a year ago—"

And the youngsters went home to snatch at happiness according to the recipe of the Hollywood-disillusioned Ann Harding of today rather than by the one of the optimistic Ann Harding of a year ago.

THELMA TODD, of the glorious contours, is honeymooning. At Prescott, Ariz., not long ago, the beautiful Todd said "I do" to one Pasquale de Cicco, aged twenty-three, of New York City. Heigho, Thelma! Lucky boy, Pasquale, old boy!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]



Cosmo-Sileo

This charming family group was snapped just before they sailed for Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark on a Midnight Sun cruise. Of course, you recognize your old friend Richard Barthelmess and his missus. The boy is Mrs. Barthelmess' son by a former husband and the girl is little Mary Hay Barthelmess, Dick's own daughter. Dick has become the champion globe-trotter of the film colony. He is just as much at home on a ship as you are in your own front parlor



# TINTED *nails* or NATURAL... *which* *does the smart sportswoman prefer?*

*All Colors for sports, too!  
 Use the shade that's best for  
 each costume . . . says world  
 authority on the manicure*

**Natural** just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple, orange, yellow.

**Rose** is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender, dark green, black and brown.

**Coral** is enchanting with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

**Cardinal** is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades . . . Is a good shade with gray, beige, the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

**Garnet**, a rich wine-red, just right with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

**Colorless** is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for very bright or "difficult" colors!



*Wear GARNET nails with cinnamon brown, ROSE with black and white stripes, CORAL with a dark blue turtle neck. Clothes from Best & Co.*

**A**FTER all, the smart Sportswoman is a Woman . . . just as feminine these days as anybody else. And all the time she's collecting large silver cups, she's thoroughly aware of the importance of powder, rouge, lipstick and Variety in Nail Tints.

She varies her nail polish with her sports clothes the same as she does with her evening clothes, because she doesn't see why she should look any less smart by day than by night.

And the opportunity for alluring combinations of nail tints with this summer's sports clothes is nothing short of exciting.

Coral nails with your white tennis dresses and little beige golf sweaters will give you a great big advantage. Rose finger tips with the new aquarelles look pretty lovely on the sidelines. And aren't

Cardinal nails with those dark blue swim suits making the beaches more dangerous than ever! You know you should do the toe tips, too, don't you?

It's not a bad indoor game to work out your color schemes yourself. But if you're just too busy winning championships, it's all worked out for you, anyway, in the panel above.

And don't forget that Cutex, which is making records for smartness on two continents, has quality, too.

It flows on with marvelous smoothness and lasting lustre, will not crack or peel no matter how active you get. Nor fade in the sun and that makes it pretty practical for the tan worshipers.

For extra value it has a new bake-lite top with brush attached, so the tip can't touch your table top. Get

your shades from your dealer today.

**THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .** Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on Cutex Liquid Polish. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream. NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

*2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials for 12¢*



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 209  
 191 Hudson Street . . . New York, N. Y.  
 (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal)  
 I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . .  Rose  Coral  Cardinal

**CUTEX** *Liquid Polish . . . ONLY 35¢*

# Some Do's And Don't's For Beauty



By  
Carolyn  
Van  
Wyck



"If your eyes are without natural shadow or your lashes light, apply shadow on the tip of a narrow camel's hair brush," advises Fifi Dorsay. "Work lightly and blend to attain a life-like, subtle nuance in eye and shadow tones."

WELL, here we are at the end of the season of revelation—the season of the bathing suit, the tennis frock and the sheer chiffon. Trying days for some of us, big moments for others. Summer sets the stage for the girl with a good figure. Winter robs her of some of her chances. All of which brings us to that debatable question, what is a good figure? What are Hollywood standards for a good figure? At the moment, broad shoulders sway power over those of less breadth, hips are small though rounded, busts are the same, and the legs and arms are gently rounded, easily curved. In short, here is the figure that can wear clothes to perfection, the body that can walk with a lilt, that can dance with music in its every movement. That is, it should be able to. Those broad shoulders give the upper part of your body a stationery position. Arms should move but slightly when you walk, never when you dance. Thus, you see, all freedom comes from the hips down. They must swing from the waist independent of motion above it. If you want to develop an easy, graceful walk, try walking with all motion from the waist down. It is surprisingly easy and you will never tire as you do from walking with your whole body.

Another gross error to which we are all heir—do not walk with your toes turned outward. We were taught that, I know, but try keeping them straight ahead, not outward or inward. You balance yourself thus and walking is easier, lighter, a more graceful movement.

SYLVIA SIDNEY knows a grand bedroom trick with gardenias. When you have worn sheaf or boutonniere and it is wilted and yellow, place it in a drawer with your lingerie. The fragrance will linger on, permeate and



JOAN CRAWFORD, in the rôle of the shady Sadie in "Rain," is a startling example of what not to do if you would look your best. That unkempt hair, heavily made-up eyes, surly, over-rouged lips—they speak plainer than words.

Are you suffering from too many signs of summer—too much hips, sunburned, dry hair, freckles, coarsened, dry skin? First aid lies just around the corner in our reducing booklet, skin leaflet and September beauty letter. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 211 West 57th Street, New York City.

ANITA LOUISE knows the beauty value of a drop or two of brilliantine smoothed over her brush, which in turn will smooth those unruly little curls in order. It will bring out the color and beauty of the hair, too.

perfume your belongings most divinely.

When Sylvia was in New York recently she showed me a drawerful of dead gardenias, a bit macabre, I admit, but I had only to sniff the silk and chiffon beneath to realize that no Paris perfumer could do better than those wilted and browned gardenias.

JOAN CRAWFORD, passing through New York en route to Europe, contributes two newsy bits to this column.

Joan, you know, has always used very dark and vivid nail polish, a predominant Hollywood habit, by the way. Joan now continues this deep red over the entire length of the nail. No platinum or snow-white edge graces her nail. This is just one of those things with Joan whose nails are naturally quite long and well shaped. The short, plump hand, however, will find that this use adds decidedly to the illusion of length and is very becoming.

Jean Harlow is using platinum nail polish to match her platinum hair, while another element of Hollywood goes in for polka dotted and striped nails. When are we coming to little pictures and designs!

IN the picture above you will notice Joan's hair comb for "Rain." Joan rearranges this in a charming coiffure which may suggest just the arrangement for your own hair. You need a long bob for this. The hair, including bangs, is combed straight back from the forehead. There it is held with invisible holders, over which Joan slips jeweled clips. The ends are then rolled into curls. The bangs are now combed forward, the ends twirled gently under. By first combing these bangs back and then bringing them forward, they have a kind of buoyancy, so that they do not hug the forehead too closely. A good stunt for all bangs.



JOAN CRAWFORD,  
in M-G-M's  
"GRAND HOTEL"  
Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively



The  
**CHARM**  
of *Lovely Beauty*

... is Created with the Magic of Hollywood's New

# MAKE-UP

*How you can accentuate YOUR CHARM and beauty with color harmony make-up for your type*

**B**LONDE, brunette, brownette, red-head... each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. Now, 96% of Hollywood's stars, and all studios, use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen, giving the skin a live, youthful beauty... yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines". So perfect in texture, even

the motion picture camera does not reveal it. Even under the brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect... for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, too, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a face powder that fluffs away.

Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box. Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle... in shades to blend with your face powder... fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package. At all drug and dept. stores.

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Society Make-Up. Mail the coupon.



JOAN CRAWFORD, M-G-M Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, using Max Factor's lipstick.

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP



**Cosmetics of the Stars** ★ ★ **HOLLYWOOD**  
Face Powder...Rouge...Lipstick...Eyeshadow...in Color Harmony  
96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's  
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



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### Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR, Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact, in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart and my complexion analysis; and your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Ask The Answer Man



The old Answer Man will make a wager that if Bette Davis knew just how many folks called her "my favorite actress" in their letters this month, she would be too excited to finish reading that book

## 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.

## 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.

**B**ETTE DAVIS has been in the movies for almost a year, but you folks have just discovered her, apparently. Bette walked away with this month's mail bag, and when you get through asking, the poor girl won't have a secret left. She started her film career in December, 1931, but the studio boys thought she was one of those meek sisters who could be conveniently shoved into nice mild parts and no harm done. You know the type, younger sisters without much acting to do, and rôles like that.

But what they didn't know was that Bette is a poised, self-sufficient young woman. "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss, "The Dark Horse," and "The Rich Are Always With Us," in which she was up against that tough Chatterton competition, gave her a host of fans and question-askers.

First of all, she is younger than all that sophistication she tosses off on the screen would lead you to believe, for she was born April 5, 1908, which, if my arithmetic doesn't fail me at this vital moment, makes her just 24. Her very correct Boston family christened her Ruth Elizabeth, but when she went to school she wanted to be called "Betty." However, her spelling wasn't so good, so when she signed her report card—or whatever children sign at school—she wrote "Bette." Her mother thought it was cute and let it go. But it's still pronounced "Betty."

Although no one in the family had ever been on the stage, Bette was bitten by the theatrical bug and she and her mother went to New York. There wasn't much money, but mama Davis persuaded John Murray Anderson to give her daughter instruction.

While she was playing on the stage with Richard Bennett in "Solid South," he told her she was a combination of his two daughters, Constance and Joan, and maybe that's what put the idea of pictures into her head. You will admit that she does seem to combine Connie's sophistication with Joan's sweetness, and yet remain a distinct personality.

Bette was born in Lowell, Mass. She's 5 feet, 3½; weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes, blonde hair and those dark eyebrows are natural.

She isn't married, but she admits that she has been in love off and on—mostly on.

**ANNA BOOTHE, DETROIT, MICH.**—Yes, ma'am, that item you read in the paper which stated that Garbo and Joan Crawford wore the same size shoe was all wrong. So let's settle it once and for good. Garbo takes a 7-AA slipper, whereas Joan's trim little foot fits perfectly into a 4-D. I sometimes wonder myself where these strange stories start. Probably lots of girls in Hollywood wear shoes as large as Garbo's, but certainly not Joan, who has an unusually small foot for her height, which is 5 feet, 4 inches. So now that burning discussion is all finished.

**EARL HUGHES, JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND.**—Hope this information breaks up the tong war that you and your pals are having. It was Halliwell Hobbes who played the rôle of Rose Hobart's father in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

**T.M. K., MONTREAL, CANADA.**—Yes, of course, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg are still happily married. Irving Junior was two years old on the 24th of August. And does he boss the lot where his mama and papa work!

**D. J. OLIVER, ROSWELL, GA.**—So you folks way down theah in Gaw'ja are interested in that little Southern honey, Una Merkel. She was born in Covington, Ky., suh, and proud of it.

Yes, Marie Dressler has been married. She is the widow of James H. Dalton and everything you want to know about Marie you'll find in that grand story by Adela Rogers St. Johns on another page of this magazine. Isn't she a great woman—that Marie? You'll think her even greater when you've read the story.

Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City. And now for your last question. That little bunch of cuteness who plays in "Our Gang" comedies and is known as "Spanky" was born with this monniker—George Robert Phillips McFarland.

And isn't that a mouthful? We'll just keep on calling him "Spanky" for short.

**JOHN BOWLING, BUTTE, MONT.**—Hi, Mickey! So you're interested in the Mickey Mouse Club, are you? The way to join is to

go to the theater manager of one of your local theaters and ask him if he has a Mickey Mouse Club, for each manager handles an individual club, although all are under the exclusive leadership of that bright little lad Mickey and his equally bright sweetheart, Minnie. You'd better join; you'll have great fun.

**LORENA KUNDERT, DAYTON, OHIO.**—No, you're not unusual, Lorena, wanting to know something about Kane Richmond, the lad who played the rôle of Tom Stone in "Huddle." That boy made a big hit in a small part and lots of folks have been asking questions about him. He won't be 26 until December 23. And he isn't married.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were married June 3, 1929. Right now Doug is realizing an ambition of long standing—he is "doing" Europe with Joan. It's her first trip. Before they left, Doug had a list of points of interest as long as a Marlene Dietrich close-up. And Joan's got to see them all.

**BECKY, DAYTON, OHIO.**—Connie Bennett's latest is "Two Against the World." If you like Connie, don't miss her in "What Price Hollywood." What a performance *Madame la Marquise* gives in that one!

Madge Evans' latest picture is "The New Yorker." Dorothy Jordan has a couple of films up her sleeve—"Down to Earth" and "Cabin in the Cotton." No, Becky, I don't believe you'll have to bid Garbo a last goodbye just yet. Of course, nobody is sure about anything about *la Greta*.

**JUNE CREDLE, TAMPA, FLA.**—There's no doubt about Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s favorite sport. It's football, football and a little more football. He never misses a game and the Western players are all his personal friends. Doug likes nothing so much as hanging around with the pigskin heroes. And are those boys for him? One hundred per cent! He plays football, too. He and Doug Sr., and several of the other actors have an amateur team of their own. Doug also likes good looking cars. Yes, he likes dogs and cats, too. Now are you satisfied about the lad?



# Don't Let Him *Substitute* With You



## SWITCHING ADMITTED BY 84.5% OF 591 NEW YORK DRUG STORES QUERIED

### State Association Hears That 34.2% Switch Every Third Sale; Prac- tice Greatest in Cities

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Exactly 84.5% of the 591 New York State druggists answering a recent questionnaire stated that they attempt to sell competitive items in place of nationally advertised cut-price articles. The questionnaire, which queried druggists on many pertinent questions, was sent out by the Committee on Pharmaceutical Economics of the New York State Pharmaceutical Association. It was reported on at the Fifty-Fourth annual meeting of the association held here last week.

The summaries of the answers to a second question asked by the committee showed that, of 478 stores reporting, 34.2% were successful in actually selling the competitive item in place of a cut-priced advertised item in more than one out of every three sales.

*“This is much better  
than what you ask for”*

Of course, no such proportion as five out of every six druggists everywhere substitute unknown products for nationally advertised articles.

But a shameful number of them do.

You have a right to resent this. Reputable manufacturers spend money for advertising only because they are assured that their products are good enough to deserve your continuing patronage.

Merchants only try to substitute unknown or inferior products because they have a bigger margin of profit on them. You pay more for less value.

We urge PHOTOPLAY readers to buy only those reputable, worthy products of known quality. Don't permit a merchant to substitute unknown and inferior preparations, when your mind is made up to purchase a product of known quality.

*This advertising campaign is conceived and sponsored by Photoplay*



## Men Will Love The Fragrance of FEU-FOLLET on you



And  
You Will  
Love FEU-FOLLET  
On Yourself —

*Feu Follet* is that piquant fragrance from Paris which, in only a few months, has become so much desired. Especially by younger women! *Feu Follet* is light, gay — tantalizing as a will-o'-the-wisp! Offered in extract, face-powder, talcum, sachet, toilet-water and soap. Other exquisite Roger & Gallet fragrances are *Fleurs d'Amour* and *Le Jade*. Although the finest of imported perfumes, they are all moderately priced. Send coupon below for your FREE copy of "Fashions in Fragrance."

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Please send me your free booklet by a famous beauty specialist, on the correct way to use Perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

ANOTHER honeymooner of the hour is our own Sylvia, whose articles on the care of the body are such an interesting feature of PHOTOPLAY.

Sylvia is the bride of Edward Leiter, an actor and a nephew of the late Edward Leiter, Chicago financier.

They are living in New York, where Sylvia is writing, talking on the radio—and, of course, making little ones out of big ones.

THREE guesses on the latest rave at Hollywood's gayest parties? No—you'll never get it in ten!

Janet Gaynor, no less—shy, wistful Janet. The men buzz around like bees, and Husband Lydell Peck lurks in the background, smiling amiably at Janet's sudden social tornado.

Oh sure, Charlie Farrell's often around in the buzz—but Hollywood understands that fine friendship now.

Incidentally and at the same time, it appears that Janet is a little fed up with the attentions of the press.

"Let them say what they like without seeing me," is the Gaynor dictum.

Well, maybe you're right, Janet.

But that isn't the way helpful friendships are made.

HERE'S the funniest gag of the month—but the little street urchin who pulled it was entirely innocent of its irony!

When Joan Crawford was in New York she and one of PHOTOPLAY's staff were riding along Fifth Avenue, as Joan was telling how mad it made her for folks to say she imitated Garbo.

"You know how it started?" Joan asked dramatically. "I once said I admired Garbo above all other actresses and I suppose people thought that because I admired her I wanted to imitate her. Which is dead wrong. They say I do my hair like hers. Listen, I wore a long bob in a picture I made five years ago. Lately Adrian made me a hat that looks like one Garbo wore—but it's simply a smart hat. You see hundreds of them on the street. And then they say I try to imitate Garbo. Bunk!"

Just at that moment a little boy jumped on the running board and asked Joan to buy a gardenia.

Joan smiled sweetly and gave the child a dollar telling him to keep the change.

"Thanks lady," he said—and then he looked at her more closely.

"Say, why say," he murmured in an awed voice, "ain't you Greta Garbo? You look just like her."

And as the traffic lights changed and the car slid forward Joan practically swooned!

THAT ole rebel, George Bancroft, finally left Paramount for good and all, after years of intermittent bickering over salary and stories.

Reliance, an independent outfit, is the name of the company which now proposes to exploit Big Ban's talents, torso and biceps. "Brooklyn Bridge" may be the title of what may be his first story.

Drolly enough, George's last Paramount picture, "Lady and Gent," is the best he's had in the last couple of years—which shows how quaintly Fate operates.

FROM Claude Binyon's "A Girl Ought to Work," a story of one girl's fun in Hollywood, published by Harrison Smith:

"After the premer Henry Henry introduced me to Mr. Bowstein the director and he said, Charming girl Henry, charming girl. She's just the type for the street walker in Hot Hearts. And Henry Henry said, She sure is Mr. Bowstein, she sure is that, yes sir. Then I said, I been a street walker lots of times, and everybody laughed. I said, The last time I was a street walker was for Mr. O'Malley at Pathe.

And Mr. Bowstein said, It's a pity that guy can't live on his own salary, and everybody laughed again."

KNOW when and where that classic remark of Garbo's "I tank I go home," originated? It was during the making of her first American film, "The Torrent."

Garbo was compelled to plunge into an icy pool of water.

She emerged shivering and cold.

"Fine" the director said, "now let's do it again." Once more Garbo plunged into the icy pool and this time emerged shivery and shaking.

"That's great," the director said, "now let's do it again."

Garbo walked around the studio made pool of water and gazed into its clear, cold depths.

Then picking up her cloak from a chair, she strolled away calmly remarking to the director, "I tank I go home."

And history, brothers and sisters, was made!

SALLY EILERS and Hoot Gibson have just celebrated their second wedding anniversary — and you should see the diamond brooch Hoot gave!

It's enormous, in two parts, with a clasp that either binds or looses the parts. Separate, they can be used as hat clasps or what would you? Some jools!

DID you hear how Ben Lyon capped the climax at Bebe Daniels' famous tennis tournament?

Thinking he could add a little splurge to the party, he presented the winners with cups he had won at the dog races.

The girls were thrilled to death until one noticed the inscription on a cup, "For the Best Female Whippet in her Class."

And at sundown they were still chasing Ben along the sandy shore!

HOLLYWOOD is a pretty blasé town, if you ask me. World-famous celebrities arrive in droves and rate no more than a passing nod.

Hollywood is too used to fame to do nip-ups over anyone. But recently there happened the exception.

It was in the Paramount dining-room, crowded, as usual, with famous people. Chevalier sat at his table. George M. Cohan, New York actor, writer and producer, sat at another. Dietrich smiled languidly across the way. Bing Crosby fussed with his salad. The Marx Brothers were deep in a ridiculous discussion.



Bankhead's husky voice could be heard above the din.

And suddenly it happened. The door opened and she breezed in, like a young stenographer with twenty minutes for lunch. Her towseled hair flying.

For an instant there was a deep silence. And then with one accord those famous celebrities burst into an applause that was deafening.

Such an ovation has never before been given. And Amelia Earhart, the lion-hearted lady who recently flew the Atlantic alone, blushed and smiled like a school girl.

**HARRISON CARROLL** tells one about the Hollywood actor who came up to a friend and said:

"Say, I was just over to the office of a well known director on this lot. His secretary was out so, without thinking, I walked into the inner office. And, what do you suppose? He was kissing a beautiful girl."

"Yeah," said the friend. "Who was the girl?"

The actor whispered her name.

"You don't say! And who was the director?"

The actor drew back.

"Say," he exclaimed, "do you think I'm a cad?"



Don English

When Marlene Dietrich made "Shanghai Express" she didn't show even so much as a dainty ankle. And did the movie-goers howl! "Okay," said Marlene in a throaty guttural, "if they want legs—I'll give 'em legs." And this is the way she got herself decked out for "The Blonde Venus." If you can waste your time looking at the lady's wig, you will discover that it's so very, very blonde and exotic

# QUICK, SAFE SUDS without hot water



## This is the way to wash your woollies

**Ivory Snow is pure**—as safe for wools as Ivory Soap is for a baby's tender skin. For Ivory Snow is Ivory Soap, blown into fluffy little puffs so that it will dissolve instantly.

**Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water** to make it melt into a rich lather of wonderful suds. You can start with the tepid water wools require. Ivory Snow will dissolve completely. It has no flat particles which can cling to the fabric and cause a soap spot!

Don't rub wool garments. Just

swirl and squeeze them through gentle, lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. No clingy flake particles to rub out! Baby's soft little sweaters, your own knitted suits and trim Jersey frocks, your fleecy blankets, will be as softly woolly as when they were new. For with Ivory Snow you avoid the three great dangers in washing wools—harsh soap, hot water, and rubbing.

Ivory Snow is extra safe and convenient for washing *all* fine fabrics. And it is economical to use lavishly, because that nice big package costs only 15¢!

### MANUFACTURERS THEMSELVES SAY SO!

"Ideal soap for woolens," say leading woolen manufacturers, such as the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, to mention only a few! "Perfect for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truho.

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99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



## Lasting Foot-Ease

in smart shoes for  
all occasions . . .

now \$ **5**  
only



THE FANDSON



THE LESSON



THE ADELLA

**T**HAT greater value you expect for your shoe dollar today, you get in Natural Bridge Shoes.

Every step is invigorated by the Natural Arch Bridge, with its constant, normal support for your *natural* arch. Trim lines that make you proud of your feet.

Leathers that hold their shapeliness, for added months of service. A perfect fit, comfortable from the first step, because the combination lasts are moulded to the natural contours of your foot.

Most styles of Natural Bridge Shoes NOW \$5.00. A few ultra smart models, \$6.00. Other styles, including the new Junior Hi line for growing girls, at \$4.00.

**Natural  
Bridge  
Shoes**

COMBINATION LAST  
AAAA to EEE

**F**RANCES DEE is not only heartbroken, but in the worst quandary of her life. Her boy friend, French-actor Charles Boyier, has returned to Paris for at least six months.

This is really one of the lovely love-stories of pictures. Frances was the second Mary Brian of the city. Popular with all the men. So many dates she had nervous breakdowns from keeping them. The college girl type of popularity.

Then she met the Frenchman. Love at first sight. He was leaving for France in a week. He begged her to marry and return with him. But she couldn't believe that real love comes that quickly. Letters; cablegrams; across-the-water telephone calls.

Then Boyier returned for "The Man From Yesterday" at Paramount and the love deepened. But Boyier's English (for pictures, not love-making) needs improvement. He must make a living. He had a splendid six-months' offer from Paris. He took it. He begged Frances to go with him as Mrs. Boyier. She wanted to—how she wanted! But Frances has a career, too. She has a family. She has a future. To give it all up to go to a strange land—perhaps forever?

She speaks no French. She's a one-hundred per cent American gal with one-hundred per cent personal ambition.

The old, old problem. Career versus love. Neither has won. She admits she may join him any moment. Or he may return.

In the meantime, she's turning to work as the panacea!

### JACKIE COOPER Cute-Saying for September—

On the day that Jackie commenced work on "Father and Son," he walked up to Chuck Reisner, his new director, held out his hand and announced, "I think this is going to develop into a beautiful friendship between us two."

**T**HERE'S a scene in "Red-Headed Woman" where Chester Morris knocks Jean Harlow down.

"Give us the real stuff," Director Conway instructed. "Don't pull your punches, Chester!"

He didn't! In between each take, the prop boy rushed in with ice and poulticed Jean's face so the punches would not leave a swelling.

**J**OAN BENNETT celebrated the first anniversary of her broken-hip accident by taking up tennis again.

Of all the things which Joan was forced to forego because of that tumble from a horse, she missed tennis most! Incidentally, she is a cracker-jack player.

**T**HOSE two handsome boys of Charlie Chaplin's are going into the movies, in spite of Charlie's opposition. A contract has been drawn up with Fox Studios and, according to report, a photostatic copy of one page from Lita Grey Chaplin's divorce decree is attached to the contract. It's the page wherein Mrs. Chaplin is named sole and legal guardian of the boys.

So it looks as though some opposition from Charles Chaplin was expected.

The boys' contract calls for five pictures, at \$35,000 per picture.

**G**OOD old Catalina Island! It never rains but it floods, over there! The minute Joan Crawford and Walter Huston finished work on "Rain" at Catalina, another company sent an outfit to the same location to shoot a film called "After the Rain."

**A**T the Biltmore Theater here, the cast of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was thick with English accents.

Harrison Carroll, the Hollywood columnist, tells the story of a certain Hollywood producer who came out into the lobby shaking his head.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend. "Don't you like the show?"

"Do I like it?" said the producer. "I can't understand it."

"Smatter? Seat bad."

"Vunderful seats," he said. "Second row."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"I ask you," groaned the producer, "who can understand such a dialect?"

**G**UESS what those South Sea natives called Doug Fairbanks, who's been busy making a picture on the island of Tahiti?

"Man Whom Devil Fears." And this, if you please, because the mosquitoes never bit Mr. Fairbanks' anatomy.

The natives simply figured if the skeeters were afraid of Doug, so was the devil. And there you are!

**W**HENEVER a fire truck goes screeching down Hollywood Boulevard the natives look for Marion Davies' limousine in its wake. Marion's passion for fires amounts to a mania. Her chauffeur no longer needs to be told to follow the trucks. When he hears a siren, he automatically swings into line.

All of our best fires find Marion among those present. She attended both Malibu holocausts—had a front row seat. In fact there hasn't been an important conflagration in years that hasn't boasted her presence.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126 ]

## What Price Stardom?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

Of course, her first three million dollar productions did make money. That was the root of the trouble. They stamped her as a million dollar actress.

"What Price Glory?" cost a million, but it netted between four and five. Together with Janet Gaynor's "7th Heaven" it brought the Fox company into the limelight as a large production organization—lifted it from a firm that had been known largely for Tom Mix Westerns.

"Loves of Carmen" and "Ramona" also showed profits.

With these three successes, what chance did Dolores have of playing in small, simple, human-interest productions of the type that had brought Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and others to stardom?

Dolores' gorgeous beauty must have gorgeous settings.

She was definitely typed as Hollywood's million dollar production baby.



Dolores knew what was coming. She felt it. She begged for simple rôles in simple pictures. It was a waste of breath.

She wasn't surprised at what followed. "The Trial of '98," "Revenge," "Evangeline" were all ultra-expensive flops.

"The Bad One" was her first talkie. It would have made a nice little program picture and should have been made and billed as such. But no! Del Rio was the star. That meant a super-production. It cost \$650,000 when it should have cost less than \$250,000.

With four poor pictures to her credit, it was decided she should have a super-super-super. Something more pretentious than "What Price Glory?," "Loves of Carmen" and "Ramona" combined. An extravaganza which had never been equalled.

"THE Dove" was chosen. There was to be no end to the millions expended. And on the fourth day after they started work, Dolores was carried to the hospital with what threatened to be a fatal kidney ailment. According to the sick clause in all contracts, the studio had to wait thirty days for her return. United Artists waited four months before they cancelled Dolores' contract and shelved "The Dove."

She was ill for a year and a half and lost exactly \$700,000. She was receiving \$125,000 a picture at the time.

Dolores believes this illness to have been the "worst break of all." She often says, "If it hadn't been for my getting ill—" But I think she is wrong.

"The Dove" was as well-known as is "Bird of Paradise." Radio bought it later from United Artists for \$100,000 and played Dolores Del Rio in it. It was a flop and only further stamped her as the million dollar star whose pictures did not make money.

In a way, that illness and the stopping of "The Dove" may have been a blessing. Just as the severance of her relations with Radio Pictures will probably prove one. Now, she is definitely through with million dollar productions. She doesn't even care whether she is starred. She's going to free lance. She wants a sophisticated, drawing-room drama in which she can wear modern, smart clothes. With the most perfect figure of them all she has never had an opportunity to wear modern clothes.

Harry Edington, who manages Greta Garbo, has taken over Dolores' career. His first move is an attempt to break this million dollar jinx. He's going to start her where she should have started in the first place.

And the saddest point of all is—Dolores' story is typical of so many others. Lila Lee started with a million dollars worth of publicity and stardom and it was not until she had lived it down that she found an uncertain footing in the business.

Carman Barnes was ballyhooed as the new-star-of-all-time by Paramount. Fabulous sums were spent on her publicity. She was thrown into stardom without preparation or training. And her first—and last—picture was shelved.

MARIAN MARSH was started before she had even learned camera angles. Now she is on the outside trying to get a peep back in.

Radio Pictures is, today, holding back publicity on Gwili Andre. "Let's see what she can do before we talk about her," is their slogan. Paramount has sent Randolph Scott to school to learn the technique of camera acting. The studios are learning. Too bad they didn't learn sooner before they almost ruined the most natural beauty of them all.

We're rooting for Dolores Del Rio's comeback—no, that's the wrong word. It's not a comeback when one has not had a fair start. We're rooting for the success of this girl who is really just now beginning. We're hoping that her story will be a lesson to producers and newcomers now and forever.

But it won't.

**STYLED for tea at the Ritz — but PRICED to suit the modern purse**



**colors**

to Complement the Fall Fashion Picture

- Crystal Taupe
- Brownwood
- Rhumtone
- Dorebeige
- Haze Beige
- Lt. Gunmetal
- Olympic Tan
- Gunmetal
- Smoketone
- Duskee
- Sandee
- Fawn Brown

Style 5454



**ROLLINS HOSIERY DOES ITS AUTUMN PROMENADE**

A dollar—big as it is today—becomes a little thing to pay for a chiffon stocking as sheer, clear and lovely as Rollins Style 2323. All silk to the aristocratic tip of its narrow-sole low-heeled foot. Runstop protected at the hem, which is exquisitely finished in a lace design.

And the very finest of this new Rollins lineup, Style 5454—sheer as a light mist and dull as a chalk mark—for a dollar ninety-five. . . . A stocking that self-confidently presents itself to the woman who has

two-dollar bills where fives used to be. You will find also a selection of other lace top chiffons by Rollins at a dollar thirty-five and a dollar sixty-five.

So, don't let a false sense of economy persuade you to buy hosiery of inferior quality. And don't let your innate good taste tempt you into paying the extravagant prices that went out of date in 1930. It's so simple to go to the dealer who is showing Rollins.

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D R A W S   T H E   L I N E   O N   G A R T E R   R U N S



# Marie Dressler's Own Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]



## Revelations of an ear-lobe

Just touch your ear-lobe with your fingers . . . feel the skin's texture! Is it soft and satin-smooth as a baby's? Well, that's your unspoiled skin . . . your natural complexion!

Wouldn't you like your face to recapture this same beauty? Then try using a really pure face-powder . . . for often it's impure powders that cause imperfections, coarseness.

Try Luxor—the pure face-powder. It is made in scientific laboratories. So it's fine and delicate as chiffon. And its shades are perfect for the new costume colors from Paris.

A box of pure face-powder costs but 50c . . . yet Luxor couldn't be better if it cost \$5. Why not send the coupon below, for the introductory box? And achieve the petal-smooth complexion Nature intended for you!

Other Luxor toiletries are: Rouge, Lip-stick, Cold, Vanishing, and Hand Creams, 50c each; Tissue Cream, one dollar.



## Luxor, Ltd.



LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street  
Chicago, Ill. P.P.H.

Gentlemen: I want a finer, smoother complexion. Please send half-month's supply of Luxor. I enclose 10c to help cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

(Check) Rachel \_\_\_\_\_ Flesh \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

I like, somehow, I cannot tell you exactly why, to think of Marie in terms of contrast. As, on the screen, she swings me from shrieks of laughter to real sobs, as she passes from the dignity of an empress to the maddest clowning—that is the picture of Marie's life.

From the day when, at thirteen—a big, awkward Canadian kid—she joined one of those cheap little traveling theatrical companies, to the night when she stood before a madly cheering throng of all the motion picture celebrities in the world and received the Academy medal for the greatest acting of the year.

From the days of the war when, in a few weeks, she delivered one hundred and forty-nine speeches and sold 90,000,000 dollars worth of Liberty bonds, to those bleak days after the war when she was flat broke and couldn't get a job.

In the war hospitals, before our wounded soldiers, singing a sad song one moment and telling them a funny story the next.

There is a story about that which to me reveals as much as anything I know the heart of Marie Dressler, the understanding for which Solomon prayed as the greatest gift God could give him and which Marie has.

Someone asked her why she sang sad songs for the boys, why she didn't just make them laugh.

And Marie fidgeted and smiled and finally said, "You see, I know they are sad. I know they want to cry—like little boys who are sick and frightened. But they are too proud to do it. So—if I sing them a sad song, they've got a perfect excuse and they can weep those tears which take a load from the heart."

FROM cheap hall bedrooms where she cooked over a gas jet, to the stately, charming home with its beautiful gardens where she now lives. From that classic comic song, "Heaven will protect the working girl," to the majesty of her performance in "Anna Christie." From nights when she slept in cold, funny old "opera houses," because the snow outside was too deep for her to get back to her hotel, to

nights when she has been the honored guest of such women as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Lady Ravensdale, Mrs. U. S. Grant; when she has jested with presidents and laughed with world leaders.

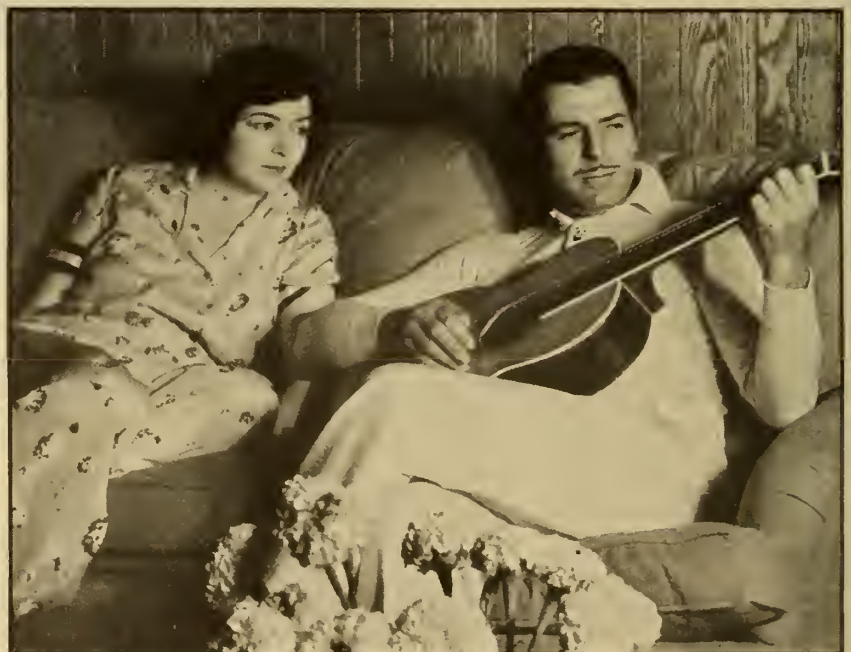
When she was a little girl, Marie was the ugly duckling. And she had one sister, a beautiful, gold-haired child whom everyone adored and admired. Some young girls are embittered by that. The ordinary woman may become unkind, resentful, self-pitying, super-sensitive. It is a proof of the thing that is within Marie Dressler that she loved that sister better than anyone else, that she was always calling attention to her beauty, always putting her forward. And their father's health failing and desperate poverty staring them in the face, it was Marie who, at thirteen, went out into the world to make a living for the family.

SOMETIMES Marie mentions, quite sweetly, that she is a woman of no education. It always makes me laugh to hear her say that. It is true, of course, that she had no academic education, that she didn't go to school very much.

But she had a brain like a sponge, a brain that absorbed and a heart that distilled knowledge. And for forty-seven years she has lived with people, and known them, and gained from them. Vaudeville, burlesque, the lowest ranks of the chorus. Stage stardom. Motion picture stardom. Travel all over the world. These things, because she knew how to take advantage of them, have made her one of the best-educated women in the world. There is no situation she hasn't seen, no character she hasn't met, no problem she hasn't faced.

Perhaps that is one reason she has been able to play every character you could imagine on the screen.

And Marie Dressler knew a great love—one and one only. A love that lasted for many years, faithful, complete, beautiful. It is the one thing of which she never speaks. I think it is because she cannot. It is too sacred.



You'll be amazed when you read the story about merry, mad Malibu beach on another page of this magazine. Now look at a couple of old settlers. Warner Baxter and his wife, Winifred Bryson, a stage actress, built a summer home at Malibu six years ago. They're still crazy about the place



Her grief at his death is an ever-green sorrow and yet she has learned to take what happiness she can from the memory of him.

Today Marie Dressler holds a great place in the world, not only upon the screen, but in all the affairs of life. Her voice is heard upon the radio appealing for help for unemployed women. Her opinion is sought upon political questions of all kinds.

And she has done something for the motion picture industry—her own beloved profession—which we of Hollywood cannot forget. She has proved to us for all time, that such pictures as "Emma"—such pictures as "Min and Bill"—pictures of simplicity and beauty, of honest, down-to-earth reality, will always bring millions to the box-office. In a time when we are fighting to know what the public wants, when every producer is striving to find the right medium of story, Marie Dressler has meant honesty and fineness.

*It is better not to live than not to love.*

In that one line is written the keynote to Marie Dressler's philosophy of life.

*It is better not to live than not to love.*

To do for others—to make every day worth living—to face each hour with a high heart, with courage, with laughter. To serve with loyalty and with sweetness in the work that happens to be ours to do.

Those things are written large in her life and, in a way, her character is her message.

When Norma Shearer presented her with the Academy medal last year she called her, "the grandest trouper of them all." And then, with a smile, and with tears in her eyes, Norma called her, "the grand old fire horse of the screen."

MARIE loved it. For she knew that it meant a great tribute. Unfailing response, unfailing effort, always giving the best and more than the best—that's what Norma Shearer meant when she used that homely phrase.

From such a woman, philosophy comes gaily, deeply, truly. Her views upon marriage, upon youth, upon everyday problems must give us laughter and tears.

Today she is one of the great women of the world. When you read the story of her life's philosophy in the next two issues of PHOTOPLAY, you will know why.

And don't forget that she is giving it to you, freely, in spite of pain and overwork and service in many, many fields during these trying days. She is giving it to you just because she believes it might help you. It is her gift to you—because she loves you as you love her.

## He's No Romeo, But—

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

roared. Jack smiled, was shot and died eleven times straight with the smoke blowing and temperature rising.

He didn't mind. He climbed out of the plane with a grin.

"Take off that heavy suede jacket or you'll smother," we urged.

He kept it on.

"For heaven's sake," someone else said in passing, "take off that jacket or you'll pass out in here."

He grew a bit confused. And grinned sheepishly. And turned watermelon pink and confessed. He hadn't expected visitors and was just raw underneath.

Clothes? Shucks, he isn't bothered about them. Usually trots around in white linen trousers and sweater and a scarf tied about his neck.

It's amusing about the New York stage star, newly arrived in Hollywood, who was attending a swanky military ball and went into near hysterics over the tall, handsome man who wore his full dress suit like a fashion plate. And danced with a divine grace that outshone any man present.



# no wonder Woodbury's won the Half-Face Test



You powder your face with a *face powder* . . . a powder especially for your complexion.

You soften your skin with *face creams* . . . made to suit the delicate tissues of your skin.

Then cleanse your skin not just with *any soap*, but with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . a *specialized soap*, definitely prepared for the complexion.

Woodbury's is a *FACIAL soap* . . . made with cosmetic ingredients not usually found in soaps.

It is infinitely better suited to your skin than an ordinary soap which is also intended for the laundry and bath. Woodbury's formula was not created by a soap chemist, but by a skin specialist. Woodbury's is not sold in chip, flake, or any other form for kitchen or laundry use. It is much too fine, too specialized a soap for that. Besides cleansing, Woodbury's Facial Soap provides a stimulating and corrective beauty treatment.

The superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap was proved when 15 leading dermatologists supervised a scientific test on 612 women's faces. For 30 days, each woman cared for one side of her face with any creams, lotions, soaps, etc., she wished. The other side of her face she washed with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Records of that Half-face Test show that Woodbury's softened dry skin, brightened dull skin, checked oiliness, benefited coarse pores, cleared blemishes . . . *more than other soaps and other beauty methods did on the same faces.*

YOU try Woodbury's Facial Soap against any pet facial treatment YOU have. The results will win you to using Woodbury's faithfully from then on. It costs less than 1¢ a day to use Woodbury's. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

USE THIS COUPON FOR DAINTY SAMPLES AND PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 821 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio  
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin  Coarse Pores  Blackheads  Flabby Skin  Dry Skin  Wrinkles  Sallow Skin  Pimples   
For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp. Normal Scalp  Dry Scalp  Oily Scalp

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Tune in on Woodbury's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leon Belasco Orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.





**Critics  
Acclaim**

**GREATEST  
PICTURE  
OF THE  
YEAR!**

# "AMERICAN MADNESS"



**DARING, SENSATIONAL THEME—CLOSEST TO  
EVERYONE'S HEART TODAY!**

**A dramatic thunderbolt challenging the nation, it hurls a  
smashing answer to the burning question of the hour!**

**Hearts aflame in a whirlpool of tremendous thrills and  
the most spectacular dramatic scenes ever filmed!**

**You must see it—you'll love it!**

**WALTER HUSTON  
PAT O'BRIEN — CONSTANCE CUMMINGS  
A FRANK CAPRA Production  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE**

**Ask your theatre when it will show "AMERICAN MADNESS"**

"Who is he? Who is he?" she kept whispering, "he must be a Continental." "Continental, my eye," came the surprising reply, "that's Jack Holt."

And the lady nearly passed out.

For Jack can wear clothes when he has to, and they fit his splendid frame with a certain dash.

There's a calm ruggedness about his face. His lower lip protrudes. His eyes are small and very brown. And twinkle with amusement. He has to do something about his rapidly thinning hair.

He wouldn't know a smart quip if it up and quipped him in the face. He speaks directly and man to man. No wisecracking. Or exchanging of *bon mots*.

ANY one can walk onto the set and talk to him. There's nothing of the aura of "hands off" that usually surrounds a star. He's easy. And natural. A man's man. And a woman's man. The kind that happen often in books and rarely in life.

He owns a ranch somewhere beyond Fresno, with 2,000 head of cattle. Four cowboys, one wife, two girls and one boy. And the minute the last scene has been shot, he's on his way ranchward. And is into the saddle in a jiffy. One of the cowhands.

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Holt?" an interviewer once asked him, "now that talkies are coming in?"

He looked at her in that puzzled way of his. "Why, I'm going to talk, lady," he said. "I always have. See?" and to the utter amazement of the interviewer he demonstrated very slowly and distinctly his ability to talk.

Some of his best pictures have been made with director Frank Capra. "Submarine," "Flight" and "Dirigible" were among the Capra films. And it's a bit funny the way they met.

Holt and Ralph Graves had gone down the coast to make a picture. And everything was wrong. The director proved a dud and left. It rained, someone got the hiccoughs and either wouldn't or couldn't stop and someone else came down with tonsillitis or something. It was awful. And there they were, stuck.

Capra had just been let out of a Langdon picture. Here he was, unsung, unknown and certainly jobless.

A friend met him strolling aimlessly down Hollywood Boulevard. Frank explained his plight to his friend.

"Come with me," the friend said, "got a job for you." And the next day the little unimposing Italian arrived to take over the Holt-Graves catastrophe. Well sir, they took one look at their savior and passed out in droves. They argued and fought and packed for home. At last, in desperation, Holt argued to let Capra try it.

He tried it. And "Submarine" was the result. And he's been the bright spot in Jack's, and many another star's career ever since. With "Flight" and "Dirigible" soon following.

HE'S had 120 hours in the air, this Holt. And he had given up polo before more than two people in town learned it wasn't played on the dining room table. In 1926 he rated a two-goal handicap in national polo rating but gave it up because it proved too expensive. Today he's in constant demand as referee at all the big military games.

His closest friends are among army and navy men. They are the type that appeal to him most.

The studio wouldn't let him fly in his new picture, "War Correspondent." Roy Wilson, a crack flyer, was hired as a substitute. Jack sat and thrilled to Roy's skillful handling of the plane in the air. And his boy Tim, just thirteen, sat beside and thrilled with his dad.

Tim had always wanted to go up and at last Jack consented. Tim went up with Wilson.

And somehow for the first time in all those eighteen years, Holt's mind wasn't on his



work. He was restless. Uneasy. Above location the plane droned reassuringly.

And then the half hour was over.

And Tim was back.

And Jack snapped into his old routine again.

A few hours later the hum of Wilson's plane could again be heard off in the distance.

And then suddenly there was a sickening silence and Roy Wilson was dead. Tim's pilot had lost.

It broke Jack up.

The quiet sort of fellows like Jack feel things pretty deeply.

YES, Jack Holt is a man. He's worked hard at his business. He's kept his slate clean and his record clear.

He's given eighteen years of downright, solid entertainment.

With no fuss or hullabaloo.

And something tells me that when some of the flashy laddies of the screen today are just a pleasant memory, Jack Holt will be going right on.

For eighteen years more, anyhow.

## Monkey Business

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Are you the Chita who appeared in "Tarzan," in support of Johnny Weissmuller's torso?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Judge, did you ever hear the one about the two apes named Oogly and Woogly who stopped at a small farmhouse upstate, and—

JUSTICE DOZE—Yes. Answer the lawyer's question.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Did you tell Len Hall, better known as Frank S. Buck, a PHOTOPLAY reporter, that you appeared in "Tarzan"?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Well, I appeared at the Boston Store, the Big Bazar, O'Connell and O'Klein in Philly and several other places. Me and Cap might have done our stuff in "Tarzan," wherever that store is.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Do you know Len Hall, better known as Clark Gable, personally?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Do I know him? Do I know Len Hall? Why, we had our picture took together! He's a darling, he's—

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Let's keep sex out of this! Did you or did you not appear in "Tarzan"?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Judge, that reminds me of the time I was down on the Rapidan with Hoover, and—

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—I'll beat your skull in when I get you outside. That's my case, your honor.

JUSTICE DOZE—(who has been snoring in A-Flat for a few minutes)—Ladies and gentlemen, lawyers and apes, you can't make a monkey out of this court. It remains—

WALTER WINCHELL—(an old Civil War transom-duster)—Then who did? Hehehe!

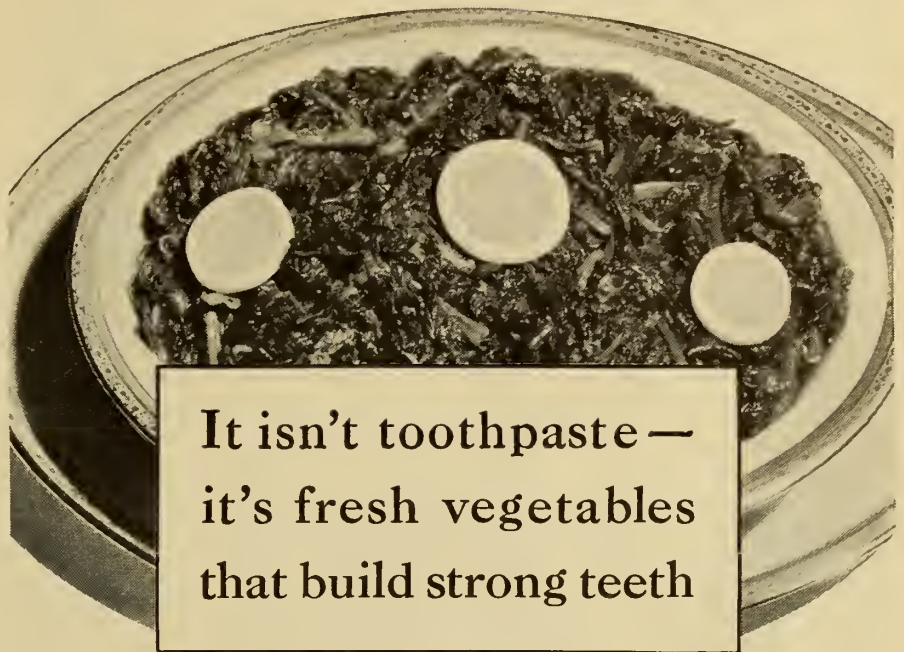
JUSTICE DOZE—That will cost you ten, Winchell. As stated in the case of Amos vs. Andy, State of Idaho, Page 1905, *e pluribus unum multum in parvo* and a dash of bitters. The court finds, after due deliberation, that Major Barsky's Chita appeared in "Tarzan, The Ape Man." Cap Phifer's Chita, on the other hand, had her photograph taken with a notorious magazine reporter and hi-jacker. We find for the plaintiff in the sum of a bunch of red bananas.

WALTER WINCHELL—(a retired keyhole-polisher)—Life is just a bowl of Chitas! Hehehe!

JUSTICE DOZE—Ten more, Winchell. Court's adjourned.

(The two Chitas leap into the witness box and scratch each other tenderly. They then sing, "So I Chita you, and you Chita me, under the bamboo tree!") The celebrated case of Chita vs. Chita, or who put the ape in "Tarzan," is over. Thank goodness!

# We say it's Spinach!



It isn't toothpaste —  
it's fresh vegetables  
that build strong teeth

... but Pepsodent helps  
*preserve* them with this  
modern safety factor

TO build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must *preserve* teeth too. That is done by removing destructive film each day. To *preserve* teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

### Remove film from teeth

Film is the greatest single enemy of teeth. Film covers teeth with a gelatin-like coating. In it are germs glued against enamel . . . producing acids that dissolve the enamel, penetrate the tooth and finally reach the nerve.

Film absorbs the stain from food and smoking—and ruins the most charming smile. Film clings stubbornly to teeth—sticks so defiantly that toothpaste manufacturers have spent years in seeking the ideal material to remove it. Now Pepsodent has found it! A revolutionary cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different.

### New safety for teeth

This new material removes film quickly and effectively. As it removes film-coats it polishes enamel to high brilliance. Above all, this cleansing and polishing material is *safe*—absolutely safe—and

twice as *soft* as those in common use.

Eat the right foods. Use Pepsodent Toothpaste. And one thing more: See your dentist periodically. For no toothpaste can truthfully guarantee immunity against diseases which only your dentist knows how to treat and overcome.

These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.



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

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



**NO**  
**after-effects**  
*with this safe,*  
*gentle Laxative!*

The laxative you're using may "work" all right.

But does it work safely or harmfully—in the long run? Does it have any harmful after-effects? Do you really know?

Violent laxatives cause elimination of the food waste in utter disregard of the normal action of the bowel muscles. Often they are habit-forming. Repeated dosing with violent cathartics does more harm than good.

#### *Acts as Nature does*

The right kind of laxative works like Nature. It gently stimulates your bowel muscles to return to work. It gives these muscles just a friendly "nudge" when normal action is delayed.

That's the way Ex-Lax works!

Ex-Lax does *not rob* your bowel muscles of their natural impulse to function properly. Ex-Lax helps these muscles to function easily and normally—as Nature intended. Ex-Lax gives Nature gentle, friendly, but effective aid. That's why doctors everywhere approve the Ex-Lax way.

#### *No secret about Ex-Lax*

Phenolphthalein is the only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax. The Ex-Lax formula combines this famous laxative agent with a delicious chocolated base—in just the right proportion, the right quality, the right dose, to produce best results.

Ex-Lax does not gripe. It is not habit-forming. It does not disturb digestion.

If you've been using the *wrong* kind of laxative, get Ex-Lax. At all drug stores—10c, 25c and 50c. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
 —the safe laxative  
 that tastes like chocolate

#### FREE SAMPLE COUPON

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A-92

Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

## Hollywood Is A Woman's Town

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

three women, Gary would have given that kind of party at all?

You never hear of men in Hollywood getting together to play poker and drink beer until the dawn! You rarely hear of stag parties at all.

Bob Montgomery once gave one for Noel Coward. "All we did was sit and talk," he says, as if that were the most astonishing thing he had ever heard.

"And they stayed until four in the morning. It was grand, really!" But he never gave another.

Which leads one to wonder whether men would choose to play ping-pong and "murder" and backgammon. Whether men, left to themselves, would spend hours and hours putting jig-saw puzzles together, while wearing dinner coats.

That's what they do at Constance Bennett's dinner parties. And Connie's parties are models for all Hollywood.

JOEL McCREA, who is one of our most beleaguered bachelors, says that Hollywood men never take any initiative about these matters at all.

"Women tell us what to do and when to do it," he said. "They are amazingly adroit about it. I find that I go to nearly every opening that occurs. Yet I can't remember that I have ever planned to attend one, on my own initiative. It usually happens like this. I am calling on a girl and she says, "Grand Hotel" opens Thursday, doesn't it?" I say, "Why, I guess it does." She drops the subject. A little later, when I am taking leave of her, I say, "When may I see you again? Tuesday?" Now, she is busy Tuesday. She is busy, it seems, every evening except Thursday—and she had rather thought of going to the opening. So I say, "Well, why not go with me?" And she does.

"I always find that I am glad it came about that way. She looks charming and we see lots

of people we know and it is all rather nice. But I never should have planned it myself!

"As a matter of fact, I think I should never call on a girl at all unless she invited me. They have the control of these matters so thoroughly in their own hands that we simply don't expect it to be any other way. If a girl doesn't ask me to come and see her—and set a definite time for it—I take it for granted that she doesn't care to see me. I leave it to her to decide whether we shall go to someone's party or dine in the country or go dancing. I don't care. And it wouldn't do me a bit of good if I did!"

Joel, however, has his moments when he flees from all this femininity. He had his first vacation a little while ago—having made twelve pictures in almost the same number of months. He hid himself to the ocean and slept in a tent on the sand; stayed there by himself for the entire time and cooked his meals over a little fire. Which wouldn't be any woman's idea of a way to spend a rare vacation!

How many men would actually choose to go to the Mayfair parties, if left to themselves? I haven't been able to find one who would admit that he would go unless some woman urged him. Yet those parties are very well attended and there is certainly no dearth of men at any of them.

THE Montmartre and the Embassy Club were both designed to appeal to women—thick-carpeted, flower-decked. The menu features salads and chicken-in-aspic and sweetbread patties. But the Brown Derby started out to be a distinctly masculine restaurant. It featured Hamburg steak, served sizzling, straight from the fire, in its own iron skillet. But now—the lunch hour there grows later and later, as people dally over their coffee, waiting for a glimpse of Lilyan Tashman's newest saucer hat. The menu boasts a "Ladies' Special" every day now—chicken short bread or a turkey cutlet.



Fred Hendrickson

Richard Dix feels pretty secure about his own marriage when he considers the grand example that has been set for him. Here he is with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brimmer, who recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home in Hollywood. And would you look at them closely? They're still holding hands. Scandalous, sez we!



Voices are subdued and fans cluster about the door to beg for autographs and criticise the women's clothes.

Lunch at the Derby is a fashion parade these days.

And no longer do you see tables occupied by comfortable, besweated men, thrashing out production problems over plates of corned beef and cabbage!

Men without coats are no longer admitted to the Derby.

The place has gone feminine.

**T**HERE is not a men's shop on the Boulevard which does not have a woman's section, devoted to feminine sports apparel. Florists tell me that the demand for really rare orchids, at any price, grows apace and that on gala days it is impossible to buy orchids at all unless you order them days in advance!

Automobile dealers say that their customers in the film colony are demanding luxurious closed cars equipped with vanity cases and crystal vases, with gold and silver accessories, in place of the open sports roadsters of a year or two ago.

I haven't seen a cowboy hat or a pair of golf knickers in a night club in a year.

Maybe it's the influence of the people from the New York stage. Eastern women have always known better how to control their men than we have.

Perhaps it is the growing power of women like the smart and ultra-sophisticated Constance Bennett and Lil Tashman.

Maybe our men are just getting a little effete. I don't know. But you can see how the wind is blowing.

Personally, I am going to stay right here and enjoy it!

## Folks—That's Romance

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

job after another, he turned to the stage simply to earn a living. Before he could get fairly started, the trenches claimed him. Invalided home, he turned to the theater again at a time when theaters were booming and actors in great demand.

Suffering had matured him beyond his years, so a young man brought depths of feeling from the front lines of France across the footlights of London.

Edna Best, on the other hand, had the usual illusions that young girls have about the glamour of the footlights. She entered a dramatic school at sixteen and served the average apprenticeship of road-show hardships. Impatient with her understudy days, she determined to find an opportunity that would prove her ability, and was just about to resign from the company and try to find a leading rôle for herself when the star of the troupe became ill and the understudy had her opportunity. Edna played the leading rôle—was seen, appreciated and graduated from understudying.

**D**URING the first season in London, she met Herbert Marshall!

Hollywood has not had a successful co-starring husband and wife team since many years before the talkies.

It is the ardent desire of both Mr. and Mrs. Marshall to act together on the American screen. They did in England.

They were eminently successful on the New York stage in "There's Always Juliet." Hollywood producers have sought them separately, but never as a couple. Yet, when they work together, they seem to give each other so much.

Wouldn't it be the perfect culmination to this beautiful, true love story for them to send their message throughout the world by playing together in many American pictures?



Wrinkled  
ankles,  
snaky  
seams—

you  
needn't  
have  
them

## Save ELASTICITY

—it makes stockings *fit*

*Those dowdy little wrinkles at the ankle and heel... seams that ride around... do you know why they happen?*

WHEN your stockings are *new*, they fit smoothly and hug the leg closely because the silk threads are *elastic*. They *give*, then spring back into shape.

But when elasticity is *lost*—then the stockings wrinkle and bag where they should fit most snugly! Seams

are apt to ride around and if you fasten garters more tightly to try to keep them in place—then the lifeless threads *break*. Another run starts!

Don't take chances that may ruin stockings! Lux is especially made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes stockings keep their flattering *fit*, and makes even sheer ones *wear*.

LUX

preserves stocking  
E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y





# "I'm going to . . . Little Tricks Make Hollywood WASH Fashions Individual your FACE!"

by Seymour



SO many of you have mentioned the clothes that Joan Crawford wore in "Letty Lynton" that I know you will be interested to hear that she took one of the gowns abroad with her. No, it wasn't the frou-frou organdie one, but that stunning white evening ensemble she wore the night she paced the deck with Bob Montgomery. Remember it?

And Adrian made Joan any number of those little side-slanted hats for her European wardrobe, too.

JUST before sailing from New York, Joan did some busy shopping. She isn't going to buy much abroad because she says she hasn't the time. She did tell me a grand evening gown gag though. Listen carefully. She has a plain, straight evening gown that looks almost like a slip except that it is made of a rich, heavy crepe in deep blue. Over this she wears a puffed sleeve blouse tying high about her waist. She has several of these—one in plain organdie, one in eyelet batiste and still another in dotted Swiss. Each blouse is a little different in design and color so that one evening gown looks like several!

You could do the same thing for a fall evening costume, only not have such summery materials for the blouses. Those sleeves, by the way, are the huge puffed variety *a la* the gay '90s.

HOLLYWOOD is giving black satin a hand for daytime. It is usually relieved with white accessories, however. Watch this trend for fall.

In "Blondie of the Follies" Billie Dove introduces something new in ties for the informal riding habit. Look for it when you see the picture. It is white angel skin satin, quite short, and tied in a casual knot beneath the collar of her blouse.

LONGER evening wraps for this winter are a certainty. Already they are appearing more and more often at swanky Hollywood affairs. Big sleeves that puff and billow out above the elbow and high flaring collars are important details. These huge puffed sleeves also appear on the short jackets which continue to hold their own.

Leave it to Norma Shearer to change her type when she felt there was danger of its becoming a rubber stamp. When you see her in "Smilin' Through" she will be as quaintly demure as an old valentine. Under one costume she wears yards and yards of ruffled petticoat. Now you can't complain about her daring clothes. Norma also wears very, very British tweeds in this picture, too.

That clever young designer, Josette de Lima, has made a sports coat that you will all want. It is designed after the French vineyard boy's blouse. It has the swagger lines that are so popular and its blue suede material makes it a very striking garment.

EVER since buttons started filing up feminine backs and attracting attention, back interest in fashion is increasing. At a luncheon party in Hollywood the other day, a smartly dressed star's back caught everyone's eye because her white pique collar had a large white pique flower posed right at the back of the neck. All this topped a blue and white plaid frock.

The trend for rough surfaced silks that look almost like wool is sponsored by Connie Bennett. She wears a pale blue ensemble of gown and short jacket made of that Schiaparelli crepe—its texture looks like the rough graining in wood. She and Joan did a sister act in twin sailor beach pyjamas at a recent Malibu party. A tip for sisters who don't mind looking alike!

"I COULDN'T imagine what Henry meant until he showed me how painted my lips really looked."

What about your own lips? Do they have that painted look all men dislike so? Perhaps they seem natural to you . . . yet they may look obvious and unattractive to others.

So use Tangee, by all means. It can't make you look painted . . . it isn't paint. It's entirely different . . . in the stick it looks orange . . . but once on the lips it changes to the *one* color most becoming to you.

And Tangee is permanent . . . it won't smear. Try it today . . . at any druggist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for the Miracle Make-up Set.

**Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either!**

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on the lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge. End that "painted look!"

## TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

-----Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set-----  
containing samples of lipstick and rouge

The GEORGE W. LUFT CO. P 9-9  
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Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

read the riot act and what I mean is, it *is* a riot act!

"I SEE to it that there is no waste and nothing thrown away. If we have corned beef for dinner one night there has got to be corned beef hash for luncheon the next day. If there is turkey for dinner on Sunday night there must be turkey croquettes for luncheon on Monday.

"There isn't an item, however small, that I don't consider and check up on. The flowers, for instance—in a house the size of ours flowers are an item. We always have them around and like them to look beautiful. White gladioli in silver bowls, for instance, and blue delphinium and lilies in Mildred's and my bedroom. During certain seasons of the year our own hot-houses and gardens supply the flowers for the house. There are off seasons when it is necessary to buy them. I buy them at a wholesaler's, which saves us several dollars a week. I also see to it that they are not changed too often or unnecessarily. . . ." (I know of no other star in any state of finance who would even *think* of buying flowers from a flower wholesaler!)

## Thrift in a Palace

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

"Mildred dresses and lives, personally, on an allowance. I give her three hundred dollars a week. And she must and she does keep within that weekly sum—for everything. All of her clothes and luncheon and theater money—everything. I don't care what she does with it. She can save it or give it away. She can spend the whole three hundred dollars on one dress or buy ten for thirty dollars, which is about the sum she usually does spend on a dress.

"But whatever she does with it, that is all she gets and she must keep within it.

"We have no charge accounts. There are none allowed in our household. Once, when we were first married and were in New York, Mildred got very giddy and ran up some bills to the tune of \$18,000. I paid the bills, but that was the last money Mildred saw the color of for five months.

"Since that time charge accounts have been severely taboo.

"I allow myself an allowance of one hundred dollars a week. And I'm as strict with myself as I am with the rest of the family. If I want some extra golf clubs or shoes or any personal



# The Story Behind Their Wedding — by ALBERT DORNE

whim and I've run short of cash I wait for the next week. I save up for it.

"We're both careful of our clothes. Mildred has a mink coat she bought five years ago. I looked it over the other day and was pleased to find that it is in just as good condition now as it was when it was bought.

"There is a dress allowance for the children, too. They must keep within that allowance no matter what arises.

"There isn't a tree on the place that I haven't shopped for. When we were putting in the olive trees I found that one pays one hundred dollars for a tree with a guarantee and fifty dollars for a tree without a guarantee. I bought one of each and I watched 'em. I found that the fifty dollar tree did fully as well as the hundred dollar tree and the rest of them were bought at fifty dollars per tree.

"OUTSIDE of the house itself and the necessary cost of maintaining it, we have no personal extravagances.

"We do not maintain polo ponies, for instance. We do not keep a yacht. We do not have apartments in New York, or London, or even in Los Angeles. We have no villa in Cannes. We do not go in for gambling.

"When I go to Caliente, which I do very seldom, I allow myself sixty dollars to play with. If I lose that I stop.

"We do not have large liquor bills. I never take a drink myself and our parties are apt to be small and, in the Hollywood sense, I guess, comparatively non-alcoholic.

"Last New Year's Eve, for instance, we gave a small party. We were much more interested in the favors Mid bought at the Five and Ten—the paper caps and snappers and tin horns—than we were in the kind of cocktails we would serve, if any.

"I'm crazy about penny candy. Mid doesn't eat candy. The only candy we go in for, as a result, are penny dreadfuls and licorice shoe-strings and those fat chocolate bananas sprinkled with pink poison, probably.

"We have a beach house, now, at Santa Monica. It's cheaper than taking the family to the shore in summer. It's small and economical to run.

"And while we are away, we put the staff on a five-day time schedule.

"The children are taught to give some of their toys away to other children. And they can't give only the old, broken toys, either. They can't give just the things they don't want themselves. When they make up the boxes to go off, some sacrifice must be involved.

"They are taught, too, to cook and sew and clean and make beds. They cannot have whatever they happen to fancy at any time they fancy it.

"When they go shopping and see some special toy they think they would like to have they are told that they must wait for it—wait for a birthday or for Christmas or Easter or some gift-giving holiday.

"I want my boy to go to public school. I wanted the girls to go there, too, and stuck out for it until Mildred and her mother convinced me that, in public schools, the other children are more apt to cater to and make much of those who have more than they."

MILDRED and Harold have done a great thing. They have made money human. They could have created an atmosphere of frigid formality with the little, heartening things of life smothered under. They could so easily have given everything around them the chill touch of Midas. Instead of which, they have given everything about them the warm touch of a mother and a father. They have created an atmosphere of tin toys and penny candy and Easter eggs and fun—of children's wholesome, unspoiled laughter—of a place where other children love to go—and I love to go—and you would love to go—and you—and you—

Where a great gentleman and a great lady dine in a bathrobe and a \$3.95 gingham frock.

1

SUCH A SWEET BRIDE — AND BOTH SO MUCH IN LOVE!

WHO WOULD EVER DREAM THAT ONCE SHE NEARLY LOST HIM?

2

THE FIRST TIME HE CALLED, SHE WAS THRILLED — HE, TOO! BUT BEFORE THE EVENING WAS OVER, HIS INTEREST COOLED

3

TIME PASSED..... HE DIDN'T COME BACK.... SHE WAS HEARTBROKEN. ONE DAY SHE CAME AND CRIED ABOUT IT ON MY SHOULDER

4

I KNEW THE TROUBLE. SO I TOLD HER GENTLY HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDED

—AND HOW EASILY LIFEBOUY WOULD END HER FAULT... "B.O." — CLEAR HER COMPLEXION, TOO

5

WHAT A JOY TO SEE THEM MARRIED TODAY! NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HER CHARM. SHE'S PERFECT IN HIS EYES

**It never pays to take chances with "B.O."**  
(body odor)

WE ALL perspire—*must* to keep healthy. But it's our own fault if we neglect taking this simple precaution against "B.O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy, as millions do. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies pores — removes all odor. Gets germs off hands — helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

**Wonderful for complexion**  
Lifebuoy purifies face pores, too — keeps complexions fresh, clear and glowing with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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Most corns go, without a struggle, when Blue-jay comes. And pain stops the instant the soft felt pad cushions the tender spot.

In three days, usually, the mild Blue-jay medication has loosened the corn for easy removal.

Always use this *safe* treatment. Don't risk cutting, or harsh "cures." Get genuine Blue-jay—it's *medicated*—made by a noted surgical dressing house. Just the right amount of medication. You don't have to guess.

# Blue-Jay

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Just an hour from one of the world's most famous sea coasts.



Rates are consistent with present times

## BELLEVUE STRATFORD

PHILADELPHIA

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager



A part of the gay crowd who came to Herbert Brenon's tennis party. The grand part about tennis is that everyone is amused, both the people who play and those who watch. Look closely at this photo and you'll spot Tom Mix, Nils Asther, Vivian Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris. Nobody knew that the picture was being taken. This was one of the biggest social events of the Hollywood season

## Let's Have a Hollywood Party

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

for a buffet breakfast. Then off they started, each on his mount. At noon they arrived at a spot along the sea where a lunch, all prepared, was waiting. And did they impolitely shoulder one another aside for those sandwiches and that salad?

They ate so much, no one could even mount his horse for hours. Then straight into the moonlight they rode and at a secluded little inn, dinner awaited.

There was dancing (for those who could still move) to the radio, bridge, games, and back home again in waiting cars.

**B**UT the most astonishing thing about the B-sophisticates of the screen, such as Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett and Norma Shearer, is their love of games. Just plain games you played as a child. Hollywood is wild about them.

For instance, Connie Bennett will give a formal but delightful dinner (and you'd be surprised at the simplicity of Connie's menu) and the guests will arise from the tables and make one mad ungentlemanly and unladylike leap for the jigsaw puzzles. You know the kind. All cut up in little pieces. And there they'll sit. For hours on end. Putting together little pieces of cardboard.

Well, dissipated Hollywood. Dear me. And, by the way, what are you and Jack planning to do about that empty basement? Nothing? Nonsense. You should see what Hollywood does with their's. Furnaces are camouflaged. Bright rugs, or those lovely new linoleum rugs, cover the floor. Card tables are set about, and lo and behold, here's your play-room.

Bebe Daniels has grand parties in her basement. It's all decorated like a ship, with all

sorts of nautical atmosphere. Why don't you try that scheme, too? Sea pictures, life preservers, ship masts and what not.

Bebe had a grand cloudy-day party recently. You see we, in California, merely call it "high fog" when anywhere else in the world it would frankly and unashamedly be known as rain. But we're touchy about it. And Bebe gave a grand "High Fog" Party. Down in her yacht-going basement.

Card tables were set up and dinner served on the tables and, heave ho, sailor, it was chop suey and plump little frankfurters. And did they eat?

As a matter of fact, three guests fell overboard and darned near drowned.

One little dish like this, with salad and ice, can very often overshadow an elaborate ten-course dinner. Try it and see.

After dinner, the tables were cleared and again everyone did jigsaw puzzles. Very small puzzles had one worker frantically hunting about for parts. Medium-sized puzzles had three and even four jigsawers, while huge ones had six or eight people. And the fun of it is, no one has the slightest idea what the completed picture will be. They may be hunting wildly for a cow's tail when all the time the scene is a cottage by the sea. Whoever completes his puzzle first gets the prize. A prize each for the small, for the medium and for the huge ones. It's just grand.

**H**OW about an ice-box party? The kind Sylvia Sidney has. Are they fun? Sylvia takes her guests to a show or concert. Often as not, a movie. Then everyone rushes home to make a mad dash for Sylvia's ice-box and the party's on.

There are platters of ham, salami, cheese,



cold chicken, everything for sandwiches. A bowl of salad is found; olives, celery, deviled eggs. Sliced buttered bread is found in the bread box. The coffee percolator gets gay. Ice cubes clink in the ginger ale (behave yourself) and the kitchen is a turmoil. And you'd be surprised at the swanky people who just love to mess about kitchens. Try it sometime.

THE Fredric Marches give those absolutely correct dinners. Everything just so. The food elegant. The appointments exquisite. Mrs. March (Florence Eldridge) writes the menus and will shop about in the Mexican quarter for imported cans of spicy delicacies.

Their table is a picture, with its lovely lace runner and pure white decorations. The very last word. The glassware is the lovely new milk-glass. Plain, with initials carved on the stems (brand new idea). Instead of a center flower bowl, two lovely white cornucopias filled with white iris adorn the center of the table. White candles burn in white candlesticks. Tiny individual white china ash-tray and match sets are at each place.

Mrs. March has solved perfectly the fish and salad course problem by cleverly combining the two.

A large fish mold is used. Jello, packed with flaked tuna or salmon, is poured into the mold. The elegant looking fish is brought to the table and served. With French dressing, it's delicious. And here's a thought, hostess. Why not individual jello fishes for that bridge party? With tiny sandwiches or crackers, here's your lunch. You're welcome.

Like Ruth Chatterton, the Marches choose guests who have mutual interests. Perhaps at one dinner it will be the music-loving crowd; the next dote on pictures and the next go in for polo and sports. It always works.

Miss Chatterton usually gives a buffet dinner, with simple food correctly served. After dinner come "anagrams" and "murder." In playing "murder" a certain guest is chosen to be killed. And here's a grand chance to kill outright that gurgling Mrs. Smith that out-talked everyone at dinner, or that annoying Mr. Brown who goes about trying to hold all the ladies' hands. Either could be murdered cheerfully and are much more attractive dead than alive.

All right, now choose a guest to be the district attorney and, with every other guest a suspect, the game is on. Each one tries to alibi or pass the grief on to the next one until finally one poor victim becomes so hopelessly entangled, he actually confesses and begs for jail. You should see the elegant Miss Chatterton at this game!

And if you have any distorted ideas that a Chatterton party is a long, broad "a" discussion on art in the fifteenth century (not that Ruthie couldn't give it a twirl if she wanted) you're mistaken.

Play, play and more play is the keynote of every Hollywood party.

HOW about a formal tea? Norma Shearer gives teas that are famous, with all the visiting celebrities in full bloom. Congenial little groups gather together. There is usually music or a psychoanalyst to amuse the guests. Or an outdoor formal tea is ideal. How about that lovely garden you worked over all summer long? Let's show it off.

Helen Twelvetrees had an outdoor tea recently that was perfect. The long tea table was set on the shady back porch. Beach umbrellas and chairs were spotted about the garden. The women's gay summer frocks and the men in flannels made a pretty picture. Inside, a tiny bar did a rushing business (lemonade's nice, too). Groups of people were playing croquet on the front lawn, checker games were in progress under the old elm tree and the younger set were battling away on the tennis courts.

Miriam Hopkins is another who loves to entertain in her garden. Four o'clock Sunday suppers outdoors are Miriam's specialty, with huge platters of fried chicken and hot biscuit



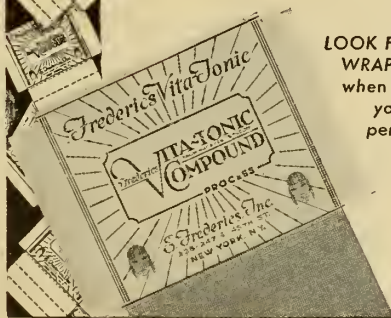
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You, too, can have an alluring wave . . . soft and life-like . . . if you demand a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic Wave. Make sure you get it . . . Mail us the coupon below and we will send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper; an interesting booklet on the care of your hair, and a complete list of hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Waves. Take the Vita Tonic Wrapper with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with all of the wrappers used by your hairdresser . . . Assure yourself of getting a genuine Vita Tonic Wave . . . See that no harmful imitations are used.

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Chafing does far more than cause discomfort. It affects your walking and robs you of grace and poise. If you are subject to chafing, use Mentholatum. It will quickly relieve the irritation and bring comfort. Always have Mentholatum handy. In tubes or jars.



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Folks everywhere are talking about our fine new hotel and are coming back to enjoy our hospitality again and again

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Overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean at Illinois Avenue



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**HOW TO REMOVE THEM**  
A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

on each card table. A colored three-piece orchestra lends a lot of atmosphere.

Joan Crawford is the thoughtful hostess. Joan recently gave a diet party for a few close friends—a clever idea, I must say. Realizing only too well the necessity for careful diet among her friends, as well as herself, Joan secretly consulted the cook of each of her guests and when luncheon was called, each one was served, with party trimming of course, exactly the things she was permitted to eat. And everyone ate to her heart's content and was spared the suffering of remorse.

If you want to have a party away from home, you'd be surprised at the clever touches one can give a party at the club house or in a hotel private dining-room. Sally Eilers gave a party for Bebe Daniels at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel that was much smarter than many a home party.

The color scheme, for instance, was yellow and chartreuse. Flowers, cloth, candles and dishes were all in this striking and unusual combination.

And Bebe brought that adorable baby of hers and there little Barbara Bebe sat, like a miniature hostess, at the head of the table. She was the center of attraction, with everyone crowding about her.

In fact, Sally's luncheon of fruit cocktail in cantaloupe, squab and asparagus waited while famous movie stars gurgled over a baby.

Maybe you long to give a *different* sort of tea. Yes, it can be done. Louise Closser Hale, about the grandest character actress in Hollywood, did.

And here's how. Small separate tables with a hostess at each table, instead of one large table. In the living-room, a table with tea and hors d'œuvres could be found.

In the dining-room, one with coffee and sandwiches. On the porch, one with nuts and cocktails.

Now is that an idea? That way, everyone keeps moving about instead of the usual congestion in one room.

**E**VEN Hollywood bachelors give grand parties and Gary Cooper's will be remembered a long time. Mary Pickford planned the menu and the appointments. The guests sat at small tables in the living-room, which was cleared for dancing afterward.

Upstairs, card games were in progress and the inevitable fortune teller held forth in another room.

But Toluca, Gary's pet chimpanzee from Africa, created more excitement than the fortune teller. Which is strange, for Hollywood.

So you see, this Hollywood really knows its parties. It has achieved the thing sought after by every frantic hostess—a knowledge that everything has been properly served and everyone is having a grand, good time.

## Mad, Merry Malibu

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

purchased. A year later came fire number two and, while the fire engine snorted in all its red painted glory up and down Malibu's back road, seven houses burned down. *There was no water.*

Fire number three, one year later, and the hose wouldn't reach. A dampish drizzle played lightly about the flames. And more homes bit the dust.

Malibu, we salute you.

And while fire raged, smoke belched and timbers crashed, a real estate agent stood midst flame and smoke, like the boy on the burning deck, and sold the lot next door to an eager customer. While cinders fell under his coat collar.

*He bought it, I tell you, he bought it.*

Malibu—well, I can't go on.

And Leila Hyams found two collies, four scotties, a police dog, four children and one rabbit, slightly scorched, piled into her front bedroom by frantic owners. Two days later all was safely disposed of but the rabbit. No one ever came to claim it.

Week nights are comparatively quiet, except for Bert Wheeler's visitors and assorted sizes of Marx Brothers. But come Saturday night and tired out picture stars race home from the studios to get "away from it all" and find themselves attending a beach version of the Mayfair. Swanky parties. Swanky food. Satin slippers full of sand. Crashing one another's parties. Behaving as they never dreamed of in Beverly Hills.

Breakfast along the gray white way is usually at eleven. Sandwiches in the patio (what, you didn't know about the patios?) at two, and buffet dinner from seven Friday night until ten Tuesday morning.

**CLIQUE**s are formed. There's the handball, tennis-playing clique who haven't seen the ocean for years and years. They have a vague idea that it's there. When it grows dark, they merely turn on one of the many searchlights that adorn the front of many homes and the game continues.

Then there's the fishing clique. Buster Collier, Arline Judge, Wesley Ruggles, Leila Hyams and others who hire boats to go far out on the briny deep.

While the wives and husbands who didn't go fishing stay home and form the bridge-playing clique. Is that a laugh or not?

Then there's the "simply ravishing, my dear" clique that comprise all visiting celebrities and visit weekly with Lil Tashman. Such delightful parties, my dear.

And the yacht-cruising clique, who anchor offshore and wave madly to those on shore who wave madly back to those offshore—I mean.

How'd I get on this yacht anyhow? The yacht-wavers comprise the Richard Arlens, the Charlie Farrells, the Richard Barthelmess' and others.

**T**HEN there are people who actually go in the water. I mean beyond the first wave. They get wet. And love it. Betty Brent is the champion get-wetter.

Why, even the servants clique. The Spanish fronts won't associate with the frame arts, and the Swiss chaleters don't even see the mere cottagers. Nix.

There are those who have cliqued themselves clear out of Malibu. Just as Mary and Doug pioneered themselves out of Hollywood into Beverly Hills, so have some gotten too ultra for Malibu.

There are just two places for them to go. Above or below the potteries. My yes, there's a pottery. Must have our little local industry, you know.

So we have above-the-potteries-Malibuites and below-the-potteries-Malibuites. Both are nice.

A star's career may be watched in this fashion. From Malibu to above the potteries. Promising. To below the potteries. He's arrived.

Casting for pictures has been known to take place on the sands in a very large way. For instance, Estelle Taylor was having a snooze on the beach when she was awakened by a click-click-click. She opened her eyes to see Wesley Ruggles, the director, snapping pictures of her luscious form. The next day the test was shown at the studio and won for Estelle her grand part in "Cimarron." Where she wore long panties, seven petticoats and a satin basque.



Too, a man never knows from year to year whether the interior of his home will be Queen Anne or Louis the Fourteenth. It depends on the wife. One wife may like Anne but next year the new wife favors Louis. Or Chinese Buddhas. With plenty of incense. The third year his even newer wife may prefer early Harper's Bazaar and think she's on the Mediterranean.

And nothing will prevent her from going Riviera. Nothing.

Some go in for interior decorations with inferior decorators. Where every little doodad has a meaning all its own. Others get a great kick out of furnishing their own. It's not unusual to have a famous head suddenly thrust itself out of an upstairs window and scream, "Quick, I've just finished my bathroom curtains. Come quickly."

And the Keystone cops fade completely out of memory's picture as an entire colony race wildly to see the simply adorable accordion pleated, crepe chiffon, hand-embroidered bathroom curtains. That cute, they are.

**B**UT Connie Bennett combines interior decoration with common sense. William Haines, who has a terrific flair for knowing what's right in a home, has done Connie's beach home. Smart simplicity is the keynote with *red buckram* lampshades.

Just plan red buckram. While Fay Wray's are plan white silk.

Louise Fazenda claims her new house is a late Fazenda model. The bed may not be a gem of art but the mattress is swell. The curtains may not be anything to write to Congress about, but they're sunfast.

There is also the comical situation of waking up one morning and smelling the bacon frying for one's bitterest enemy, next door. Who has moved in overnight.

And that has been known to happen in the land of fueds and fever.

And there's the store. The good old general store across the highway. That might, from a bird's-eye view of the outside, be the general store of Si Perkins' over at Pumpkin Center, by gosh. And at that, it might be on the inside, too, with its queer little vegetable stalls and painted blue shelves. But on those shelves, brother and sister, on those shelves. It would pop the eyes of Mrs. Van Astor herself. What a store this has turned out to be. Gleaming jars of stuffed mangoes, in vinegar. Little blue snails with a Chevalier accent all over the bottle. Artichoke hearts in sherry. Walnut catsup. And try that on your baked beans sometime. Stuffed oranges and pineapple in grenadine. Bottles of *crème de menthe*.

And on those rickety vegetable stands. Well, name anything out of season and Mr. Bills, the owner will have it. You'll find raspberries at the Malibu general store when the only other raspberries in the state of California will be a loud, hissing noise.

It's the prize general store of the world. The symbol of Hollywood. Moved a bit to the north. Where famous stars gather to gossip, shop, and take turns at the telephone.

**M**ALIBU. For eight years more it will carry on the glamorous traditions of a motion picture colony. Then the leases will be up.

Where Jack Gilbert races out of his house every morning, bosom bared to the sweeping winds, head flung back, to the water's edge, glancing quickly up and down and if no one's looking, wetting one large toe on the right foot and rushing back.

Where parties get bigger and waves dash higher. Where in eight more years a lady will step down from a stone mansion on an over-looking hill and say, "Amscray." And the great conflagration of 1940 begins.

When the gay, mad spirit, that will never die as long as pictures are made, will go right on and take itself somewhere else.

From Hollywood to Malibu.

From Malibu to Somewhere Else.

The stars cannot stand still in their courses.



“Sue, I'm thrilled! I just got back from the grocer's. It was crowded—stacks of women buying—guess what? Ivory Soap! Did you know how much Ivory prices have been reduced?”

# IVORY SOAP

## now at the Lowest Prices in 17 Years



“Why, Molly, didn't you know? Everybody's been talking about the new Ivory prices for days. Yesterday at the club we all agreed they were so low we could use Ivory for everything.”

Everywhere Ivory users—old and new—are saying by the millions, “At these new low prices Ivory is the only soap I need for everything:

face and hands  
baby's bath  
family's baths  
shampooing

silks, woolens—nice  
cottons and linens  
dishwashing (to  
protect hands)

and every other soap purpose  
about the home.”



IVORY SOAP  
IVORY FLAKES  
IVORY SNOW  
99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE  
IT FLOATS



# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54 ]

## MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount

IF you've longed to see Alison Skipworth do more than just a supporting rôle—here's your chance. Literally, as the grand old crook who poses as a countess, she is the star, and not even the presence of George Raft and Richard Bennett, good as they are, can rob her of it. The entire picture is grand. See it and have yourself one fine chuckle.

## UNASHAMED—M-G-M

LEWIS STONE can save almost any picture from the doldrums, and he almost manages to save this one. But, in spite of the fact that the story is based on an actual occurrence—remember those front page stories about the wealthy boy who shot his sister's sweetheart?—it is pretty unbelievable. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young are the brother and sister.

## THE PURCHASE PRICE—Warners

AS a singer in a night club, Barbara Stanwyck, in order to escape the attentions of the boy friend, takes herself off to marry a Western farmer, sight unseen. Much time is taken up with Barbara's life on the farm, getting nowhere. Stanwyck, as usual, is real and sincere, but George Brent seems slightly miscast as the North Dakota farmer with the sniftles. Rather dull and uninspired.

## THE OLD DARK HOUSE—Universal

HERE'S another horror thing that will make you shiver. A group of travelers, including Melvyn Douglas and Lilian Bond, caught in a terrific mountain rainstorm, are forced to seek shelter in a house inhabited by mad people. Not much story, but the characters are excellent, particularly Boris Karloff and Eva Moore. Grand camera work.

## PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—M-G-M I-Ial Roach

AND you'll do it. You'll pack up those blues and laugh yourself pink. For here come Laurel and Hardy in a full length comedy, and what a comedy. As two bench-warmers, Stan and Ollie are mildly surprised to find themselves in the army. A riot in the trenches! Jacquie Lyn, the child, grabs off a handful of the glory for herself. If you're blue, run, don't walk, to see Stan and Ollie. You'll feel better!

## GOONA-GOONA—First Division

DON'T pass this by because you think it is another travelog. It is a charming love story taken from a legend in the island of Bali. Natives are the actors and the scenery is superb. If you, the native lover, looks like the Tarzan of Bali! And little *Dasnee*, the heroine, is exquisite. Entertaining and different.

## MY PAL, THE KING—Universal

YOU may think you have seen Tom Mix do all his stunts, but you haven't seen anything until you see him and his Wild West Show engage in a battle-royal with nothing but tent stakes for weapons. Only Tom or Will Rogers could make this seem logical. Mickey Rooney, as the young king, is grand. Lots of fun for everybody.

## AREN'T WE ALL?— Paramount-British Prod.

HERE'S a nice little comedy—very British, very talkie, but with a certain amount of charm. Gertrude Lawrence does not photo-

graph as beautiful as she appears upon the stage, but she does, nevertheless, have glamour in this frothy Lonsdale play, which concerns a young married couple and their first misunderstandings.

## WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists

IF you're just a fiend for horror pictures you'll take this and like it, but if weird screams and tom-toms don't make your blood curdle any more, you'll find this just a little funny. It concerns the half-dead who rise from their graves. They are known as zombies to the natives. Madge Bellamy returns—not so good in talkies as silents. Bela Lugosi is his old *Dracula* self.

## MYSTERY RANCH—Fox

JUST an average Western, with the scenery and locations playing the starring rôle. They tried to throw in a little mystery, but the idea



William A. Fraker

Not so long ago the executives over at the Columbia Studios were jumping up and down on their best hats. Reason? They just couldn't make up their minds about who should have the leading rôle in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Then somebody had an idea, and a projection-roomful of stenographers looked at all the tests that had been made. They chose Nils Asther. Do you like the make-up? Incidentally, some wag suggested that a better title would be "The Bitter Yen of General Tea"

didn't quite come off. George O'Brien, stalwart as usual, Cecelia Parker, properly demure—and oh my, such mean villains!

## THE STOKER—First Division-Allied

THIS is a jumble about a man, forced out of business by the moneyed powers, who becomes a stoker on a ship bound for South America, only to land on a plantation owned by a beautiful senorita. It has a little of everything in it—even to the American Marines, who are brought in to chase the bandits. Monte Blue is the hero and Dorothy Burgess, the lovely senorita, with Noah Beery the bold bandit.

## DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC— Explorers' Film Prod.

IF you're a rabid travelog fan, you'll want to add this to your collection. It is done in the usual manner, with a boat Alaska-bound and the cameraman digging out secrets about the lives of the Eskimos.

## SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING— Capital Film

ENGLISH titles help interpret the action, but Schubert's music is so entrancing that, even without their aid, one may thoroughly enjoy this pleasant little operetta of old Vienna. The story is a portrayal of the composer's life, and his famous "Serenade" is the theme song.

## THE MAN CALLED BACK—Tiffany

REMEMBER that old plot involving a well-known doctor who drank too much and subsequently fumbled an important operation? He goes to the dogs in the tropics, too. Here it is again, all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. An impressive group of old favorites, including Conrad Nagel, Doris Kenyon, John Halliday and Juliette Compton going Garbo in a black wig, make this interesting entertainment despite the somewhat hackneyed plot.

## HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide

THE children will love this picture. Every boy who has thrilled over fashioning a lariat out of a clothesline will lie awake nights riding again with Ken Maynard on his horse, Tarzan. The thinness of the story is forgotten in the thrill of action.

## RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners

AGAIN we are convinced that John Wayne has something definite to offer to pictures, particularly if he is kept in Westerns that suit him like this. It's never tiresome. Otis Harlan and Charles Sellon are judges that amuse, while Ruth Hall is the attractive heroine.

## FORBIDDEN COMPANY—Invincible

LORETTA YOUNG'S sister, Sally Blane, is building more slowly than did Loretta, but she is coming along. Here she is an artist's model with a rich young man, Johnny Darrow, in love with her. And does he run into parental objections! Myrtle Stedman, slightly plumper, is the rich mother.

## LOVE IN HIGH GEAR— Mayfair Pictures

AH, the pearls are stolen again—the most important present the bride received! Imagine her embarrassment! But that is nothing compared with the groom, who is accused of the theft. Alberta Vaughn and Harrison Ford suffer, and while it's made for laughter, don't look for hilarious comedy.

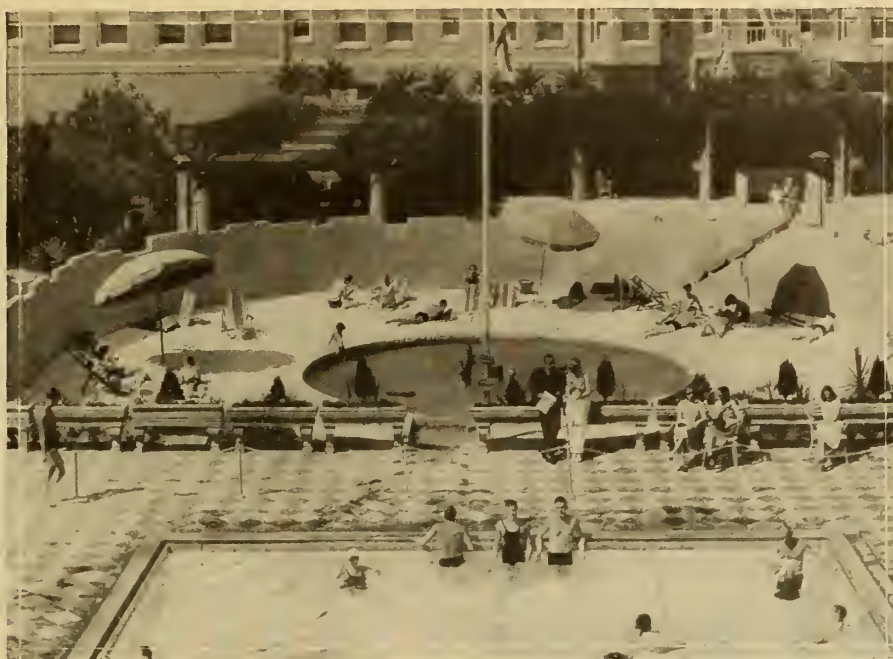
## THE VANISHING FRONTIER— Paramount

SOMEWHERE Johnny Mack Brown dropped that Alabama accent and took on a quaint Spanish one. The story deals with early California and Johnny's a big, bold hold-up man of the West. Unjustly accused of murder, he battles soldiers, escapes, and wins the girl. Plenty of hard riding and swell scenery. You'll like Johnny.





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at the world-famous

## AMBASSADOR HOTEL LOS ANGELES

Attractions include a new sun-tan sand bathing beach with an outdoor plunge and complete recreational center, including baths of all kinds, massage and physical conditioning for men and women. All Sports, 22-Acre Park, 18-hole Rancho Golf Club, 19-hole Pitch and Putt Golf Course, Tennis Courts, Archery, All-Talking Motion Picture Theatre, 35 smart Shops and the incomparable



"COCOANUT GROVE"  
for dancing nightly



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room and restaurant tariffs

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

DESPITE the unique success and patronage which the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel is still enjoying during an adverse business period, the management wishes to announce substantial reductions made possible through lower operating costs by which all guests and patrons may benefit.

The outstanding charm of *this great hotel may now be enjoyed on a surprisingly low budget* and with no deterioration of the *splendid service* for which the Ambassador has long been famous.

Good outside rooms with bath may be secured from \$5.00 per day. Special discounts for stays of four weeks or longer.

Restaurant prices have been reduced in some cases as much as 50%. Quality and size of portions remain the same.





## Guided By Doctor's Advice - Happy Woman LOSES 27 Pounds of FAT



Mrs. Helen Greene

It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the *proper* means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the **SAFE, HEALTHY** way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to **NORMAL**.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for REAL results and your health's sake—refuse imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

### Kruschen Salts

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. H. E. Griffiths Hughes Inc., Rochester, N. Y.



## "My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

**MEN** who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most rouged, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts so fast—you use so little—it's more economical than all other bleaches that work. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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## Screen Memories From Photoplay

### 15 Years Ago



Pearl White

**FIFTEEN** years ago our pages recorded the activities of the three greatest stars of that day—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, and the magazine was dotted with what we now call "gag" pictures of little Mary making funny faces, clowning in an old pony cart and such things. A few years later Mary stopped all that and became dignified. But recently she has again changed her ways. A few weeks ago she was caught posing for a "gag" picture in the Brown Derby restaurant.

As for Chaplin—well, we had a grand story about him. We said, "Chaplin comedies are not made—they occur." We wish one would occur again.

Come on, Charlie, settle down there in Hollywood where you belong and make a comedy to shake us with laughter and tears—as you did long ago.



Gloria Swanson

**GLORIA SWANSON** has just returned from Paris with trunkfuls of amazing clothes which our busy photographer snapped as soon as they were unpacked. And what clothes! (Quick, somebody, bring the smelling salts, Seymour has fainted!) Fringe, spangles, aigrettes, pearls, feather fans and—yes, honest—she carried a long cane. Don't ever again say that modern togs are absurd! But then, as now, girls all over the country were copying movie stars' gowns.

What a gay little story we printed—the one about Marie Prevost, in which we pointed out (and ran a picture to prove it) that Marie had just about the best pair of legs then in Hollywood.

How were we to know that Marlene Dietrich was coming along with those glorious stems? And that Marie was to look too long upon French pastry and chocolate pie and lose that gorgeous figure?



Eve Southern

**THIS** time five years ago all the stars, directors and featured players were just that excited. About what? Guess! Well, the big bosses were cutting everybody's salary ten per cent. The old world does move in cycles, doesn't it?

There were a lot of marriages to report, the most spectacular being Vilma Banky's and Rod LaRocque's. Just a couple of months ago we told you that they are still very happy. But the marriage of little Renee Adoree to William Gill, which we also chronicled, was destined for the rocks and Renee's life became one of trials and tribulations. Now, however, after two years in an Arizona sanitarium, she is about well again and ready to take her place in pictures that's been vacant too long.

And here is the first photograph to be published of Jaime Del Rio with his glamorous wife, Dolores. At that time Jaime entertained thoughts of becoming a scenario writer. And

Now, here's a name to make you remember. A story about Pearl White was accompanied by a classy picture—"classy" was the word then—of her in a limousine that had cost \$14,000. Imagine! Now Pearl has retired and lives in France. Wonder if she ever thinks about those serials she used to make, "The Perils of Pauline," for instance. Whoops, what a show!

Mae Marsh was the wistful little girl on the cover, while the gallery included Marjorie Rambeau, Vernon Steele, Olga Petrova, J. Barney Sherry, Louise Glaum, Robert Harron, June Caprice and Ann Pennington.

Some of the pictures reviewed were Charles Ray in "The Clodhopper," Mary Pickford in "The Little American," Charlie Chaplin in "The Immigrant," Douglas Fairbanks in "Wild and Woolly" and Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon."

Cal York item: Wally Reid is now a father. Both daddy Wally and mama Dorothy Havenport are proud of that boy, who has been named Wally Reid, Jr. (Now young Wally is going in pictures to carry on the famous name.)

### 10 Years Ago

Wearing pajamas outside a bedroom is not a modern idea, for ten years ago Rudolph Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova, was doing it—and so was Rudy, as a flock of at home pictures of these two testify. Incidentally, they were the first photographs ever taken of Rudy at home.

But the biggest news of the month was the fact that Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien were to be reunited on the screen. How many hearts these two have thrilled during the years of cinema history.

Alice Terry graced the cover. Claire Windsor, Bebe Daniels, Helen Ferguson, Colleen Moore, Rudolph Valentino, Anita Stewart and Lucille Carlisle were the gallery selections.

Some of the best films were Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps," Corinne Griffith in "Divorce Coupons" (she's back in the English-made film, "Lily Christine"), Wally Reid in "The Dictator," Charlie Ray in "Smudge," "The Storm" and "If You Believe It, It's So."

Cal York item: When Mary Hay underwent an operation recently her husband, Richard Barthelme, was constantly at her bedside.

### 5 Years Ago

then—but you know that long and tragic story.

Lupe Velez had just been chosen to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," and we predicted a successful career for Lupe, which prophecy she has fulfilled—and how! Incidentally, Eve Southern was the other girl in that picture. Remember her? She had the longest eyelashes (including Garbo's) in Hollywood. But whereas Lupe clicked—you've heard her clicking for five years—Eve didn't. Two girls with an equal chance, but that's Hollywood.

Lovely May Allison was on the cover, and in the gallery we discover Dolores and Helene Costello, Joan Crawford, Rod LaRocque, Ramon Novarro, Esther Ralston and Phyllis Haver.

The six best pictures were "Wings," "Underworld," "The Patent Leather Kid," "The Magic Flame," "The Country Doctor" and "The Loves of Carmen."

Cal York items: Constance Talmadge and Captain Alastair Mackintosh are getting a divorce. . . . The Greta Garbo-Jack Gilbert romance is once again in full swing.



## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

**MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl winks and the lie-man turns soft. (June)

**MISS PINKERTON**—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

**MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

**MONSTER WALKS, THE**—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

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

**MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

**MURDER AT DAWN**—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (March)

**MY WIFE'S FAMILY**—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

**NICE WOMEN**—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

**NIGHT BEAT**—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

**NIGHT WORLD**—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

**NO GREATER LOVE**—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

**NO ONE MAN**—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (March)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

**PANAMA FLO**—RKO-Pathé.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

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

**PLAY GIRL**—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

**POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

**POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

**PRESTIGE**—RKO-Pathé.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

**PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

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

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

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

**RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

**RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE**—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

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

**RIDING TORNADO, THE**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

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

**ROAD TO LIFE, THE**—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

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

**RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

**ROADHOUSE MURDER**—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

**SADDLE BUSTER, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

**SALLY OF THE SUBWAY**—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

**SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

**SHADOW BETWEEN, THE**—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

**SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE**—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

**SHOP ANGEL**—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

**SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

**SILENT WITNESS, THE**—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

**SINNERS IN THE SUN**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

**SINISTER HANDS**—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

**SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

★ **SKY BRIDE**—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

ISABEL: Honestly, it spoils my game looking at my "dishpan hands"—



MONICA: Mine looked even worse when I was first married.

ISABEL: I can't believe it—yours are so exquisite now—so smooth and white.



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**SKY DEVILS**—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

**SO BIG**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

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

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

**STEADY COMPANY**—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

**STEPPING SISTERS**—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)

**STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

**STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

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

**STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

**STRANGERS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

**STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

**SUNSET TRAIL, THE**—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is *Tarzan*. (April)

**TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

**TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas lites Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

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

**TEXAS GUN FIGHTER**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

**TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

**THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

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

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

**THIS RECKLESS AGE**—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

**THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

**TOMORROW AND TOMORROW**—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)



**TRAPEZE**—Harmonic-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

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

**TWO KINDS OF WOMEN**—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

**TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)**—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

**U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE**—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

**VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

**WAYWARD**—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

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

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

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

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

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

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

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

**WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

**WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

**WISER SEX, THE**—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

**WITHOUT HONOR**—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

**WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

**WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

**WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

**YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathé.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

**ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES**—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)

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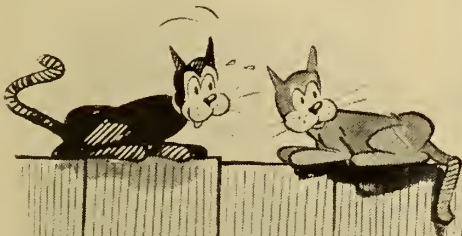
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# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander	Cary Grant
Adrienne Allen	Phillips Holmes
Adrienne Ames	Miriam Hopkins
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
George Bancroft	Jeanette MacDonald
Tallulah Bankhead	Florine McKinney
George Barbier	Fredric March
Richard Bennett	Sari Maritza
John Breiden	Marx Brothers
Clive Brook	Chester Morris
Nancy Carroll	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Irving Pichel
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Juliette Compton	Gene Raymond
Jackie Coogan	Charlie Ruggles
Robert Coogan	Randolph Scott
Gary Cooper	Sylvia Sidney
Frances Dee	Alison Skipworth
Marlene Dietrich	Charles Starrett
Claire Dodd	Kent Taylor
Stuart Erwin	Jerry Tucker
Wynne Gibson	

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Arledge	Elisa Landi
Warner Baxter	Nora Lane
Ralph Bellamy	Edmund Lowe
Joan Bennett	Helen Mack
John Boles	Kenneth MacKenna
El Brendel	Thomas Meighan
William Collier, Sr.	Ralph Morgan
James Dunn	Greta Nissen
Sally Eilers	Marian Nixon
Charles Farrell	George O'Brien
Janet Gaynor	Lawrence O'Sullivan
Minna Gombell	Cecelia Parker
Bert Hanlon	William Pawley
Weldon Heyburn	Arthur Pierson
Matty Kemp	Will Rogers
J. M. Kerrigan	Raul Roulien
Alexander Kirkland	Peggy Shannon
	Spencer Tracy

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong	Arline Judge
Rosco Ates	Tom Keene
Constance Bennett	Kitty Kelly
Bruce Cabot	Eric Linden
Joseph Cawthorn	Phillips "Seth Parker"
Creighton Chaney	Lord
Lita Chevet	Anita Louise
Ricardo Cortez	Joel McCrea
Dolores Del Rio	Ken Murray
Richard Dix	Edna May Oliver
Irene Dunne	Laurence Olivier
Jill Esmond	Eddie Quillan
Roberta Gale	Gregory Katoff
John Halliday	Ned Sparks
Ann Harding	Helen Twelvetrees
Julie Haydon	Polly Walters
Hugh Herbert	Ruth Weston
Leslie Howard	Fay Wray
Rochelle Hudson	

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton	Douglas Fairbanks
Eddie Cantor	Greta Granstedt
Charles Chaplin	Al Jolson
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Lily Damita	Gloria Swanson
Melvyn Douglas	Norma Talmadge
Billie Dove	

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell	Barbara Stanwyck
Richard Cromwell	Genevieve Tobin
Constance Cummings	John Wayne
Jack Holt	Barbara Weeks
Buck Jones	Bert Wheeler
Evalyn Knapp	Robert Woolsey

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther	Mary Carlisle
William Bakewell	Jackie Cooper
John Barrymore	Joan Crawford
Lionel Barrymore	Kathryn Crawford
Wallace Beery	Marion Davies
Virginia Bruce	Marie Dressler

## Jimmy Durante

Madge Evans	Myrna Loy
Wallace Ford	Joan Marsh
Clark Gable	Una Merkel
Greta Garbo	John Miljan
John Gilbert	Robert Montgomery
Lawrence Grant	Polly Moran
Ralph Graves	Karen Morley
Charlotte Greenwood	Conrad Nagel
Nora Gregor	Ramon Novarro
William Haines	Maureen O'Sullivan
Louise Closser Hale	Anita Page
Jean Harlow	Margaret Perry
Helen Hayes	May Robson
Jean Hersholt	Ruth Selwyn
Hedda Hopper	Norma Shearer
Walter Huston	Diane Sinclair
Leila Hyams	Lewis Stone
Dorothy Jordan	Verree Teasdale
Buster Keaton	Johnny Weissmuller
	Robert Young

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Gertie Messinger
Mickey Daniels	Our Gang
Dorothy Granger	David Sharpe
Oliver Hardy	Grady Sutton
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd
Stan Laurel	

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Frank Albertson	James Gleason
Lew Ayres	Neil Hamilton
Noah Beery, Jr.	Russell Hopton
Tala Birell	Boris Karloff
Tom Brown	Bela Lugosi
Lucile Browne	Paul Lukas
June Clyde	Tom Mix
Andy Devine	ZaSu Pitts
Arlotta Duncan	Mickey Rooney
Sidney Fox	Onslow Stevens
	Slim Summerville

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss	Ralf Harolde
Richard Barthelmess	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Allan Lane
George Brent	Andre Luguet
Joe E. Brown	Ben Lyon
Anthony Bushell	Mae Madison
Charles Butterworth	David Manners
James Cagney	Vivienne Osborne
Ruth Chatterton	William Powell
Donald Cook	Edward G. Robinson
Bebe Daniels	Chas. "Chic" Sale
Bette Davis	Gloria Shea
Adrienne Dore	Lyle Talbot
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Warren William
Preston Foster	John Wray
Kay Francis	Loretta Young
Ruth Hall	

## Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Miranda Ave.  
Virginia Brown Fairc, 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, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



# The Garbo Jinx on Her Leading Men

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

shirt with collar open, scarf—no tie. His hair was always careless.

Imagine the surprise of the studio folk when, one day early in 1931, he walked across the lot in a smart, new, dark blue tailored suit, white shirt, expensive silk tie! "What's happened to Bobby?" everyone asked.

He looked like a haberdashery advertisement rather than the lovable, full-of-fun, easy-mannered Robert Montgomery. He dropped into an office and made his own, nervous, unnatural explanation. "This is Mrs. Montgomery's little boy's big chance. I am going to play with Garbo! We begin rehearsals today. Do I look all right?"

He was as different looking, as nervous, as unnatural in that picture as he was on that first day of rehearsal. His entire personality underwent a change the moment he discovered he was to play with Garbo.

I INTERVIEWED Bob while he was working on "Inspiration." He offered to get me onto the great stage to watch Garbo work. When I refused, he was astounded. What—a writer refusing such an opportunity! I could not have used any information gained under those arrangements. He trusted me that much. I did not try to explain that time was too valuable to waste. He would have thought me crazy to consider that any time watching Garbo was wasted!

So I was not surprised at Bob's flop in "Inspiration." I knew he would seem unnatural on the screen.

Clark Gable's story is the same. His individuality, his dominant virility, faded away in the presence of his I-am-working-with-Garbo complex. Ditto for Melvyn Douglas. Conrad Nagel had always been a bit phleg-



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matic; his personality has never been so decided as Bob's or Clark's. He became more phlegmatic on the screen with Garbo.

John Gilbert, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon and Ramon Novarro had to combat the added turbulence of personal devotion.

You know the story of John. Love deliberately sacrifices, and John was in love. He insisted upon promoting this new girl, the like of whom he had never known before. Garbo has been called "a peasant with flashes of genius." Jack was accustomed to neither peasants nor many flashes of genius. Spurred by curiosity and love, he determined to help her.

He became so entangled, both personally and publicly, that he could not regain his own sparkling identity. Not even his marriage to Ina Claire made people think of him as anything but the ex-lover of Greta; her ex-screen partner. Garbo was enough of an individual to stand alone when the team parted. Jack wasn't.

Nils Asther had played in a picture with her in Europe. They talked the same language; they had the same reminiscences. Their interest was understandable. But a man does not recover from Garboism overnight! Nils refused to study English for talking pictures, which had their birth at the end of his leading-man days with Garbo. I have often wondered how much his refusal to concentrate upon a language had to do, at that time, with his concentration upon Garbo!

**I** INTERVIEWED Gavin Gordon while he was making "Romance." He was angered because I described him as a boy so madly in love with a woman that he had lost his common sense. But that is exactly how it appeared. He could talk of nothing but Garbo and he stammered with excitement as he talked! No man so hopelessly, boyishly, stammeringly, in love could have given a strong performance opposite the woman who so affected him. Not unless the love were returned in the same proportions!

Gavin Gordon was heroic during the making of that picture. He played many scenes with a

broken shoulder. But he did not do this to show himself a good trouper. He actually forgot his pain (so he told me) because he was near Garbo.

She could not change the situation, patient as she was. She did everything she could to help this lad overcome his mooning; to help him act. But he was, inevitably, only a background for her when the picture was released.

I talked with Ramon Novarro when he began "Mata Hari." He was prepared to worship. He worshipped. His eleven years of stardom and popularity, dating back to long before the name "Garbo" was known, seemed to mean nothing. He was like a school boy, with his first great opportunity.

**T**HERE was a difference between Ramon's love for Greta and the love bestowed upon her by other men. You know that this Spanish lad is deeply religious; truly artistic. His religion, his devotion to true art, his native Spanish chivalry were all combined in the adoration he gave this woman, and still does. She is, to him, a personification of ideal womanhood and perfected artistry. It is a beautiful and inspiring adoration.

He placed fresh roses in her dressing-room each morning as he would light candles before a shrine.

But—he completely forgot Ramon Novarro, as the romantic Jack Gilbert and the mooning Gavin Gordon had forgotten themselves. Ramon was too busy paying tribute to his ideal woman to watch the acting of Ramon. He became an indefinite background. And he hurt Garbo's picture by so doing.

In fact, they have all hurt her pictures by becoming "saps"—as one Hollywood observer has called them—rather than remaining he-men. As great as the Garbo pictures have been, they would have been greater had the men equaled the woman in them.

Charles Bickford did. There was no place for Garboism in the mental and physical strength of this man. He didn't want to make "Anna Christie"; refused to work in it for



Before the second baby was born Jack Barrymore said he didn't care whether it was another girl or not, but keen observers note that he is about the proudest papa in Hollywood because there is another Barrymore man to carry on the tradition. And we'll bet that some day John Blythe Barrymore will be playing "Hamlet." Mama Dolores Costello doesn't care about her best camera angle, so long as baby John gets a break

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several weeks. Production was held up until Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg could tactfully persuade him to play in it. Had they ordered Charlie, he would not have played it. They sold him on it. Had they ordered Garbo, she would not have made it. And there you have it—two people who can never be ordered but must always be cleverly persuaded.

There is no doubt that Garbo has the most dominant personality on the screen today. The Bickford personality is one of the most dominant, both on and off the screen. Which is the reason there was no Garbo jinx for Charlie.

**DURING** the making of "Anna Christie," Charlie ate at the publicity table in the M-G-M commissary, exactly as he had during the making of other pictures. He talked about the cast exactly as he had about all others—despite the fact that to discuss a Garbo picture was forbidden by the highest officials. He thought her a grand sport, a fine workman, an intelligent human being. If he hadn't thought that, he would have said so.

He talked with her between scenes as he would have talked with any woman with whom he was working. They went for walks together, practising their lines. Of course, Garbo may have been a little more down-to-earth and sociable at this time. It was her first talkie. She was frankly nervous, never having spoken an English line in public before and not knowing whether she was to be a flop or a success. She had taken the script for "Anna Christie" into the mountains and studied for weeks before they began shooting. She knew the lines, but she was uncertain of the delivery. Charlie was a well-known stage actor. He could help her. He did—as he would have helped any woman.

There were rumors that it was Greta whose thoughts turned toward Charlie during "Anna Christie." We cannot vouch for the veracity of these rumors, but Charlie is the type of dominant man who would have to be sought and then given command. It is possible that such a one would intrigue the heretofore commanding Garbo.

Greta Garbo on the screen has such strength of personality that only one man has held his own in competition with it. We eliminate "Grand Hotel" because rivalry was the keynote of that production. John Barrymore was not appalled by *one* personality, he was attempting to get his face before the camera as often as *six others*. Garbo, alone, was unperturbed by the competition. She had a job to do and she did it without worrying about anybody else.

We are speaking of pictures in which there was one definite leading man for this woman. None of these men are weaklings. They all have proved charm and ability. All had succeeded either on the stage or the screen or both before they played with her. Undoubtedly, however, none—with the exception, of course, of Bickford—is as strong a personality as Garbo. With their normal strength weakened by a complex of awe, worship and inferiority, what chance did they have against the jinx of Garboism?

**A**DD to these drawbacks the type of rôle most of these men were pledged to play! Remember, Garbo is generally a strange woman in her pictures as she is in life. She is usually, on the screen, the aggressor, the wooer—the epitome of the Shady Dame of which PHOTOPLAY told you last month. Any man placed in the position of the one being wooed, looks like a sap to the public. So if he plays the rôle of a sap and acts like one while he plays it—what can you expect?

Just as we cannot give anyone the credit for the career of this weird woman of the screen, so we cannot blame anyone or anything for the jinx with which she has bedeviled those who have played with her. As Norma, Joan, Marlene and numerous others have helped their leading men, just so much has Garbo hindered them.

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## If You Have A Good Figure—Keep It!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

diets can be taken by anyone who is not an invalid! Make no mistake about that!

I said a few paragraphs ago that no matter how plain your face, if you had a beautiful figure you attract attention. That still goes, but you can improve a plain and even a homely face if you listen to your Aunt Sylvia and do what she tells you. Did you know that you can make a receding chin larger? Well, you can. Of course, another way to have a strong chin is to develop character. Stop being afraid; speak your mind; get a set of convictions and live up to them—that will make a chin for you. And while you're starting to build character, resolve to follow my exercises and diets and stick to that resolve.

If you have large muscles around the mouth, it's probably from nervous tension. Relax, but also take this exercise. With cold cream smeared over your face, draw your lips far back into an exaggerated smile and then snap the lips sharply into a pucker. Do this eight or ten times a day. Then, with the finger tips, gently massage the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose in a rotating movement. There—there are a couple of ways to improve your face. Now snap into it.

Lots of folks have wrinkled elbows from exposure to wind and sun. Here's how to cure that. At night, put a generous amount of cold cream into the palm of one hand and place the elbow in that hand. Then rub with a rotating

### You Must Dance to Keep a Figure

This Way

Not Like This



An hour's dancing every day is absolutely essential to the woman who wants to get or to keep a beautiful figure. But—you must take the position I'm in at the left—chest out, shoulders back. This will reduce that lump of fat just below the waistline, will keep the waist thin and make your whole body lithe and lovely. Never, never slump while dancing as I'm doing at the right. And this goes for dancing alone as exercise, and ballroom dancing with a partner! You've got to be alert, always



movement. Leave the cold cream on over night. In the morning after your shower do the same thing and leave the cream on until just before you put on your dress. Then wipe it off with tissue.

Incidentally, while you are squeezing excess fat off the body, you can use cold cream or not as you prefer, but you must always use it when you're taking my facial treatments. You can squeeze off the flesh from the legs, hips, waist or any part of the body, but be sure to stick at it and at it and never get discouraged. If you use cold cream for the body massages, be sure that it is a light cleansing cream that will not clog the pores.

None of my exercises will do you any harm, nor will they enlarge the tiny broken veins that some girls have on their legs. I do not approve of Turkish baths except for cases of inflammatory rheumatism or some such ailment where they have been recommended by a doctor. If you are an average, healthy person, the Turkish bath lowers resistance and robs you of the pep that my exercises give you.

That buttermilk diet I gave a few months ago for reducing the bust will tend to reduce you all over, but it will work principally on the bust and stomach and I don't think anyone should object to that. What do you care if you're a little thin in other places, when your bust and stomach have been reduced too? You can put back those extra pounds you lost on the other parts of your body soon enough. Extra pounds aren't so precious, you know!

AND now, before I stop, I want to hand you a laugh. Somebody wrote in and asked if there were any way of growing taller once you'd got your height. I've heard that stretching makes people grow taller—but I'm a skeptical, hard-boiled dame and I've got to see it with my own eyes before I can believe it. I've seen what my diets and exercises will do. But I never saw anybody grow any taller after she had her full height.

Next month I'm not going to be so good. I'll be back in my old lambasting, bawling-out form with some exercises and advice that you didn't know before.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY. FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mould the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

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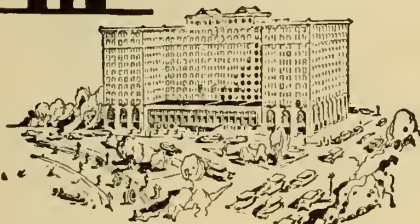
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"AGE OF CONSENT, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Crossroads" by Martin Flavin. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason and Francis Cockrell. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Betty, Dorothy Wilson; Michael, Richard Cromwell; Duke, Eric Linden; Dora, Arline Judge; David, John Halliday; Barbara, Aileen Pringle; Swale, Reginald Barlow.*

"AMERICAN MADNESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Dickson, Walter Huston; Matt, Pat O'Brien; Mrs. Dickson, Kay Johnson; Helen, Constance Cummings; Cluett, Gavin Gordon; Dude Finlay, Robert Ellis; Cluett's Secretary, Jean Sorel; Schultz, Walter Walker; O'Brien, Burton Churchill; Ives, Arthur Hoyt; Ames, Edward Martindel; Clark, Edwin Maxwell; Inspector, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Charlie, Anderson Lawlor.*

"AREN'T WE ALL?"—PARAMOUNT-BRITISH PROD.—From the play by Frederick Lonsdale. Continuity by Basil Mason. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Margot, Gertrude Lawrence; Lord Grenham, Hugh Wakefield; Willie, Owen Nares; Von Eisen, Harold Huth; Lady Frinton, Marie Lohr; The Cabaret Dancer, Rita Page; Kitty, Renee Gadd; The Vicar, Aubrey Mather; Angela, Emily Fitzroy.*

"BACHELOR'S FOLLY"—WORLD WIDE-GAINSBOROUGH.—From the play "The Calendar" by Edgar Wallace. Adapted by Angus McPhail and Robert Stevenson. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: *Garry Anson, Herbert Marshall; Jill Panniford, Edna Best; Samuel Cuthbert Hillcott, Gordon Harker; Lady Panniford, Anne Grey; Sir Wm. Panniford, Nigel Bruce; John Dory, Alfred Drayton; Henry Lascarne, Leslie Perrins; Edmund Garth, Allan Aynesworth; Wylie, Melville Cooper.*

"BACK STREET"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Fannie Hurst. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Ray Schmidt, Irene Dunne; Walter Saxel, John Boles; Kuit Shender, George Meeker; Freda, June Clyde; Bachelors, Walter Catlett; Mr. Schmidt, Paul Weigel; Prothero, James Donlan; Mrs. Schmidt, Jane Darwell; Mrs. Saxel, Doris Lloyd; Richard, William Bakewell; Beh, Arletta Duncan; Unde Felix, Robert McWade; Mrs. Dole, ZaSu Pitts; Francine, Shirley Grey; Conductor, James Farley; Hugo, Paul Fix; Secretary, Russell Hopton; also Virginia Pearson, Malion Hamilton, Beulah Hutton, Rosalie Roy, Tom Kerrigan, Caryl Lincoln.*

"CONGORILLA"—FOX.—Central African expedition of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. The cast: *Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, pygmies and animals.*

"DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC"—EXPLORERS' FILM PROD.—Narrative, photography and direction by Earl Rossman. All-Eskimo cast.

"DOWN TO EARTH"—FOX.—From the story by Homer Croy. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Pike, Will Rogers; Julia, Dorothy Jordan; Idy, Irene Rich; Ross, Matty Kemp; Jackie, Mary Carlisle; Jeffery, Brandon Hurst; Eggers, Clarence Wilson; Cameron, Harvey Clark; Randolph, Henry Kolker; Mike, Theodore Lodi; Mrs. Phillips, Louise Maekintosh.*

"DOWNSTAIRS"—M-G-M.—From the story by John Gilbert. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Melville Baker. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Karl, John Gilbert; Albert, Paul Lukas; Anna, Virginia Bruce; Countess, Hedda Hopper; Baron, Reginald Owen; Baroness, Olga Baclanova; Sophie, Bodil Rosing; Otto, Otto Hoffman; Françoise, Lucien Littlefield; Antoinette, Marion Lessing.*

"FIRST YEAR, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Frank Craven. Screen play by Lynn Starling. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Grace Livingston, Janet Gaynor; Tommy Tucker, Charles Farrell; Mrs. Barstow, Minna Gombell; Dick Loring, George Meeker; Dr. Myron, Ludley Digges; Mr. Livingston, Robert McWade; Mrs. Livingston, Maude Eburne; Mr. Barstow, Henry Kolker; Hattie, Leila Bennett; Helen, Elda Vokel.*

"FORBIDDEN COMPANY"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Janet Blake, Sally Blane; Jerry Grant, John Darrow; David Grant, John Sainnolis; Mrs. Grant, Myrtle Stedman; Harriet, Josephine Dunn; Louelle, Dorothy Christy; Fletcher, Bryant Washburn; Billy, David Durand; Diane, Norma Drew.*

"GOONA-GOONA"—FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Andre Roosevelt. Directed by Armand Denis. The cast: *The Coolie, Wyan; His Wife, Dasneq; His Sister, Seroneq; Dasneq's Father, Ktot; The Prince, Nonga; His Sister, Rei; His Father, Rajah of Bali; The Princess, Maday; Her Father, Okali; The Blind Soereer, Lungo; The High Priest, Rono.*

"HELL FIRE AUSTIN"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon. Directed by Forrest Sheldon. The cast: *Ken Austin, Ken Maynard; Judy, Ivy Merton; Bouncer, Nat Pendleton; Mark Edminton, Alan Roscoe; Spy, Jaek Perrin; Uncle Joe, Lufe McKee.*

"HOLD 'EM JAIL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Tim Whelan and Lew Lipton. Screen play

by S. J. Perelman, Walter De Leon and Mark Sandrich. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Curly, Bert Wheeler; Spider, Robert Woolsey; Violet, Edna May Oliver; Slippery Sam, Roseo Atcs; The Warden, Edgar Kennedy; Barbara, Betty Grable; Coach, Paul Hurst; Steel, Warren Hymer.*

"LADY AND GENT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Slag Bailey, George Bancroft; Puff Rogers, Wynne Gibson; Ted Strevier, Charles Starrett; Pin Strevier, James Gleason; Buzz Kinney, John Wayne; Cash Enright, Morgan Wallace; Ted (aged 10), Billy Butts; Betty, Joyce Compton.*

"LOVE IN HIGH GEAR"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas Donaldson, Jr. Adapted by George B. Seitz. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Donald Ransome, Harrison Ford; Betty, Alberta Vaughn; Ronald Courtney, Tyrrell Davis; Thaddeus Heath, Arthur Hoyt; Arabella Heath, Ethel Wales; Senoria Del Val, Nanette Vallon; Detective Duffy, Fred Kelsey; Hoid Maid, Fern Emmett; Hotel Proprietor, Jack Duffy; Ziegman, William H. Strauss.*

"MADAME RACKETEER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Malcolm Stuart Boylan and Harvey Harris Gates. Directed by Alexander Hall and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. The cast: *Martha Hicks, the "Countess of Auburn," Alison Skipworth; Elmer Hicks, Richard Bennett; Alice Hicks, Evelyn Knapp; Jack Houston, George Raft; James Butterworth, Robert McWade; Patsy Hicks, Gertrude Messinger; David Butterworth, John Breeden; Chief of Police, Robert Homans; Shiffem, Arthur Hoyt; Mrs. Donkeshoek, Eleanor Wesselhoek.*

"MAN CALLED BACK, THE"—TIFFANY.—From the book "Silent Thunder" by Andrew Soutar. Screen play by Robert Pressnell. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Dr. David Yorke, Conrad Nagel; Diana St. Claire, Doris Kenyon; St. Claire, John Halliday; Vivian Lawrence, Juliette Compton; Dr. Atkins, Reginald Owen; King's Counsel, Alan Mowbray; Lilaya, Mona Maris; Defense Counsel, Gilbert Emery; Rosie, Mae Buseh; Cortis, John T. Murray; Secretary, Edgar Norton.*

"MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Henry Myers. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Migg Tuweny, Jack Oakie; The President, W. C. Fields; The Major-Domo, Andy Clyde; The Mystery Man, Ben Turpin; Mata Machree, Lyda Roberti; Customs Inspector, Hank Mann; Mr. Baldwin, George Barbier; Angela, Susan Fleming; Willie, Dickie Moore; Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh Herbert.*

"MOVIE CRAZY"—HAROLD LLOYD-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Agnes Christine Johnson, John Grey and Felix Adler. Adapted by Vincent Lawrence. The cast: *Harold Lloyd, Constance Cummings, Kenneth Thomson, Spencer Charters, Robert McWade, Louise Closser Hale, Harold Goodwin, Lucy Beaumont, DeWitt Jennings, Eddie Fetherstone, Mary Doran, Noah Young, Constantine Romanoff, Arthur Housman, Sidney Jarvis.*

"MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Elton Thomas. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Douglas Fairbanks, William Farnum, Maria Alba, Earle Browne, also natives and animals.*

"MY PAL, THE KING"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Richard Schayer. Continuity by Jack Nattford and Tom J. Crizer. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Tom Reed, Tom Mix; King Charles, Mickey Rooney; Princess Elsa, Noel Francis; Gretchen, Finis Barton; Kluckenstein, Stuart Holmes; Schwartz, James Kirkwood; Red, Paul Hurst; Cloudy, Jim Thorpe; Eisel, Christian J. Frank; The Dowager Queen, Charlissa Selwynne; General Wiedeman, F. Schumann-Heink; Lorenz, Wallis Clark.*

"MYSTERY RANCH"—FOX.—From the novel "The Killer" by Stewart Edward White. Screen play by Al Cohn. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *Bob Sanborn, George O'Brien; Jane Emory, Cecilia Parker; Henry Steele, Charles Middleton; Tonto, Charles Stevens; Artie Brower, Forrester Harvey; Mudo, Noble Johnson; Buck, Roy Stewart; Home-steader's Wife, Virginia Herdman; Mae, Betty Francisco; Sherif, Russ Powell.*

"OLD DARK HOUSE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by J. B. Priestley. Adapted by Benn W. Levy. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Margan, Boris Karloff; Fenderel, Melvyn Douglas; Margaret, Gloria Stuart; Gladys, Lilian Bond; Porterhouse, Charles Laughton; Horace, Ernest Thesiger; Rebecca, Eva Moore; Philip, Raymond Massey; Saul, Brecher Wills; Sir Roderick, John Dudgeon.*

"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES"—M-G-M-HAL ROACH.—Dialogue by H. M. Walker. Directed by George Marshall and Ray McCarrey. The cast: *Stan, Stan Laurel; Oliver, Oliver Hardy; The Child, Jacquie Lan; Landlady, Mary Carr; General, James Finlayson; Recruiting Sergeant, Tom Kennedy; Banker, Richard Tucker; Bride, Muriel Evans; Bridegroom, Grady Sutton.*

"PURCHASE PRICE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "The Mud Lark" by Arthur Stringer. Screen play by Robert Lord. Directed by William



A. Wellman. The cast: *Joan*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jim*, George Brent; *Ed*, Lyle Talbot; *Emily*, Lella Bennett; *Spike Fogan*, Murray Kinnell; *Waco*, Matt McHugh; *Bull McDowell*, David Landau; *Don Leslie*, Hardie Albright; *Justice of Peace*, Clarence Wilson; *His Wife*, Lucille Ward; *Clyde*, Victor Pote; *Mrs. Tipton*, Adele Watson; *Sarah*, Dawn O'Day; *Joe*, Snub Pollard; *Peters*, Crauford Kent.

"RIDE HIM, COWBOY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kenneth Perkins. Adapted by Scott Mason. Directed by Fred Allen. The cast: *John Drury*, John Wayne; *Ruth Gaunt*, Ruth Hall; *Horse*, Duke; *Peter Gaunt*, Henry B. Walthall; *Clout*, Harry Gribbon; *Henry Suggs*, Frank Hagney; *Judge Bartlett*, Charles Sellon; *Judge Jones*, Otis Harlan.

"SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING"—CAPITAL FILM.—From the story by Franz Schroedter. Directed by Richard Oswald. The cast: *Count Esterhazy*, Alfred Laetner; *Maria*, his daughter, Gretl Theimer; *Von Feckle*, Willi Stetner; *Franz Schubert*, Carl Joeken; *Ferd Klebinder*, Siegfried Arno; *Therese*, the innkeeper, Lucie Englisch; *Sepp*, the headwaiter, Oscar Sima.

"SKYSCRAPER SOULS"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Skyscraper" by Faith Baldwin. Adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *David Dwight*, Warren William; *Lynn*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Vinmont*, Gregory Ratoff; *Jenny*, Anita Page; *Sarah*, Verree Teasdale; *Tom*, Norman Foster; *Norton*, George Barbier; *Jake*, Jean Hersholt; *Slim*, Wallace Ford; *Ella Dwight*, Hedda Hopper; *Myra*, Helen Coburn; *Bill*, John Marston.

"SPEAK EASILY"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Clarence Budington Kelland. Continuity by Ralph Spence and Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Professor Post*, Buster Keaton; *James*, Jimmy Durante; *Pansy Peets*, Ruth Selwyn; *Eleanor Espere*, Thelma Todd; *Mrs. Peets*, Hedda Hopper; *Grifo*, William Pawley; *Stage Director*, Sidney Toler; *Dr. Bolton*, Lawrence Grant; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Ren*, Edward Brophy.

"STOKER, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: *Dick Martin*, Monte Blue; *Margarita Valdez*, Dorothy Burgess; *Santini*, Noah Beery; *Vera Martin*, Natalie Moorhead; *Allan Ballard*, Richard Tucker; *Ernesto*, Charles Stevens; *Senor Valdez*, Clarence Geldert; *Chief of Police*, Harry J. Vejar; *Mayor*, Chris Martin.

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Continuity by Bess Meredith and C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Nina Leeds*, Norma Shearer; *Ned Darrill*, Clark Gable; *Sam Evans*, Alexander Kirkland; *Charlie Marsden*, Ralph Morgan; *Gordon as a young man*, Robert Young; *Mrs. Evans*, May Robson; *Madeline*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Professor Leeds*, Henry B. Walthall; *Maid*, Mary Alden; *Gordon as a child*, Tad Alexander.

"TOM BROWN OF CULVER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by George Green and Dale Van Every. Screen play by Tom Buckingham. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Tom Brown*, Tom Brown; *Dr. Brown*, H. B. Warner; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Bob Randolph*, Richard Cromwell; *Ralph*, Ben Alexander; *Major Wharton*, Sidney Toler; *Doctor*, Russell Hopton; *Call Boy*, Andy Devine; *Captain White*, Willard Robertson; *Carruthers*, Norman Phillips, Jr.; *John*, Tyrone Power, Jr.; *Cadet*, Kit Wain; *Cadet*, Dick Winslow; *Cadet*, Matty Roubert; *Boxer*, Kit Guard; *An Actress*, Betty Blythe; *Custodian*, Lew Kelly.

"UNASHAMED"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Joan Ogden*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Dick Ogden*, Robert Young; *Henry Trask*, Lewis Stone; *Mr. Schmidt*, Jean Hersholt; *District Attorney Harris*, John Miljan; *Harry Swift*, Monroe Owsley; *Mr. Ogden*, Robert Warwick; *Marjorie*, Gertrude Michael; *Judge Ambrose*, Willfrid North; *Captain Riorden*, Tommy Jackson; *Armanda*, Louise Beavers.

"VANISHING FRONTIER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Kirby Tornell*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Carol Winfield*, Evalyn Knapp; *Aunt Sylvia*, ZaSu Pitts; *Waco*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Hornet*, Raymond Hatten; *Capt. Roger Kearney*, Wallace MacDonald; *Lucien Winfield*, Ben Alexander; *General Winfield*, George Irving; *Doloris*, Joyzelle; *Whistlin' Six*, Deacon McDaniels.

"WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Claw" by Henry Bernstein. Continuity by John Meehan and Samuel Blythe. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Jeff Keane*, Lionel Barrymore; *Consuela Fairbanks*, Karen Morley; *Ruth Keane*, Diane Sinclair; *Brenner*, Nils Asther; *Senator Withers*, Reginald Barlow; *Babcock*, William Collier, Sr.; *Senator Hodge*, William Morris; *Mona*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Hinsdale*, C. Henry Gordon; *Senator Biler*, Burton Churchill; *Stapleton*, Henry Kolker.

"WHITE ZOMBIE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the screen play by Garnett Weston. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: *Murder*, Bela Lugosi; *Madeline*, Madge Bellamy; *Dr. Bruner*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Beaumont*, Robert Frazer; *Neil*, John Harron; *Driver*, Clarence Muse; *Silver*, Brandon Hurst; *Pierre*, Sam Crimmins; *Chawin*, John Peters; *Von Gelder*, George Burr McAnnan.



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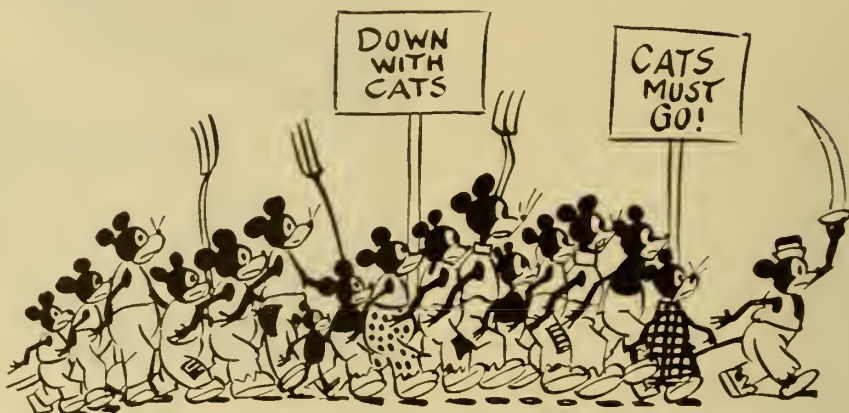
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# Short Subjects of the Month



Here are the funny little fellows who enliven that very bright animated cartoon, "The Mad King," which is reviewed below. The music is really first-class and you will thoroughly enjoy this gay piece

### THE MAD KING

Educational-  
Paul Terry-Toons

Don't miss this gay, foolish bit of animated cartoon nonsense. It's very Gilbert and Sullivan with rollicking tunes and a fair damsel in distress. It's actually a grand parody of "The Vagabond King."

### ISLAND OF PERIL

Principal Pictures

A thrilling glimpse into the lives and customs of the inhabitants of the bleak and barren Faroe Islands. There is a story winding itself through this travalogue that makes it an interesting and worthwhile journey.

### VENDETTA

Educational-  
Kendall-De Vally

Now you can have brief moments of opera on the screen. This short is called an *operologue* and is based on that famous opera "Cavalleria Rusticana." A group of fine voices have been assembled and the settings have a true operatic flavor.

### JIMMY'S NEW YACHT

Paramount

Daughter loves poor boy. Boy tells family he has bought a boat. They think it's a yacht, but it's only a tiny motor-boat. Upon this none-too-new plot a lot of very funny gags are hung.

### HIS ROYAL SHYNESS

Educational-Andy Clyde

Andy Clyde is all messed up with post-war kingdom troubles, in Bullgravia this time. He is both doughboy and king—and a bit of a tippler besides. You can't help laughing.

### A REGULAR TROUPER

Vitaphone

Ruth Etting is the star of this and, in spite of the fact that the brief story doesn't give her

much to do, she does manage to get in two songs. The yarn has a backstage atmosphere.

### IIATTA MARRI

Educational-Mack Sennett

In spite of the title, this isn't a real burlesque of the Garbo picture. Harry Gribbon bursts into song every few scenes or so. The plot, if you can call it that, is a hodge-podge. Dorothy Granger is *Iatta Marri*. Fairly funny.

### UNION WAGES

Universal

Back to the days when slapstick was slapstick, with Louise Fazenda and Sidney Toler. Bathrooms filled with water; Louise caught in a waterless shower with soap prickling like a cactus—you know the rest. Only the custard pies are missing.

### THE CANDID CAMERA

Educational-Mack Sennett

If you want a new car, compromise your husband! Such is the tidy bit of advice given by old maestro Sennett. Franklin Pangborn, as friend hubby, gets caught beach-mashing just after he has refused to buy a new car. Pretty funny.

### THE ENGINEER'S DAUGHTER

RKO-Pathé

Here's another short made by The Maskers Club but it is much funnier than the average. It's a grand burlesque on the old-fashioned "dharma" and you will be able to see Hank Mann, May Robson, Montagu Love and lots of other favorites.

### ICE MEN'S BALL

RKO-Radio

You are due for a grand round of laughs from Clark and McCullough's antics in this. They steal a police car and go on radio patrol. One silly situation after another. Recommended for any kind of blues.



# Rules of \$1,000 Gag Idea Contest

See Page 45

1. Every Gag Idea must be written in 500 words or less on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Movie Crazy Contest Editor,  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Gag Ideas will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. No gag ideas will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. Those that do not win prizes will be destroyed.

3. Each and every Gag Idea must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the coupon or a copy of the coupon which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant in his or her own handwriting, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the coupon should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or a reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Harold Lloyd Corporation or Paramount-Public Corp., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of Harold Lloyd, James R. Quirk and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

- First Prize .....\$250.00
- Second Prize .....\$100.00
- Third Prize .....\$ 50.00
- Four Prizes of \$25 each.....\$100.00
- One Hundred Prizes of \$5 each: \$500.00

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

7. Harold Lloyd Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning Gag Ideas and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes. Harold Lloyd Corporation may use the winning Gag Ideas in whole or in part, alter the same, and require the execu-

tion of any papers by the successful contestants which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants may become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own suggestions 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 Gag Ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Harold Lloyd Corporation nor Paramount-Public Corp., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Public Corp., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Judges to make this Contest fair and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest.

10. Harold Lloyd Corporation shall not be bound to use any of the Gag Ideas even if they win prizes. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Harold Lloyd Corporation.

11. Gag Ideas 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 Gag Ideas based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

12. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

13. Facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prizes, but the clearness and specific quality of the Gag Idea will be considered.

14. Any single individual may submit any number of Gag Ideas.

15. The contest will close at midnight, November 15th, 1932. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Gag Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of August, when the September issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appears on the news-stands.



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## IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each Gag Idea

In submitting the accompanying Gag Idea as a contestant for the cash prizes 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 Gag Idea being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Public Corp., 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 any of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that the development of this Gag Idea is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this Gag Idea and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., and Harold Lloyd Corporation, 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 one of such prizes if awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....Address



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

THERE was an open feud between Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich. And all because of a certain male.

It seems Tallulah strolled onto the Dietrich set, spied the lad and became so enamoured she immediately rushed forth and purchased tons of presents for her adored one. And he was hers.

But the next day, Marlene, not to be outdone, came onto the set loaded to the chin with mysterious gifts for the lad. And now both ladies are even.

And little Dickie Moore, just six, is richer by two electric trains, bats, balls, games and what-nots. And declares he loves both ladies just the same!

HERE'S a good one about the wife of a well-known vaudeville actor who came home from a party the other evening and told of being insulted by one of the male guests.

Her husband flew into a rage. He tore and raved and threatened to tear the insulter limb from limb.

"Well, if you mean that," a friend said, "I can tell you where to find him."

Somewhat taken aback, but unable to back out, he got into his car and roared down the street to avenge his wife.

A few minutes later he was back.

"Did you thrash him, dear?" his wife asked.

"No," he sulked, "but I was awful cold to him."

YOU might imagine that when you got a contract at a studio the sacred shrine of the Chief Executive would be easy to enter. But not a bit of it. The job of getting in to see the Head Boy is often actually harder for those on the inside than for outsiders.

Frances Dee relates how, when "Rich Man's



Whenever Lionel Barrymore meets Karen Morley on the lot he calls out, "Hello, actress" which is a swell compliment from a Barrymore to a newcomer. Between scenes of "The Washington Masquerade" they chatted like a couple of old cronies. Karen, played with both Barrymores in "Arsene Lupin" and did a grand job, considering the keen competition

Folly" was in the preparatory stages, she put her name down on the long list of people anxious to see the boss producer.

The producer worked through the list, according to his custom.

The poor chap works fourteen hours a day. After more than two months Frances was ushered into his presence.

"You wished to see me?" said the boss. "What can I do for you?"

Timidly Frances spoke up. "I only wanted to ask you if I could have the daughter rôle in 'Rich Man's Folly,'" she said. "But it doesn't matter now—we finished the picture two weeks ago."

AND now Hollywood wants to know just what New York has done to its own madcap Lupe? She arrived in Hollywood recently without the least fuss or confusion. Quietly, like a subdued little mouse, she stole into town and away again before people even realized she was here. Which is so unlike Lupe that Hollywood is worried!

WE wondered if that Maureen O'Sullivan-Jimmy Dunn romance were getting so serious that wedding bells were imminent. The two are so constantly together.

We talked to a close friend of Jimmy's. "No!" the friend laughed. "Jimmy's Irish. He's just got to be violently in love with someone to be happy. It was just the same with June Knight, but when she left—Jimmy must have romance but I don't think that means marriage!"

And that's that.



A first lady of the stage meets a first lady of the screen and if you don't believe Norma Shearer is just that, wait until you see "Strange Interlude." Katherine Cornell—great stage actress who has held out steadily against the movies—visited Norma on the "Smilin' Through" set. That's Freddie March, Norma's leadir ; man, in costume and Ralph Forbes, who'll soon be Ruth Chatterton's ex-husband, on Norma's right. Even this visit didn't convince Kit Cornell that she should desert Broadway for the films



COLUMBIA simply couldn't decide on a general for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." And then someone had a bright idea.

Fifty office girls, stenographers and secretaries, were herded into a projection room while test after test of prominent leading men, was shown.

Then a vote for the colorful rôle of the general was taken. And out of the fifty men considered, 48 of the 50 girls voted for Nils Asther. So a Swede will play a Chinaman.

**H**ARPO MARX is wandering around with a sad, bewildered look these days. Harpo came out of the Brown Derby recently and was met by a young woman with a pencil and autograph book clutched in her hand.

She walked up to Harpo and peered into his face with a puzzled look.

"Pardon me," she finally said, "but are you anybody?"

**A**LL the criticism that came after Joan Crawford changed her mouth make-up to those heavy dark lips has reached Joan's ears. And from now on it's going to be different.

For one thing, she used a different sort of lipstick in "Letty Lynton" that photographed darker than she thought it would, and because the character was a voluptuous type of girl she made the mouth bigger. In "Rain" the mouth will be that way again, for *Sadie Thompson* wasn't noted for her cupid's bow lips. But, after that, *la* Crawford returns to her own natural mouth. Pleased, girls?

**I**T was a long, hot day on the set, and Peggy Shannon had struggled for her virtue with the villain for several hours.

Finally she turned to the director and said: "Listen! You'll have to shoot this scene pretty quick or rewrite the whole story!"

"Why?" the director asked.

"Well," she replied, "about two more struggles and I'll be so tired I'll have to give in."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]



International

In spite of the fact that Mary Astor's baby is only a couple of months old, Mary is back in Hollywood looking lovelier than she has for months, and hard at work on a new picture. The baby, you know, was born in Honolulu while Mary and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, were on a yachting cruise in the South Sea islands



## Have You a Boy Friend WHO NEEDS A JOB?

**Y**OUNG woman,  
I seem in these  
seeking bright you

They can work right  
an amazing variety  
merchandise which

Go right out today  
MAGAZINE. It's on  
there's your chance  
Some day you may  
a real business can

Even if he has never  
any personality a  
OPPORTUNITY tells  
It's up to him.

Obey your impulses  
him a great favor

If your newsstand  
10 cents, and we  
Dept. 2E.

**O**

The

919

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127)

**D**OROTHY MACK MILL is a smart girl—and she beat 'em all to the punch. You know that she and her crooner husband, Neil Miller, have been doing a vaudeville act with Jack Benny and Ukelele Ike. In the routine Benny and Ike keep calling Miller "Mr. Mackaill" and he keeps howling, "The name is Miller."

When somebody asked Dot if Neil didn't object to all this kidding, she countered, "Why should he?"

"Anyone out of the profession who marries a picture star is going to be kidded as 'Mr. So and So' anyhow."

"We simply beat the mob to it, and get plenty of laughs out of it on the stage. Isn't that good showmanship?"

**G**IVE Bob Montgomery a well deserved hand. He's giving up his beloved game of polo. And that's the same as giving up pie to the small boy.

Bob is selling his ponies and spending the proceeds on three needy families he knows.

Good boy, Bob!

**W**HEN an actor goes after stardom, tooth and nail, that's just ambition. But when an actor has stardom handed him on a silver platter and says take it away, well, Hollywood calls that insanity.

But that's exactly what Stu Erwin has done. The exhibitors and fans yelled so loudly for Stu, Paramount decided the boy had something besides a funny face and offered him stardom.

They even gave him a picture called "Make Me a Star." But Stu won't have the star thing on a bet, and in answer to his picture says, "Don't 'Make Me a Star' with all its grief and sorrow."

And any time anyone thinks there isn't plenty of horse sense behind that dead pan of Stu's, guess again.

**D**ID you ever wonder, girls, as you sat there listening to the husky tones of Bing Crosby's voice just how he picked up that name "Bing"?

Well, it seems Harry Crosby was one of those little boys the girls all picked on. Which is a pretty sure sign a little miss is interested.

At any rate, one of his tormentors went a bit too far one day and Harry chased her all the way home.

She dashed inside the house and leaning out a window called, "You look just like Bingo in the funny papers." And that was enough. They shortened it to "Bing" and "Bing" it's been ever since.

And now he's in Hollywood, girls, making "The Big Broadcast" for Paramount, and soon you'll hear those husky tones from the screen. In case you're interested.

**W**HEN Chico Marx was in the hospital with a broken leg they put him in a bed with a trapeze arrangement hanging over it so that he could hoist himself up and down without doing further damage to the knee. And one day one of the other brothers came to visit him, found him asleep, and when Chico woke up he found hanging over his head the sign

"Lemur

(Species of Orang Outang)

Very rare—Caught by Prof. Schmalz on His Recent Expedition to West Africa."

**T**HEY tell us that Connie Bennett goes to the doctor three times a week, on hubby Marquis de la Falaise's arm.

Thirty thousand a week can't buy everything. Especially health.

**N**OW they tell of the two producers who were great friends but hadn't met for some time until one day their trains happened to stop at the same time at Albuquerque.

They were so delighted at seeing one another that they absent-mindedly boarded the same train.

A few miles out one friend said to the other, "Sam, these inventions of today surely are marvelous, aren't they? Yes, sir, you can't beat them. Here I am going to New York and you to Los Angeles and we're both traveling on the same train."



this season. Mary Carlisle thinks her lady-bug nails that red and gray dotted scarf. Or are you just teasing Sleeper likes that zebra pattern to match her striped? If you take this fad seriously, girls, apply a pale polish with a fine brush for the application of those dots and dashes





# She's more beautiful today



Dorothy Mackaill knows her cosmetic lore. The above photograph reveals a pert and charming young lady. Eleven years later Dorothy is younger, more dashing than ever.



THE lovely stars have many secrets up their enchanting sleeves. . . . But the most important ones are those about cosmetics. And they aren't secrets at all!

It just happens that the stars *are* informed in the ways of beauty. They know what to demand of their creams and their lipsticks and their powder.

How do they judge a face powder? They insist that it be light and fine, so that it will spread evenly over the face. That it give a smooth, perfect effect, without covering up the transparent texture of the flesh. Not too light, since then it would not cling. Not too heavy, since then the face would be a dull, dead mask.

Because it meets these strict requirements, the new Pompeian is the perfect face powder. It does not coat the skin. It clings for hours. It gives

a soft fine-textured finish. It is developed in new tones that enhance the natural colorings. Flesh for the very light skin, Naturelle (Nude) for the blonde with a fair complexion, Rachel for the brunette with a fair skin. Peach for the blonde with a warm skin tone, and Dark Rachel, a warm rich tone for the brunette with a dark skin. You'll love the new delicate fragrance and the smart new convenient box. Pay more for your face powder if you will, but you can't purchase better powder than the modern Pompeian. The Pompeian Creams, Lipsticks and Rouges are equally high in quality and low in price.



*OK-Miss America!*  
We thank you for your patronage



**“It’s toasted”**

**Your Protection — against irritation — against cough**

*TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE — 60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.*

**LUCKY  
STRIKE  
CIGARETTE**

Copyright, 1932,  
The American  
Tobacco Co.



# PHOTOPLAY

*Oct 1932*

The NEWS and  
FASHION  
MAGAZINE of  
the SCREEN

October

25

Cents

30 Cents  
in Canada

"I'M  
THROUGH  
BEING  
BOSSED,"

says  
Mary Cooper

Hollywood  
Secrets of  
Charm

Irene Dunne





# DO YOU INHALE?

## A frank discussion at last

on a subject that has long been "taboo"

"LET sleeping dogs lie!" So said the cigarette trade when first we raised the subject of inhaling. But dodging an important issue is not Lucky Strike's policy!

Do you inhale? That question is vitally important... for every smoker inhales—knowingly or unknowingly. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette! And the delicate membranes of your throat demand that your smoke be pure, clean—free of certain impurities!

No wonder Lucky Strike dares to raise this vital question! For Luckies bring you the protection you want... because Luckies' famous purifying process removes certain impurities concealed in every tobacco leaf. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

So, whether you inhale knowingly or unknowingly, safeguard those delicate membranes!

### "It's toasted"

Your Protection - against irritation - against cough



Copyright, 1932,  
The  
A. T. Co.

O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



A crank about dust and dirt  
 ...careless of her teeth and gums  
 and she has "pink tooth brush"!

**H**ER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't

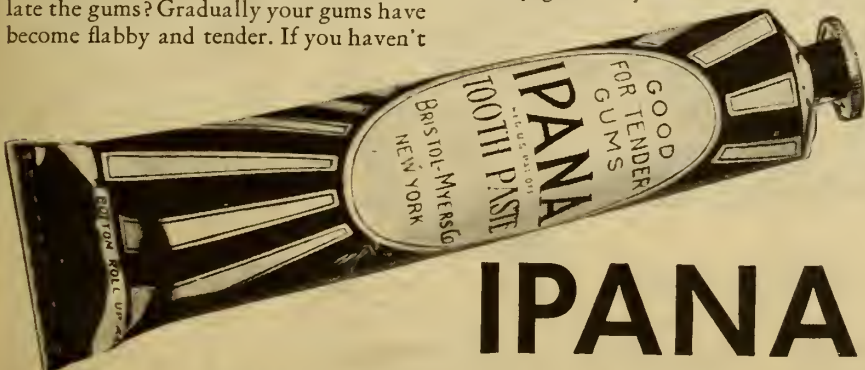
"pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. And each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-102  
 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.....

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY





# HAROLD LLOYD

*in*

## "MOVIE CRAZY"

*with*

**CONSTANCE CUMMINGS**

Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . .  
 Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll  
 laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the  
 King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh,  
 fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - sure!

*A Paramount Release*

*Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation*

*Paramount*



*Pictures*

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR,

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 5

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

October, 1932



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

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



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# The Audience Talks Back

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



There's praise in every mail for Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood." One reader said the "calm Connie forgot her press-agented poise and acted like a real girl with real emotions." They raved, too, about Lowell Sherman, shown here with Connie



"King Clark can do no wrong!" shout all his fans. "Give him more varied rôles and he will show what a fine actor he really is"—that's the gist of all their letters. Nothing but bouquets this month for "What-A-Man" Clark Gable. That lad's got something!

## THE \$25 LETTER

### TO MICKEY

(With apologies to "The Barefoot Boy")

Blessings on thee, Mickey Mouse,  
At our talking picture house!  
With thy patched-seat pantaloons,  
And thy jazzy whistled tunes;  
With thy turned-up nose, no part  
Of some plastic surgeon's art;  
And thy long tail's jaunty grace  
Curling round thy funny face;  
Surcease from all shady dames  
And tough heroes' fancy names.  
Clown thou art—and clown continue,  
Let not Tarzan's bone and sinew,  
Or some gangster's Latin grace,  
Make thee change thy rôle or face.  
Thou has something which no tragic  
Actor matches—thou hast magic  
In thy land of make-believing;  
Saving Minnie from her grieving,  
Slaying giants on stick horses,  
Far from rent bills and divorces;  
With disaster always pending,  
Yet sure of a happy ending.  
Laughter follows by thy name—  
So—here's to thee and thy fame!

HELEN CRUM, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

## THE \$10 LETTER

Connie Bennett is still a big favorite with me. Even if she is supposed to be high-hat or temperamental, it doesn't seem to affect her charming entertainment value. She has the looks, she can act and she's not "everyday."

Recently when the whole world looked dark, after a particularly trying week of making beds and doing dishes, wiping little noses or kissing big bumps, I dropped into "What Price Hollywood," just to watch her for a few hours, and the whole world seemed different. I bought a

bit of allover lace, came home decidedly refreshed, tackled the necessary household chores and then—I made a new lace top for an old black skirt (suggested by one sequence in the picture)—cut bangs *a la* Bennett, and faced the world again with new pep.

F. BEATRICE MACK, San Francisco, Calif.

## THE \$5 LETTER

A few words from the land of Pharaohs about films and stars. Able artists should appear only in interesting plays. Sometimes the play is so poor and uninteresting, but the actors are able and famous. Just the same as books, with fine edition, luxuriously clothed, but with nonsense materials. George Arliss demonstrated his wonderful and most excellent

**THOSE** fighting fans of Clark Gable! How they did bombard us with brickbats for our recent article, "Will Clark Gable Last?" in which the writer merely intimated, as her personal opinion, that Clark might not be as versatile an actor as he is a convincing one. She must be wrong—fifty million fans can't be!

Readers are still raving about Connie Bennett's performance in "What Price Hollywood"—strange that the "orchid girl of the screen" should make her biggest hit to date in the rôle of a movie-struck waitress!

"American Madness," "The First Year," and "Red-Headed Woman" continue to be the most discussed pictures. And folks say they want to laugh more, and they say a lot of other interesting things, too, so read their letters for yourself. And then tell us what you think.

capacity as an actor in "Disraeli"—the right man in the right cinema.

Producers advertise the star who will play in next picture. Not a word about the story. It seems the general public must only attend cinema performances to admire the beauty of the star. But no, no, we do not attend cinemas as to a beauty parlor!

YERVANT KUTCHUKIAN, Alexandria, Egypt.

## THAT ABLE GABLE

There was entirely too much prejudice in that article in your August issue about Clark Gable. "He isn't versatile"? How do you know? Whose fault is it that he's given "typical Clark Gable parts"? George Arliss always plays "typical George Arliss parts" and no one dreams of panning him!

MARY A. BALL, Torrington, Conn.

I've lived in Houston several years and was here at the time Gable was leading man in the stock company. I never missed a week. I saw Gable play all sorts of rôles and never found him lacking in any part. He's a real man and a real actor, and I hope his success will last.

MOZELLE CAMES, Houston, Texas.

It seems to me that Clark Gable is Rudolph Valentino, come back to life. Why not have Mr. Gable play a rôle in an Arabian picture to prove he is a new Valentino? He can do it.

ROBERT NASIF SHEBAN, Cleveland, O.

## LIONEL AND KAREN

Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley should be teamed again and again, for they do brilliant work together. They, and the unusual theme of "The Washington Masquerade," made that a memorable picture for me.

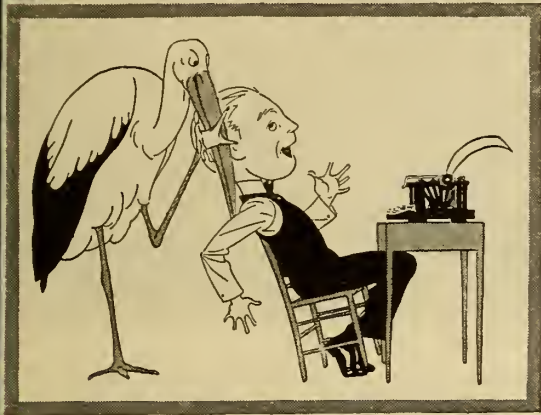
JACK UNGER, Boston, Mass.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8 ]





He has bedroom eyes—  
and a nose for news . . .



Predicts babies like the weather  
bureau predicts the weather . . .

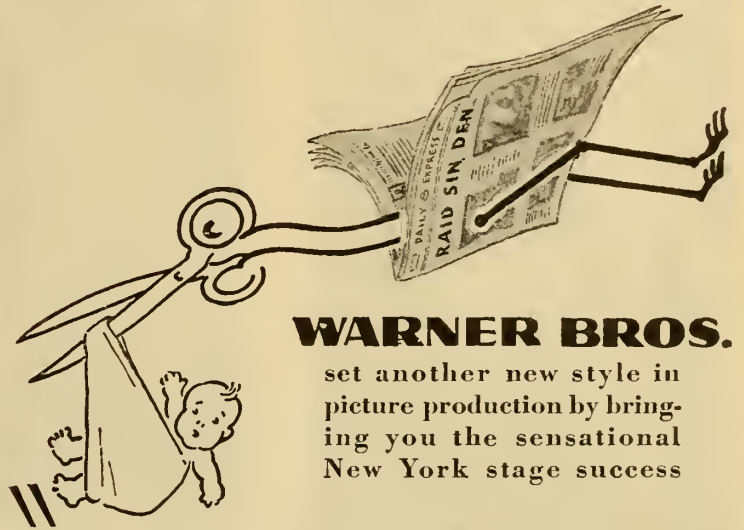


Sells scandal by the square inch—and  
cleans up in the shock market . . .



Sees all — knows all—  
and tells everything!

# Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION



**WARNER BROS.**

set another new style in  
picture production by bring-  
ing you the sensational  
New York stage success

# BLESSED EVENT

with **LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN**

**DICK POWELL**

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**



The famous Longacre  
Theatre where New York  
crowded to pay \$3.30 a  
seat to see "Blessed Event"

The private life of the  
man who abolished pri-  
vacy...The lowdown on  
the Gossip King whose  
name bounced from  
Broadway 'round the  
world!...Take the *Los  
Angeles Times*' word for  
it—"it's the best screen  
entertainment seen in  
many a day" . . . By all  
means watch for your  
theatre's announce-  
ment of this great hit.



**WARNER BROS.**

will bring you the new season's  
biggest thrills!



# Here's Your Chance to Tell Others



"Make Me A Star," with Stuart Erwin, was taken as a literal request by his loyal fans. "And why not?" they asked after seeing this picture. And Paramount echoed, "Why not?" But Stuart wants good, meaty rôles, regardless of whether or not they are stellar parts. So, still wearing that bewildered look, he turned down stardom

miration for Walter Huston's performance in "American Madness." He was earnest, convincing and completely natural. I never miss one of his pictures, because I know it will be among the best if he is in it.

MRS. L. A. VICKERY, Kansas City, Mo.

*Dick*: While fighting, *Tom's* coat was torn in two. A moment later, while being carried out on the porch, he had a new coat on.

MILDRED SHARROW, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Musical films like "The Desert Song" linger in the memory, according to many letters. "Give us good pictures with gay songs and pleasing singers, and we'll give them our support at the box-office," one man writes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

## BETTER BUY SEASON TICKETS!

I took my brood of four children, youngest eight, eldest seventeen, to see "Congorilla." The result? I have had to promise I will take them all back again. They are fascinated by the pygmies and won't be satisfied until we have another "Congorilla Theater Party."

MRS. JOHN T. THOMAS, Chicago, Ill.

## STUART ERWIN

Have just seen "Make Me A Star." and if that picture doesn't make a star of Stuart Erwin, there just isn't any justice! It was one of the finest performances I've seen in many a day. In fact, it was far finer than a "performance." I've always admired Stuart Erwin, but in this picture he is simply amazing.

MRS. D. W. LAWTON, Shreveport, La.

## "AMERICAN MADNESS"

I cannot find words to express my great ad-

What an interesting picture "American Madness" is. I never realized before that a story about Big Business and the Depression could be made so entertaining, and I have never seen more gripping, intense scenes than those during the run on the bank. Walter Huston gave a remarkable performance, and Pat O'Brien ran him a close second. Constance Cummings is new to me, but now I'll be eager to see her next picture. She's sweet!

HENRIETTE LESLIE, Spokane, Wash.

## THAT "FIRST YEAR"

Don't give us any more pictures in which Gaynor and Farrell squabble as they did in "The First Year." Keep them sweethearts in their pictures.

HARRIET A. EGER, Springfield, Mass.

Leila Bennett, the colored maid of the long stage run of "The First Year," repeating the rôle in pictures, steals the show from Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

E. C. WILSON, Kansas City, Mo.

## QUICK REPAIRS

At the end of "The First Year," Charles Farrell fights with an old admirer of Janet Gaynor and his coat sleeve is torn nearly out of the coat. Yet, a few minutes later, the coat is apparently all right.

M. E. HEADRICK, Windsor, Ont., Can.

In "The First Year," in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell starred, I noticed the following slip-up in the scene between *Tom* and

Often, when I go to see a show, the comedy or the animated cartoons are better than the main feature. I've grown very tired of the majority of films. Everything has gone sophisticated, "mysterious," and *Garbo*. What we want is comedy. Give us more of ZaSu Pitts, Ford Sterling, Eddie Cantor, Harold Lloyd, Lloyd Hamilton, Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler!

RICHARD C. LITTLEHALES, Portland, Ore.

After a monotonous day's work, I think there is nothing so grand and so restful as to laugh. I love to watch Marie Dressler, the queen of comedy, cavorting with Polly Moran, Marie's sidekick and able foil for Marie's wit. Wally Beery's boyish grin endears him to all his fans. Then there is Jimmy Durante—he of the big nose. How that accent and schnozzle slay the audiences! The comedy teams—Stan Laurel, with his pitiful whimper, and Hardy, with his coy manner and patient air. ZaSu Pitts, with her fluttering hands, frightened voice, and "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" manner.

Personality? Glamour? Sex-appeal? They've got more of what it takes than any of the dramatic stars could ever hope to have.

AMY F. McCLINTON, Toronto, Ont., Can.

I like to see pictures that send me away laughing, not with a depressed or unhappy feeling. There will always be films of the latter variety, however, and what would happen if there were no short subjects to brighten the program? I especially enjoy Eddie Buzzell's "Bedtime Stories for Grown-ups." The one about Columbus discovering America will



# What You Think of Pictures and Stars



"The sweet love of a man and wife" and other fine qualities portrayed in "The Doomed Battalion" won the praise of a mother who saw this film with her young daughter. "What an inspiration for something fine was given young people," this mother writes in speaking of the fine performance of Tala Birell and Luis Trenker



Betty Brons and Mary are still prairie like to "ren And many for the romantic, of V of petite Marguerite Clark

always remain in my memory. Please, for goodness' sake, don't let anybody stop him from continuing his silly but delightful nonsense.

And when a cartoon of Mickey Mouse or Betty Boop flashes on the screen I know I can sit back and smile, if only for a little while.

WILLIAM FRYE, Milwaukee, Wis.

## SHE SIGHS FOR THE "SINGIES"

Just because producers gave singing actors poor pictures that the public didn't patronize, must we be deprived of hearing our favorite stars sing in good pictures? Please let us have more singing from Ramon Novarro and John Boles, in pictures as good as "The Pagan," "Desert Song," and "Rio Rita."

BETTINA BONNELL.

## "WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD"

The fans who have been knocking Constance Bennett by saying that she is too aloof have an opportunity to realize how wrong they have been all the time.

To those brickbat throwers, I recommend "What Price Hollywood," in which Miss Bennett exhibits, more than ever, her charm and personality. The part of the waitress who climbs to the pinnacle of movie fame is Miss Bennett's greatest and she plays it with much sincerity and understanding.

ALBERT MANSKI, Boston, Mass.

"What Price Hollywood" is a knockout! Found it so entertaining that I stayed to see it twice. Lowell Sherman plays his part magnificently. He is so hilariously funny he almost runs away with the picture. But, of course, the audience cannot help but cast admiring eyes frequently upon the gorgeous Constance Bennett, who is sweeter and acts better than ever.

FRANCES C. STATZER, Jersey City, N. J.

## TYPING GEORGE RAFT?

I am one of the new army of George Raft admirers, and have been since seeing "Scarface," which I attended over and over again. In my opinion there is no actor on the screen today who has Raft's potentialities. He can take a part and make it live without overacting. But I am afraid his ability will not be recognized fully unless he is given different rôles. How can his popularity last if it is built only on gangster parts, of which we are already surfeited?

MRS. CLEO KRANZ, New York City.

## PICTURES IN PRISON

One of the greatest diversions the inmates of San Quentin Prison have from routine is the weekly movie show. These shows are linked up with the Educational Department of the prison and are a direct incentive to study. Admission to the show is based on regular attention to class studies, and merit, not money, is the admission price.

Travel and war pictures are probably the most popular. Movies here encourage men and women to read, and in the library of 19,000 volumes the books most in demand are those that have been filmed.

And may I inject a purely personal opinion from one who has not long been confined behind these gray walls?—one wearies of the never-ending sex pictures that are turned out with machine-like regularity.

E. J. C., San Quentin, Calif.

## "LADY AND GENT"

Acting, directing and dialogue are nearly perfect in "Lady and Gent," starring George Bancroft, Wynne Gibson and James Gleason. Wynne Gibson's characterization of the hard-lusted lady, ashamed of her womanliness, and George Bancroft's presentation of the slow-witted, soft-hearted pugilist could not be

excelled, while James Gleason has a part as the fighter's manager just suited to talking with his mouth aslant, and is at his best.

"Lady and Gent" proves our human relationship "under the skin."

EMEROI STACY, Portland, Ore.

## "THE DOOMED BATTALION"

My twelve-year-old daughter and I have just seen "The Doomed Battalion." There were no difficult questions for me to answer, because the picture contained, among other things of beauty and interest:

The sweet love of a man and wife; their uncompromised friendship for another man; an adorable baby; fine patriotism; a skiing exhibition, daring and breathtaking; and gorgeous mountain scenery.

In front of us sat a row of absorbed young boys. Behind us was a row of equally interested girls.

What an inspiration for something fine was given them by this picture, and what a source of real pleasure it was.

GLEENDA OPPENHEIM, Boise, Idaho.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



# STAR POWER



Marion Davies



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Marie Dressler



Greta Garbo



Jimmy Durante



Buster Keaton



Ramon Novarro



John Gilbert



Laurel & Hardy



Directed by Edmund Goulding  
From Vicki Baum's Play



Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play  
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

### Other M-G-M Personalities:

- |                    |                 |                     |
|--------------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| Lewis Stone        | Conrad Nogel    | Louise Closser Hale |
| Polly Moron        | Robert Young    | Ruth Selwyn         |
| Jean Hersholt      | Nils Asther     | Diana Wynyard       |
| Jean Horlow        | Wallace Ford    | William Bakewell    |
| John Weissmuller   | Ralph Groves    | Helene Borclouy     |
| Walter Huston      | Neil Hamilton   | Virginia Bruce      |
| Maureen O'Sullivan | Myrna Loy       | Mary Carlyle        |
| Anito Page         | Uno Merkel      | Claire DuBrey       |
| Karen Morley       | Verree Teasdale | Muriel Evans        |
| Dorothy Jordan     | Helen Coburn    | Lawrence Grant      |
| Leila Hyams        | Noro Gregor     | Gertrude Michael    |
| Joan Marsh         | Hedda Hopper    | Kane Richmond       |
| John Miljon        | Dione Sinclair  | Moy Robson          |







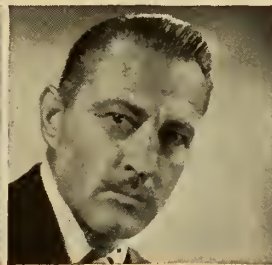
Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"... "POSSESSED"... "TARZAN THE APE MAN"... "MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"... "RED-HEADED WOMAN"... *space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.



Clark Gable



Wallace Beery



John Barrymore



Ethel Barrymore



Lionel Barrymore



Helen Hayes



Jackie Cooper



William Haines



Colleen Moore



Rob't Montgomery

**M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!**

GRAND HOTEL... STRANGE INTERLUDE... NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH... MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY... JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK... WALLACE BEERY in FLESH... JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

— and many others



**GOLDWYN-MAYER**

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

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

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

**AIR EAGLES**—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

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

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

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

**ARM OF THE LAW, THE**—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The dared-evil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

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

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

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

**BEHIND THE MASK**—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and thrill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

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

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

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

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

**BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE**—Australian Expeditionary Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

**BORDER DEVILS**—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

**CROSS-EXAMINATION**—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

**CRY OF THE WORLD, THE**—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

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

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

★ **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

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

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

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

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

**DRAGNET PATROL**—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

**DRIFTER, THE**—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

**ESCAPADE**—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

**EXPERT, THE**—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

**FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE**—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]

Two big  
INSIDE  
STORIES  
will "break"  
in the  
NOVEMBER  
PHOTOPLAY  
On sale at all newsstands  
October 15th

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)


**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

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

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)





# LEW AYRES

reaches the very top of his career in the character of a newspaper columnist who thought more of his country than he did of his life, in—

with  
**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**

**"OKAY AMERICA"** is the snappiest, time-liest picture ever made and the finest performance **LEW AYRES** has ever given the screen. This picture shows the courage, the great sense of loyalty and of duty of the newspaper man. This is the first time the newspaper man has been shown without a bottle of gin—and the picture shows the power of the press and the radio in battling crime.

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Directed by **TAY GARNETT**

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

**"FAST COMPANIONS"**—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.") Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair, packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

**FINAL EDITION**—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

**FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

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

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

**FOOL'S ADVICE, A**—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

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

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

**GAY CABALLERO, THE**—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

**GET THAT GIRL**—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

**GIRL CRAZY**—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

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

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

**HEART OF NEW YORK, THE**—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

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

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

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

**HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

**HUDDLE**—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

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

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

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

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

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

**KEEPERS OF YOUTH**—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

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

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathé.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

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

**LAW AND ORDER**—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

**LAW OF THE WEST**—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

**LENA RIVERS**—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, suh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Letty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

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

**LOVE IS A RACKET**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

**LOVE'S COMMAND**—Tohis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

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

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

**MAN ABOUT TOWN**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

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

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

**MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE**—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

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

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

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

**MENACE, THE**—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

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

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

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

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

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

**MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

**MISS PINKERTON**—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

**MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

**MONSTER WALKS, THE**—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

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

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

**MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

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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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# What the Audience Thinks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9 ]



## "LIFE" AND THE MOVIES

It amuses me while reading reviews of pictures to see the critic has described a picture as "true to life." The phrase is generally used for some grim and disheartening film.

No critic can say of one small section of life, "This is life as it is," for life is lived differently everywhere. For instance, "Possessed" is just as real a picture of a certain type of New York life as "Street Scene" is of another type. There are artificial and frivolous people living artificial and frivolous lives; and there are fine, industrious people living ordinarily decent lives.

LUCY KEATING, Rochester, N. Y.

## "RED-HEADED WOMAN"

Thanks to the "Red-Headed Woman" for the discovery of a new Jean Harlow. She has become a thoroughly human character, radically different from the platinum blonde.

B. L. GARLAND, Greensboro, N. C.

I've just been to see Jean Harlow in "Red-Headed Woman." What a blues chaser that picture is. A fine picture for everyone to see because it has just enough sex to be amusing. Of course, the rôle was a little overdone, but what's the difference? Wasn't Jean good to look at no matter what she did? I cannot close this letter without a word of praise for Chester Morris. In my opinion he's a peach!

JEAN FLORIO, E. Haven, Conn.

PHOTOPLAY, how could you? After all the years that I have depended on your reviews in choosing movie diet, now you stand me up!

Usually I avoid sex-problem plays, but you gave this one such a boost! "Risqué," you said. That was nothing in the world but just plain common! And as for Jean Harlow, well! With her platinum locks she was unreal but exotic, fascinatingly different. But this new red-headed "hot-cha" girl is nothing but another carbon copy of Clara Bow. And hasn't that been done before?

HELEN PRICE, Pennington, N. J.

## JOAN CRAWFORD

It seems to me that Joan Crawford has accomplished the one difficult thing so many

Scenes like this one from "Red-Headed Woman" called down storms of protest on Jean Harlow's once-platinum head. And while many people liked the red wig she wore, one disappointed movie-goer described the new Jean as "another carbon copy of Clara Bow," the old platinum Jean as "fascinatingly different"

girls dream of doing. Rising from a lower status to her present heights is in truth a modern fairy tale that holds the working girl of today entranced.

Every interview she gives out, every picture that she plays in, every photograph she has made is of vital interest because of the remarkable change that has been wrought in her since her early pictures. Is it any wonder she is fascinating to us?

NEVA O'HAMMER, Wichita, Kans.

I want to protest against the whatever-it-is Joan Crawford has done to her one and only face! It's a shame that this beautiful girl should paint her mouth so grotesquely to assure the public that she is "different." Some people tell me it is to emulate Garbo, but I doubt this.

Garbo has her place, but Joan has her own natural beauty and charm. I am waiting for her lovely young mouth to appear again, in the natural.

MRS. V. J. PATTERSON, Glendale, Calif.

## HARMLESS "FLAMES"

Excuse the verse (I will be terse) and hurl my little brick.

Poetic license please forgive, I'll try and make it quick.

Have you beheld the picture "Flames"? Did you see what I saw?

Oh, well, it's nothing serious, nor yet against the law.

The girl stenogs are trapped upon a burning roof of flame,

The husky firemen rescue them, which proves that they are game.

Midst smoke, and flame, and grimy dirt they carry them to earth,

Excuse me, reader, while I pause, to hush my howls of mirth.

They bear the gals through smoke and grime, where dirt and danger bristles,

And when they set them on the ground, they're all as clean as whistles!

With gowns unruffled, chic and neat, with faces clean, ho hum!

Now can you blame a fan for growling, "What the heck? How come?"

LORRAINE E. GRANT, Jackson, Mich.

## CLARA'S COMING BACK!

Three cheers for that plucky little Bow girl! Most actresses after getting the raw deal that Clara Bow got wouldn't dare try to make a "comeback" in the movies. Clara can do it, too!

DOROTHY HARRISON, Sacramento, Calif.

## "TOM BROWN OF CULVER"

"Tom Brown of Culver" was a good, clean picture, full of action and drama. Pictures of such a wholesome nature are welcomed by everyone, young or old. Many parents who forbid their children to attend ordinary sex pictures will be glad to allow Junior and Mary to see this one. Let's have more of them.

BILL JAMES, Birmingham, Ala.

## FROM THREE SCHOOL TEACHERS

I was teaching a country school twenty-five miles from a town, and boarding in the house of one of my pupils. The stork visited the home without the aid of a doctor, and the mother passed on within the week.

The question of feeding the child arose. There was no nipple in the house, but in racking my mind for something to substitute I recalled how, in "His Woman," with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, they used an old rubber glove and an empty bottle. It worked fine as an emergency measure, and baby went to sleep contented.

MARY FORD, Fort Smith, Ark.



*When you tuned in on your local NBC Station and heard the first chapter of "The Phantom of Crestwood"*

WERE YOU THRILLED!



IF YOU MISSED THE BEGINNING TUNE IN NOW. YOU'LL GET ALL OF THE STORY AND HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THE 100 MONEY REWARDS.

Didn't you grip the arms of your chair and feel like "jumping into the affair"? Well, you *can* jump into it. You are hereby engaged as the detective in this absorbing mystery!

**ON THE AIR EVERY FRIDAY**

*until Sept. 30 at 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, 10:30 Eastern Daylight, 8:30 Central Standard, 7:30 Mountain Standard, 6:30 Pacific Standard over the NBC Network of 58 Stations.*

**\$1,500 REWARD**

**WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING**

*to this fascinating mystery. All but the final chapter will be broadcast. Your solution may win \$1,500.*

*Answers should be original. The winners will not necessarily be anything like the solution already written by Bartlett Cormack, author.*

**"THE**

**OF CRESTWOOD"**

Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing rules and prize list from your local theatre or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.

**CONTEST JUDGES**

Hugh Weir · Albert Payson Terhune · O.O. McIntyre  
Montague Glass · Peter B. Kyne · Julia Peterkin



Hear it on the air! . . . Then SEE this great RKO-Radio Feature Picture with

**RICARDO CORTEZ**  
**KAREN MORLEY**

Anita Louise · H. B. Warner  
Pauline Frederick · Robt. McWade  
Aileen Pringle · Mary Duncan  
Gavin Gordon · Geo. E. Stone

**TO BE SHOWN IN LEADING THEATRES BEGINNING THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER**

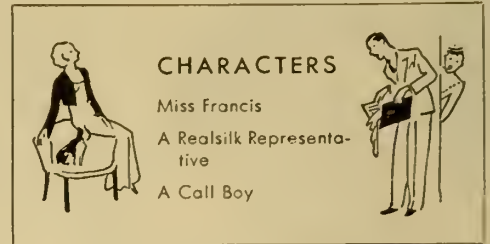
# Kay Francis

## BUYS SOME STOCKINGS

AN ADVERTISING TALKIE



Kay Francis, charming "aristocrat of the screen," scored big hits in "Street of Women" and "The Jewel Robbery." Her most recent success is "One Way Passage"—All Warner Brothers pictures.



### CHARACTERS

Miss Francis  
A Realsilk Representative  
A Call Boy

Miss F. I've heard people go into raptures over fresh coffee, fresh cigarettes, or even fresh air, but fresh stockings! What's the point?

Realsilker *The same as other fresh things—they're better. In this case—stronger, stand more strain—you know what happens to old silk. We can furnish fresh silk because we sell direct—don't waste time with a lot of in-between steps...*

Miss F. (Holding stocking to light.) Sounds like a good idea, but take these stockings here. They're deliciously sheer—sheer audacity I'd say—the kind you have to look at twice to make sure they're there. They may be as fresh as fresh can be, but what I want to know is—

Realsilker "How long will they last?" isn't that it?

Miss F. Yes, that's the question. I suppose you'll tell me that cobwebs are strong as hammocks if they're spun by fresh spiders. . . . Never mind, we must have sheerness. Legs are the pillars of society in Hollywood. And truly, these stockings are lovely.

Call Boy Two minutes, Miss Francis.

Realsilker *A dozen pairs of these then—six in the new Nomad shade, and six of the Taupe-Mist?*

Miss F. Good—and see they're hurried to me *fresh*.

### —and She Does Buy Realsilk

The most interesting part of this advertising talkie, to us, is the fact that Miss Francis is a regular Realsilk customer and very graciously permitted us to use her name and picture in this manner.

Realsilk stockings reach you, on an average, less than 30 days after manufacture, due to Realsilk's method of selling direct from mills, eliminating all in-between steps and delays. Fresher silk is only one of Realsilk's seven exclusive features. Sold only in home or office—never in stores. . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery. . . . Branches in 200 cities. Listed in your telephone directory.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings  
**REALSILK**  
with 7 Exclusive Features





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**T**HIS is the little minx who steals all the Hollywood beaux and sets glamorous stars wondering how she does it. Here's the secret. It's that smile. And that cute Southern accent. Yes, suh. Having done such a good movie job with Dick Barthelme in "The Cabin in the Cotton," Dorothy Jordan won a splendid rôle in "70,000 Witnesses"



**I**T could only happen in pictures—or to Clara Bow. Who would have expected the rather plump and picture-weary star to emerge from her desert ranch, looking like this? It is one of the first portraits of the new Bow, taken just before her comeback picture, "Call Her Savage." But should we? A different girl now with a different and happy viewpoint





**R**EMEMBER the grand job Eric Linden did as the pinch-hit auto racer in "The Crowd Roars"? The lad has come through since in notable and entirely different rôles in "The Age of Consent" and "Life Begins." You can't type Eric except to say he's a mighty convincing representative of modern youth. The boy is just twenty-three



Milton Brown

SWEET as a June morning is this first photograph of Norma Shearer, waiting at the garden gate, in a scene from "Smilin' Through." Remember when Jane Cowl created the rôle on the stage, followed by Norma Talmadge's interpretation in the silents? What a change from the neurotic heroine as we see Miss Shearer in "Strange Interlude"!





## Is there a Catch here?

Does she use Perfume because she thinks that a man may like it, or does she choose it for the increased charm, the fresh glamour, it brings herself?

Clever women won't have to answer. They know that Perfume puts a delightful lilt into living. It makes them feel ready to greet Fate debonairly.

They find—in the more-than-a-score of exquisite Perfumes distilled by Coty—fragrances *sparkling* as the gay capital of France, *fresh* as the scent of lilacs after rain, *sweet* as the wind's breath over Corsican jasmine flowers.

For certain moods, they select Coty's *Chypre*—a bit of a snare; or *Styx*—with the mystery of Charon's troubled stream.

But you don't wish to be told which Coty odeur is best for you. In fact, we

shouldn't tell you! Your own heart, your awareness to Life, should help you decide.

And—just as you don't care to express the *same* mood every day, every hour, in every set, but hope to *play a different rôle* to different friends—so you'll find various Coty Perfumes that properly *interpret* you: Perfumes which abolish boredom, enhance vivacity, renew allure.

It doesn't take a lot of money to enjoy them, either! Coty's fame is world-wide, and that makes Coty prices modest—\$1.10 to \$27.50.

Coty



"Paris" by Coty:  
Charm of the Bois;  
allure of the world's  
smartest capital—  
perfect accent  
to chic Autumn  
clothes—\$7.45

WHEN a prominent stage or screen star comes to me for professional advice, she pays me \$100 for each half hour of instruction on reducing and keeping fit.

But in 300 half hours, I could not tell her any more than I can tell you here, *in three minutes*. And my plan for reducing will cost you, not hundreds of dollars . . . but just a few nickels, plus your cooperation and self-control.

Keeping trim and fit is *your* job . . . not mine. I can tell you how to do it, right plainly . . . but it's up to you to get it done!

There are only three things imperative in any slenderizing program. I'm not going to waste time on fancy words. Here's the straight-from-the-shoulder tip—

FIRST: Exercise sanely. Walk at least a couple of miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Cut out fat and rich foods—gravies, sauces and liquor, *absolutely!*

THIRD: (and this is vital!) Eat enough sugar! Yes, I mean it! Don't starve yourself on sweets. That's the old idea. Forget it. Here's why.

You'll actually lose weight *faster* if you do include sugar in your diet. And . . . more safely. Experts have



## "EAT LIFE SAVERS and grow *Thin*" says SYLVIA

*The world's foremost authority on  
the care of the feminine figure*

proved it. The latest dietetic findings show that, in general, body fats cannot burn properly except in the fire of burning sugar. Fat is fuel, sugar is flame. Without sugar to burn up the fats, you slow down the loss of weight and disturb the body's functions . . . often seriously.

My own experience verifies these facts. Frankly, results have been wonderful. I advise sugar . . . the right sweet for the right time. And my people lose weight faster and they don't suffer the pangs of their normal sweets-hunger. Nor grow listless and irritable from loss of energy due to sugar starvation.

I always include Life Savers with my advice. They are *purposeful* candy for your slenderizing program. They give you the quickly assimilated sugar energy you must have to reduce without any fat producing bulk.

They're hard, too. So you let them dissolve slowly upon the tongue. They satisfy that sweets-hunger and give your body that pure sugar it needs. Each Life Savers Mint or Fruit Drop gives 8 to 10 minutes of "sweets" satisfaction.

You can find a variety of enticing flavors at any candy counter. I especially recommend the delicious, new, crystal-cool peppermints called Cryst-O-mint Life Savers. But there are Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . if you prefer. Or the real fruit-tasting Fruit Drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape Life Savers. Buy several packages at a time—you might even buy a carton—and you'll never be caught *sweetless*.

I LIKE ACTION . . .  
LET'S GET STARTED!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But you'll have to show me that you're in earnest. I have put down in a brief booklet information I get hundreds of dollars for.

If you'll show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by sending me two Life Savers wrappers, I'll send you, with my compliments, this book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

*Mme Sylvia*



CAROLE LOMBARD . . . Beautiful Paramount star



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND COUPON

IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA  
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. P-10  
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.



# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

**J**UST when the statement was finding currency that pictures were running in cycles, that they covered much the same background, were becoming too similar in theme, etc., the producers rang for a new deck of cards and not a one could call the other's hand.

Different—refreshingly and brilliantly different—is this month's deal in pictures, as we'll show you presently.

You'll recall that gangster pictures ran hard on the heels of war films; that creepy horror, such as "Frankenstein," followed sex, or ran nip and tuck with it.

Of course there were many variations and overlapping of one kind of picture with another, but, on the whole, the broad trend was obvious to the most casual movie patron.

Grand entertainment, much of it, and the public registered its general approval at the box-office. However, a trend that becomes a fetish can grow a bit wearisome.

**B**UT look over the list of PHOTOPLAY's starred best in "The Shadow Stage" for this month. Theme, point of view, presentation, as you will observe, entirely different.

A choice menu. As varied as a vaudeville bill ought to be. Running the gamut of human emotions and interests.

You won't make a mistake if you go to them all, for you will find the last as refreshingly entertaining as the first. That's good art and good business, too. Perhaps the few retroussé nosed critics who still believe only in foreign films would like to think that one over.

There's a fundamentally healthy tone to the latest leading pictures. The humor may be broad, and life shown as tragic, but it *is* life—minus false psychology, melodrama and Pollyanna.

**M**UCH of the criticism of producers for their selection of themes has, we think, been unjust. Gangster pictures, for example. These were not fantasies of the studios. Rather they were the expression of the spirit of the times—what was actually happening; what men and women were hearing, seeing, thinking about.

It has always been so. Literature—and some of the very greatest—has run in cycles. So with the speaking stage, too.

After all, books and plays are largely the interpretation of the life of the moment.

**W**HAT section of the public takes its movie fare most seriously—that is, wants serious stuff? Well, according to a census conducted by the Will Hays office, it's the average run of human beings. And writers of note turn to animated cartoons. And plain college professors dote on Westerns.

At any rate, now we know what college professors think about.

**T**HOSE Barrymores — ah, those Barrymores! What's happening on the "Rasputin" set, anyway? Lionel, John and Ethel have put a touch of the old three-ring circus into the production. When Greek meets Greek there's trouble, you know, and when three great and temperamental artists such as these foregather, someone had better look out.

On another page, Ruth Biery has given us a vivid word picture of the earlier rounds. It's more exciting than a radio announcer shouting to a waiting world the details of a fistic combat.

Ethel, though a woman, will take odds from no one. John looks fit, and as for Lionel, he carries a cagey head on those shoulders. Director Charles Brabin is out of the scene, and bold, brave Richard Boleslavsky has thrust his head into the lions' den.

And there'll be more about this—oh, yes, indeed—quite a lot more!

**"R**ASPUTIN" has the basis for a great picture. The theme is of epic proportions—autocrats of a vast empire—Russia—outwardly impregnable before the world—yet in the toils of a man, half-saint, half-lunatic.

It is, perhaps, the greatest opportunity that the Barrymores have ever faced. Not only have they been given rôles that no star would think of refusing, but their union in one production is most highly provocative of public curiosity. And we don't believe the Barrymores will muff a triumph like this. They are great showmen as well as great actors.

THE still, small voice of censorship continues to whisper cautions into the ears of executives. For example:

Tay Garnett was directing a scene for "Okay America!" In it Lew Ayres, as the columnist hero, shoots a villainous gangster.

The action calls for Lew to mask his gun with a pillow—drape it over the revolver and shoot from the fold. Somebody asked why the pillow.

"It's a 'must,'" said Tay. "I can't show two men in the same scene if there's to be gunplay. That is, I can't show the gun. It's all right to show a fellow shooting and then the effect of the shot. But these must be separate scenes.

"In order to get both men on the screen at the same time, the gun has to be hidden. Otherwise we run into trouble with censorship boards all over the country."

Kind of silly, isn't it?

GARY COOPER has been kidded a lot about his Bond Street clothes, his Continental manner and his new personality. And he hasn't batted an eye. That's pretty good proof that the kidders are all wrong, and that the new Gary Cooper is not a pose but an actuality.

You must remember that Gary was in a run-down condition when he made that trip abroad; that he had received some pretty hard emotional shocks, and, withal, that he never lay down on his acting job.

He was but a lad the other day, and now he has returned with the maturity that travel and even a few months' absence can impart to youth, which changes fast.

When Gary in an interview, said, "I'm Through Being Bossed," he meant it. And you'll find on page 34 of this magazine just what was behind that statement.

TWO men with outstanding names seem to differ somewhat as to how pictures should be produced. One is Sam Katz, vice-president of Paramount-Public Corporation; the other is René Clair, whom French public opinion proclaims as the greatest director in France.

In substance, Mr. Katz believes that common-sense business policy should prevail throughout the industry, and that men who know best the public reactions should have the real say. He took his viewpoint as a practical and successful exhibitor right into the Paramount Studios and stayed three months. What he learned there he undoubtedly could have discovered in most of the studios of other companies.

CLAIR regards himself, one would conclude from his statements, as an artist, and the picture-making industry, as an art. Nothing new in that view; others have had it. But the expression of

opinion of these two movie leaders happens to appear at about the same time, making, therefore, their comments worth noting. Clair thinks that present methods of production submerge talent in both directing and acting.

The upshot of the whole matter seems to be that Clair is for less business control on the sets; Katz for the most intelligent business control of the industry as a whole.

It is quite possible that the artist and the practical executive could get together on the details.

WITNESSES can be found who will verify this, they say. Anyhow, it seems a foreigner craved a wife, so he wrote out an advertisement and placed it in the newspaper of his little home-town paper in the old country. And, sure enough, he received the picture of a very beautiful young lady who would marry him if he would send her the passage money—\$500.

Then he sat down to wait. The boat docked at New York but no blushing bride-to-be. So he took himself off to a lawyer to see what could be done about it.

"Let me see the young lady's picture," the lawyer said.

Very carefully he unbuttoned his coat and took out the picture, and the lawyer passed right out.

It was a picture of Greta Garbo.

A HOLLYWOOD writer tells this one about Groucho Marx's little girl. Groucho took her to one of the Olympic events and after a race the announcer said, "United States first, France second, Argentine third." And then Groucho's off-spring nudged her daddy and said: "Argentine. Listen to that. He means unguentine."

THE public will take 'em wild if they are genuine. "Bring 'Em Back Alive" was a tremendously revealing film—no fake, no bunk.

A topnotch nature picture is good box-office. It's in the blood. The old cry on circus day of "Hold your horses, the elephants are coming," hasn't lost its thrill.

Today we get something more in these big hunt and exploration pictures—the awesome majesty of the jungle and its life laid bare before us.

And you don't have to frame the apology, for going to see the lions and monkeys in their cages, that it's for little Johnny's sake. You can walk up brazenly and buy a ticket all by yourself. Though you'd be a pretty mean dad and husband if you didn't take the kids and the missus with you.

But there can never be a eyele of first-class jungle films. The genuine are too hard to make.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY





## As I Knew Him

WHENEVER you have enjoyed in the editorial pages of this magazine some particularly revealing glimpses of screen personalities whom you especially admire, you must have wondered, too, just what sort of man it was that, through the magic of his kindly pen, could make those personalities as intimate to you as they were to him.

When, for example, he brought out the fine, lovable character of Marie Dressler in such a way as to give you a truly new understanding of the greatness of the woman, or presented new interpretations of Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks or Norma Shearer, then curiosity as to the one who made this pleasure possible for you must have come to you, at least for a moment.

I cannot hope to write as he wrote, but I can at least try to emulate the spirit in which he shared his screen friendships with you and present to you this little picture of James R. Quirk, as I knew him.

I recall the day about seventeen years ago when I had not been long a member of PHOTOPLAY'S staff. Problems were constantly arising that, in my inexperience, seemed perplexingly difficult. He must have guessed my doubts for his blue eyes suddenly took on that snap and sparkle that they always did whenever he even so much as heard the word "obstacle." "Look here," he said, "this job is pretty nearly as new to me as it is to you, but you are Irish and I am Irish and the Irish are never licked. Together we will fight this thing through."

I quote this now because I am sure you saw something of that same note in his editorials—that note of buoyancy and confidence and high-hearted courage, that spirit that all is well with life if we but have the will to face life unafraid.

Life to him was not a grim thing to be taken with a long face, but rather with a laugh. One of his favorite stories was that of a man who, falling off a skyscraper, in his downward passage remarked, "I have just passed the sixteenth story. Everything is safe so far." When he had overcome some unusual difficulty he was wont to say, "Well, Kay Dee, we have just passed the sixteenth story and we are safe so far."

You who have followed his editorials closely can understand from that what was behind that interplay of seriousness and

jest, so characteristic of his writing. Yet, every jest he made was true. It so aptly expressed life as he saw and interpreted it. He wrote as he did because his style was the man himself.

He was able to write about human nature so truthfully and so sympathetically because of his own lovable character and understanding of the deep wells of the human heart. Those at the foot of fortune's ladder, though perhaps we do not know it, are our shrewdest critics. The faces of errand boys and elevator operators brightened when Mr. Quirk approached. The man who can elicit such a greeting has, in generous measure, a common human touch. It means he can understand and make allowances for other's weaknesses and failings.

And he was that fair and square in his dealings with everybody. Do you wonder that one of his intimates said of him, "He never had a friend he could lose; or an enemy he couldn't"?

I think, too, his relations with his working staff well define another outstanding phase of his personality. He drew to himself, as by a magnet, a singularly strong personnel—men and women quick to comprehend his policies and to execute them. Through the years they have been with him—rejecting tempting offers from other publishers—welded into a highly efficient, smoothly running organization. And his own warm heart inculcated loyalty, enthusiasm and fighting initiative.

He kept no publishing or editorial methods a secret from them. Once when he was absent for several months, his magazine continued to express the very essence of his own editorial self. A friend complimented him on the contents of his latest issue. "I can see you all the way through it, Jimmie." He laughed. "My staff is like poor, old Cyrano de Bergerac. He did the singing, you remember, while his friend won the lady's kisses. I hadn't read a line in that magazine until it was off the press. I have taught them all to be editors. Every one of them is my understudy."

A generous policy that, and a wise one, for the spirit that made him so great an editor and publisher still marches on with his staff.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



# Refereeing the ROYAL FAMILY

By  
Ruth Biery

*Mad Monk Lionel gives brother John his apostolic blessing. But that glare in the Barrymore eye is not religious frenzy. Just wait till those two get out of the camera's range*

*("Rasputin" may be fated to become a directors' nightmare. As we go to press, word is received that Charles Brabin will no longer be in command. When you read this story, perhaps you can guess why.)*

THEY needed a Lion Tamer for "Grand Hotel." Someone who could crack the whip and make seven, *unrelated*, high-strung human animals work as though they were "brothers and sisters."

"Grand Hotel," and the success Tamer Goulding made of whip-cracking, is now history.

But more history is in the making. "Rasputin" is in production with the three Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and John—in the *three* starring rôles.

They needed a referee this time—not a lion tamer. A diplomat to negotiate treaties. The problem here was to persuade the Barrymores to *forget* that they are "brothers and sister."

They chose Charlie Brabin. We have a sneaking suspicion that *Boss Barrymore* had a hand in that selection. Lionel to you, now—but *Boss* by the time this story is finished.

*Czarina Ethel prays. And what do you think those saintly lips are saying? You wouldn't believe it if we told you. So read the story to find out*





# Can Directors Break the Barrymore Clinches?



The glory that was the Romanoffs. Here we behold the awesome majesty of the Russian imperial family that was destined for one of history's greatest tragedies. "Rasputin" is a grand panorama of regal pomp and splendor

You remember the remark he made when he heard the three of them were to work together.

"And who's the poor son-of-a-gun that's got to direct us!"

Boss Lionel made "The Washington Masquerade" with Brabin. He had found his man.

I think he probably made his decision the day he did not hear Brabin call "camera." Lionel was waiting for his cue to enter with Karen Morley. They stood arm in arm at the entrance.

Brabin called once. He called twice. Karen started; stopped. Lionel had not moved. He couldn't. He was sound asleep—standing up.

Brabin didn't scold; he didn't laugh. He acted as though nothing unusual had happened.

If a man could act as though nothing had happened when *one* Barrymore pulled a Barrymore stunt, perhaps he would not notice when *three* Barrymores did a family act.

It was worth trying.

And just as the powers-that-be at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer attempted to keep Goulding's whip-cracking a secret, so they are struggling to shroud the diplomatic genius of Brabin behind the soft, silken curtains of executive and publicity offices:

"Never saw three people work so beautifully together. We had no idea brothers and sisters could be so lovable—"

They had only been in production a short time when this was written, but that's time enough to give us a hint of



Nope, this isn't an auto accident and the man with the helmet isn't one of those funny foreign policemen. Little Tad Alexander (Czarevitch to you) is only figuring out a way to steal another scene from the Barrymore gang

what may be expected. Read this for proof:

A room which is small for a Russian castle. Bare; cold; austere; simple.

A shrine in one corner. A real ikon—one of the true relics of the Church of the Romanoffs smuggled into the Hollywood Russian Colony by an aristocratic refugee and sold to a pawn-shop. Rented by Metro.

At this shrine—the *Czarina*. Ethel. On her knees, hands supplicatingly extended toward Saint Gregory. Her lips move in silent prayer. She is whispering her invocation that the life of her son, *Alexis*, be saved.

IT is the first take of the picture and Ethel's first appearance before a talking picture camera. An auspicious occasion. The knee of the last aristocrat of the stage is bended before the god of modern entertainment—the camera.

This is a silent shot. The cameras grind but the sound apparatus stands still.

She prays. Her lips move although no words come from them. There is absolute silence.

Suddenly, without warning, a noise. A man in the rear of the room has commenced talking. A man is chatting while the Queen of the Stage holds the concentrated attention of director and cameramen.

Ethel's lips no longer move in *silent* invocation. Words come distinctly from those saintly lips. Words which are deep, throaty—pitched into that cold studio [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]





By  
Sara  
Hamilton

That long-lost wealthy uncle need no longer worry you. Just ask Jackie Merkle. He exposes everyone's secrets as easily as a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat. Here Helen Twelvetrees is getting the low-down on her future

# Jackie Tells Everything

**T**HE strangest phenomenon in a town of strange happenings. A boy, normal, a little bit good and—well, more than a little bit bad, who has caused more thrills, more chills, more open-mouthed wonder, than any machine-made *Dr. Jekyll*, *Dr. X*, or *Vampire Draculas* in Hollywood.

Not quite five years old, short and chubby, with a head of riotous curls, he's the only person that can walk onto a movie set and stop production.

Time, money, deadline, mean nothing when Jackie Merkle steps a baby step onto a movie lot.

For he has out-thrilled Hollywood. He has beat them at their own game. *The sensation in a sensational town.*

Unable to read or write, he tells every star, feature player, extra and electrician their names, their birthplaces, their hopes for the future and—here's where Hollywood gasps a huge, gurgling gasp—little unknown things about themselves and their lives they had imagined locked firmly from a prying world.

Clasping his father's hand, he stepped onto a sound stage at First National studios. High above, on a platform, Richard Arlen, electricians, director and workmen, were busy on "Tiger Shark."

The boy spied a small camera dolly and, boy-like, he made for it like a shot.

"The man's name up there with the cap, Jackie?" the father asked.

Without a backward glance the boy called an unknown electrician's name and went on with his playing, while an amazed workman swallowed twice and gulped once.

Richard Arlen came down. "The watch in your pocket," Jackie said in answer to the question, screwing and unscrewing a

wheel on the dolly, "is a Longinnes. It was made in Switzerland. Look how this wheel turns, daddy. Your wife's name?" He hesitated at this, looking off into the distance for a moment. "It's Joby—no, it's Jobyna Ralston. And the thing you were worrying about? Oh, you signed that yesterday."

And someone helped a limp and puzzled Mr. Arlen to a nearby chair.

**P**RODUCTION had stopped. Down the stairs trooped open-mouthed electricians. The director, in the midst of an animated conversation, stopped in surprise and joined the trek downward. Eddie Robinson came stealing out of his dressing-room, peering at the child at play.

They stood there. An average crowd of Hollywood workers. And with the greatest ease, he told them what they asked, still playing, boy-like, at the dolly.

"What's the name of the city I just wrote down, Jackie?" Eddie Robinson asked.

"Constantinople," Jackie chirped and with a little twinkle in his brown eyes he looked up from his play and said, "You were going to write down Bucharest only you thought it was too hard for me, didn't you?"

And *Little Caesar*, who could dish it out, still couldn't take it! He stood there among that group and just looked, and looked, while production waited.

"The name of the yacht you're going away on is *Infanta*," he told Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the studio dining-room.

"Oh, yeah?" Doug grinned, looking up from his lunch. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]

A five-year-old  
"psychic" who  
astounded all  
Hollywood with  
his incredible  
telepathic feats



# Consolation Marriage?

WELL—  
HARDLY!

By  
Katherine  
Albert

**I** FIRMLY believe that the most fascinating story in Hollywood is the one about Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian. When I think about those folks I have to stop a minute to brush aside a sentimental tear.

For, set right down in the turmoil and activity, the rumor and ruthlessness of Hollywood are two perfectly happy and contented people.

You would have to know the strange hybrid life, with its shams and its deceits, that can be lived in Hollywood to know what that means. And you would have to know both Dorothy and Bill before their marriage to realize how strange it is that, with all the odds against them, they have accomplished such a perfect relationship. How they have accomplished it is a lesson that no young married couple, or any girl or boy about to be married, can afford to miss.

In the first place there was Dorothy—"little Alabam"—one of the craziest kids who ever set foot on studio stage. Oh, you loved her to death, and all the time you wanted to give her a good brisk shaking that would make her teeth rattle, for you knew how desperately she needed to be happy and that she hadn't the foggiest notion of how to go about it.

She thought her happiness lay in gayety and dancing and staying up until late hours. And then she thought she could find what she sought by playing the social game and meeting the right people. She had known a great deal of bitterness in her life—her first marriage had been a tragic one—and she believed the way to forget was to live so fast she did not have time to remember.

While Dorothy was working at M-G-M and being about as unhappy as it is possible for one human being to be, there was a fellow named Bill Boyd working at the Pathe Studios not far away. They had never met and I'm sure if Bill had known Dorothy then he wouldn't have liked her very much, for Bill had realized for a long time where happiness was to be found and he knew it wasn't in the stay-up-late places.



—Bill was sad, too. But Dorothy brought the smile back to his face



Dorothy Sebastian met Bill Boyd when another love was in eclipse—

Bill hated the social game as much as Dorothy thought she loved it, and his chief delight was sitting around with a few old cronies talking comfortable, lazy talk. At that time Bill was married to Elinor Fair—they had met as both were climbing to success in "Volga Boatman" and the romance had grown then—but the years had set them apart and neither was any too happy. A divorce was imminent.

It was shortly after Bill's and Elinor's separation that he and Dorothy met. Dorothy made a picture with Bill only a little while after her engagement to Director Clarence Brown took a complete nose dive. One day she started to tell Bill all about it. He didn't say much—he never does, but he was intuitive enough to know that the hard look in Dorothy's eyes and her set grim mouth were indications of unhappiness and so, because he was lonely too, there sprang up a very real friendship.

**T**HE first time I saw Bill was out at Dorothy's little house in Brentwood. Dorothy was in a mess of trouble—as she usually was then—and I watched Bill as she told me the story. He never took his eyes from her face and when she had finished he said, "Now, don't you worry, honey, I'm going to take care of all that." I looked at Dorothy. It was the first time that a man had ever assured her of his protection. Before, she had done everything for herself and by herself.

I remember later that I told Dorothy, "He's a swell guy and if I were you I'd hang on to him."

"Yes. I like him a lot," Dot said, "but he doesn't like to go to parties and to dances and to premières. He's crazy about getting out on the ocean in a boat and just cruising around. And he likes to go up in the mountains camping. I don't think I could stand it. My favorite [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



## When Nero Was Tyrant—on “The Sign of the Cross” Set

THE magnificence of imperial Rome springs to life once more at the command of Director Cecil De Mille. Love, hate, gladness and sorrow, poverty and wealth, cruelty and kindness are depicted as with us today even as then.

The old stage play of “The Sign of the Cross,” which moved to terror hundreds of thousands of theater-goers, is given a new interest by characteristically De Millean twists. Here PHOTOPLAY’S photographer

shows you a small section of three ancient Roman city blocks—apartments, shops, bazaars and transportation slipped back nearly 2,000 years on these traffic-jammed streets.

You are in the year 64 A. D. now and that plumed figure in the chariot isn’t Fredric March, but the *Roman Prefect*; Claudette Colbert is really the wanton-eyed *Empress Poppaea*, and Elissa Landi, the *Christian girl*.

But the story is largely up-to-date—a parallel between the present and the past. And

the story itself is always new—a story of great sacrifice and love, threatened by the recklessness and cruel jealousies of those in power.

It is a tense moment for De Mille and his aides-de-camp—Mitchell Lersen, art director (leaning over); Jimmie Dugan, assistant director (white shirt); Karl Struss, head cameraman (with glasses); George Clemens, first cameraman.

Will “The Sign of the Cross” be De Mille’s masterpiece?





Photo  
by  
Stagg





# "I'm Through Being Bossed,"

WHEN Gary Cooper returned to Hollywood from his amazing trip to Europe and points East with his Bond Street clothes, his decidedly Continental manner and his debonair attitude, Hollywood gasped a couple of times and then did what Hollywood always does—began asking itself questions.

What's happened to Gary? What is this strange change that has come over the strong, silent lad from Montana?

And when Gary, the affable, kicked up a bit of a row at the studio over playing "Devil and the Deep," because he said it was a woman's picture and wouldn't give him a fair chance and was only persuaded to act in the film when he was definitely promised "A Farewell to Arms"—well, Hollywood's eyes stood out on stems. Why, Gary had never acted like that before. Gary had always done exactly as he was told—without saying a word!

Which is just the point. Gary has stopped doing what he is told. He is a new Gary Cooper.

Gone is the gaunt, melancholy, forlorn lad over whom women languished and cooed, "He looks as if he has suffered." And in that boy's place stands an assured, poised, grown-up man who thinks for himself and meets the world upon its own terms. He has lost even his gauntness. His face has filled out and his figure straightened. Eleven months away from Hollywood has wrought the change.

"I was licked when I left Hollywood," he told me. "Sunk. Washed up. I was ill. I had been working day and night. I was unhappy about the way things were going at the studio. My private affairs had reached a crisis. . . . I had an attack of jaundice, which is a terribly depressing thing, anyhow. And with all these other things on my mind—well, it was pretty awful!

"I SHALL never get into such a state, mentally, again. Life can never do anything like that to me again. I have learned something. . . .

"In the first place, I shall never be dominated by other people again as I had allowed myself to be until that time. I had drifted, taken advice, let people get at me through my emotions, my sympathy, my affections. Perhaps through a sort of apathy, too, because I was not well. You don't realize the hold you are letting people get on you until you find yourself enmeshed and entangled and helpless. You have to shake yourself free and begin all over again. It isn't easy!

"But I am my own man—now!

"You say that my attitude

Says Gary Cooper. There's a wallop in his words that makes the studio and his women friends open their eyes

By Marion Leslie

York after my trip abroad, they told me that things would be different for me out here. That things would be arranged to my advantage. Well—when I came back, things weren't different. I had been meek for so long, had done just as I was told for so long, that no one could believe that I wouldn't continue to do it. *They took me for granted.* That is bad—very bad—for you in a career, in your relations with your family—or in love. Never let anyone take your amiability and your pliability for granted!"

DID I tell you that Gary had grown up? It hasn't been easy for the slow, easy-going, inarticulate Gary to learn that lesson of self-assertion. He was as dreamy, as impractical, as amiable a chap as you would imagine. He was a quiet child and his sweet, dignified, conservative parents adored him and gave him all their anxious, clinging attention.

The women in his life have dominated him. Clara Bow. Evelyn Brent. Then the redoubtable Lupe. When that fiery little Mexican swooped upon his heart, there began a stormy time for Gary. The worshipping mother—deeply concerned about the results of this impetuous romance—and the primitive child-woman who enthralled him could never, never have reached a glimmering of mutual understanding or sympathy.

Although I think they both tried at first. Gary loved them both and their feminine tug-of-war over the mastery of his affections must have torn him nearly to ribbons!

He tried to please everybody. His producers, Evelyn Brent, Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, his mother and his father—who was forever investing his money for him. He tried to please even those friends who were continually advising him.

And when he didn't please he was baffled rather than disillusioned. Like a small boy who has been spanked for something he cannot understand.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



Gary's mother is a charming, conservative woman. Loving her boy, she tried her best to shield him. But Gary discovered that he had to do his thinking for himself





Otto Dyar

**T**HE new Gary Cooper. Gone is the lean, too-eager-to-please, inarticulate boy and in his place is this poised and self-assured man. In Bond Street clothes and with a will of his own, he is now prepared to meet the world on its own terms. "Nobody is going to live my life for me," says Gary. Read all about it on the opposite page



Rumors fly thick and fast from across the Atlantic that all is not so rosy between Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer. And then comes this loving picture. So what to believe!



Ah, how sweet Ann Harding looks there at the top of the page, you say. Well, it isn't Ann at all, but Julie Haydon, now under contract to Radio Pictures. Who's the lady with the black hair? That is Ann Harding in the wig she wore to the opening of "Strange Interlude"

# Cal York Announcing-

**H**EAVE a sigh of relief, you Garbo fans. Brush away those last parting tears. We've got the honest-to-goodness dope about the plans of the Glamorous One and right away quick, just to make you feel better, we'll tell you that she'll be making more American movies.

Here's the low-down, but don't ever tell a soul we told you. Before she left for Sweden she signed a new M-G-M contract at a salary between six hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand dollars a year, depending upon the number of weeks she works. She'll be back to begin that contract in October.

Wait, wait, we aren't through! Her first picture will be "Christina" and the scenario writers are at work right this minute adapting it for her. The yarn is based on a historical character—a Swedish queen who renounced

her throne for love. My, my, can't you just see Garbo tossing that one off?

It will be a costume movie, of course. Now—is everybody happy?

**T**HE most exciting news of the month was Ruth Chatterton's sudden marriage to George Brent.

Sudden? Of course, nobody in Hollywood was surprised, but the fact remains that Ruth's divorce from Ralph Forbes was gotten just a few hours before she stood beside George and made those vows!

When Ruth returned from Europe she was pleasant but as silent as Garbo's set during a tense scene. She couldn't, so she told reporters, announce her engagement to George because she wasn't sure at the time whether she was still Mrs. Ralph Forbes or not. The very

next day she became Mrs. George Brent at a quiet little wedding ceremony in Westchester County, not far from New York.

Folks who know the members of that triangle intimately are shouting lustily for joy. Ralph is a grand fellow—but not for Ruth. She mothered him too much. But you can't imagine anybody mothering big George Brent, can you?

Brent likes the things Ruth likes—goofy things like going to the amusement beaches and riding the roller coasters and eating hot dogs—all smeared up with mustard.

George will be the boss in that home—and don't make any mistake about it. But Ruth will love it—and don't make any mistake about that, either.

From where we sit it looks like the real McCoy.





The fact remains that Michael was all set to play a rôle in Gloria's new English-made film—but then decided that he was a better husband than actor



Keystone

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

"Who was that lady I seen you with?" somebody asked this be-spectacled gentleman. And his answer was "That wasn't—I mean that was Greta Garbo and also my sister." This informal snap of the glamorous one and her brother was taken in Sweden recently. But Garbo is going to make more American pictures

IF you take the girl friend out to lunch and begin by knocking over water glasses and upsetting coffee cups, don't be embarrassed. It's love. At least, it was love with George Brent and Ruth Chatterton.

Their first scene together in "The Rich Are Always With Us" called for a *tele-a-tele* tea and poor George upset everything on his side of the table and Ruth reciprocated by knocking everything off her side into George's lap.

And that's how they knew that very minute it was love at first sight, Mr. Brent states.

Normally, Miss Chatterton seldom pours coffee into a gentleman's lap. And there you are. Or, rather, there George and Ruth are.

PROMPTLY at six o'clock one evening, Virginia Bruce stepped from the sound stage of "Kongo" on the M-G-M lot, walked over to

her dressing room, removed the brown grease paint from her face and the costume for the picture, donned a simple black crepe dress with white puffed sleeves, walked over to Jack Gilbert's dressing room bungalow and, with no more fuss or feathers, became the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert. And are they happy!

Irving Thalberg was best man and Mrs. Donald Stewart matron of honor. There were a few guests, Norma Shearer among them.

The next morning, promptly at eight, little Mrs. Gilbert was back on the "Kongo" set hard at work. And a Hollywood that scoffed at their engagement and called it a publicity stunt, is looking rather sheepish.

THERE are only two green Dusenberg cars in Hollywood and one of them belongs to Gary Cooper. And so, when a certain green

Dusenberg was parked nightly before Lupe Velez's home, Hollywood hit the ceiling with excitement.

"Lupe and Gary are together again," the news flashed.

But imagine their embarrassment when it was discovered that the other green Dusenberg belonged to no one but Lupe herself, and the parked car was her own, not Gary's.

A CERTAIN producer was reading a chatter column in which it was said the public preferred seeing William Powell and Kay Francis *vis-a-vis*.

"Well," the producer snorted, "they can show Powell and Francis *vis-a-vis* if they choose, but as for me, I'll keep my stars clothed."





Irving Lippman

This is the lad whom George Arliss singled out as a young man of exceptional acting ability. Hollywood girls like him, too. A few months ago PHOTOPLAY told you that the kid had great screen promise, so Hardie Albright just had to live up to expectations. You'll see him next in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." It's a grand job he does

**T**ALLULAH BANKHEAD and Marlene Dietrich got off to a bad start. They openly ignored one another. Marlene was the big star already well established, and not eager to share her Paramount throne with anybody. Tallulah had not made so many or such successful pictures as Marlene, but she had a big stage reputation.

But now they're buddies. And you ought to hear one rave about the other.

**A** MOVIE actress, her near ex-husband and her new fiance, were on their way to a party.

The wife began fussing about which car they should go in.

"For heaven's sake," the fiance said to the husband, "can't you make her stop fussing?"

"Oh, no," said the husband, "that's your job now."

**A**LTHOUGH the newspapers announced that the Clark Gables bought that swanky house in Beverly Hills, Clark says they're just renting.

His wife had her furniture sent on from New York because they figured it was cheaper to rent unfurnished.

For the Gables are wise folks and are saving their money. Eventually, they're going to do a lot of traveling.

**J**ANET GAYNOR'S hair has at last grown out to its full length. You remember that she had to let it grow because all her fans raised such a howl when she got a short bob. Those were, however, pinned-on curls that you saw in

"The First Year." They couldn't wait for the hair to grow when time came to start the picture.

But no more artifice from now on. Janet is back—and is that unsophisticated little "7th Heaven" girl you love.

**I**N a town literally one great pattern of unusual and gorgeous homes, along comes Ramon Novarro with one that takes the cream for originality. You know Ramon has always prided himself on living in a plain, modest house in the conservative West Adams section of Los Angeles. No typical Hollywood stuff for him—but now he has broken loose with a bang and built a house like none other ever seen in those there parts.

The home is perched on a hidden hill which can be reached only by winding and turning roads. Built on five levels, it is trimmed on the outside with bands of wrought copper against white stucco.

Ramon has two rooms of his own to fit his mood of the moment—or something. One is done in soft greens and opens onto a private swimming pool.

The other is on top of the house and has glass walls—honest!

The dining room is all in black and chromium with a long black glass table and there are no pictures on the walls, but plenty of lovely porcelain that Ramon brought from Europe. To date it is the most bizarre house in Hollywood, and are certain stars biting their glistening finger nails in envy! But we can't help wondering what Ramon's Mexican mother and all his Mexican brothers and sisters think about it.



Don English

Stop, stop, you're breaking our heart—can this be the glamorous, beautiful, stunningly gowned Marlene Dietrich who sears men's souls and laughs—heh! heh! Yep, this poor friendless wreck is the kid from Germany, herself. But don't be alarmed—it's only a trick make-up for her next flicker—"The Blonde Venus"—the yarn that caused the three-cornered quarrel between Marlene, Von Sternberg and Paramount



How would you like to take a lesson in screen make-up? And how would you look in one of those barber's chair smocks? These are the nine Radio Pictures starlets



THE first sparks are beginning to fly from the "Rasputin" set with the three up-and-at-'em Barrymores. They are saying it was all started by John just in the spirit of good clean fun.

At any rate, Director Brabin was startled to see Lionel raise his hand in the midst of a scene and ask to be excused from the set. A few minutes later the director was summoned to the phone.

It was Lionel, himself. "Listen," Lionel said, "John keeps putting his hand on my arm in the scene and it weakens my character. I thought I'd tell you."

WELL, what with Ethel helping out the boys, things will be getting warmer and warmer on that set. Or I'm a weather forecaster.

AND among the stirring events to be recorded is that Charles Brabin is off the job as director and Richard Boleslavsky has replaced him.

IT'S amusing to note the arrival of the "Rasputin" cast for work each morning. The *Czarina*, played by Ethel Barrymore, arrives in her limousine. *Rasputin*, the mad monk, played by Lionel, arrives next, also in a high-powered car. The prince, John Barrymore, appears next in a swanky roadster. Then the bit players drive in, all with good looking automobiles.

And last of all comes Ralph Morgan, playing the mighty *Czar of Russia*, in a broken down Ford that nearly shakes the whiskers from His Imperial Majesty's chin.

JOHN BARRYMORE has it all doped out.

When they asked him, "Who's your favorite actor?" the answer is "Lionel."

"And your favorite actress?"

"Ethel."

It saves so much confusion keeping it all in the family.

HOLLYWOOD'S heart is throbbing like this:

Cute Dorothy Jordan has replaced Mary Brian in the affections of college boys on the loose in Hollywood.

Johnny Weissmuller and wife Bobbe Arnst are arranging for a divorce.

While Lupe Velez is going to the quieter places with Johnny's brother.

When Marguerite Churchill had her tonsils removed the studio had to excuse George O'Brien from the set every hour so that he could phone the hospital and see how she was getting along.

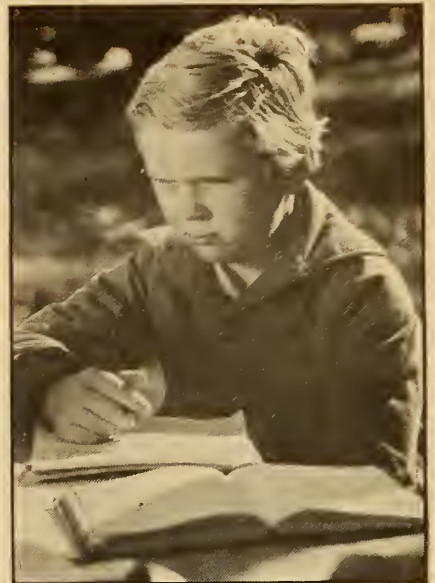
Incidentally when George is working nights he tries to select Marguerite's escort. It is always the same man — Ricardo Cortez, George's chum.

AND now the little French dancer, Mlle. Mistinguette, is trying to patch up the quarrel between Maurice Chevalier and his wife.

At least both of them are staying with her at her cottage at Cannes.

Minna Gombell is going to all the places with Irene Rich's ex-husband, David Blankenhorn.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82 ]



Get that worried look on Jackie Cooper's face. Why shouldn't he be worried? He's writing a love letter to Mitzi Green and he has already set down, "You are the apple of my eye—the delight of my soul—without you the sun no longer shines." Right now he's trying to think of something else fancy. Never mind, Jackie, it's all in fun



Top row, Sandra Shaw, Rochelle Hudson, Phyllis Fraser, Harriet Hagman and Dorothy Wilson; bottom row, Julie Haydon, Betty Furness, Eleanor Post and Peg Entwistle—the lucky nine being taught make-up



Wm. Grimes

Step right up and meet the folks—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert. And a couple of "poohs" and "tushes" say Jack and Virginia Bruce to those folks in Hollywood who were making bets that the marriage wouldn't come off. Congratulations, Jack, old boy. Much happiness, Virginia. This month Cal York tells you all about the wedding



# She Sat on the Floor

**M**OST people misunderstand Karen Morley.

They believe her to be quiet, without much glamour, the owner of a secret luck charm.

Hollywood folk grant that she did splendid acting in "Scarface," "Arsene Lupin," "Are You Listening?" and "The Washington Masquerade," but they will not grant that her luck charm was not responsible for the opportunities to play in such future-building productions.

"Where's her pull?" other girls ask who have been waiting for months for just such chances.

But Karen Morley does not wait for pull or accidental opportunities. She creates them. She pins her faith to Karen Morley.

Here's the first incident which tipped me to the truth about this girl.

Karen and George Hurrell, the studio photographer, were not chummy. There was no actual hostility between them. But neither was there the open friendliness which exists so often between an actress and the man who makes her publicity pictures.

If picture girls do not like the photographer, they do not show it. They are, perhaps, more effusively friendly. Women players cannot afford—or so they figure—to offend the man upon whom they must depend to accentuate their points of beauty and gloss their defects.

But not Karen Morley!

If a photographer knows that a player does not like him, what is his natural reaction? Does he make bad pictures of her? No! In the first place, he can't afford it. Good pictures retain

And right in the producer's office, too. It wasn't a dumbbell stunt, but clever salesmanship, and it won for Karen Morley an important rôle

By Ruth Biery

him his position. In the second, his pride is at stake. He will prove to the one who doesn't like him that he's the best photographer in the business. He will do well by those who gush over him, but he will do his best for the one who turns the cold shoulder. He'll show her! It's human nature!

Karen knew this. I wouldn't be surprised if she exaggerated her indifference to George just to encourage him to stretch his natural ability to its greatest height when he photographed Karen Morley. He could not make her pretty. But he could make her interestingly different.

He did. One day, he took her in a sexy, black negligée. Karen gave one look at those pictures, tucked them under her arm and rushed immediately to Irving Thalberg's office.

Every chair in that *sanctum sanctorum* was occupied. She initiated a new sitting formula in that dignified office. She squatted on the floor! A well-populated floor circle immediately formed around her.

**E**VENTUALLY, Mr. Thalberg emerged from the inner office, jingling the coins in his pants' pocket as is his executive custom. "Well, well. What's all this?" he demanded, questioningly eyeing the daisy chain.

Karen was on her feet before the others could collect breath. "I'd like to see you, Mr. Thalberg," she burst forth. Before he knew what had happened, he found himself back in his own office, the door firmly closed and the eager girl facing him.

"I can play the woman in 'Arsene Lupin,' Mr. Thalberg."

Straight to the point.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]



"Karen Morley isn't alike in any two films," is what everyone says. That's a compliment. She wisely believes that variety of rôles will keep her on the list of popular players for a long time



Contrast Karen's ingénue appearance with Lewis Stone in "Inspiration," with her sophisticated bearing opposite Lionel Barrymore in her latest, "The Washington Masquerade." Smart girl!





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**D**ID you ever see Garbo looking so radiantly lovely as in this portrait taken just before her departure for Sweden? Note that wistfulness in the eyes, as though she sees distantly the mountains and the cold blue lakes of her beloved North. Yes, she is coming back to play the name rôle of "Christina," a Swedish queen who relinquished all for love



Ernest A. Bachrach

**T**HAT funny voice of ZaSu Pitts and those funny, drooping hands—which are really very beautiful—send audiences into hysterics. Von Stroheim says she is a great tragédienne, but we'd rather hear ZaSu say "Oh, my," than see a hundred tragedy queens emote. ZaSu is smart enough to stay out of starring rôles, so you won't get tired of her





Clarence Sinclair Bull

"BRING on your costumes and your grease-paint," says Freddie March, "I'll play any old rôle that's lying around loose." He finished being the swashbuckling hero of "Smilin' Through" just in time to don flowing robes for C. B. De Mille's "Sign of the Cross." Here's the way Freddie really looks—minus the make-up. He's a great guy



Elmer Fryer

"I'M sure I don't know why you want to take my picture," says George Arliss, "but since your cameras are here and it will only take a little time, I can't refuse you." The amazing Mr. Arliss doesn't like to discuss his private life. He doesn't know why his films are hits. Yet thousands of fans are waiting for "A Successful Calamity," his next



# Harold Offers \$1000<sup>00</sup> To Photoplay Readers for Gags



Here's a swell gag from Harold Lloyd's new comedy, "Movie Crazy." It runs like this. The waiter on the train yells, "Last call for dinner." Harold, seated in lonely state on the observation platform, hears this, looks up expectantly and proceeds to take a sandwich from his pocket. Carefully he takes off the wrapping paper and starts to eat the sandwich. Now—see how easy writing a gag is? This simple little gag gets a big laugh in "Movie Crazy" which is, incidentally, a hilarious picture. You can think up a gag just as funny and maybe win one of those 107 cash prizes

**A**MERICA'S sense of humor is one thing unaffected by the depression, judging by the response to the first announcement of the Harold Lloyd "Movie-Crazy" PHOTOPLAY gag contest.

Already hundreds of contributions have been received by the "Movie Crazy" contest editor. So here's your chance to get in on the most fun you ever had and also to have a chance at a chunk of the \$1,000 prize money that is being offered.

Everybody has thought of some hilarious scene, stunt or situation which, if enacted upon the screen, would throw movie audiences into mirthful chuckles; and if you've ever said to yourself, after seeing a comedy, "I could think of a gag as funny as that"—here's your chance.

These gag ideas can be figments of your imagination or they can be actual happenings. There are no restrictions placed on the type of humor or situation submitted in this contest, except that in the final judging the possibilities of the suggestions from the point of view of their application to motion pictures will be considered important.

Harold Lloyd is offering every reader of PHOTOPLAY an opportunity to share in the 107 prizes which he is giving for this contest. The awards are to be divided as follows: First prize, \$250; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; four prizes of \$25 each; one hundred prizes of \$5 each.

And the grand part is that it's so simple. A gag is simply a funny situation. It may involve one person or a group of people. Look at the picture at the top of this page and read its caption. There is an example of a good gag.

There is nothing complicated about entering this contest. All you have to do is describe the scene, stunt, joke, situation—in other words, the gag—in simple, everyday words, and send it in. It can be as brief as you care to make it and requires no literary talent at all. What Harold wants is gag ideas rather than fancy writing.

But before you do this, be sure to turn to page 124 of this magazine and read the rules of the contest very carefully. Don't fail to do this, for by neglecting to follow the rules, a very fine gag of yours might be disqualified.

And remember that the contest closes on November 15, which means that your gag ideas must be mailed in time to reach the Movie Crazy Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, by November 15. Gag ideas received after that date cannot be considered.

But get your gag ideas in early. Send whatever you can think of at once. Then send more, later, as they occur to you for, if you follow the rules, you can send as many gags as you choose. Each and every one will be carefully read and considered.

The judging committee is composed of Harold Lloyd and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff.

You know that there are men in Hollywood who earn good salaries by writing gags. They are called "comedy constructionists," which is pretty high flown language.

In reality they are simply "gag men," but if you put on your thinking cap and rub your funny bone, you can think up as good gags as they can.

## Try your wits on this novel Contest



The assured, sophisticated man-about-town—that's the front William Powell presents to the world in pictures and gets away with—

THESE are many who consider William Powell the most complete sophisticate in motion pictures. They claim that he walks with the most confident step, talks with the assuredness of a cosmopolite, regards other human beings with the *sangfroid* of an egoist, and in general conducts himself with the perfect nonchalance that typifies ultra sophistication.

I have always agreed with these many, but because I know Powell intimately, there has been a baffling other side to him that, until recently, I never quite understood. A short time ago, Bill and I—over a bottle of near beer, I think it was—lifted the veils to our inner souls, and on that occasion I discovered an amazingly different William Powell.

I hardly believed my own ears when he admitted that his worldliness is purely a business pose. One after another, he made six incredible admissions:

- He is cursed, as most of us are, with an inferiority complex;*
- He fears strangers;*
- He is ill at ease in the presence of women;*
- He is afraid to turn his back when he leaves a crowded room;*
- He is a poor conversationalist, and he is not witty;*
- He is painfully aware that he is not, in real life, the bon vivant he is pictured on the screen.*

"Sometimes I feel my life is a bluff," Powell confessed. "—a

# Bill Powell *Exposed*

By  
James M. Fidler

horrible bluff, and I am afraid to drop the pose. If other motion picture stars suffer as do I, it is no wonder nervous breakdowns are common in Hollywood.

"I can never forget that I am a motion picture actor, and that I am recognized and watched by thousands whom I do not know. My confounded inferiority complex tells me that they are critical; that they tear me to pieces in their minds; that they are disappointed because I do not, off screen, measure up to the William Powell who flits across the silver sheet.

"How would you like to live with the feeling that people are staring at you and whispering among themselves, 'How disappointing; he is not nearly so attractive as we imagined he would be'? That ghastly nightmare never leaves my mind. It is because I fear people's opinions that I rarely attend theater openings, premières, or public functions of any sort. Well, Carole, too, thinks I am better than I really am, bless her and keep her thinking so." (Carole, of course, is Carole Lombard, his wife.)

As Powell talked, it dawned on me that I had at last discovered that puzzling side of the man. It is his inferiority complex. Several years ago Bill told me when he first learned of this complex. It happened when he was a schoolboy. He dreaded leaving class rooms, eyed by other pupils. When it became absolutely necessary that he leave class, he had a manner of lifting his chin defiantly and marching from the room, looking neither to the right nor left.

POWELL still suffers that same schoolboy mental reaction. When he departs from a room where other persons are congregated, he involuntarily elevates his chin, stares straight ahead and assumes an air of extreme indifference which he does not feel. I have heard many people term Powell "high hat" because of this haughty mannerism. High hat? Bill Powell! If the real truth were not so tragic, the accusation would be laughable.

"I fought for years to overcome my inferiority complex," he says. "Before I arrived in Hollywood, I believed my efforts had been successful, but today my failing is more acute than ever, and I cannot fathom the reason."



Hi there, Bill, you old rascal. So that snootiness of yours the ladies all fall for is just pretense. We think Jimmy Fidler's close-up of what you *really* are is a perfect shot

Let me tell you, Bill. It is because you cannot do away with that inferiority complex. This over-developed sense of modesty is born in humans—in most humans—and it can no more be lost than the color of eyes can be changed. You never conquered your complex; you merely subdued it.

The reason you are again slave to that complex is simply that you are too conscious of the screen William Powell. That fellow the public sees on the screen is a studied person. He has to be; he is *acting*. Does Tom Mix go around shooting Indians in real life? Does Gloria Swanson throw herself at men in private life? Of course not, because they are *acting* when they do those things in motion pictures.

**T**HAT screen fellow Powell makes brilliant sallies, and he speaks them easily and often. He is perfectly groomed, and as well mannered. There is never a hair out of place, nor a collar wrinkled, nor an awkward cuff shooting from a sleeve. Has it ever occurred to you why the screen Powell is so perfect? It is because he is the finished creation of dozens of other people's plans.

Scores of studio employees earn handsome salaries for moulding such screen characterizations. Powell's brilliant remarks are the dialogue written by the cleverest writers money can buy; writers who devote weeks to the task of concocting smart phrases to be spoken by the actor.

If a coat collar is drawn awkwardly from the neck, there are paid employees near the camera whose job it is to notice and correct such faults. If they fail to observe them, the oversight is discovered when the daily rushes are projected, and the scenes are re-photographed. As a consequence of these precautions, the William Powell who reaches theater screens is the personification of the ideas and concentrations of half a hundred skilled studio technicians.

But what occurs when Powell is introduced to a group of persons who have seen him only in motion pictures? The anticipated repartee is glaringly absent, because Bill is no more than ordinarily witty in conversation. The clothes are not perfectly groomed, no matter how careful he may be. Furthermore, because he suffers from his inferiority complex, slight faults assume gigantic proportions. If a cuff extends too far below a coat sleeve, Bill becomes as self-conscious as though he had neglected to wear trousers.

A short time ago Jack Warner, one of the owners of the producing company to which Powell is under contract, requested Bill to act as master of ceremonies at a première. Powell objected vigorously on the grounds that he could not



—But you can't fool *Bill* Powell. Not with a whole row of high-hats. He's on to his other self and gives *William* the loud horse laugh

fulfill the duties of the office. "You have seen me on the screen, poised and polished and full of pretty speeches," he told Warner, "but that is not the real me. I am a poor public speaker. I become self-conscious on the stage. I can never think of funny things to say. I am ill at ease before an audience."

Despite the protests, Warner insisted. Now I happened to attend the opening, primarily to see and hear Bill, and he made a favorable impression. But here is how he describes the occasion:

**I** MADE a fearful mess of things. I felt like an ass the minute I stepped on the stage. I attempted one *bon mot*, and when nobody laughed, I was more self-conscious than ever. When it was all over and I had wrung the perspiration from my handkerchief, Mr. Warner told me I had done very well. I know better; I felt silly on the stage, and I must have looked it."

Powell's inferiority complex is particularly baneful in the presence of women, which I suspect is because the female is more deadly than the male when it comes to being critical. He is even abashed in the matter of magazine interviews. I have known him to plan, days previous to an engagement with a writer, the things he wants to say; things that will make him appear as brilliant as the screen Powell. When the interviewers arrive, his complex

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103 ]

# Just *Three* Years

By Leonard  
Hall



Two scenes from the life of a clear-eyed, long-legged girl named Kay Francis—in which the whole comedy-drama of a Hollywood career will be found unfolded

IT'S mid-May of 1929 in Hollywood, and Hall is on the prowl.

I've seen that pioneer talkie, "Gentlemen of the Press," in which Walter Huston is featured as the managing editor whose heart breaks while the presses rumble. But what catches my rheumy eye is a tall, grave-eyed and very beautiful girl named Kay Francis.

"Here," I mutter through my long, gray muff, "is a child who is going fast and far in these new-fangled talking pictures."

I decide, then and there, that I want my obituary to wind up "in addition to being a brilliant editor, writer and critic, the late Hall was noted as the journalistic discoverer of Kay Francis, screen star."

So, deported to Hollywood by the boss, I wangle an appointment with this Francis child, and chug Kayward through a lovely Spring afternoon.

Over glasses of celery tonic, we talk—this tall, clear-eyed Francis girl and I.

She's just another exile from the world of the New York stage, I find. She's lonely, rattling around in a rented house in a strange tropical town where bird-songs batter her ear-drums and she is smothered by the scent of posies.

She's working day and night at Paramount, she tells me—laboring as the menace in some now-forgotten circus monstrosity of a picture starring Clara Bow. She knows few people, and sees them seldom—Hollywood is still a mystery—she doesn't know a yucca from a mimosa, and is too tired to care much.

"But you do like pictures," I say, after another tug at the tonic.

"Of course I do," she says, stabbing me to the gizzard with those magnificent optics. "I want to graduate, eventually, from these siren things and play sophisticated leads—the Katherine Cornell type of part."

"Lady," I answer, "I'll bet my new red boots with the copper-toes that whatever you want out of this racket, you'll get."

And I mean it. With that I claps on my ten-year panama, shakes hands with the lady, and walks four miles out of my way, kerflummuxed by Kay Francis' beauty, keenness and charm.

In due course an ecstatic piece appears in these inspired pages. It hails Kay as the first great siren of talking pictures, and prophesies, with a dash of second-sight, that she will become one of the greatest figures in the new medium.

And that's that. The months and years roll on. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

The Kay Francis of today—smooth, slim and sophisticated, living in the madness of movie fame and fortune. What a different girl she was just three years ago!



By John  
E. Rogers

# An Amazing Lady

Hedda Hopper knows ambassadors, prop boys, club-women and Garbo. This story reveals what happened when the silent Swedish girl met the sociable Hedda

**S**HE'S Hollywood's most amazing lady. Every city, town or village has one, of course. And Hedda Hopper is Hollywood's. And Hollywood, we may add, is Hedda Hopper's.

She's the "inside track" lady of the village. Inside here. Inside there. Inside everywhere.

She knows exactly why so and so did such and such. And where. And when. And whether it was rainy that night or just foggy. Without ever asking. Or particularly wanting to know.

For people walk up to Hedda's front door, ring the bell, walk in and tell her. That's all. They go out of their palm tree way to find Hedda's ear. While fan writers, motion picture executives and publicity departments bite their nails in suspense and walk up and down the near Oriental rugs wringing their hands in despair.

But Hedda—huh, she knows. And hands out advice like an old time judge.

**A**ND all the time she looks like a million and a half dollars. On the gold standard, of course.

Hollywood builds twenty-two room mansions with swimming pools and solid mahogany bars. Littered with butlers, valets, maids and husbands. And with simply elegant parties coaxes, begs, invites, cajoles in the upper-crusters.

Hedda Hopper lives in the smallest bungalow in Hollywood, has a plain taupe carpet on the floor and one Swedish maid to her name. Yet people who form a line to the right to get into Hedda's, would bowl over Mrs. Astorbilt herself.

Santa Barbara, and you know your Santa Barbara if you know your "Town and Country," dotes on Hedda. The swank of the town crowd the roads to Hedda's cottage door.

Pasadena, and you know your Pasadena if you know your slightly frayed millionaires, burns up the twenty miles between palatial hotels to Hedda's cabin in the cotton.

Beverly Hills society, who generally pass out a couple of polite, but thoroughly chilled raspberries to aspiring movie folk, stampede daily over to Hedda's. And Hedda's movie friends, big ones and small ones, are there as well.

Inside, amidst the crowd and hubbub, is Hedda herself. Passing out the refreshments herself. No frozen-faced house boy who looks like a sure threat of murder is there to chill the proceedings. Beverage shaker in one hand and sandwich tray in the other, Hedda goes about serving her friends. Telling those priceless stories that only Hedda can tell. Everyone made to feel that comfy, wanted feeling. And they love it. And simply won't go home.

That Hopper woman. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

She'll attend, by invitation, of course, the graduation exercises in the garden of an exclusive finishing school in the afternoon and be chief bottle washer at a weiner roast that night.

At the studio she knows every prop boy, carpenter, cutter, stenographer, director and executive by his first name.



Hedda lives in one of the smallest bungalows in Hollywood, but the great and near-great try to wangle invitations to her social affairs. She has more real friends than any woman in town. But it has cost her her career, and she knows it

It's "Hello Joe" to the prop boy and "Hello Bill" to the executive.

And she'll say exactly what she thinks on every subject. She knows to whom she must make a certain remark in order to have it carried back to that person. A person who needs just such a remark to pull him up.

She talks incessantly, but has a reason behind every remark and action. She's far-seeing and [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



# COME ON —

## Let's Watch 'Em Eat!

**S**H-H-H. Come inside and close the door so Sylvia won't hear. Bring a ten pound box of chocolates for you'll be hungry, and listen carefully while your Aunt Lois lets you in on a few inside secrets of the food habits of these movie stars.

Now who do you suppose has the biggest appetite in Hollywood? Wally Beery? Don't make me laugh. It's a gorgeous blonde siren who—. But wait. What is in that same mysterious package that reposes every day on the napkin covered tray that travels to Garbo's dressing-room? Who eats cheese and crackers for breakfast and what riot-with-the-ladies carries pockets full of peanuts everywhere he goes?

Ah ha, I thought you'd sit up pretty.

Well, when Constance Bennett entertains luncheon guests, what I mean is, the guests are entertained. Plump-conscious blondes sit in wide-eyed amazement as Connie reaches for a second helping of those lovely hot biscuits, a third generous serving of mashed potatoes (with butter) another slice of beef, and dear me, dear me, what elegant whipped cream. A little more of the cream, please.

For Constance Bennett eats more food than any star in town. While most people are contented (or have to be) with one small serving, Connie reaches for two or three helpings. And what? Nothing. She never gains an ounce. Connie, healthy, hungry and eager to gain, eats three square (and such large squares) meals a day and remains the same Connie.

"Have you had a guest today, Mr. Montgomery?" the cashier at the M-G-M commissary asked Bob, his first few days on the lot.

"Why no," Bob answered.

"Oh, excuse me," the embarrassed man replied, "but I see two sandwiches, two pie orders and two glasses of milk. I-er-that is—nice day isn't it?"

"Double order Bob." His name in the commissary. Not a heavy or elaborate lunch for Bob, but always two of everything.

Rare roast beef. The kind that merely rises up and bows to the oven enroute to the table. Heavy, hearty vegetables. Cabbage. Beans. No dessert. No funny fixings. That's Wally Beery.

"Naw I don't want that sissy looking cake. Take it away. I was raised on plain food and I ain't done so bad, eh?"

Clark Gable's favorite sandwich rivals the Empire State Building for dizzy altitudes

Someone concocted a Wally Beery sandwich at the M-G-M commissary which consisted of dainty squares of toast upon which reposed dainty peanut butter, a small slice of chicken and a dash of tomato. Wally took one look. Just one look. Now run on home and don't ask what Wally said.

**O**N gala days Joan Crawford orders two slices of raisin bread. And then very daintily, Joan plucks the plump raisins from their whole wheat beds and eats only the raisins, one at a time. Such gorging. Once in a while, Joan will order a "Joan Crawford" salad which consists of large mounds of cottage cheese literally surrounded by white cooked figs, over this goes a non-fattening dressing. But oftener Joan will have a shredded wheat biscuit with skimmed milk. But during heavy love scenes Joan takes nothing but (here, weep in my handkerchief) two glasses of sauerkraut juice a day. Sweet romance!

The M-G-M lunch-room is a big place with linoleum on the floor—nothing fancy, mind you—and, like all Gaul and studio commissaries, divided into three parts—the main dining room, the lunch counter and the glassed-in porch outside.



Loretta Young sends to Hollywood restaurants, from her studios at Burbank, for favorite tamales for luncheon





While Maurice Chevalier, with a lean and hungry look, is intent on his American waffles, Marie Dressler—bless her heart—nibbles like a gold fish

## Loretta Young

BY VAN ARSDALE

high brow porch? Not Clark. No sir, he heads straight for the publicity table—where the press-agents eat—and sits right down amongst 'em to talk things over.

All sorts of people are gathered together in the studio commissaries. A man in full evening dress chats with a football player. They're both extras. And the little girl in big hoop earrings and a colorful shawl was born in St. Louis and never saw Spain.

An everyday studio commissary sight is that of two actors—one reading the script and the other reciting.

Nobody pays any attention to them.

Loretta Young has a flaming passion for tamales. And will send to Hollywood restaurants, from her studios at Burbank, for tamales for luncheon. Now, the minute a restaurant keeper in town spies a First National car passing down the boulevard, he begins wrapping up Loretta's tamales.

They have given up at the studio. They have given up at home. The impossible in Hollywood has happened. No one has ever yet been able to fill up Jackie Cooper. There seems to be, according to scientific research workers, a complete and mysterious vacuum within the diminutive Jackie. Eat? Heaven help us. Connie Bennett only can hold a candle to Jackie.

Two tenderloin steaks on toast. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ *LOVE ME TONIGHT*—Paramount

WHAT a picture! First, you have Chevalier (and last, you have Chevalier, and all through this riot of entertainment you have Chevalier)—zat Maurice who captures you with his risqué songs, his magnetic smile and his rakish straw hat. And, adding her beauty and lovely voice, you have that delightful Jeanette MacDonald. And those two ridiculous Charlies—Ruggles and Butterworth. And C. Aubrey Smith, who plays a doughty old duke and puts over a solo as inimitably as Maurice. Then there is Myrna Loy. And others equally good. The story? About a lowly tailor who woos a princess. The music? Woven through the whole picture like a brilliant symphony, accented with some of the catchiest tunes of the season. You'll surely be humming, "Isn't It Romantic?" or we miss our guess.



☆ *HORSE FEATHERS*—Paramount

IT'S full of Marx Brothers. The four, mad, hysterical Marxes. It has horse feathers and horse laughs. Nonsense and no sense. If you want to forget your troubles and you yearn for a long laugh, a howl and a yelp, see Groucho as maniacal professor, Harpo as a dog-catcher and Chico as a combination bootlegger and ice man.

Through nine long reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom they race and tear, dripping wisecracks as they go.

Zeppo, the youngest, is Groucho's son, in love with the college widow. Groucho sets out in overshoes and carrying an umbrella to break up the romance, only to succumb himself. The football game is a scream. You won't know at all what it's all about. But then neither do the Marx Brothers. Who cares? It's that funny.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

LIFE BEGINS	ONCE IN A LIFETIME
LOVE ME TONIGHT	HORSE FEATHERS
OKAY AMERICA!	ONE WAY PASSAGE
TIGER SHARK	BIRD OF PARADISE
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME	

## The Best Performances of the Month

Eric Linden in "Life Begins"  
 Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight"  
 Charles Butterworth in "Love Me Tonight"  
 Marx Brothers in "Horse Feathers"  
 Lew Ayres in "Okay America!"  
 Kay Francis in "One Way Passage"  
 Bill Powell in "One Way Passage"  
 Aline MacMahon in "One Way Passage"  
 Edward Robinson in "Tiger Shark"  
 Leslie Banks in "The Most Dangerous Game"  
 Charles Laughton in "Devil and the Deep"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126*



### ★ OKAY AMERICA!—Universal

HERE'S the picture Walter Winchell refused to make. And what a chance Mrs. Winchell's little boy missed. For the famous columnist is glorified and heroized. He's a snoop, nosy little scandal-disher with so much charm and nerve that you like him. Lew Ayres plays the chatter writer who goes newsgathering in every night club and speakeasy. And heaven help the cheaters. He accidentally barges in (where angels fear to tiptoe) at a kidnapping, agrees to act as a go-between, is double-crossed and finally is sent by the leader to barter with the President.

Boy, they've written a living, breathing column. It carries one along right to the big, dramatic ending.

Lew comes back in this one and Maureen O'Sullivan is great. It has suspense, thrills and good old hokum.



### ★ ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Universal

EVERYONE wondered whether or not a studio would dare to make the film version of this famous stage play which poked the finger of fun at Hollywood, but Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious and screamingly funny manner that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss it.

The satire is all there; not a bit of the kidding has been left out.

Hats off to Universal for bringing it to the screen intact. In fact, because of the versatility of the camera, the picture is one up on the play and the book.

Prepare to laugh yourself out of your chair. You may not live in mad Hollywood, but you must know enough about its madness to appreciate an exposé of it.

Jack Oakie, as the dumb and therefore successful *Dr. Lewis* (producer), is a howl from start to finish.

Gregory Ratoff is perfect as the typical motion picture mogul of moguls.

Aline MacMahon brings her stage rôle to the screen and we're betting Hollywood won't ever let her go back on the stage.

Sidney Fox plays the dumb Dora adorably.

To pick out even a few "best performances" is impossible, because the whole cast is so excellent.



### ★ ONE WAY PASSAGE—Warners

BY far the best movie that Kay Francis and William Powell have turned out as a team. Believe it or not, it's a romantic ghost story—and it's swell stuff.

Most of the action takes place on a boat going from Hongkong to San Francisco with a stopover at Honolulu.

Aline MacMahon, as *Barrelhouse Betty* gone ritzy, and Frank McHugh, as the incorrigible petty thief with a silly but infectious laugh, give the picture some hilarious moments. And you'll get a kick out of *Betty's* bangs. About those ghosts? You'll have to see the finish of the picture to find out about them. But the gentle romance—love at first sight—is what you will remember.

Powell and Francis have never been more charming and sincere than as the lovers in "One Way Passage."



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

☆  
**TIGER SHARK—**  
*First National*



IT has everything a moving picture ought to have—exciting action, comedy, beauty and love interest. Edward Robinson is grand as the bragging *Portuguese Mike* and Zita Johann is a new shady dame, while Richard Arlen is perfectly cast as the sturdy young fisherman who loves his pal's wife. Salty and vivid, this adventure picture is exciting entertainment. You won't even mind the draggy ending.

☆  
**BIRD OF PARADISE—**  
*RKO-Radio*



LAVISH settings, gorgeous photography and the spirited musical score, plus good acting by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea, give this a good rating. Young moderns will thrill to the love scenes, as romantic and daring as any recent film has offered, but the story about a native princess and a white boy will seem out of date. The film actually cost its producers a million dollars.

☆  
**THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME—**  
*RKO-Radio*



HERE'S another "new idea" picture. It's originality with capital letters. Joel McCrea almost out-Weissmullers Johnny Weissmuller, while Leslie Banks is a refined and therefore twice-as-fascinating edition of *Frankenstein*. Acting honors go to Banks, who plays a Russian who has become so bored with life that hunting down men is the only thrill left for him. Don't pass this one by.

**DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY—**  
*M-G-M*



JACKIE COOPER'S best since "The Champ." This time he has a real story. What happens to children after their parents divorce and marry again? It's a tough road beset with both tears and laughter. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. Jackie does some of his best work, with his amazing naturalness. Very much worth seeing, but more for grown-ups than children.

**CROONER—**  
*First National*



CROONERS are would-be singers that girls go for in a big way and men would like to choke, according to this picture. It hands a loud but quite amusing razz to all such radio performers. It took courage for good looking David Manners to play a college lad who becomes one of these ridiculed crooners. Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help to make this bright and entertaining.

**DEVIL AND THE DEEP—**  
*Paramount*



THIS Charles Laughton—what an actor! He will give you a new thrill as you watch him almost steal the picture from Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper. You'll forgive him for doing it, too, because his portrayal of a jealous, crazed submarine commander who carries his wife and her lover to the bottom of the sea for revenge, is magnificent. The undersea shots are breathtaking.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**WAR CORRESPONDENT—**  
Columbia



**YOU'LL** be vastly amused by Ralph Graves' trench-side broadcast of activities on the Chinese battle front. He's a tinhorn hero, turned war correspondent, and there is plenty of punch and also hokum in this story of his feud with Jack Holt, another American who is mixed up in the foreign fracas. Lila Lee, pleasingly continuing her picture comeback, is the other side of the triangle.

**THE CRASH—**  
First National



**THIS** is a thoroughly unbelievable story. How come, Ruth Chatterton, since your contract says you may select your own? It's all about the depression and really is too stupid to synopsis. Ruth looks lovely and her clothes are gorgeous. George Brent, her recent husband, does the best he can with such bad material. And these two are usually so charming on the screen. Too bad!

**GUILTY AS HELL—**  
Paramount



**MYSTERY** with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And there are Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen the same old friendly enemies. A snappy little crime mix-up with Richard Arlen almost getting the rap for a crime he didn't commit. But leave it to the "Sez You" twins to find it out in time. Adrienne Ames is grand as the girl and Henry Stephenson is one swell villain. It's new, sparkling and entertaining.

**THE LAST MILE—**  
World Wide



**IF** you like intense drama with a morbid note, you'll like this story, the action of which takes place almost entirely in the death house of a penitentiary. Seeing how men in all walks of life face the electric chair is both blood-curdling and illuminating. A doomed man's mother is the only woman in the picture. Geogie Stone's performance should place him among the headliners. Powerful if shuddery.

**THE NIGHT CLUB LADY—**  
Columbia



**IF** you like mysteries, you should see this picture, for it has an abundance of thrills that will make your flesh creep. It's a big break for Adolphe Menjou and he certainly makes the most of the opportunity. In this you'll get the first glimpse of Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage, while old faithful Skeets Gallagher again turns in plenty of laughs. Save an evening for this.

**BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—**  
M-G-M



**ASPRIGHTLY**, well-framed story with brilliant backstage atmosphere, thrills, suspense and some very tender moments. Marion Davies is charming as the little Eastside girl who makes a success in the Follies, and Billie Dove has never been more lovely. The high point comes when Marion and Jimmy Durante do a burlesque of "Grand Hotel." Bob Montgomery plays the lead. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 97]



# Marie Dressler's

**M**Y philosophy—the grand lesson life has taught me—this is the real story of my life.

What happens to you, day by day, doesn't matter much. It is what you think about what happens to you that is important.

The whole course of your life may be changed by an open window, or, getting the wrong number on a telephone, or a traffic blockade. But your mind and your heart will keep steadily toward their goal.

Neither people nor events nor places make any real difference—only how much we love them, what we think about them, what we see in them. That is the sum of you and your history.

I have seen the face of existence change beyond recognition. Mechanical devices have altered the ways and means of toil and pleasure. We have worked out of the narrowness and suppression of my early days, and sometimes I think we have worked into license and danger. We have more sanitation and plumbing—but we have less homes and fewer fireplaces. We have more airplanes and fewer horses. We get places faster, but I am not sure that we see any more.

I know now that external things do not mean much and that human relationships are all that count. The road may look different, but it is the same road of life, the obstacles may have different names, but they are the same obstacles—and the goal is the same—happiness.

Depression? I have lived a lifetime of depression, skating on thin ice among the rich and the poor. Nobody ever knew. Why should they? It was my business. What did it matter? If I could not possess things, I could own them with my mind and my heart and my imagination.

Failure? Who cares? We are as great as the things we understand and love and appreciate. When you listen to a song with love, you are as great as the man who wrote it. When you enter into sympathy with a great poet, the real glory of his achievement is yours, too.

**Y**OU live in your own world—a world you create for yourself. Yesterday is gone from that world, and tomorrow never comes. And today is yours, to think of as you will, to fill as you wish.

Three things are necessary to life. Laughter and music and religion. You may choose your own religion—but you must worship and believe in something.

And there is one prayer for all races, colors, creeds—Teach Me To Love.

If you pray that every day, you will not need anything else. And you will never need to fear the white wings of death.

When I was young I prayed for many things. For success—and wealth to buy



**"Three things are necessary to life — laughter, music, religion. You must believe in something"**



**"The only worthwhile love is the love that expects nothing and that externals cannot alter"**



**"I look back over my life and realize there is nothing, absolutely nothing, ever to fear"**

many things. For happiness—and someone to share it. For a place in the sun—and the world to watch me.

Now I make but one prayer—and I may make it anywhere. No need for church walls nor any altar. Anywhere, in the sun or the rain, in the darkness or the light, alone or amid a crowd, on the set or in my own garden, my soul may kneel and say, "Teach me to love."

**T**O love wisely, patiently, with generosity, with courtesy, with humility, with kindness.

You need nothing more for religion. You can be truly happy with nothing less. And there is always something and someone to love. It may be only a mongrel pup, like the one who cavorts in my back yard right now. It may be someone great, for the great are often lonely. It may be a sinner, who needs it most. And as long as you love, you live.

When you reach the rich glory of later years, you look back over the agony and the joy of living, and you know many things.

I wouldn't give up my hard knocks, my suffering, my hurts, for anything in the world. That is what makes my life so rich now. That is what makes the latter half of life worth living. Because from every one of them grows some new strength, some new knowledge, some new tenderness.

What is our greatest mistake?

Expecting too much of life. Too much ease, too much pleasure. Expecting too much of people—of friends—of marriage—of children.

The only worthwhile friends are the ones you can drop and pick up—and find them just the same. The only worthwhile love is the love that expects nothing, and that externals cannot alter.

**I** WOULDN'T give you two cents for the person who never changes, who has never slipped, never failed me. They aren't human. We all change. I look back upon the child I was, dreaming, yearning, hungry for life. Upon the young woman I was, unhappy because life had forced me into the theater when I thought I should be married and have a dozen children.

Upon the gray days of my first middle age, when it seemed that life was finished for me—had passed me by. And I realize how little we know, how little we can see ahead. I realize how I have been many women in my life, changing from year to year, sometimes from day to day. And it has all been good and I know that from darkness has come light and from discouragement has come beauty.

Years ago I sat one day in the old Polo Grounds. Some great batter was standing at the plate. The man who was my escort explained that he was



# Own Story

As Told By  
Adela Rogers  
St. Johns

Marie Dressler, "Grand Old Girl" of pictures, opens her wise and loving heart to PHOTOPLAY'S family of readers in this revealing article

very great, that he hit more often than anyone else in the league. His batting average was .420. He was the very best—and his average was .420 out of a possible thousand.

That is a pretty good average. Love people in spite of the fact that they bat only .420. In spite of the fact that they fail almost as often as you fail yourself. Love your friends when they need you, and your lover when he has nothing but your love.

I am not afraid any more to be called changeable. I am not worried any more because I cannot take sides positively about this or that. I do not mind if my friends say I shilly-shally. It means that I can see all sides of life, that I have at least grown into a wider vision and a more tender desire to understand.

When I was a young woman and had made a sensational success at the Casino in New York, I lived with a woman friend at an apartment just in back of the theater. Nights when we had not been invited out for supper, we used to hurry home and sit in the window and watch the crowds leave the theater, and looking down upon them I would be thrilled to remember how they had applauded me, how they had called me back time after time.

ONE night, my friend said to me, "Marie, you are very lucky."

I was angry with her for a moment. Lucky? No—it wasn't luck. I had scored that success because I was good.

Then, when I seemed to be a total failure, when I couldn't find a job, when my money was very low, indeed, I found myself one day thinking, "Marie, you're unlucky."

When we are successful, we do not believe much in luck. But when we are unfortunate, we do.

I believe in luck. I know I have been lucky and I never cease to be grateful.

But I must explain what I mean by luck.

Luck is what we are given. Luck is what comes to us from some power outside ourselves.

To get it, we must keep open the windows of our souls. We must ask for the gift. We must call for luck.

We are always answered.

We use such a very little of the great thing we possess—the great power which is ours.

The day came when I had my great chance in pictures, at a time when it seemed to me I was through. And a young friend of mine, gay and a little hard in his success said, "Marie, you can't do it. You are foolish to try *Marthy* in 'Anna Christie.' The public will not accept you."

My courage faltered. I have always been conscious of my own limitations. I have always been dissatisfied, as everyone is who has a high ideal for his work. But I have learned at last not to be bothered about it. Our best is our best—and often, thank the dear God who watches over us so lovingly, it is good enough.

So when I came to do *Marthy*, I knew that I could not do it alone. From within my own hidden stores, or from without,



Marie at the Mayfair, swankiest of all Hollywood formal functions. Colorful and crowded as it is with the youth, the beauty, the talent of filmland, she steals the scene from all of them. Not because she wants to, but because great personalities like Marie can't help it—on the screen or in life

must come something better than just Marie Dressler. I do not know how that strength came. Whether in answer to my call, through the open windows of my soul, or from the depths of the spiritual reservoir every man and woman carries within, but it came—as it comes to everyone.

When I was quite a young woman, a great man, a great American, told me about that reservoir. That golden storehouse within which absorbs the overflow of our everyday thinking and praying and remembering, where we keep stored for all time the good and beauty and knowledge that have passed through our lives. Open [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]





**H**ERE'S the answer to, "What is a 'stand-in'?" In the foreground you discover Ann Harding and Richard Dix conferring with Director Wellman, while the lights and cameras are being trained on the couple, upper left. The boy stands in for Dix and the girl for Ann—to save the actors' time and energy. "The Conquerors" is the film



# A Very "UNRELIABLE Fellow"

By George Brenton

"WATCH out for him," Hollywood whispers. "He'll arrive one hour late. Or not at all. He'll let you down and cost you plenty. Unreliable."

And so the whispering campaign against Lee Tracy goes on. At parties, at the Brown Derby or the Coconut Grove. Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Stories grow and multiply. By the time the evening is over, Lee has not only burned down the studio but choked each and every Warner brother into complete insensibility. It's quite dreadful.

And this impossible, tyrannical, despotic Tracy guy; this Lee; where is he hiding out while Hollywood whispers and warns?

Well, children, this dreadful bogey man is either one of two places. He's either on a rickety, wave-tossed boat deep-sea fishing on the Pacific or he's in some Hollywood studio making a picture that will knock the fans edgewise. And is no more bothered with Hollywood's back-fence gossip than Garbo is with quilting bees.

He's even amused by it. And thinks it's funny. "Listen," he'll say, "did you hear the latest about me? What? You didn't hear that I phoned such and such an executive and asked him kindly to go to a decidedly hot place with my compliments? And then walked off the set in the middle of the picture? Well, well," he'll say, "you haven't heard a thing.

"But, of course," he'll go on, "you heard how I made 'Blessed Event'?"

Half of Lee's acting is in the way he uses his sensitive hands. He learned that trick by trying to imitate Thurston, the magician, who was his boyhood hero



He leaped from "The Front Page"—stage version—right into the film, "Big Time." And Lee Tracy has lived up to both of those significant titles ever since



Oh, come now, surely you've heard that one," he'll grin. "Well, you see, it seems they had someone, or maybe a crowd, for all I know, to hold me up on the other side of the set. I was er—that is—I was supposed to be slightly inebriated. Falling down drunk, if you don't understand French.

"And then when the director was ready to shoot, they'd open the door and thrust Mrs. Tracy's little boy Lee through the door and before I landed on my coco-bean, they'd snap me making a grand entrance."

And then he'll throw back his head and roar. And so will everyone else who sees "Blessed Event." For Lee Tracy walked into the part left vacant by the irritated Mr. Cagney and gave a performance that will go down in movie history as a pip. And no one could do that and be slightly swacked, as it were.

And all the time actors, loafers and good time boys are warning Hollywood against the fickleness of Lee Tracy, the studios are sitting up on their haunches howling and yowling for little Lee. "We want Tracy," they cry.

In fact the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

What is it about this lad that makes him so funny? Now, honestly, that's not such a comical face. He has nice eyes and wavy hair and looks well in his clothes. But there's something about his voice. That voice made him a star



Stuart Erwin's wife, June Collyer, heard him speak on the screen long before she met him and she laughed until she cried. "But, of course," she explained later, "I didn't know Stu, then." They are still on Hollywood's happiness list

# It's The Way He Says It

EVERYONE in Hollywood likes him.

But no one can understand why he's so gosh-darned funny.

It isn't because Stuart Erwin looks just too comical for words that people go into stitches over him.

Shucks, Hollywood has seen funnier faces than Stu's. Take a bird's-eye view of Schnozzle Durante, for instance, or a profile. Or a Grand Canyon exposure of Joe E. Brown. Now, there are faces that are, what I mean, faces—ladies and gentlemen.

But Stu—why there's nothing screamingly funny about his face, exactly.

He has a pair of steady gray eyes that look kind of nice and thoughtful. His mouth sort of pouts, but what does that prove? Mae Murray has been pouting for years and years, and no one in particular has been rolling in any aisles at Mae.

And—why, Stu's even got wavy hair. Nice deep waves and everything.

Of course, he looks kind of dumb when he wants to, but so does Will Rogers, for that matter. And Garbo. And Mickey Mouse, and a lot of people that are running around loose in Hollywood that are dumb like a flock of foxes.

So that can't be why he's so funny, right in broad daylight, off the screen as well as on. Nor it isn't his acting exactly, for Stu himself complains about that.

"I've got all my gestures figured out, see," he explains, "before I ever begin a scene. Boy, I mean I've got gestures and things ready that is acting. But do I ever get a chance to show 'em? Do I?" he insists. "Oh no. Before I can twirl dramatically about, quivering, and say scornfully, 'So it's you, is it, you so and so,' why, they've laughed. They just naturally laugh for no reason.

Every time that Stuart Erwin speaks, Hollywood just dies laughing

"It's got me whipped."

It needn't. For Stuart Erwin has one of the rarest possessions in Hollywood. Has it and doesn't know it.

He has the only voice in Hollywood with the priceless quality of being funny without anything particularly funny to say.

It's just funny. A come-to-Stuie-voice that caresses, that tickles the hearer exactly as if a straw had been waved beneath the nose. A soft, caressing little voice that annoys pleasantly like a feather in one's ear.

His funnybone is in his throat. And that hesitant, quiet, easy, breathless, rural little way of speaking, that dying down in the middle of a sentence where no living, breathing person would think of halting, that gentle strangling of the last word in every statement, that tantalizing tone, always brings forth a chuckle, a giggle, a titter, a guffaw or a shout.

HAVE you got something, Stuart! Dietrich can keep her legs, Garbo her eyelashes and Chevalier his accent, and yes, his lower lip, too, for what the Erwin boy has got is plenty.

The director on a certain set was in a rage. A gorgeous, deep purple rage. Things had gone wrong all morning. The leading lady had arrived twenty minutes late. The lights went blooey and the leading man had a boil and couldn't sit down in the love scenes.

It was awful. Life was just a mockery, the director decided. A hollow mockery. He stormed up and down the set. He was through. Through with the whole crazy, insane business. He would leave that minute, no later, for home. Back to the old country for him where people arrived on time and heroes did not get boils.

The stage door opened softly.  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By Sara Hamilton



# Starring The New Trends

THE furless coat is being billed right up among the brightlights of new fashions this fall. Katherine Hepburn, a new bright star herself, wears the favorite mannish tailored coat of Hollywood. A rich red woolen is given a decided swagger by a double breasted cut. Wide lapels give the important top interest—note the slash pockets. You will see Katherine smartly wearing this in "Bill of Divorcement."

WHEN you see Kay Francis in "One Way Passage," don't fail to look for this very wearable black woolen dress. It is just the sort of thing to choose for your first fall outfit. A detailed sketch, shown below with the photograph, gives you an idea of how smartly cut it is. The seaming is used diagonally on bodice and skirt. Flaring cuffs of the fabric stress the sleeves. A trick leather belt has a bow studded with nail heads. Collar of white satin.



JOAN MARSH lets the silhouettes of her own Scotties decorate her smart linen hankies.

YOU can't wear too many bracelets—try seven in different colors.



## HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by Photoplay Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of Photoplay Magazine are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names appear on Page 121.

— Seymour —

EVENING clothes have a new purpose this year— they have a "five-'til-midnight" personality, like this stunning white crepe gown, at left. Adrienne Ames wears this in "Guilty As Hell." All the interest centers at the top where a tucked guimpe buttons high at the neck, and tucked sleeves give a covered shoulder line. Rings of brown fur circle the armholes. Note the straight silhouette.

ADRIENNE again, at left, in a stunning cape ensemble. A contrasting blouse has leg o' mutton sleeves with cuffs of the dress fabric.



ALL of the costumes Adrienne wears in "Guilty As Hell," show important fashion trends. Look closely at the details of this trim woolen dress, at right. It has the slim, straight silhouette with neckline closing at the base of the throat. The sleeves are wide at the armholes, tapering to the wrists. A side-front closing is marked with loops of the fabric. Adrienne's dress is a violet-blue, but you may buy it in several colors—and without the silver fox lei scarf, shown here. Sixteen button suede gloves, black suede shoes and an unusually shaped black suede bag with silver trim are accessories. Tricky belt, too.



LEILA HYAMS wears a dress you are all going to want! Here it is at the right, and isn't it smart? The dress is simplicity personified but the unusual collar that flares down one side and just reaches around the neck on the other, gives it a special dash. The butcher cuffs are new, too. Both cuffs and the collar are in the new rough satin. The dress is a pebbled black crepe—those white buttons are adroitly placed. See this soon in "The Big Broadcast."

*Seymour*



PERHAPS you saw this good looking jacket dress in "Skyscraper Souls." If not, look for it. Verree Teasdale wears it. It is made in black wool crepe with that clever scarf neckline in white satin. The jacket is quite plain with little epaulet capes to give shoulder width. Don't miss the way the scarf buttons.

SLEEVES, as you know, are the pet child of fashion this season. They do all sorts of gay things as on this wool frock of Myrna Loy's, sketched left. The drop shoulder line with the sleeves puffing out below is very new. The buttons and the unusual use of cording are good details. In "Thirteen Women."

HERE'S an idea for making over last year's bunny coat. Verree Teasdale wears a brief white ermine jacket with armllets of fox. A tie at the neckline and again at the waist, is different. And note the jeweled pin in front.



# New Fall Woolens

THERE'S a Victorian flavor to this red woolen dress which you see Katherine Hepburn wearing in the sketch at left. The demure high neckline, the epaulet capes on the shoulders, and the fitted bodice are all reminiscent of your grandmother's time. That trick belt buckle is wooden. See this in "Bill of Divorcement."

FOR all the traveling Kay Francis does in "One Way Passage," this coat, sketched below, is the perfect choice. It is one of those practical affairs that you can wear with or without a separate fur piece. Clever criss-cross collar—and the sleeves have a jacket-like cut. Kay's coat is a beige-brown plaid but you may buy it in a smart two-toned tweed. Her shallow crowned felt with scalloped brim is new and different—it's brown

*Seymour*





Here is the third and last of this year's Cut Picture Puzzle series. All the men are married. One is English, one Hungarian and the other American. All have brown hair. Two of the women have never been married. One has recently re-married. One has a beautiful singing voice and all came from the stage to pictures. One has been called "The First Lady of the Screen"

# Cut Yourself A Prize

1. Eighty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$300.00
Second Prize.....	100.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Thirty Prizes of \$10 each.....	300.00
Fifty Prizes of \$5 each.....	250.00

2. In three issues (the August, September and October numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Six 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, six portraits may be produced. \$1,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named, spelled and most neatly arranged set of eighteen portraits, and who name a motion picture in which each of these actors and actresses has appeared.

3. This is the third and last of this Cut Picture Puzzle series. You may submit your solutions any time after September 15. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of eighteen only. 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 and that it carries sufficient postage.

4. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired. The eighteen puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below, together with the name of some motion picture in which he or she has appeared.

5. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by studying the suggestions appearing below the pictures in

each issue. They apply generally to the six sets on the page. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. 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.

6. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. 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 October 20th. All solutions should be in at that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1933 issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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nice hands that you're not ashamed to play bridge. Many women miss the fun of playing cards because they have ugly hands.

Lots of folks say that a tiny hand is the most beautiful. That's bunk. A large hand can be as lovely as any, if it has character, is lean and is well cared for. I don't know what people mean when they say Garbo's is a peasant's hand. It's a big hand—that's true—but I've seen plenty of society women with big hands.

**T**HE worst looking hand is a pudgy one and I can tell you how to get rid of that fat, just as I've told you how to get rid of fat on your stomach.

First of all—here's the general routine for lovely hands. Wash the hands in lukewarm water and soap every night. Rinse them carefully in lukewarm water and dry them gently. Then, with feeding cream, massage the hands with the same movement you use to put on a tight glove, being careful not to neglect in between the fingers, and continue the pulling on of a glove idea over your wrist and forearm, paying particular attention to the elbows. Do this for about ten minutes and then, with the cream still on, sleep in a pair of loose kid gloves.

In the morning wipe the cream off with tissue and, after your bath or shower, gently rub lotion into the hands. Do this for one week—that's all I ask you, just give it one week's trial. You'll be amazed at how lovely your hands will look.

Now, that's the general routine. Here are some of the individual problems. Girls who use typewriters or play the piano for any great period of time are inclined to have blunt, stubby fingers. This can absolutely be corrected. I know it. It can



Here is Sylvia—known all over the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. For the past five years she has been making the stars lovely and has received as high as \$100 a treatment. Now this *masseuse de luxe* is teaching you how to do for yourselves what she has done for the stars. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she is writing

easily, that's a sign something is lacking in your system. In that case drink a small glass of orange juice in the middle of the afternoon and eat plenty of cottage cheese.

Here's another excellent dish to supply the system with what it requires. Allow a pint of milk to sour. Dip up about a soup-dish full of this clabbered milk. Into this put a handful of stale pumper-nickel bread that has been grated. Add a tablespoonful of brown sugar. This makes an excellent dish and one upon which you could make your entire lunch. It's an "old country dish" and I'll bet that Garbo is enjoying it right this very minute in Sweden.

Don't overload your hands with rings. Make your hands useful and vigorous looking. Nothing looks so awful as an anemic hand. Do things with your hands—if it's only to make gestures as you talk, but above all things don't let them just hang lifeless at your sides. Get pep in your hands.

**I**F your hands are too thin the rest of your body is probably too thin, too, and the only thing to do is to build yourself up generally. But remember that you can mold the hands to suit yourself, by pinching, squeezing and kneading as I've shown you how to do this month. Beauty can be hand-made.

Large veins usually mean poor circulation and the way to get good circulation is to get up and do things. Get some life into yourself. Get a little pep. But hard work also causes large veins and there is not much that can be done for them then except to hold the hands above your head for a little while before you go out and then sit so the hands are a little higher than the arms and the blood has a chance to run away from the hands.





Fingers made blunt, stubby by pounding a typewriter can be molded into long tapering ones



Here is the way to squeeze excess fat off of ugly, pudgy hands. You must use a good firm grip



Make the muscles tense. Draw in fingers like this. Relax and repeat. It will reduce hands

For red hands use a good bleaching cream every other night and the feeding cream on alternate nights. Avoid hot water and don't expose the hands to cold or wind. Always wear gloves. And don't neglect the general hand routine and the "glove movement" massage. There! If you don't get pretty hands it's your own fault. I've told you how to do it, now go to it.

And now for the feet. You shouldn't need me to tell you to have properly fitted shoes, but there are a lot of silly women who still persist in squeezing their poor feet into shoes too small for them. I've told you often enough just what a lovely carriage can do for your figure and you certainly can't have a lovely carriage if your feet have corns and bunions. You won't look pretty if your face is drawn up into wrinkles because your feet hurt. Go to the chiropodist every second week. It's not a luxury. It's as important as having your hair done and your nails manicured.

Now, here's the way to walk. Put your feet straight in front of you. In fact, rather than spread your feet at an angle—as some of you were taught to do in school—walk a little pigeon-toed. Look at Joan Crawford's walk. Isn't it graceful? She is slightly pigeon-toed. Gloria Swanson has the most beautiful feet of any star. She walks with her feet absolutely straight in front of her.

**T**HIS month you see pictures of the right and wrong way to walk. Get a spring into your step. Step on the entire foot at once but don't come down too hard on the heels. Walk lightly, as if you liked just moving yourself along, as if you really were going somewhere and felt life coursing through every vein. You will spring along the street if your feet are comfortable.

Flat heels—absolutely flat ones—are not good for most people, except for playing tennis. A medium heel, like the

one in the picture, is best for walking and every-day use. High heels, in the evening, are all right. Be sure that your shoe is long enough for, as with hands, it is not always the small foot that is the most beautiful.

I've shown you a daily exercise that you should take to avoid fallen arches. Lean back on your heels and then come up high on your toes. Do this twenty or thirty times a day. It will also strengthen the calves

of your legs. And don't overlook the advice I've given to girls who stand all day. I've given that same advice to hundreds of stars. Remember that they, too, work hard—as hard as the clerk or saleslady, and not only do they stand for hours at a time, but they stand under those burning lights.

## For Girls Who Stand All Day

If your feet swell from standing a great deal or from any other cause, here is the cure.

Have two pails of water—one as hot as you can stand it and one cold. Soak the feet alternately in the hot and cold water, a few minutes in each, for about fifteen minutes altogether. Dry them well and then apply rubbing alcohol with the hands, working the alcohol well into the feet and ankles.

Then, for ten minutes, lie on a couch or bed, with pillows under the knees so that the feet are higher than the head. Relax completely.

This will not only reduce swelling but it will make the feet and ankles permanently thinner.

Sylvia has given this remedy to hundreds of stars who stand under the hot studio lights for hours at a time. It is invaluable for saleswomen and all girls who must be on their feet a large part of the time.

**N**OW girls—go to it! See that your hands and your feet are as well cared for as your letters have told me your figures and your faces are.

And don't fail to listen to Sylvia's little talk in next month's issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

**FEBRUARY**—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

**MARCH**—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

**APRIL**—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95 ]



The right way to place the feet when you walk. Put them directly in front. Walk lightly



To strengthen the arches lean far back on the heels like this. Then raise up on tip-toe. Try it



The wrong way to walk and stand. Never have the feet in this position if you want grace



# "Quiet!" When These Folks

Meet the directors. You don't see their faces on the screen, of course—but



Dorothy Arzner—once a script girl, but now the only active woman director



Frank Borzage, famed for "7th Heaven" and "Bad Girl," rehearsing Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon in "After Tomorrow"



Von Sternberg at the "location" microphone. He directs, Dietrich



Clarence Brown directing Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in "Possessed"

Stephen R. Roberts, who was responsible for that thrilling film, "Sky Bride"



# Speak, Great Stars Listen

Without them there would be no movies. They're powers behind the camera



The great Lubitsch and his cigar, with George Cukor. These two guided Maurice Chevalier through "One Hour With You"



Norman Taurog knows all about children and his skill produced "Skippy"



Mervyn LeRoy, youngest director of hits. "Little Caesar" was one of his



Director Goulding, Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery in "Grand Hotel"



Al Santell directing Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

By  
Evaline  
Lieber



No place on the screen because she is neither pretty nor glamorous, she insists. But what do you think?

# No Headlines For Helen

**I**F Helen Hayes had her way she would dust her own furniture, darn her husband's socks and clean her own shoes. Honestly! And I'm not trying to hand you one of those "bored with fame" stories.

Helen hates the headlines and the poor girl has had her share of them. While Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford have skilfully kept their names before the public, Helen has asked for privacy only. But she hasn't been able to manage it. Her name has again and again taken the place coveted by others.

In reality she is a quiet woman—a homey, domestic sort of person—a woman made for the placid back waters of life, yet because she was born with a divine genius (recall what she did to your emotions in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith") she has been thrust into the mad ballyhoo of first the stage and then the movies.

And her private life has been flung across the newspapers of the world. Take the recent case, for instance. Four years after her marriage her husband's ex-wife sued Helen for alienation of affection. It is just one of the many suits that the first Mrs. Charlie MacArthur has brought against Helen Hayes MacArthur which shoved her into a front page position.

Then there was the famous "Act of God" baby.

Helen's lips quiver when you mention that. "It will follow the child through life," she says.

Helen Hayes—of all people to be involved in headlines—when she hates them so much! For if she had her way the papers would never mention her except to discuss her professional performances.

Her marriage to the tempestuous, temperamental genius-author Charlie MacArthur has caused her much of the head-

Although she dislikes publicity Helen Hayes discusses her marriage with utter frankness

line publicity. And yet, sorry though she may be that the blatant publicity trumpets have blared near her, she never regrets her marriage.

Helen should have fallen in love with a quietly dominant, thoughtful type of man. Instead she gave her heart to Charlie MacArthur, whose sensational moves and eccentricities would fill a five foot shelf of

very readable books. Charlie is a genius and he behaves as geniuses are publicized as behaving.

I think an incident that Helen told me recently about Charlie describes him pretty well.

Never, in the four years that she has been married, has she been able to make him jealous. She tried telling him about the impassioned love scenes that she and Gary Cooper were doing in "A Farewell to Arms," but Charlie would not nibble at the bait. She often quoted flattering remarks that men had made to her — only to discover that Charlie smiled with perfect equanimity.

**B**UT not long ago a man sat down at a table with friends and did some very steady drinking. Although the liquid in the tall glasses was not ice water, it might have been for all the effect it had upon him. The next day Helen said to Charlie, "At last I have beheld the perfect drinker. The way that man holds his liquor is magnificent."

"Huh," Charlie replied. "I could be a magnificent drinker, too, if I wanted to."

In relating the incident, Helen's eyes sparkled. "He was simply furious with jealousy," she giggled.

Last year Charlie went to Europe for eight weeks, alone. Later, he took a trip to Bermuda—without Helen. Because he is not only a genius but acts [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127 ]



# Doug, Jr. Walks & Talks

An interview set to a pacing Marathon.  
Just that inimitable Fairbanks touch

By Carlisle  
Jones

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., took a Russian orchestra along with him on a recent trip to Mexico on a leased yacht. He invited them one night at the Russian American Art Club in Hollywood, where he and some friends had gone under pretense of getting atmosphere for Doug's picture, "Scarlet Dawn."

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

As a matter of fact there was no extra cabin room on the yacht for the five orchestra members, but the prospect of floating idly about in tropical waters with a Russian orchestra on deck, strumming soft accompaniments to day dreams, was too interesting to resist.

It developed that there was no time for day dreams on that two weeks' bachelor cruise and that Russian orchestras do not strum. Doug and the three other young men who shared expenses with him on this particular venture took turns helping a short-handed crew and there is more than a suspicion that the orchestra members, too, were pressed into sailor service during a couple of stormy days at sea.

And if you have ever tried to do one of those sitting down Russian dances, you know how restful a Russian orchestra can be. Anyway, it didn't cost much to have them along. They came as guests—not as paid entertainers.

Somehow or other, that Russian orchestra incident seems to be significant in Doug's case. He is always planning to be lazy, always hoping for the chance to practice indolence, forever on the verge of letting down—and never actually doing it. He is as restless mentally as he is physically.

He plans more than he can possibly do and then does more than he planned. He is the type who runs up a hill and saunters down, who works, as he says, "like the devil to get through with a job when I know it's got to be done," but who approaches it with reluctance, although generally at full speed.

Take this interview, for instance. Doug was a willing subject.

"I've some ideas," he said. "Suppose you come out to the house some—some afternoon. When we've finished going over this new script."

"Fine."

**A** FEW days later he reminded himself of the appointment. "I've some ideas," he said. "Suppose you come out some morning. Take a sun bath with me. I've got to get a coat of tan for this new picture." He rubbed his closely cropped head. "Got to get my head tanned, too."

"Good idea."

Later in the same week Doug called on the telephone. "About that interview," he said, "I've got some ideas. But I'm leaving tomorrow night for two weeks in Mexico. Suppose I meet you at the studio—in half an hour." An hour later Doug was there. He sat still long enough to light a cigarette. Then he began pacing the floor. "I thought perhaps we could dope out a story about my having—having—" he felt for the right word, but didn't seem to find it—"having sort of arrived."



A mere boy (left) engagingly frank and uncritical, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. possesses a virility that permits him to depict convincingly the strong soldier type in "Scarlet Dawn." And Nancy Carroll seems to think so, too

"Certainly," I agreed. "I can say that you think 'Scarlet Dawn,' will be the finest picture you will ever make—that you have reached the—the peak of your artistic career as an actor."

"Good Lord, no," said Doug. "Don't say that. If I thought that I'd go shoot myself this afternoon at the corner of Hollywood and Vine—or some place. I haven't started to do the things I want to do. Don't say that!"

"Well, then, we can say that you've arrived at financial independence so young that you hope to do all the things you want to do—later—without financial worry. We'll say you have 'arrived' financially." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood



Conducted  
By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck

**V**ARY your face cleansers for best results. Bette Davis introduces a new one, yellow vaseline, excellent for thin, dry skin. Apply like cream, remove and then bathe the skin in mild lotion



**P**HYLLIS FRASER'S cheek diagram will help you spread your cream rouge evenly. Touch three or four light dots to the dampened skin, blend by rubbing gently and evenly toward the center



# Beauty Shop

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



DIANE SINCLAIR is much delated over her new dry shampoo. It takes only fifteen minutes, is odorless and non-inflammable. Grand for that sudden date and as a wave-saver



THOROUGH brushing is one of the beauty secrets of Una Merkel's curly, golden hair. But notice that Una's brushings are no meek pats. Instead, they are strong, sweeping strokes that separate and brush every strand, distribute oil, cleanse the hair and leave it glimmering. Rub your brush clean on a towel after brushing each strand. Una finishes each shampoo with a lemon rinse, especially glorifying for light hair. Use the juice of two lemons in a bowl of tepid water as the final rinse. Camomile tea is also a good old dependable for keeping the life and gold in your hair



CECILIA PARKER enjoys shampooing with that big sponge. She finds it leaves her hair beautifully clean and soft. Use the pads of the fingers in rotary movements for cleansing the scalp, and the sponge for the hair. Cecilia believes that a liquid shampoo is better for the hair and is easier to use. Remember to rinse thoroughly

# Good Lines for Good Looks



**A** LESSON in lipstick. Here are Bette Davis' lips charmingly curved, without any grossly exaggerated Cupid's bow or that sullen fullness of the moment. Bette says her upper lip is rather straight, so she lines on that gentle arch—an artifice by which many lips may profit. Use the edge for outline, the blunt surface for filling in



**P**HYLLIS FRASER holds a cleansing tissue between her lips to prevent rouge marks as she slips on her frock



**G**ERTRUDE MICHAEL is mixing a facial cocktail. An egg white is mixed with powdered milk (for infants) to a paste, applied to the cream-cleansed skin, allowed to dry, removed with cold water. Bleaching and smoothing



**A** NEAT little accent, that upward brush of Joan Marsh's characteristic eyebrows. Interesting. Thus they avoid an undue heaviness they might otherwise present



# Four Fine Make-Up Points



TRICKS for luring lashes. Una Merkel, left, applies a bit of one per cent of yellow oxide of mercury to her lashes for day. It accents them. Phyllis Fraser, right, puts a little cream on her lashes before applying the darkener. Nicer, thinks Phyllis



OUR sleeping beauty is Frances Dee, with eye-lids diagrammed to show the correct use of shadow for day and evening. Day shadow should follow the line at the right. Use lightly with deeper emphasis at the lash-line. For evening, shadow may be used more generously and over a larger area. But beware of shadow beneath the eye. Usually it gives a world-weary effect

A LITTLE brilliantine is a decided aid to hair chic and beauty. Bette Davis finds that a practical way to use it is in an atomizer made especially for the heavier hair lotions. Her shoulder-length bob is worn straight at top, softly banged and loosely permanented at ends, one of the nicest arrangements for the younger girl



COIFFURE Classique, especially created for Tala Birell, the Viennese star, may suggest some charming arrangement for your own hair. If your hair-line is good, that backward sweep from the face is often a strikingly individualistic touch. You need several inches of hair for that first arc of curls. The under hair must be shorter and thinner to permit those rows of curls to remain in place without pins. Good with these tilted autumn hats



From the right, the head contour is smooth, unbroken



A short, high part lends interest to the left side



Lovely, isn't it? And very different and distinctive

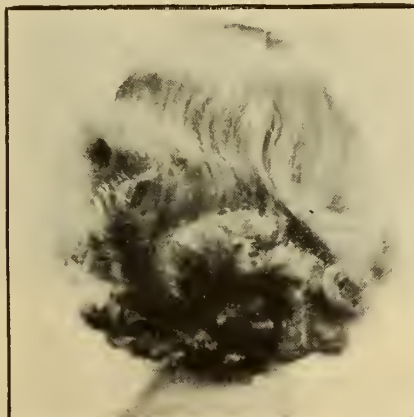




If you are young and just a little lovely one of the nicest things you can do for your hair is to leave it in its natural state without much fuss and fixing. Constance Cummings' arrangement with that modified bang and the fluffed ends is typical of all that is simple and charming. School girls, débutantes and young girls in business, take a lesson from this star and look your loveliest. As accommodating for evening as for day



There are gentle little curls and a part at the right side



Natural or artificial curls adapt themselves to this line



The pièce de résistance of this bob is a grand bang

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 92)



**T**HAT must be an intensely interesting story Adolphe Menjou is reading. Well, it's the script for "A Farewell to Arms" and all these actors look as though they are pleased with their parts. Jack LaRue, Mary Phillips, Blanche Frederici, Gilbert Emery, Helen Hayes, Menjou and Gary Cooper are all in the cast. Looks well for a great picture, doesn't it?



“Keeping my skin lovely is easy with this quick daily care . . .”

MRS ROBERT H. McADOO



Mrs. McAdoo demonstrates the first step—the Cold Cream and the Tissues give a thorough cleansing.



Last step, the Vanishing Cream protects and holds the powder.



**Brilliant young society matron shows just how she gives herself her home beauty treatment**

Mrs. McAdoo is famous both for her crisp smartness and her many activities. Her chic young figure is snapped by society reporters at the smartest gatherings everywhere.

How does she care for her piquant beauty?

“It’s marvelously simple,” she says. “Here’s what I do:

“First, *cleansing*—this Pond’s Cold Cream is the best cleanser I’ve ever found, it’s so rich and pure. It floats every speck of dust out of the pores—and these Pond’s Tissues wipe it all away in a second.

“Now, being absolutely clean, my skin is ready for the second step—*stimulating*. A pad of cotton soaked with Pond’s Skin Freshener and pat, pat, pat—it tones the skin and brings up the natural color.

“Now comes *protection*. This Pond’s Vanishing Cream is the protection I always use. It’s invisible but it makes powder stay on for

hours. And it doesn’t dry my skin. Now a bit of powder and a touch of lipstick and I’m ready to face the world.

“At bedtime—after cleansing with the Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the Cold Cream and leave it on.”

For 25 years, in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond’s has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond’s Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for free samples of Pond’s four products.

POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K  
111 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1932, Pond’s Extract Company

**Special Uses for Pond’s Two Famous Creams**

POND’S COLD CREAM is more than a cleansing cream. It is wonderful for bringing life and freshness to a tired skin. And to make a dry skin soft and supple. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin.

POND’S VANISHING CREAM is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. And to hold your powder. One application will give your hands a lovely white transparent finish.

# Which star do you most

“Beauty  
is not a matter  
of Birthdays”

*screen stars declare—and  
these pictures prove it*

WHICH of these lovely stars do *you* think most beautiful? Your choice may be charming little Virginia Lee Corbin, who is only eighteen. But, too, it may be the fascinating Nazimova, who is over forty!

Surely, you will decide, beauty is not a matter of birthdays! These recent photographs prove the screen stars *keep* youthful charm. You want to *share* their secret!

“We stars *have* to stay youthful,” Hollywood stars explain. “So we’re very careful about our *complexions*. Almost all of us use Lux Toilet Soap, because it’s such a *sure* way of keeping your skin youthful!”

*9 out of 10 screen stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap which is so beautifully *white!* It is *official* in all the great film studios.



“I’m  
32”

GILDA  
GRAY



“I’m  
34”

BEVERLY  
BAYNE

# LUX



# think *Beautiful?*

"I'm  
28"

MARIE  
PREVOST



"I'm over  
40"

ALLA  
NAZIMOVA



"I'm  
18"

VIRGINIA  
LEE CORBIN



"I'm  
22"

NOEL  
FRANCIS

# Toilet Soap

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

FROM over there in England comes the report that all is not so well between Gloria Swanson and hubby Michael Farmer. Folks say the reason is because Gloria is in the midst of one of those one woman productions of hers in which she has sunk a lot of cash, with things not going any too well. You can't expect a lady to be continually cheerful under those circumstances, now can you?

BEFORE they were married Jack Gilbert gave Virginia Bruce a smart sports roadster and a dazzling diamond-studded wrist watch. Hardie Albright is going every place with Helen Vinson, a beautiful newcomer at First National.

THAT romance between Norma Talmadge and Georgie Jessel has a way of bobbing up fresh as an extra girl's wisecrack despite frequent denials. Georgie arrived in Hollywood recently by plane. Norma's car met him at the landing field. "Certainly Norma and I intend to marry," Mr. Jessel told the reporters, "we are in love with each other."

Norma alighted from the car, spied the reporters, heard George's confession and made a bee line back to the car. The astonished Mr.

Jessel was snatched into the car, the blinds were drawn and the auto sped away. "No romance. Just business," Norma told the papers.

AND now the frozen faced Buster Keaton must go his own way, alone. Mrs. Keaton has secured her divorce and the custody of the two children. Buster, it seems, would stay out late and cause Mrs. Keaton no end of worry. Constance Talmadge, sister of Mrs. Keaton, was witness for her sister. And Buster doesn't have much to say about it.

WELL, it looks as if the movie career of Michael Farmer, husband of Gloria Swanson, is over before it started. Gloria was anxious to have her husband play the romantic lead, but Michael just couldn't act.

He tried hard enough, goodness knows, but just as soon as he would appear before the camera something would happen. His garter would break or Michael would have to sneeze. It was awful. Finally they gave him a car to drive and believe it or not the engine went dead in the middle of a scene. So Michael excused himself and made a grand exit from the acting profession. He promised to do anything for

Gloria except be an actor. And Gloria, somehow, feels he's right.

THE bumper crop of Hollywood babies increases. The latest stork expecter is Arline Judge, wife of director Wesley Ruggles. And it's rather amazing that a little harum-scarum flapper like Arline should really want to have a baby and be just that happy about it.

When Carol Lee Stuart, tiny daughter of Nick Stuart and Sue Carol was born, Nick revived an old Roumanian custom. Seems over there whenever a new baby is born all the friends must gather together to sing songs and make toasts and Nick is a Roumanian lad. Little Carol was born at three A.M. Half an hour later Nick had all his friends on the phone demanding their presence at the house. Bing Crosby, who lives just next door, protested the loudest about getting out of bed. But nothing can be done with a jubilant father. He and wife, Dixie Lee, showed up for round after round of health drinking.

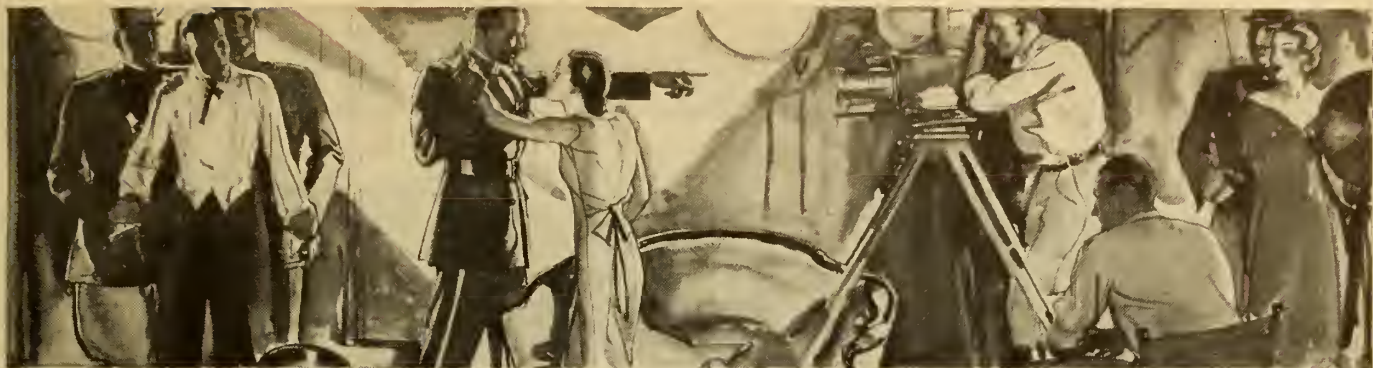
Still speaking of babies (and hasn't Hollywood gone domestic!) Bebe and Ben are proudly announcing that Barbara Lyon is cutting her first tooth.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]



Billie Burke was working in "A Bill of Divorcement" at the Radio Pictures Studios when word came that her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous glorifier of American girls, was dying. Through his illness Billie had been the good little trouser she is and had stuck to her job of acting. That's Jack Barrymore who stands before the camera with her, and director George Cukor is giving them both a couple of ideas about how to play the next scene





## WHERE A "PULLED" SEAM WOULD COST THOUSANDS



Ann Dvorak and David Manners in a scene from "The Crooner", a First National Picture. Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe scores both smartness and dependability before the critical eye of the camera.

A "PULLED" seam . . . the slightest rip and production stops when a star's gown gives way under the stress and strain of movie acting. And when production is held up, even for a few minutes while a seamstress makes repairs, costs go up . . . impatient tempers blaze . . . scenes have to be retaken . . . a bad time is had by all.

Such situations have taught Hollywood studios to use materials they can depend on. They know there *are* silks to be had which stand the strain of action scenes — silks which come from the looms of William Skinner & Sons.

Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe! A favorite today in Hollywood. Woven of specially-twisted threads which make it four times as strong as ordinary crepes at the seams. Pre-shrunk and fast color—can be washed repeatedly. Pure-dye, with soft draping qualities and lovely dull texture — pleasing to the stars for their smartest gowns.

A favorite also with women everywhere who have to watch their pennies—this Troubleproof Crepe. With so many dress fabrics now on the market, with extravagant claims made for nameless goods that quickly go to pieces, it is striking evidence that by paying a fair price, you *can* obtain silks in which you can place implicit confidence.

William Skinner & Sons—Established 1848—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

# Skinner's

## TROUBLEPROOF CREPE

[Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.]

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]



By the time you see this picture Joan and Doug will be back in Hollywood busily making movies, but we couldn't resist this jaunty snap-shot of them leaving Waterloo Station in London. And Joanie, the good little citizen, bought all her clothes in America before she went abroad. A gay couple!

WHEN the big salary cut descended upon M-G-M many of the stars walked in to boss Irving Thalberg's office and told him they understood perfectly and that the cut was O. K. with them. Wally Beery—big, jovial, even-tempered—was the only one who kicked up a fuss.

But you can't blame poor Wally. He has been caught in two bank crashes and both times everything that he had saved was rubbed off the slate.

SOMEBODY asked Bob Montgomery how he was feeling the other morning.

"Just sixty-five per cent," Bob answered. "You see I just took a thirty-five per cent salary cut."

ONE of the strangest things that is happening in Hollywood is the way that little Maria, the seven-year-old daughter of Marlene Dietrich, rules the roost around the Dietrich ménage.

Maria goes to the studio every day with her mother and has the run of the lot. Her every whim is granted and it's no secret that Marlene's life is woven about that of her child.

MARIE DRESSLER was playing bridge one evening when the door bell rang.

"Good heavens, I hope that's no one who will interrupt this game," she said as she cocked her ear to listen for the butler's greeting.

She heard nothing. Finally, she led her guests to the front door. Jerry, the butler, was bending over a market basket and pulling away an old piece of blanket.

"Oh, Lord," moaned Marie. "It's an abandoned baby."

But it was just a baby alley cat. A card was attached to the basket which read: "From the kids in your block. With love."

Marie added the kitten to her family of strays. And, of course, there'll be an ice cream cone party of appreciation for the gang of kids who live near her.

WHEN Ann Harding pulled her famous gag at the opening of "Strange Interlude," folks began to wonder just how long she had been wearing that black wig. You've probably heard about the gag. She and Alexander Kirkland went to the picture. Kirkland introduced the dark haired miss with a broad Southern accent as a visitor from out of town. She met all the movie stars and was "so thrilled."

One director even offered to make a screen test of her because her voice was so beautiful and the only person who caught on—but didn't spoil the fun by saying anything—was Elissa Landi.

But there's more to it than all that. Going about in a dark wig is one of Ann's pet stunts. That's how she was able to dodge reporters so successfully during the period when she was

getting her divorce. She even drove around Hollywood in her own limousine, posing as her own maid.

ANN first got the idea when, upon going to a concert one night, she was held up in the lobby autographing programs and missed the first number. The next day Ann bought the black wig. Just to make sure that she could get away with it she tried the effect out on her voice teacher, Samuel Kayser, with whom she had studied for ten years.

For an hour and a half she talked to him and he, after listening to her give a very bad dramatic reading in the Southern accent, advised her to give up the idea of a stage career and go back home.

For two years she has escaped detection but she never tried the stunt before at such a grand occasion as a Hollywood première. The joke was too good to keep and within a week it was all over town.

The only catch is that now Ann has to think up a new way of escaping recognition.

NOW isn't this funny? Stars who make \$5,000 a week and more complain about their salaries and walk out on their studios because they think they are worth more, while a kid named Robert Young, whose popularity is leaping like an old Ford and whose fan mail staggers a couple of postmen every morning, never complains about his \$250, out of which he pays an agent a big slice and supports a family. Bob still drives his old car and pays \$16.25 a month rent.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



Here's the first still from that much talked about picture "Rockabye." Remember the gossip? Gloria Swanson wanted to do the film. The story was bought for her. Then things happened. Gloria went to Europe and Connie Bennett, who is married to Gloria's ex-husband, got Gloria's pet yarn. What a mixup. But they say Connie is doing a swell job



# She never omits her Daily Bath

yet she wears  
underthings a  
**SECOND DAY**

FRESH AS A ROSE, she steps from her tub and then—too often she puts on yesterday's lingerie!

She *can't* escape offending when she does this! For all healthy people perspire, and underthings absorb perspiration. Even though we don't notice it ourselves, other people do. It ruins the charming effect we want to make.

Why should any girl run such a risk? It's so *easy* to remove the slightest danger of offending. For Lux coaxes out every trace of perspiration acids and odors! So swiftly, too. Just 4 minutes Luxes all one day's underthings—stockings, too. Keeps colors and fabrics lovely as new so much longer. Economical!

## Avoid Offending—

*Underthings absorb perspiration odor—Protect daintiness this 4-minute way*

- 1 *Wash this 4-minute way.* One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.
- 2 *Wash after each wearing,* for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads. Lux removes perspiration acids and odors completely—leaves colors and fabrics like new.
- 3 *Avoid ordinary soaps—*cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.



**LUX for Underthings—** *removes perspiration acids and odors—Saves Colors*

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]



Portrait of a glamorous, mysterious lady—oh, what the dickens, it's Tallulah Bankhead who, since little Dickie Moore came to the studio, gave up her very, very British afternoon tea, my deah, for good, plain American ice cream cones. And the funny part of it is that she likes them better

**JACKIE COOPER**—godfather by request. When director Norman Taurog's new baby girl was born, Norman asked his sister, Mrs. Cooper, to be godmother. This was too much for Jackie. If a member of his family was going to have a high-fallutin' title—so was he. So Jackie begged to be godfather and went through all the church ritual without a slip. What's more, he says he is going to take an active hand in the raising of little Patricia.

**JIMMY DURANTE'S** favorite food is cornflakes and milk . . . There is a woman in one of the studios who does nothing but put runs in silk hose to be used in certain pictures. . . . Miriam Hopkins can't find a name suitable for the little boy she adopted. . . . C. B. DeMille says there are no beautiful stars in pictures—they just give the illusion of beauty. . . . Barbara Stanwyck munches celery on the set, to the despair of the sound technicians. . . . John Miljan has adopted two sons of his wife's by a former marriage. . . . And was there a lot of excitement when, at a smart night club, a waiter placed Helene Costello right next to the table occupied by Lowell Sherman, her former husband about whom she said bad things in court. . . . The Hollywood newspaper folks are sore because Garbo gave out interviews to

the Swedish reporters. After all, the local scribes reason, she went home with American made fame and American money, didn't she? . . . Ralph Morgan, who is playing the rôle of the former *Cesar* in "Rasputin", looks so much like him—when he's all made-up—that Hollywood Russians just check themselves from bowing to the ground when they see him. . . . Director Mervyn Le Roy brought back two trunkfuls of presents for his girl friend, Ginger Rogers, when he returned from Honolulu. Among them was a grass skirt. . . . The wardrobe women sew Tallulah Bankhead into one of the costumes she wears in "Tinfoil."

**OH**, that Lily! Isn't she the one! It seems the popular Austrian prince, Prince von und zu Lichtenstein, in Hollywood for the Olympic games, was invited to dine with the luscious Damita. But when he entered the room Lily took one look and gasped, "You look ghastly with that mustache."  
So the amazed but obliging prince proceeded to Lily's bathroom, found a razor, and promptly removed the offending hirsute adornment. He walked back into the Damita living room and Lily took another look. "Oh," she wailed, "you look even worse." And the poor prince left to ponder on the ways of women.

**YOU** would never know hot tamale Lupe Velez. Lordy, Lordy what a change. She's as quiet as a one man conference. Because she hasn't gone out much since her return to Hollywood from New York the folks haven't had a chance to see all the new things she brought back with her. So here's a list of them.  
A new diamond bracelet.  
A set of matched rubies.  
A chinchilla coat.  
An ermine coat.  
A half dozen ordinary fur coats.  
A diamond necklace.  
And two hundred pairs of new shoes!

**THERE** is a man in Hollywood who actually earns a good living by shooting people.  
Earl Bunn, in a machine gun battalion, lost an arm and a leg in the war, but learned plenty about crack shooting just the same, so came to Hollywood and has been making good money since. It's Earl Bunn who does half the expert shooting that's done in movies.  
He did most of the shooting in "Scarface," "What Price Glory" and "The Big Parade."  
In "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Bunn etched a halo of shots about the lovely head of Barbara Stanwyck, who never blinked a long eyelash.

**A** GROUP of children in a Hollywood school whispered about one of their little pals. Finally, they made up their minds to tell her. They surrounded Carolyn Sammon.  
"Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Peggy Shannon?"  
"I'm glad you think so."  
"Why don't you send her your picture, Carolyn? Maybe she will send you one of hers all signed and everything."  
"I could do that, of course," answered eight year old Carolyn, "but, you see, Peggy Shannon is my sister."  
And she had been in that school an entire season before she told them!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]



Ronnie Colman's new leading woman, Anna Sten, who starred in Soviet Russian dramas. The story in which she is to appear is still untitled



that unfortunate  
feeling of bulky,  
revealing outlines gone!

# the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN  
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

SOMETIMES one offends unknowingly! Perhaps unconsciously *you've* overlooked certain things no fastidious woman should overlook. Those telltale outlines . . . those revealing wrinkles . . . that mar the outlines of your close-fitting dresses.

But now no danger of offending again. Kotex, originator of the modern sanitary napkin, presents the new Phantom Kotex. A sanitary pad fashioned to fit smoothly, invisibly, even under the filmiest fabrics.

*Flattened, tapered*

The ends of this new Phantom Kotex are flattened, and skilfully tapered. They leave absolutely no outline . . . not the slightest bulk. And because it is so self-concealing, you are almost unaware of this modern sanitary protection. It molds itself to the contours of the body.

In efficiency, softness, safety, the new Phantom Kotex is exactly the same Kotex you have always known. Wonderfully absorbent; disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

And doubly important, today—you get this new, vastly improved product at no increase in price. Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history.

Be sure when buying it wrapped that you do get genuine Kotex. For your protection, each tapered end is plainly marked "Kotex." On sale at drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.



To ease  
the task of  
enlightenment

This message is sent to  
parents and guardians  
in a spirit of con-  
structive helpfulness.

**T**HIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

*To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.*

Mary Pauline Callender  
Room 2101A,  
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

**Note!** Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]



Hot-cha-chaaaaaa! We can't fool you. Right away quick you know that the gentleman in the stove pipe lid is Jimmy Durante, but who's the lad in all that burnt cork? Yep, it's flag-waving George M. Cohan, much, much farther away from Broadway than forty-five minutes. He and Jimmy are making a picture together—"The Phantom President"—out in Hollywood

ALTHOUGH Lupe brought back a lot of new jewelry and new clothes from New York she has not redecorated her house, and that big Chinese rug that has been in her living room for four years is still there. There's a very funny story about the rug.

Four years ago Lupe had a business manager and she promised him that she would not buy anything without his permission.

One day, she telephoned the manager from a store and asked him to come down right away because they were trying to charge her twenty dollars for a small bathroom rug and she thought it was too much.

The manager was just that pleased—Lupe was learning the lessons of economy—imagine asking his permission to spend twenty dollars! Ah, his teaching had not been in vain. So he rushed right down to the store only to discover Lupe giving directions for the delivery of a \$3,000 Chinese rug she had chanced to see and had bought while she was waiting for the manager to arrive!

HERE'S a swell story that every Hollywood husband should read.

Una Merkel's new husband, Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer, dislikes the publicity and attention that follows his cute little movie wife.

Recently Mr. Burla and Una went camping, pitching their tent along the roadside and roughing it like good fellows.

One morning a group of small boys gathered by the tent and began staring intently at the pair. More boys joined the group until there was a big crowd of kids.

"I don't like this," Burla grumbled. "No privacy at all. It gets my goat."

"Now, honey," Una drawled, "we've just

gotta expect this. As long as I'm in pictures, there will always be this curiosity."

Finally one of the boys could stand it no longer. He approached the tent shyly and walking up to Una, said,

"Lady, excuse us, but isn't that man you're with Ronald Colman?"

And Mr. and Mrs. Burla passed right out of the picture.

WHEN Sally Eilers began her career one of her ambitions was to be able to buy her mother and father a gorgeous home in Beverly Hills. Now she has bought the home and it just goes to show what happens to a girl when she decides that come good or come bad breaks she won't give up.

For five years Sally has been in—and out—of pictures and dozens of times she has been tempted to yell, "quits." It's no secret that her husband, Hoot Gibson, would like her to remain at home. But Sally has stuck it out. And look where she is now!

"JUST what does Ethel Barrymore really look like?" someone asked an M-G-M worker. "Ethel Barrymore looks like John Barrymore trying to look like Ethel Barrymore," was the answer. Got a clear picture?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is, at the moment, Hollywood's happiest young woman for she has a rôle that she thinks is different from the average leading lady parts she has been handed for the last year. When she heard the big news she rushed around to all her friends screaming, "I'm going to play the bad girl in 'The Sign of the Cross.' I'm going to play the bad girl in 'The Sign of the Cross.'"

Incidentally C. B. DeMille has brought back a bit of old Hollywood atmosphere in directing this story of Christian martyrdom—and doesn't that sound exactly like C. B.? The studio is alive with Nubian slaves, ladies with trick curls, big actors with gold bracelets and—yes, honestly—sunken baths. And DeMille, in all his splendor of puttees and megaphone sits high up at the top of the set and directs it all.

That sort of directorial splendor went out when talkies came in, but DeMille is such a swell showman he wouldn't miss a chance to give the town something to talk about.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91 ]



Trust that Connie Bennett! She can think up new ideas faster than Harpo Marx can chase blondes. Now look what she has done. At her famous Malibu home she has ornamented her mantelpiece by combining two plants. At either side "tiger-tails" share a spot with graceful vines. In the center an amusing Staffordshire cow placidly contemplates the room



# Mouth-Happiness

## IN 3 MOVES . . .

### MOVE NO. 1

Light a Spud. Don't let its menthol coolness take you off-guard. That's where Old Man Habit may try to head you off. Good players always look several moves ahead to the objective. And Move No. 1 in Spuds leads to mouth-happiness.



### MOVE NO. 2

Smoke several Spuds. The menthol taste is gone . . . the coolness remains. Old Man Habit is surrounded. He is about ready to admit that Spud's moist-cool, clean taste keeps your palate keen and increases your tobacco enjoyment.

### MOVE NO. 3

Smoke through a pack of Spuds. You've mated Old Man Habit. You've acquired the taste for Spud. You've gained your objective . . . Spud's fine tobacco flavor, Spud's continual cool, clean taste . . . Spud's mouth-happiness.



# SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

# Now!

## YOU, TOO, MAY WEAR THE *Fashions of the Films!*

How often have you admired the smart costuming of Kay Francis, of Adrienne Ames, of Leila Hyams, of many of your favorite Hollywood stars in latest motion pictures and wished you might add their lovely frocks to your own wardrobe!... For years the well-dressed young woman has watched the films for Fashions—until now, however, without hope of having them for her own. Today, through the cooperation of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE with many of the country's leading department and ready-to-wear stores, you, too, may wear the styles of the stars!... Turn to the Fashion Section (Pages 61-64) of this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Faithful copies of the charming originals shown in those pages are being offered at moderate prices by many enterprising stores. (See Page 121). If, however, "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your city write PHOTOPLAY, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
CHICAGO , , , ILLINOIS

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS"  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MR. NORTON: I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be secured.

I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer).

My Name and Address is \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]



E. E. Thomas

Now to look at this jolly chap you would think that he never had a malicious thought, yet when he wants to he can turn on villain stuff that makes your flesh creep. And if you don't believe it, see Charles Laughton in "Devil and the Deep." Oh boy! Heralded as the Emil Jannings of the stage, he is now in Hollywood. His next will be "The Sign of the Cross"

WHEN Fatty Arbuckle faced the cameras again after all these eleven years, he broke down and cried like a baby. Poor Fatty, I wonder how many know what his banishment has meant to him. And however you feel about him, you've got to admit that he took his medicine, without ever indulging in self pity.

He's worked at anything he could find to do—and jobs haven't been plentiful. He has been a gag man, a cafe proprietor, a writer and director of short comedies. When he directed he used the name William Goodrich. Recently he took a vaudeville tour and its success has given him the chance to act again. For eleven years Fatty has taken the punishment and not broken. He broke when his chance came again and when, once more, he heard the purr of the cameras and knew that his big chance had come—he cried. But they weren't tears of self pity. Fatty was weeping for joy!

THERE'S a man in Los Angeles who foretells with deadly accuracy the chances of every new arrival for stardom in pictures. He is neither a fortune teller nor a mystic. He reads no card and gazes into no crystal.

His name is Daddy Lane and he sells newspapers at the Santa Fe depot in Los Angeles. He spots the newcomers and can tell instantly whether they're looking toward Hollywood or just on a visit.

"It's the way they look around with their eyes shining, that tells me they're here for a

try at the movies," says Lane. Daddy, sixty-five years old, began checking the arrivals he had banked on to see the result. Opposite such names as Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak is Daddy Lane's O. K.

There was one that puzzled him. She had all the car marks of a potential star but declared she hadn't the slightest interest in movies, which was quite true at the time. "Well, if you ever do," he said, "you'll be a star sure." And his prediction to Jean Harlow has certainly come true.

But his biggest winner was a long, lanky girl who stepped off the train with no one to care particularly whether she arrived or not. "She's a winner," Daddy said. And sure enough in that famous notebook of his is written the line:

Greta Garbo———O. K.

FOR once, at least, pictures took a back seat for the Olympic games in Hollywood. And movie stars did a grand fade-out for the winning athletes. Merely spectators, and thrilled to be so, the movie stars crowded the Olympic stadium and cheered their favorite with their best microphone voices. In fact, Lew Ayres became so excited he stood up to shout. "Down in front," the crowd roared, uninterested in seeing a movie star, and Lew, grinning sheepishly, sat down. Douglas Fairbanks never missed an event. Gary Cooper and Harold Lloyd rooted by his side and argued over points and favorites.

CLARK GABLE, Bob Montgomery and other polo players actually sneaked away from the studios in makeup to watch the equestrian events like little wide-eyed kids.

Johnny Weissmuller simply lived at the swimming stadium, while Bebe Daniels yelled for her favorite at the fencing matches. And the debonair William Powell became so excited over the 800 meter dash, he almost fell off the grandstand while his wife, Carole Lombard, was so intent on the Finnish javeline thrower, she never noticed Willie tumbling.

Strange, indeed, was the sight of world famous stars, asking the Olympic winners for autographs.

All of which proves Hollywood isn't so self centered and all in all, as we imagined.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]



Hurrell

Come, come, Billie Dove, do you think it's fair to give Marlene Dietrich so much competition? But you've got to admit that the Dove has never looked so lovely as she does in this—ahem—may one call it costume? that she wears in Marion Davies' new picture, "Blondie of the Follies"

# Bring Out Your Best In Beauty!

By Carolyn Van Wyck



**L**ORETTA YOUNG wears her golden-brown hair soft and full at the back because she thinks her neck is long and this effect minimizes its length. These new, wide shoulders and necklines are very flattering to her type



**R**OACHELLE HUDSON'S nice crop of lashes are aided by nightly applications of olive oil. Good for brows, too. A small brush is handier than the fingers for application. Brush top lashes upward, bottom downward

**H**OLLYWOOD has an important beauty-glamour secret from which we might all take a helpful lesson. That is, its way of emphasizing certain features for effect—not for mere beauty, mind you. Take the face of your favorite star. Examine it carefully. See if you can detect just that certain something that makes her face distinct, memorable even, above the thousands of pretty faces about us. The Dietrich eyebrows for example. The Crawford mouth, which you may not like but which you certainly cannot forget. Garbo's hair, plain to the point of primness, drawn back, but revealing every shade of feeling in that star's face.

There is in your own face a feature, an effect, which you might accent with pleasing pointedness. Look at yourself critically. Perhaps you have unusual brows. They may not be thin and arched like Tallulah Bankhead's. They may grow in that amusing wayward manner of Elissa Landi's. But they may frame your eyes perfectly and not look like any other brows you know. Then leave them alone. Don't go bobbing and plucking here and there to make them look like another's.

Or your mouth. It may be large, irregular, but animated, vivacious. Then don't curb it with a lipstick, trying to make it smaller and less mobile.

And so on with every part of your face, from your chin to your ears. Pick out what is good, try to throw it into prominence, whether it makes for mere beauty or not, and forget your little deficiencies by letting them alone.

In this way you can wake up latent loveliness, find, perhaps, a face you never knew you had. And it is amazing how this kind of good looks impresses, lasts and pleases. Hollywood knows.



**A**NITA LOUISE is making a little face to save her nicely rouged lips from powder. Draw them in lightly, if you lipstick first, to protect them from the drying, dulling effect of powder

Ready for you—our leaflet on common skin ills, reducing booklet and letter on new autumn make-up. Just ask Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, for these or for help on other problems, and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**J**EAN HARLOW uses platinum polish on her nails to match her platinum hair. We brunettes and semi-blondes can't quite match ourselves up like that, but I suppose you all know of the delightful vagaries in liquid polish, emerald, sapphire, amethyst, all the jewel tones. Charming accents when worn with the right evening gown, but be sure to remove this gay conceit before you go about your daily affairs. There it would be awful. A platinum tip on a rose nail is a flattering touch to any hand.

**L**ONG before I met Una Merkel I heard this kind of comment about her, "Grand girl. Grand disposition," etc. Well, not long ago I met Una, very rushed for time between personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, but perfectly willing to get up early and pose for those pictures you see in other pages of this department, patient, smiling and willing to try this pose, that. And so I thought, that is what a good disposition does for a girl. People talk about it, like it. She develops a reputation in this respect. So when you see Una on the screen it is like greeting a pleasant friend, in addition to being entertained. A good disposition is something to take seriously if you want true, lasting popularity.

**B**ETTE DAVIS' brows and lashes are black and her hair naturally ash blonde. But she bleaches it for the camera to a nice corn color. It is shampooed weekly and receives generous treatments with olive oil to keep it in good condition. Her eyes are among the bluest I have ever seen, truly violet. Bette keeps appointments to the minute, which ought to send her to the head of her class any time.



# This Magic MAKE-UP

IS HOLLYWOOD'S

## Secret of Attraction

Any Girl Can Now Double Her Beauty with Hollywood's New Sensation... Make-Up in Color Harmony.

In Hollywood, we've found that the magic secret of attractive beauty lies in make-up... a new kind of make-up created for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and eye shadow for day and evening are now harmonized in color to give personality and individuality to the various types in blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you in the beauty effect created. Each shade of face powder, for example, is created to some living screen star type. It is a true color harmony tone that blends beauty with complexion colorings. Not just a flat color, but composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never cause Max Factor's face powder to appear off-color, spotty or powdery.

It creates that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen... and clings for hours too,

for screen stars cannot trust their beauty to a powder that fluffs away.

Proved perfect for you by famous stars of the screen in the severest make-up test known... before the blazing motion picture lights and the searching camera lens. Remember, you've seen the faultless beauty of Max Factor's make-up in every picture released from Hollywood.

Now this luxury... Max Factor's Face Powder... created originally for the stars of the screen is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eye shadow to blend in color harmony with your Max Factor face powder for your type... fifty cents each. At leading drug and department stores.

Like a screen star, have your complexion analyzed and your own color harmony in the complete make-up suggested for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Mail coupon immediately.



**CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

Paramount Star,  
with

George M. Cohan  
in

"THE PHANTOM  
PRESIDENT"

Max Factor's Make-Up  
used Exclusively.

Photographed by  
Otto Dyar  
at Paramount  
Studios

### How to apply Face Powder for Perfect Make-Up



Claudette Colbert and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

**1.** Start powdering at the lower cheeks. Gently pat and blend powder toward center of the face. Powder the nose last; otherwise the nose will be over-powdered, making it appear more prominent. Use correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's face powder.

**2.** To assure completely powdered surface, gently stretch the skin around the eyes, nose, mouth and chin, pressing powder lightly into the tiny lines.

**3.** With the Max Factor face powder brush, lightly brush away surplus powder and clear all lines. Thus, with Max Factor's face powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.

## MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP



Cosmetics of the Stars ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder...Rouge...Lipstick...Eyeshadow...in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

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### Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE

1-10-58

Max Factor—Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my complexion analysis and make up color harmony chart, also 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade.

Name _____	Complexion	<input type="checkbox"/> Blue	<input type="checkbox"/> BLONDE	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry
	<input type="checkbox"/> Grey	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Oily
Address _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Creamy	<input type="checkbox"/> Hazel	<input type="checkbox"/> BRUNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/> LIPS
	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
City _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Ruddy	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> BROWNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/> Moist
	<input type="checkbox"/> Olive	<input type="checkbox"/> LASHES	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
State _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Sun Tan	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> REDHEAD	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry
		<input type="checkbox"/> Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark



# Ask The Answer Man

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**S**TEP forward, Tom Brown. The boys and girls have just filled the mail bag this month, asking questions about you. And I'm going to tell all.

Tom was born in New York City, on January 6, 1913, and in private life answers to the name of Thomas Edward Brown. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Attended Professional Children's School in New York. His father and mother were both on the stage so it is not surprising that Tom made his stage debut at an age when little boys wear dresses. Among the plays he appeared in are "Is Zat So?" "Many a Slip," "Neighbors," and "In This Room."

As a child actor Tom appeared in silent pictures, namely, "The Wrong Doers," "The Hoosier School Master," and "That Old Gang of Mine." His first talkie was "The Lady Lies" with Claudette Colbert. Since then he has been in "Queen High," "The Famous Ferguson Case," "Fast Companions," and "Tom Brown of Culver." His latest is "Hell's Highway."

Tom's greatest ambition is to be a director. He says they last longer in pictures than actors do.

**HARRY BROWNING, FLORIDA.**—Marie Dressler's picture "Prosperity" has been held up for retakes, so you won't see it for a while yet. That's what I call "Depression" not "Prosperity," when they make us wait so long for a Dressler knock-out.

**R. M., BUFFALO, N. Y.**—It is true that the gorgeous Garbo has returned to Sweden. And has she come out of her shell! Why, she talks to everyone, at least four or five people. She even posed for a couple of news pictures.

**JOAN BLENCOWE, BUENOS AIRES.**—You ought to make a good aviator, Joan, because you are interested in altitude records. Well, here they are. Lionel Barrymore soars to 6 feet, 4 inches; Adolphe Menjou, 5 feet, 10½"; Charlotte Greenwood, 5 feet, 9"; Greta Garbo, 5 feet, 6"; Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis, each 5 feet, 5"; and Lilian Harvey, new European discovery, is just 5 feet tall.

**TOOTSIE OF UNION CITY, N. J.**—Gary Cooper's monk answers to the name of Toluca. It is treated like one of the family. Even has its clothes made to order. I don't believe that Gary has learned to play the hand-organ yet. Not a bad idea, though. With all the big salary cuts who knows but that Toluca may have to help earn her daily bread some day.

**ALICE SALMON, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—Alice, your assignment is quite simple. The picture, "Hell's Heroes," was taken from Peter B. Kyne's story "The Three Godfathers." Now that that's straightened out, your bookseller won't have any trouble getting the book for you. If "The Three Godfathers" were "Hell's Heroes" what would they call some mothers-in-law? See, I can ask questions as well as answer them.



This lad, Tom Brown, has won two distinctions. First, they named a picture after him—"Tom Brown of Culver." And then he did such fine work in it that he topped the month's list of favorites in this department

**MARY LOU, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—Yes, it's too bad that the Natalie Talmadge-Buster Keaton divorce had to come. And after ten years of married life. Natalie was given the custody of the two boys. The kids were taught plenty of tricks by their famous dad, which they may be able to use if they ever decide to follow his profession.

**CLARA BOW FAN, DETROIT, MICH.**—Clara has taken off many pounds and is her old buoyant self again. Look at that grand picture of her in the gallery this month. "Call Her Savage" will mark her return to the talkies. Remember way back when Clara was almost called that, when she was reported engaged to Bob Savage?

**PATSY, OMAHA, NEBR.**—Now I ask you, Patsy, why should I rave over a mere man? It would be different if you asked my opinion of some fair damsel. Anyway, Georgie Raft hails from the toughest part of New York City, known as "Hell's Kitchen." Wouldn't that be an appetizing title for a movie? George will be 29 years old on September 26. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 160 and has black hair and brown eyes.

**MARI ARPEN, PAWTUCKET, R. I.**—Tom Douglas was the chap who played the rôle of Edward Smith in "Sky Bride." If Tom were to marry all the girls who are just crazy about him, he'd have quite a harem. But Tom hails from Louisville, Kentucky, not Turkey, and therefore to save many hearts from being broken, he's still a bachelor. How long will that last? Tom is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 140 and has blond hair and brown eyes. He will be 26 years old on the fourth of September.

## 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.

**BLONDIE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**—With all the bachelors in Hollywood, why fall for a married man like Stuart Erwin? I agree with you that Stu's a grand comedian. Everything he does is funny. Why, he was even born in a place called Squaw Valley, and on Valentine's Day, too. In case you never heard of Squaw Valley, it's located about fifty miles from Fresno, Calif.

**MARY WARDELL, KANSAS CITY, MO.**—I thank you for your interest in me, but I never send out autographed photos of myself. Besides, my long gray beard hides too much of my handsome face. However, you can get a photo of Miriam Hopkins by writing to her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and enclosing 25 cents. Look elsewhere in this issue and you will find a complete list of stars and their addresses.

**HELEN MADDEN.**—Was I skeered and did I keep the lights burning all night after seeing "Dracula"! Your memory is correct. It was Helen Chandler who was persecuted by that awful Count. The name of the little ditty is, "What a Little Thing Like a Wedding Ring Can Do." Believe me, it keeps many a chap home nights when otherwise he would be out singing "Sweet Ad-dul-line."

**BOB AND BABS, EVERETT, MASS.**—Yes, children, George Brent did play the part of *Allen Scott* in "The Lightning Warrior" with Rin-Tin-Tin. Weren't you sorry when you heard that poor Rinty died? He left a two-year-old son to take his place and carry on his name.

**VIRGINIA RUSTAN, WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.**—There are a lot of other girls, too, who are writing in asking about Charles Boyer. Well, here's the low-down for all you Boyer fans. Charles was born in Figeac, France, on August 28. (He forgot to mention the year.) He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 154 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Is very well known on the French stage. In 1929 he made his screen debut in Berlin. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought him over here to do French versions. He appeared in the French version of "The Big House" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." His contract with M-G-M calls for pictures during six months of the year, leaving him the other six months to return to the French stage. Has written many published short stories and has a large collection of French first editions. He plays tennis and is an excellent violinist. Paramount borrowed him for the lead in "The Man From Yesterday."

**TOOTSIE ANDERSON, MELISSA, TEN.**—Tommy Conlon was born in Philadelphia, Penna., just fifteen years ago, June 21, to be exact. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 100 pounds and has auburn brown hair and blue eyes. Lots of girls think Tommy's just grand, but thus far he has managed to stay single. Have you seen him in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"?



EDNA ANN CROWE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Here are the vital statistics about Marlene Dietrich that you want. She was born December 27, 1904. Get busy with your pencil and paper and figure it out. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, and weighs about 120 pounds.

W. A. SANDAHL, CHARITON, IOWA.—Sorry to disappoint you, but it's quite true that Janet Gaynor did not do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" after all. Little Marian Nixon got the break. Janet, you know, is trying to get away from those ultra-sweet rôles. But Old Man Public just won't let her.

MARGARET ELIZABETH GREEN, CHARLOTTE, N. C.—I thought everybody knew everything there was to know about Garbo—and a lot that there isn't to know. At any rate, she is 5 feet, 6 inches tall.

ISABEL FRANCA, TONDO, MANILA.—Wouldn't you have been excited if Mary Astor had gone on to Manila when she was cruising around the South Seas on her yacht? Her baby was born in Hawaii, you know. Mary is a middle-Western girl; Quincy, Ill., is her birthplace. The last picture she made before the baby was born was "A Successful Calamity."

NELL TATE, RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.—If all the wagers I've settled were laid end to end they would three times encircle Hollywood. Well, Nell, I'll settle your wager for you. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Who wins?

K. L. HOLLOWAY, BORDENTOWN, N. J.—If May Robson could see your letter I know she'd take a big bow. I agree with you. She was great in "Letty Lynton." And if you liked her in that, wait until you see her in "Strange Interlude." After playing those two intensely dramatic parts, you'll find her doing a comedy rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." Picture fans have just discovered her, but she has been known and loved on the stage for forty-seven years. However, it looks as if she is a permanent fixture in Hollywood, now.

## How About Your Hands and Feet?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

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# Mexican Rice—Del Rio

**H**OT tamales and frijoles may be your idea of Mexican cookery, but after a dinner at Dolores Del Rio's you will find that Mexico needs a whole new section in the cook book!

Dolores doesn't pose in an apron just to make a pretty domestic picture, she actually can whip up some very tasty dishes when urged. There's a rice dish which is one of her best. It may have a long Latin name but for convenience it shall be called Mexican rice—and here's how you go about making it.

*Mexican Rice.*—The ingredients for this dish include 2 cups of cooked brown rice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of melted butter, 3 tablespoons chopped green peppers, 1 small onion chopped,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stewed raisins, 2 tablespoons tomato ketchup, a dash of cayenne or tabasco, as you wish, and 1 teaspoon of salt. All of these are mixed together, put into a baking dish and covered with grated cheese.

Dolores uses brown rice for this dish; however, if brown rice is not available, ordinary white rice will work out just as well.

Another Del Rio favorite is a hot sandwich—it has all the Mexican zip and is a grand suggestion for your late evening supper parties or for a special luncheon delicacy.

*Hot Mexican Sandwich.*—Here's what you will need: 2 tablespoons of chopped onions, 2 tablespoons of melted butter, 3 cups of canned tomatoes, 1 chopped green pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of chopped celery, 1 tablespoon of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of sliced bacon, 10 slices of bread, thin slices of American cheese, salt and pepper.

You sauté your chopped onion in about one tablespoon of the butter for a few minutes, then add the tomatoes, green pepper and celery. Let this mixture simmer uncovered for a half hour. Blend your remaining butter with the flour and add to the sauce with the salt and pepper to taste. Stir this until it thickens slightly. Fry the bacon until it is crisp. Toast the bread on both sides. Then make sandwiches of the bread and bacon, laying thin slices of the cheese on top. Put these sandwiches on hot plates and just before serving, pour the hot sauce over it all.

You can't imagine how delicious this is until you try it!

Speaking of sandwiches, Fredric March is a connoisseur in that line. He likes them for luncheon particularly, or for a late snack before retiring at night. After eating several of the March sandwich specialties, we begged Fredric to break down and tell you how to make them. Here are the results!

*Royal Sandwich.*—This one has an impressive name and tastes even better! You need a half



Even the cooks of screen stars have "nights out"! When Dolores has to cook, she conjures up some of those old family recipes

cup of shrimps as a starter. Then add another half cup of cooked chicken livers, the same amount of red peppers, ditto of Bermuda onions, salt and mayonnaise dressing.

Mix and force through a meat chopper the shrimps, chicken livers and peppers from which the seeds have been removed, also the onion. Season all this with salt and moisten with the dressing. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

*Penobscot Sandwich.*—Here's a sandwich with glamour! Start out with one-half of a cup of cold, boned and cooked salmon. Mash the salmon, adding the white of one hard-boiled egg which has been chopped and one tablespoon of finely chopped cucumber pickle. Season this mixture with salt and paprika—moisten with cream salad dressing. Next, mash the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, adding one and one-half tablespoons of melted butter, one and one-half tablespoons of chopped nut meats and a few drops of anchovy essence.

This done, remove crusts from a stale loaf of white bread, then cut the loaf lengthwise in five slices. Spread three slices, on both sides, with butter worked

until creamy. Spread the remaining two slices on but one side. Spread the two mixtures alternately between the slices of bread, sprinkling the egg yolk mixture with the finely chopped green pepper. In serving this sandwich, you cut the loaf crosswise in thin slices, each piece looks almost like layer cake. This sandwich is a perfect suggestion for your afternoon bridge menus.

Mrs. March contributed her husband's favorite salad recipe to the general conversation. It is composed entirely of mixed greens—this, incidently, is the classic salad of the French race who are supposed to be the best salad mixers in the world. Green tops, string beans, peas, lettuce, endive and watercress go into the March's best salad bowl. The whole is marinated in French dressing, placed in the ice box, and served an hour later.

*Liver Loaf* is the favorite dish of charming Adrienne Ames.

It is an excellent, healthful one to add to your list of recipes, too. It takes two pounds of calves' liver. Scald the liver well and put through the grinder, using a medium knife. To this add two cups of Zwiebach crumbs, one white onion, salt and pepper to taste. Mix the whole together with one well-beaten egg and one-quarter of a cup of milk. Butter a bread pan, fill it with the liver, placing strips of bacon on top.

Bake this for about an hour in a 300 degree to 500 degree oven.

Before serving, turn out onto a platter and slice.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### THE NIGHT MAYOR—Columbia

A GRAND satire about a frivolous but honest young mayor with his problems, feminine and political, brought to the screen in an amusing, snappy fashion. Lee Tracy, as the mayor, falls for a chorus girl (Evalyn Knapp) and gets himself in a complicated mix-up. Tracy is priceless as the dapper fashion plate and the supporting cast is swell. The story is more than timely. See it.

### THE CABIN IN THE COTTON— First National

DICK BARTHELMESS comes through with one of his best performances in a beautifully told story of simple folk of the old South—their trials, their poverty and their heartbreaks. Dick plays one of the poor white trash. Bette Davis fairly scintillates as the rich planter's daughter, while Dorothy Jordan is splendid as the poor girl. It's Dick's picture, however. Scenery gorgeous and cast excellent.

### 70,000 WITNESSES— Paramount—Charles R. Rogers

A FOOTBALL picture that ends in a murder mystery. It's that new. Within sight of 70,000 witnesses, Johnny Mack Brown, the victim, races for the goal line and falls. Phillips Holmes, his room-mate, is accused. So, play by play, the game is re-enacted and the villain trapped. Suspense, action and thrills are packed into the picture with Charlie Ruggles a riot as the woozy reporter. Dorothy Jordan is the heart interest.

### TWO AGAINST THE WORLD— Warners

CONSTANCE BENNETT looks lovely in this picture and does good work as a gay butterfly made to face reality. The story is pretty weak, but Connie and Neil Hamilton do their best to make it seem believable in spite of itself. And in what lovely clothes *la Bennett* is decked. Young Allen Vincent, who plays the brother, has a face that takes kindly to the camera.

### THIRTEEN WOMEN—RKO—Radio

MENTAL suggestion causing fantastic results is the brand-new theme of this picture. A Hindu woman, played magnificently by Myrna Loy, attempts to destroy thirteen sorority girls who were her enemies at school. Disconnected scenes are a bit confusing at first, but there is a strong cast, headed by Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. Entertaining and gripping once you get into it, but it leaves you depressed.

### HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia

WITH all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood, it's too bad that this one should come along. If you must see some more movie sets and more films in the making, you might like this. But it isn't Hollywood and don't let anybody tell you that it is. Pat O'Brien gives his usual consistent performance, but Genevieve Tobin is badly miscast as the spotlight-maddened girl.

### THE PAINTED WOMAN—Fox

ANOTHER *Sadie Thompson* finds herself stranded in the South Seas with the usual result. Peggy Shannon is good as the little

# How Old is Ann?



Sometimes 40  
.. sometimes 25

TO tell the truth, Ann is 33—but sometimes she *feels* "not a day over 80"! What's the matter?

Why is she just as tired at 8 A. M. as at midnight? Where's her freshness of spirit? Why is her skin so sallow and blotchy? What's wrong?

Perhaps you have a lot in common with Ann. Perhaps you, too, are overlooking a primary law of health and beauty. *She neglects to keep clean internally.* Do you? She needs the saline treatment—with Sal Hepatica. Do you?

Unless the digestive tract regularly eliminates its wastes, these ferment, and send poisons through the blood stream.

An ordinary laxative isn't



what is needed, but a finely blended saline like Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica not only flushes the poisons and wastes from the digestive tract, but it also cleanses the blood stream. It freshens the whole system. It counteracts acidity.

Sal Hepatica gets at the causes of headache, colds, indigestion, rheumatism. It tones you up to new vitality.

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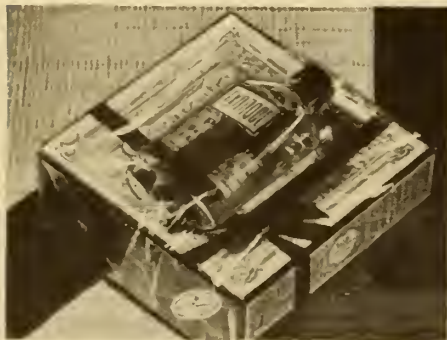
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outcast who marries Spencer Tracy, a pearl hunter, only to find herself entangled with a former lover. Raul Roulien, as a native, makes the glorious sacrifice for Peggy and all is well. Good cast with picturesque background.

**A PASSPORT TO HELL—Fox**

JUST another white woman bored by the monotony of an isolated army post. Just another jungle yarn with the usual three-way complications. Hubby takes a trip, hubby's best friend steps in with the accepted recipe for feminine boredom. Somehow, Elissa Landi and Alexander Kirkland just miss the trick that might make it convincing. A few new twists lift it from the completely commonplace.

**THE SIGN OF FOUR—World Wide**

MYSTERY thrillers may come and go, but Sherlock Holmes continues to be the greatest detective of them all. You'll enjoy every minute of this famous story played excellently by an all-English cast. Arthur Wontner makes a perfect *Holmes*. There's a thrilling capture at the end.

**BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield**

IT pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. Two little manicurists, Barbara Kent and Joyce Compton, find that out. Joyce steps out a bit and lands in trouble. Barbara agrees to marry a rich but ancient admirer in order to help Joyce. But, three cheers, Johnny Harron, the young hero arrives in time and all is rosy. It's a homey little tale with a brand-new setting.

**ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.**

BALI—the isle of paradise, where the cameras seem to be finding new inspiration for travelogues this season! The highlight of this colorful picture is the famous cremation service for the dead. Sounds morbid, doesn't it? Not so in Bali, a funeral seems to be a lot more fun for the natives than any other festival! Excellent photography.

**UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied**

BASED on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," that rôle being played by Joyce Compton. Not even such dependable actors as H. B. Warner, Lila Lee and Ivan Lebedeff succeed in making this important or entertaining.

**"I'm Through Being Bossed"**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34 ]

His first step toward a new independence, when he returned from abroad, was to take a house by himself. Bachelor's quarters! To live alone, to order his own life, to decide things for himself. One can only guess a little of what that means to Gary. Not that he cares for his family less—I think that he will love them more wisely and more tolerantly if he lives apart from them.

I LUNCHED with him in "the dump," as he calls it, a few days after he moved in.

"It's not very big," he said, as I followed him obediently on an enthusiastic tour of inspection, "but it's *mine*. It's what I *want*. Nobody decides what to do about things in it but *me*." He was as smug about it as a small boy who has been given a shack on the vacant lot next door for his very own. He was full of plans for the disposition of his trophies from his African trip. Heads, skins, antlers and what-not to bedeck walls and couches and fireplaces. "Maybe it will look like a museum. *But I want them.*"

That was the first thing. Then there was that little tilt with the studio over his part in the first picture he made upon his return. He considered the part an unsympathetic one. And he astounded Paramount executives by walking into their offices and saying so! Gary! The dawdling, good-tempered Gary, speaking his mind!

Well! He didn't get upset over the thing. He didn't tear his hair or beat his breast or indulge in a commonplace, "temperamental" outburst. He stated his case, reasonably, and indicated his firm intention of taking a stand and staying put.

He says he hasn't had any trouble since. "It's amazing how easy it is, once you learn to discover what you want and then go after it. Once you convince people that you aren't just a puppet or an unreasonable child. They want to be fair and they will listen to reason—if you give it to them. Things are swell—now!" He loves his rôle in "A Farewell to Arms." He loves working with Helen Hayes, whom he admires intensely, both as an actress and as a person. He admires Frank Borzage, who is directing the piece to Gary's complete satisfaction.

"The thing works out in the same way in your life," he told me. "You have to know

what you want and then you have to be smart enough not to want it too much! That's what licks you. *You have to hold back something of yourself*—a little part of your ego or whatever you call it. You mustn't give everything in any human relationship. Especially in love. The person who falls in love—*all the way*—is bound to lose. He loses control of himself and of the whole situation. He ceases to be a whole person. You have to keep a part of yourself detached so as to get a perspective on things and to know what is happening to you! I ought to know. . . ."

In addition to this strength and this new assurance that he has gained, Gary has acquired a new and very engaging sophistication. He fences nimbly with words. He makes adroit and audacious *bon mots*. He has—this shy boy from Montana—acquired a little of the Continental manner!

Of course, there are the Count and Countess di Frasso. That friendship which sprang up while Gary was abroad, and which led to the distinguished pair coming to Hollywood to take a house almost next door to his own, probably accounts for much of this new and interesting polish. Hollywood has been pretty agog over that situation. Well, there it is. The Count and Countess are among us. They spend a part of every day with Gary. The trio are inseparable.

And the elder couple are intelligent, sophisticated, worldly people. No disadvantage at all to a young man!

Talking with him recently, I recalled the Christmas Eve before he went away. He came to spend the afternoon with me. His mother called me two or three times before he finally appeared.

"Please tell Gary he had better bring his suit-case in the house with him," she directed me, worriedly. "He has his new evening clothes in it and it would be a shame if they were stolen out of the car. . . ."

The second time, she wanted to know whether he had arrived. "Maybe you'd better watch for him and call to him when he appears. You know, he's just as likely as not to forget where he is going and drive right past your house in that vague way of his. . . ."

Good gosh! Wasn't the man able to drive a few blocks from his house to mine, by himself, I wondered? What had come over Gary?



He arrived, eventually, without our having to call out the police, and strolled in—as limp, as wan, as miserable a human being as you ever saw. That day, in addition to his other troubles, he had a cold in his head. He helped me trim my Christmas tree but it wasn't a very gala occasion. Gary was so depressed that he could hardly speak.

He didn't talk about his troubles very much. Gary has never been a complainer. But one knew. One knew of the rift between Gary and Lupe (and there was real grief in that parting). He talked a little about his worries over his work. But he didn't seem to think that anything could be done about *anything*.

He was hurt and ill and silent. He was a man who had given up.

I believe Gary's mother came to Hollywood to save her son from the tangled web of Hollywood. It has been said that Gary's mother caused the break between Lupe and Gary. Let's think of that mother for a moment.

A TYPICAL Middle-Western, old-fashioned woman, she had nourished the thought that Gary might some day become great.

She read the publicity about him and Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez. What more natural than for her to come to Hollywood to save him from what, to her, were "those women"?

Lupe once said that every time Gary didn't do as his mother wanted him to, she became ill. "She is just trying to hold him by sickness," Lupe sobbed. I can easily imagine his mother saying, "These women are trying to take my boy from me with their appeal."

Each woman behaved according to her own lights; her own background.

But the Gary of today is different. This one is sure that he has mastered himself and his destiny. At least, he will put up a fight and that other Gary wouldn't have. . . .

This Gary is self-sufficient. "I shall always live alone," he said. "No one to tell me what to do—or when—. No one to make scenes or cry or have hurt feelings. . . . I am my own man—now!"

I doubt whether Gary will always live alone! He will marry one day, almost surely. But no one will ever dominate him, wholly, again. I think he is right about that. Gary has learned a great deal in the past year. . . .

## Heart Throb

If you should see us some afternoon you would probably think us just a middle-aged nurse and her charge out for an airing. But oh! how mistaken you would be, for my eleven-year-old son and I are off for our neighborhood theater, where a corner is reserved for his wheel-chair, and our adventure begins.

We're never quite sure where the magic carpet of our movie will take us and for that reason we're always eager to go. We can be sure that thrills a-plenty await us, be our destination metropolitan city, Gobi Desert, battle front or high seas. With our film friends we may dance, sing, love and be loved and for a time share with them all the glamour and adventure which limited means and illness have denied us.

A woman with graying hair and a little boy destined never to walk may enter the theater, but once inside we become parties of a grand expedition into the heart of a glittering, throbbing life and all that it has to offer.

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Kleenex comes in smart convenient packages and in 25c rolls, in delicate pink or white.

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## Jackie Tells Everything

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30 ]

"Just when am I going?"

Jackie named the day and hour.

Doug roared. "And there you're wrong, Mr. Smarty," he grinned, "I'm leaving this evening."

Ten minutes later Bob Montgomery, old beret perched on his head, came into the dining-room. The day of the sailing had been changed, he told Doug.

And changed to the exact hour a little curly-headed boy had named.

And with one wild war-whoop, Doug, Jr. was up over the back of his chair and trying to climb the dining-room wall.

"AT Kybur you saw a great big herd of fierce animals," he calmly announced to Gary Cooper, while Gary looked wildly about for a means of escape.

It was Fredric March on the "Merrily We Go To Hell" set who lured him away from his everlasting playing. He gazed at Freddy in a puzzled manner. "You used to be somebody else." "Why, no, Jackie," March said, "I've always been me."

A few minutes later the child wandered back from his play to stare long and hard at Fredric March. "S'funny," the boy said, "I think you're a doctor, too." "What doctor?" Freddy asked. "A *Dr. Jekyll*," the boy said, while Freddie threw his book ten feet in the air and fell back on his dressing-room couch flabbergasted.

"Let me hold you for just a moment," George Bancroft begged on the "Lady and Gent" set. As usual the making of a picture was entirely forgotten, as the crew and actors, script girl and director, flocked about.

It was his mother's name called out to Mr. Bancroft, that sent him stumbling to gather a little boy up in his arms.

"Sure," Jackie replied as Wynne Gibson scribbled a few words on a piece of paper.

"Sure what?" his father asked. "Well," Jackie said, "she asked if 'The Strange Case of Clara Deane' would run in New York and I said, sure; see daddy?"

Passing Clive Brook's dressing-room he peeped in at an Englishman at tea.

"Who's this?" a publicity woman asked.

"It's Clifford," he said looking long and anxiously at the cake.

"Why Jackie," the woman said, "that's the first time I've heard you make a mistake."

But Clive Brook was putting down his tea cup. Shoving back his cake.

"Come here, son," he said. "It's the first time I've heard my name for a long time. It brings back many memories.

"You see," he said, looking up, "my own name is Clifford."

And then in rapid succession came the name of a tiny little village near London—birthplace of Brook, Faith and Clive, nine and five, the Brook children. A secret pet name of Mrs. Brook. A secret plan long cherished, revealed in a few words, and then a strange sight.

A calm, dignified Englishman sank slowly and in an undignified manner to the floor, legs crumpled beneath him, while Jackie still eyed the large square of cake.

Yes, he has Hollywood, a pretty hard-boiled town, on its ear.

His name buzzes from set to set. From lot to lot.

OUT-HOLLYWOODED by a child, Hollywood for once is stopped dead in its tracks. Mystified. Bewildered. And it took a baby to do it.

Jackie is the son of a Swiss acrobat whose mother dropped from a trapeze to her death when he was four months old. Even his father is unable to understand. "I don't know, please," is all he can say.

"That watch," he said to a tall young stranger he met, accidentally, on the Radio lot. "That watch in your pocket?"

"It belonged to a great man. He was an actor.

"But Lon Chaney doesn't act any more."

"He's dead."

And Creighton Chaney, son of Lon, stumbled away, wondering.

## A Very Unreliable Fellow

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

clamor grew to such proportions that Tracy's agent stepped in with a plan that quieted what promised to be a medium size riot.

He makes two pictures for Columbia, one independent, one for Paramount, two pictures for Radio and two for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And there is the answer to all Hollywood's dirt slinging.

"You see," he says, "I made my mistake in being too open. Too honest in what I did in public.

"Then, too, I made four pictures in three months out here and I was tired. Exhausted. I arrived one morning on the set fifteen minutes late. Which was bad, I know. The next day I was thirty minutes late and the next one I didn't get there till noon. Which was just unforgivable. I believe, if I remember, it was after a week-end," he grinned. "And that's the absolute extent of my undependability in Hollywood. I mean it. I've worked all day and all night without complaint. I've cooperated in every way I know how. I played the lead in 'Broadway' on the New York stage for 880 consecutive performances and never missed a single performance. For 280 consecutive performances I played *Hildy Johnson* in 'The Front Page' on Broadway. And didn't miss a second's time."

And this, mind you, after the seething tales we hear of Mr. Tracy's gay times along Broadway. He's a real, regular, honest-to-goodness man's sort of man, this Tracy fellow. He doesn't give a fig for beautiful women. Or any kind of women. He's never been married and lives his own life. His own way. Bothering no one. He can act circles and semi-circles around any ten average movie stars. And does it with an ease that's beyond description.

He's a humdinger crap shooter and will sit in the bleachers at the ball game and scream himself hoarse. And yell names at the umpire that would curl a pig's tail. He's a rooter. A real honest-to-goodness baseball fan. And would rather catch a 140 pound tuna than have dinner with Garbo.

He attends no Hollywood parties or openings. He's a regular business man sort of guy in a slightly goofy business. And makes it seem entirely sane. And natural. The only unnatural thing about this Tracy party is his complete indifference to contracts. Movie contracts. The thought of one gives him a horrible breaking out. Just the thought of it.

You see Lee has had a rather bitter experience with contracts and they worry him. He's been in Hollywood before, it seems.



The talk of New York with his "Broadway," his "The Front Page" and other hits, they brought him out to Fox on a contract that gave him, in six months' time, three little parts that any extra could play blindfolded and half-dazed. And it hurt a bit. So when Warners offered him a contract, he shied off. But they kept urging and urging.

But no, Lee felt he'd had contract fever once, and once was enough. So finally Jimmy Cagney, who, strange to say, had been Lee's understudy in the play "Broadway" and never got a look-in, walked out on Warners and left the part in "Blessed Event" wide open. Lee wanted the part. And Warners wanted him to have it. But first, they said, he must sign a contract. He did. He played "Blessed Event," was half a day late and walked out of Warners—with no contract.

**WHEN** Irving Thalberg offered a contract, Lee just couldn't see it, but is glad to play in those two M-G-M pictures without a contract, if they don't mind. And they don't mind as long as Lee plays 'em.

So you see what a strange sort of fellow he is. Independent, woman-shunner, swell actor.

The best part of his acting is done with his hands. You noticed that, perhaps, in "Love Is a Racket," "The Strange Case of Molly Louvain" and "Doctor X." Those expressive, gesturing hands are wide, strong and very white for a man's. His gestures are confined within a narrow margin of space, but they speak eloquently of love, disaster, grief and joy.

He thinks that because he spent half his boyhood palming cards and doing all sorts of very bad tricks of magic, the practice may account for his using his hands so much in his acting.

He wanted to be a magician. Thurston's assistant. The off-stage string-puller and saw hander-on. But, instead, he studied electrical engineering. And landed in the army, a second lieutenant, at Camp Lee, Va. And went from the army to ten long, barnstorming years of stage work. And then Broadway and Hollywood discovered Lee Tracy. Or Lee discovered them.

He's thirty-five years old, Lee is, and a blond with the keenest pair of blue eyes imaginable. He's a bit Scotch and will, no matter where, gather up all his cigarette butts and smoke them again. People who eat oranges on a train drive him wild. Keep it up and he'll get off the train in the middle of Death Valley, if necessary. Bananas, now, aren't so bad. But oranges—

Sort of set in his bachelor way, Tracy is. And his imitation of a hen-pecking wife would roll you on the floor.

He has many friends he's quite fond of, but there's one person in Lee Tracy's life he gives the greatest and deepest devotion. It's his mother. They're pals, those two.

And while Hollywood tongues were wagging the hardest over Lee's latest escapade, of how he'd told a certain executive to go places and then lunched off on a midnight train to New York, Lee and his mother were flying back home together, for a short vacation. And Lee was pointing out the different sights so that Mrs. Tracy could read that paper entitled, "How I Flew with My Son, Lee Tracy, Star of 'Blessed Event,' from Hollywood to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania," at the Tuesday afternoon Women's Club.

Does Lee chuckle over that?

**A** MAN sidled up to a certain producer in Hollywood with a long tale about the newest outbreak of demoralizing Tracy.

"Listen," the producer said with gestures, "it's like Lincoln said about Grant or somebody when the boys complained about him. I wish I had more like him."

And with a huge snort, walked off. And with no producer in these times willing to squander five cents on an unreliable actor, there's the finest answer to Lee Tracy's whispering chorus that could be given.

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Just to cast a glance at the new Rollins Hosiery for Fall is to find a sufficient excuse for some reckless spending . . . but, luckily, it isn't necessary. Not in these times. Not with *Rollins Hosiery*.

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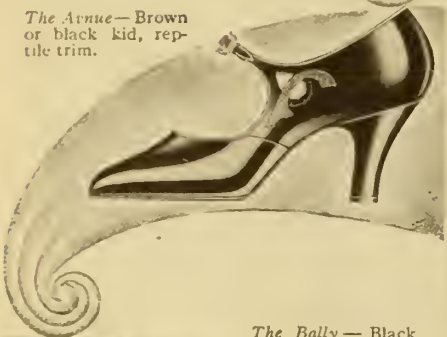
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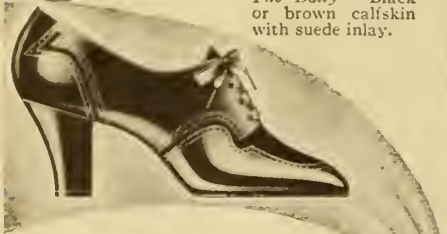




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## Marie Dressler's Own Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

that reservoir, when you need it. Let it bubble up into your life.

The magic of time will have mellowed all memories into helpfulness.

Not long ago, when I was very ill and could only lie hour after hour and think, a message came to me from an old sweetheart. He wrote, "Marie, you have something within you that will never allow your soul to be crushed." I was happy to get that letter. We had remained friends for many years, long after romance faded. When you have loved and parted, always leave a loophole through which you may find each other and share in a different way those mutual things which made you lovers. But I wondered what was the thing I had which would not allow my soul to be crushed by illness, by pain, by disappointment or loneliness.

Perhaps I am wrong, but I think he meant courage to fight. I was given that, it seems, in the beginning. It is good to be a fighter, if you fight in a good cause.

I AM afraid of only two things in the world. Fear and self.

Fear is the devil's only weapon. I look back now over my life and realize that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, ever to fear. If I could pass on to you one thought, share with you one thing that life has taught me, it would be that there is nothing to fear. We magnify, we worry, we make ourselves subject to fear.

When you have experienced everything that life can deal out to you, when you have passed through every human experience, when you have seen birth and death, war and pestilence, poverty and riches, hunger and satiety, you will know that life has nothing to offer that you can't meet.

That is the truth. And you can meet it and get something out of it and survive it and be happy. Within yourself.

The unhappy people are those who think too much about themselves. They kill themselves by thinking too much of self.

Don't you know that there is nothing and nobody with whom you can live twenty-four hours a day, year in and year out? Why make yourself an exception? Escape from yourself. Love others—be interested in others, really and genuinely—enjoy and sorrow with them. The right kind of tears shed for others will wash away bitterness and resentment and envy and jealousy.

Sorrow never kills. Envy and jealousy and bitterness and resentment do. They kill the spirit and the soul.

And they are all children of self—self-love, self-glorification, self-pity. Escape from yourself at any cost.

You have only one obligation to self. To live up to the highest you see. To live for yourself only so as to make yourself a better person for the rest of the world to live with and love with and laugh with.

IN the days of my youth, I believed that religion was confined within the narrow walls of a church. I don't believe that any more. All roads to God are good roads. We need not look for too narrow a path.

The Church—the real Church—is within us—the Temple of the Living God. But sometimes now we feel that churches are too selfish, that people who go to them go to pray for something for themselves, that they are fighting for themselves only.

And I know now that we shall be judged by one record and one record only. The record we have left in the hearts of those with whom we came in contact. That makes it very simple, very easy, doesn't it?

I learned a great lesson from a great woman when I was a very young actress.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the social leader of New York, was very kind to me and befriended me.

One day when we were driving in the Park together—at the very beginning of our acquaintance—we passed a Victoria in which sat a beautiful young woman. As our carriages came abreast, the woman dropped her eyes. But I—I was young and bubbling and friendly—called and waved to her. When she had gone by, Mrs. Fish said to me, "Marie, who was that divine creature?" I hesitated. We were not as free in our speech then as we are now. I said, "She is a girl I met in the theater. But she isn't in the theater now. I—I feel very sorry for her. I think she needs a friend."

MRS. FISH put her arm about me and said, "My dear, I am proud that you remembered to speak to her. That endears you to me. Never change, Marie."

Now, I didn't deserve any credit. I had done it without thought. If I had stopped to realize the girl's position, and that I was with Mrs. Fish, I might have been afraid. But it taught me a great lesson.

Kindness, friendliness, is always so much gain. And when folks are up against it, when the breaks are going against them, that is when they need us.

After all, who are we to condemn? A cardinal of the Church of Rome once reminded me that there were three crosses upon the hill of Calvary. Upon two of them hung thieves. But upon the third, hung Christ. It might have been very easy to miss Him altogether.

We must never condemn. Let us fight evil. Let us try to help others.

If we cannot, let us pass on. But always without condemnation.

As I grow older and life seems simpler to me each day, I often remember that Dante did not put into his hell those who committed crimes or deeds of passion. The greatest of poets painted there only the unloving. Only the unforgiving.

There is too much talk about everything, anyway. Almost everybody talks too much. During the war, when we were gathered to make plans for raising money, for selling bonds, for helping our boys, it was decided that we should send out speakers. Then I got up and said, "All right. Let them speak, but for heaven's sake limit them or they'll talk everybody to death and there'll be no one left to buy bonds." That was the origin of the four-minute men.

WE have been going through lately what some people call a bad time.

I cannot agree with that. It is the finest and the greatest time that has ever happened to the United States of America.

Had we gone on as we were a few years ago, we should have gone under—we should have fallen as Babylon fell, as Rome fell.

We had lost God, we had lost our sense of values, our sense of humor, our "guts" and our strength.

There was a little family in the Middle West that made candles by hand for many years. They just eked out a living for themselves and when they heard of the depression they were frightened, for a very little depression would make an end of them. But, suddenly, business picked up. They had orders and more orders. People were burning many candles. They had remembered God.

The other night a man dined with me—an old friend. He is the head of a great drug concern. He told me that business was bad. "We aren't selling many drugs because people are too busy to be sick."



My servants, who have been with me, in good times and bad, for twenty years, have a brother who is an undertaker in a small Southern town.

He had planned to come to the Coast this year, but he wrote that, because business was so bad, he could not make it. "People," he said, "are too poor to die."

Yes, the depression has been a good thing. Some of us have suffered greatly, but in the end we shall all be closer to God.

There is nothing in the world so unimportant as money.

I shall be criticized for saying that. We, who have made the golden calf our idol for the past years, do not like to hear that said. But it is true.

**T**HE women of this country have been falling down on their jobs. A woman occupies the greatest place in the world. What is that place? It is to be the inspiration, the comforter, the helper.

It is her job to prevent panics, to hold steady the ship of life. To fortify husbands and sons and fathers. To keep the glow of joy burning in every home.

That is woman's first business. To keep God alive in the heart of the world.

When my husband was dying he said to me, "Marie, I am not afraid to die, because I know that God loves me as you love me."

That is my crown for all time.

That is the crown of womanhood for all time. That, in times of trouble, men should turn to a woman and know that fear cannot triumph, that faith is still alive somewhere, that bravery still flings high its banner.

# THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

**1**

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW LET'S HOPE THIS ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN, NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS

**2**

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA

**3** A MONTH LATER *he found out*

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING

**4**

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY

**5** NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil his chances*

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY DEAR

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(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)

## Bill Powell Exposed

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

overwhelms him and all the clever speeches melt into thin air. He turns into a near-Sphinx.

"My brain fogs in a maze of self-consciousness," Powell told me once, "and I suffer agonies until the interviewer bids me goodbye."

Strangely—and luckily—his self-effacement disappears the minute Powell faces a camera. I have studied this miracle, and I believe it can be traced to the fact that Bill actually assumes the character of the person he portrays on the screen.

He moves from the body of the real William Powell into the guise of the screen Powell. He forgets himself in the character of the rôle he portrays.

**Y**ES, Bill's confessed inferiority complex explains clearly the side of him that has always puzzled me. You see, among his real friends, Powell suffers no ill effects from his complex. He is as charming a host as Hollywood boasts.

An evening in his company is as entertaining and rewarding as an evening with O. Henry or de Maupassant. He is as full of information as the encyclopedia; as up-to-date as today's newspaper.

In brief, he is exactly the sophisticate of the screen. That's among friends.

Among strangers, he is all the things I have told you before.

It is when he is among strange people that I feel a real sympathy for Bill.

Persons who are not cursed with inferiority complexes cannot fully understand the anguish Powell goes through every day. Those who have such complexes will appreciate Bill's suffering, and will feel a new and warmer comradeship toward him. They will understand that he is really a grand guy afraid of his Nemesis.

They will know William Powell for what he is—a man haunted by his shadow—his screen shadow.



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Beware of any laxative made by a secret formula. It isn't enough that it "works". It must work *safely*.

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## Refereeing the Royal Family

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

room from the most beautifully toned vocal cords of the American theater. "Who is that so and so who is talking?"

Other words follow—curt, vigorous, expressive. The saintly expression never leaves the face of the praying woman. The cameras do not stop grinding until the scene is completed.

At last it's over. The Queen rises. Her knees crackle. An ankle turns. Snap. A ligament is out of place. That means a stiff bandage throughout the remainder of the picture.

Fortunately, the clothes of the Romanoff czarinas always covered the ankles!

She stumbles to the assistant director. "Who did that talking while I—"

Boss Lionel had been the one talking. Ethel may have been a *Czarina* but to him she was no Queen. Just a *sister*. Why should he remain silent?

"Well, it was your fault anyway. It's your business to keep people quiet, isn't it?" she turned to the assistant.

What she said to Lionel will never go down in history. It was within the private chambers of the Romanoffs.

Referee Brabin acted exactly as though nothing had happened.

To fully comprehend this Barrymore situation, you must know something of the tradition of the American stage. The Barrymores are that tradition. Generations—including the one of John Drew—have immortalized them. Ethel Barrymore could take a bad play out on the road (not that she has!) and give it a bad performance and still do a capacity house business in every town. She is the absolute Queen of the American stage and the Queen can do no wrong.

The Barrymores can do no wrong. It is

the inherited psychology of all royal families. It is the birthright to which they are born, bred, educated. They must believe it or they could not live it.

It is what the Romanoffs believed. Who better to interpret this regal tradition?

But Queen Ethel has had no real screen experience. She knows acting but not pantomime. It was not to be expected that she should drop into the tricks of this new trade without making mistakes. It would not be human, and even royalty is human.

She circled about the set in the grand mannerisms of the traditional stage Ethel. But the circles were a bit screen-awkward. The gestures of the arms would have rather over-shadowed her personality—on the screen.

Lionel looked at Brabin; Brabin looked at Lionel. Boss Lionel took his position opposite Ethel. He read his lines. In between them he stage-whispered to Ethel. "Lower that arm. Turn the other way. Take it slowly, kid; take it slowly."

Then another line from the script—loud and emphatic; in the best Lionel manner. Then another whispered warning to Ethel. Easing her along into the technique which she must master if she is to uphold the tradition of the Barrymore regality.

She took her cues from Boss Barrymore, confident that those watching could not know what she was doing.

But when anyone else attempted to help! Referee Brabin suggested she should stand in a certain position. "But I stood there!"

He repeated a line for her. "But I said it that way!"

The Queen could do no wrong. To an outsider.

The supervisor took a hand. "But the



Gentlemen, the Queen! And a queen who, like Garbo, can do no wrong in the eyes of thousands of devoted theater-followers. Now, since Ethel joined brothers Lionel and John on the "Rasputin" set, the entire Barrymore clan are in Big Time



Czarina wouldn't do it that way, Miss Barrymore."

"Oh, wouldn't she! You forget I knew Her Majesty personally. It is exactly as she would have done it."

The supervisor might have answered that it wasn't the way the Czarina would have done it before a camera, but he didn't. He acted as though nothing unusual had happened.

Nor was this a pose on the part of Ethel. She was a personal friend of the woman whom she is portraying. They met while the Czarina was in London for the funeral of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty of Russia was told that there was a famous actress in town who looked remarkably like her. She asked that actress Ethel be presented. They became as chummy as royalty becomes chummy.

And John Barrymore knew Grand Duke Alexander and Prince Youssouppoff. They used to quaff each other's health. The part of Paul which John plays in the picture is a combination of these two men who were his personal acquaintances.

LIONEL alone did not know the Russian nobility. He could not be outclassed by the other members of this League of Blood Relations! He could read. He did.

And if you asked the members of that cast to vote on the Barrymore who knows the most about the Russian Royal family, I'll wager they'd all vote for Lionel. Except Ethel and John.

Lionel learned so much that he even corrected the instructions for his own wardrobe before Natalie Bucknell, head of the research department, caught the error in the script. The script called for the Mad Monk, Rasputin, (who is Lionel) to wear sandals. But the real Mad Monk wore boots. On the first day of the picture, Miss Bucknell went to the set to tell Lionel of the error. She found him in boots. She said nothing about it.

That script! It is being revised from day to day, from hour to hour. No one knows in the morning just how the lines will run in the afternoon. Not even Referee Brabin.

They were not ready to start "Rasputin," but Queen Ethel had to make it now or never. She was due back on Broadway in the autumn. Only six weeks could her majesty give them. Writer Charlie MacArthur was instructed to prepare the words as they were needed for the mouths of the Barrymores.

Perhaps it's just as well. The Barrymores are really helping to write it. MacArthur doesn't object, now. He's happy to have assistance—or direction. But if he had worked for months and completed a script it might have been difficult for him to deport himself as though nothing unusual were happening when each word of his was revamped through a Barrymore inspiration.

THE other day, it was the word "graft" which stalled production for several hours. "But they must have the word 'graft,'" author, supervisor and referee argued.

"But they would never use it in the court!" the Barrymores grunted.

Two hours later the word was changed to *dishonesty*.

Of course, it is only natural that the Barrymores should desire that Court of St. James English be used in Russia.

Who ever heard of American grammar or slang or pronunciation going into the throne room of any country?

Poor little Tad Alexander, who plays the *Czarevitch Alexis*, is having the toughest time with this royal language. He hails from Iowa.

And although it is easy to take little boys out of Iowa, it is almost impossible to take Iowa out of little boys.

Ethel has undertaken the task. She spends hours in a corner of the set training him in the correct manner of royal speech. And there are already rumors that Tad is likely to give a surprise performance.

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Meantime John and Lionel settle their share of the family arguments. Certainly, John and Lionel argue. They are Barrymores, too, aren't they?

Of course, the picture should have opened with *Mad Monk* Lionel between two beautiful blondes. That was the way the story was intended. What a scene! All the executives were excited about the possibilities of such an opening.

But, alack! They had forgotten that there are three stars in this picture. And no one scene can give preference to one over the others.

There was no one resourceful enough to figure a way to bring the *Czarina* and *Prince Paul* into such an intimate introduction. So it was dropped from the picture.

ETHEL had several hours to concentrate on taking Iowa out of the *Czarevitch* on the second day of the picture. John and Lionel had a scene in which John asked *Mad Monk* Lionel to leave the room.

You know it is *Prince Paul* John who courts the death of this too-tempting *Monk* throughout the story.

As they left the set, John took Lionel's arm and gently propelled him forward.

Now, Lionel didn't object to being asked to leave but when it came to being helped—that was another matter. The real *Monk* wouldn't have stood for it—. Besides, it did give John an extra piece of business. You've heard of those tricks for scene stealing.

There were several hours of argument. Referee Brabin shot it both ways and acted exactly as though nothing unusual had happened.

Rumors have leaked from that set that the three Barrymores were erecting a united front to the world and allowing no outside actor or actress to get an inning in their picture.

These are untrue. The Barrymores chose Ralph Morgan, Purnell Pratt and Diana Wynyard. They have known them and approved their work for years. They are giving them every opportunity to make the most of their supporting rôles.

A Morgan or a Pratt may steal a scene if he can. But not a Barrymore! Ah, well, that is a family matter. They do erect a united front to the world. Barrymores, one and all.

It's going to be one of those famed million-dollar productions. Exact in every detail. A jeweler was imported from New York to

make a replica of the Russian Crown jewels for *Czarina* Ethel. Each stone is made to exact scale.

And her court gown cost \$4,800.

She doesn't wear the dog collar. Metro has an excuse.

Something about a scene not being included where a dog collar is appropriate. I have an excuse, too.

A dog collar is uncomfortable and a bit awkward even for so slender a queenly neck as Ethel's.

The sets are also true reproductions. They were copied from the leaves of the famous Gold Book with its solid gold covers, valued at more than \$10,000. There were only two in a museum at Moscow. One was another refugee importation to Hollywood. It contains colored pictures of all of the palaces of old Russia.

The cathedral ceremonies! The cathedral room is four hundred feet long and covers two sound stages.

The crown-room ceremonies! The crown-room is four hundred feet long and covers the same area.

Thousands of extras! Russians and Russian-bewhiskered Americans.

But when you watch these stupendous scenes reminiscent of the old days of silent pictures, where is the usual bustle of excitement? Where are the eagerly told "naughty" stories?

Where, oh where, are the card players who can be found behind the scenes of any other picture ever filmed?

Has a miracle happened? Has the depression sucked away the cosmopolitan atmosphere of picturedom?

No, not the depression. Just the Barrymores.

EVERYBODY walks on tip-toe. Talks in whispers. Goes off the stage to gossip. Only three voices are heard in normal tones on the set.

They come from the throats of the three Barrymores. While everyone is trying to act before them as though nothing unusual were happening.

And here's the joker! These Barrymores are so busy protecting the good John Barrymore profile, the good Ethel Barrymore profile (oh, yes she has her best side, too!), and the good temper of Boss Barrymore that they are the only ones on that set who actually act as though nothing unusual were happening.

## Consolation Marriage? Well—Hardly!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

work of nature is the Empire State Building and where would I get a manicure in the mountains?"

It was then that I wanted to shake her.

Several months later Dorothy's voice came to me over a telephone wire.

"SIT steady," she warned hysterically. "Hold Sonto something tight. In ten minutes Bill and I are hopping off to Arizona or New Mexico or some funny place to get married. I told him he'd have to make it snappy before I changed my mind."

Later I learned that they didn't have time to get a ring and they were married with a star sapphire that Bill had given her on her birthday.

I wondered what was going to happen. I knew how well Dorothy liked parties. I thought that she could not exist without a lot of people around to tell her how pretty she was and what a good dancer, and I thought that maybe she was going to spoil a swell person like Bill Boyd by stuffing him into a dinner jacket every night of his life.

And then a funny thing happened. Up until her marriage Dorothy's name had been in the papers almost every day—she was seen at this and that function, dancing with this and that new beau.

But after the wedding was duly recorded in the public prints you didn't see either Dorothy's or Bill's name for months.

FOR about a year and a half I didn't see them. It was hard to get Dorothy on the phone. You would call up the Beverly Hills house and find that they were at the beach place.

And if you got a connection to the beach they were sure to be out on Bill's yacht.

In the meantime, I spent several months in New York and one note from Dot told me she was too busy to write. When I got back to Hollywood she called me. "I'm crazy to see you," she said.

"There's a party being given for me this afternoon," I said, "why don't you come to that?"

She hesitated. "Well, honey, I don't like



parties very well. You stop by the house afterwards."

What I found in that charming house on Arden Drive is something I'll never forget. Bill answered the door himself. Dorothy was right behind him in a little printed chiffon dress and looking prettier than I've ever seen her.

"LOOK at her," Bill said, "she's a sissy. She's got on a dress. Just wants to make an impression. She hasn't had on a dress for weeks—goes around all the time in white duck pants and an old sweater."

"Stop," I said, "I can't bear it. Dorothy was always so crazy about smart clothes."

"Well, that's all changed," Bill beamed. "She's a different girl now."

"Yes, I am, honestly, honey," she said and all that tenseness was gone out of her voice. Her mouth, which used to set itself in a hard line, was soft and smiling.

I sank to a chair. "Come on, give in. Out with the story."

It seems that Bill worked it all out very carefully. Knowing so surely where happiness was—or at least where it wasn't—he began to show Dot how rich life could be if lived simply and that you could work in pictures without kowtowing to anybody or playing anybody's social game.

For Bill Boyd has worked steadily as a star for years and years and is, today, one of the wealthiest men in Hollywood—and he has bent no hinges of the knee to anybody.

They spend most of their time on Bill's yacht. It isn't a smart yacht, either, but just a comfortable old sloop that goes about anywhere they want to go. There they loll around in white ducks and sweaters and watch the rhythmic rising and falling of the sea and are happy.

That is, of course, when Bill is between pictures. But even when he is working they spend as little time as possible in town and go almost every night to the beach place where they shut themselves off from everybody but the people they really and truly want to see.

They have a few friends—firm, fast friends who like them for what they are and not for their influence or power.

I'll bet that the girls who used to work with Dorothy in the chorus in New York couldn't believe that she is what she is now and that she is leading this sort of life because it's the way she wants to live.

In love? Say, you never saw anything like it!

He calls her "mother" and she calls him "pa" and the little brooks of understanding and sympathy that flow between them would make your eyes grow misty.

No silly stuff, mind you, no lovey-dovey talk and public petting—just a real love and tenderness.

"It took me quite a while to learn about this sort of life," Dorothy said. "I told Bill it was awful to shut ourselves away like this and be hermits."

"So he said, 'Okay, let's go out dancing.' Well, we got all dressed up and went to one of the places I used to think were grand. And about ten o'clock I was so bored I couldn't stand it. All the time I kept thinking, I wish I were on our little old boat."

SMART fellow—this Boyd. No telling her what to do.

No high handed attitude. Just letting her see for herself what was right.

"You don't have to play politics and go to all those smart places," Bill said, "to get along. I never have and I never will and I haven't exactly starved yet. We know that if we go out a lot we'll run the risk of having misunderstandings. Lots of people in Hollywood don't seem to realize that two folks can be married and still like each other."

"And how long is this going to last?" I asked.

They looked at each other. "It's already lasted two years," they said.

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## An Amazing Lady

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

far-doing. And will battle for her friends against any odds.

Nine years ago she came to Hollywood from the stage. A lovely and experienced woman. And has been under contract to M-G-M since her coming.

But she hasn't gone far. And she knows it. Because the people behind the throne are her friends. She's been with them through their troubles and their hard times. Naturally she can't say I want that part or else— One can't do that with friends.

IT has ruined her career. The social game has been the death knell to what could have been a bright and sparkling career.

"Here's a meaty part," they'll say. "Whom shall we get for that?"

"How about me?" Hedda will suggest.

"Oh, good Lord, Hedda, this part calls for a bum. You couldn't be that woman." Or they'll scream at her suggestion, "Good heavens, Hedda, she wears rags." And they picture Hedda as they saw her the night before at some smart party or as they see her night after night. In her Chanel model of gleaming satin. Her bright slippers. Her smooth sophistication.

And she's out.

And she knows it. But even so, she prefers the friends she has to the career she lost.

In all the mad scramble for exclusiveness, her name appears in the telephone book. Where anyone, at any time, may reach her.

She drives her own roadster like a mad woman and collects traffic tickets like a book lover gathers first editions. The Swedish maid spends half her life wringing her hands in anguish, waiting for Hedda to come home. She knows as sure as she's living that streak of lightning that just passed up Sunset Boulevard with the siren screeching after it is none other than Hedda herself. At least, it always has been so far.

Gracious and lovely, she's the official lady ambassador of Hollywood. Sent out all over the state addressing women's clubs and meetings. They know, this Hollywood, that the right thing will be said in just exactly the right way. But all the time that much coveted rôle, which suited her down to the ground, has been given to someone else, while Hedda is speechmaking in San Francisco. And Hedda knows it. Don't fret.

Recently the Junior Leaguers met at a convention in Los Angeles. As usual, Hedda was right hand lady. At a luncheon given them by the studio she sat next to a very austere delegate who gave off tiny sniffs at the whole thing. Hedda turned and looked at her.

"Why, I know you," Hedda greeted her. "We met at such and such a place three years ago." And the lady was so overcome at Hedda actually remembering, she thawed out and ran in a torrent of good will and fellowship all over the meeting.

That's Hedda.

A CERTAIN star of some prominence was scheduled to address a combined meeting of cooking classes all over the city, recently, and failed to appear. The studio wildly telephoned Hedda.

"Good heavens," she said, "I'm all ready for a party." "Hedda," they begged, "you must help us." It was the same old battle cry. And, as usual, she responded.

The auditorium was packed when she arrived. Calmly she took her place on the platform, hunted up a huge gingham apron, and proceeded to give a lesson on how to mix a special salad before the amazed group and to chat blithely between the oil and vinegar.

The crowd went mad. They wouldn't let her go. She mixed salads and gossiped until

she was a salad green herself. They couldn't get enough of her.

But the star who failed to appear was home resting for a test she made the next morning. She got the part. Hedda didn't. So you see

Her friends are worthwhile people. Writers, directors, men who think. Recently a very high and important official connected with the studio, arrived in Los Angeles.

The studio, to a gagman, was all dressed up and waiting. He didn't appear. Noon came and he hadn't shown up. Afternoon and he was still missing. Even Irving Thalberg didn't know why, or where he was. The studio had the jitters. No one could understand it.

LATER that afternoon, a writer from the studio passed by the dining room of the Ambassador Hotel and stopped dead in his tracks. There was Hedda and bless you, there was the official, still at the luncheon table. And he was shouting with laughter at the lady's witty remarks.

After all, Hedda was Hollywood. She knew it forwards and backwards. Why drive around and get yourself a choice sunstroke when here, wrapped up in this charming woman, was the whole story?

She says, herself, she'll rush in where no self-respecting angel would tread five cents worth. And often as not is rebuffed. But no one can say Hedda didn't try to help.

Recently the grief of a well-known star was brought to her attention. It was hinted the star was finding relief in the too-red beverage. "That can't be," Hedda said. "It mustn't be." And was off on that particular trail like a shot. Willing to lay herself open to snubs in order to help.

Recently, to her own amazement, she found herself playing three parts at once. "Must be this depression thing," Hedda said as she hurried from "Speak-Easily" to "As You Desire Me" and on to "Skyscraper Souls."

Seems fitting, somehow, that at last Hollywood's amazing lady should meet Hollywood's greatest enigma, Greta Garbo.

They stood near each other on the set that first day of "As You Desire Me." No one introduced them. For some reason, no player is introduced to Garbo until after they have made a scene together. Whether it's just an old Swedish custom or one of those Nordic things, no one knows.

The scene was called and they went through their part. Then Hopper came to know Garbo. And Garbo to know Hopper. And even that cold, shy exterior of Garbo's was not immune from that comfortable charm of Hedda. Like the sniffing delegate at the luncheon, she melted.

It was a few days after the picture started that Garbo came onto the set in a pair of men's gray woolen socks and huge floppy sandals.

"For heaven's sake," Hedda said, "look at your feet."

Garbo looked down at her feet in wonder.

"And only yesterday I knocked a newspaper man down because he said you had big feet. I said you hadn't because I'd tried on your slippers and they were the same size as mine. And now look at you."

GARBO looked at her with open mouth. "Ooo, ooo," she said and threw back her head and howled with laughter, "you knock a man down. That's the funniest thing I ever heard."

She wasn't at all concerned about the big feet. That Hedda, the last word in her smart frock, her tip-tilted hat from Paris, her dainty gloves, should even attempt to knock down a man was too much for Greta.

Each day as she came on the set she called, "Hedda, tell me about the man you knock down."



Friendship grew. Shy, faltering little confidences that Garbo knew hadn't and never would be told, were given. A friend, not anxious to capitalize on that friendship, was a new experience.

And then came the last day of the picture. They stood at the door of the stage. A firm hand clasped a firmer one.

Shy, strange gray eyes looked into twinkling, warm, gray eyes.

The inevitable had happened.

Hollywood's greatest and strangest of women, Greta Garbo, had met Hollywood's amazing and frankest of women.

And Hedda's old charm had worked again. As lasting friends—they parted.



Did you ever see anything that fits the description "demure" more perfectly than this dinner gown of Helen Hayes? Helen has a Victorian apartment in New York and we think she must have bought this especially to wear in it. The high waist and little black lace guimpe have a flavor of the "mauve decade." Incidentally, this is a new type of evening costume which promises to have a big vogue



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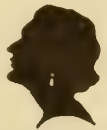
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# Hollywood Keeps Fashion Wires Humming With New Ideas

By Seymour

KEEPING up with Hollywood fashionably has been a man's size job these past few weeks! Everybody, of course, did the Olympics and although summer officially still prevailed, all the real fashion forecasters of the cinema colony decked themselves out in new raiment.

At one event, Mrs. Clark Gable looked radiant in a smart frock of rose ostrich tweed. With this she wore a matching fabric turban and a scarf of silver fox.

Lily Damita, with characteristic French chic, sponsored the favorite Hollywood vogue—a mannish tailored woolen suit. Her suit was distinguished by unusually wide lapels on the jacket. She, too, wore a fabric hat to match. This fabric hat idea is becoming a greater fad every day—they are so practical and wearable.

At the Fairbanks dinner for some of the Olympic guests, Corinne Griffith, who has recently returned from great social successes in England, wore a striking color scheme. Her frock was a deep red and her coat a rich purple shade. It sounds wild but, actually, it was knockout. Purple in several tones is decidedly on the up and up for the new season.

GOLDEN yellow is a new color for furs. Jean Harlow started things when she appeared at a recent opening wearing a white broadtail coat trimmed with a lavish collar of natural sable. Sables in their natural skins are yellow!

And Madge Evans wears a scarf of canary yellow martin in her new picture. This scarf, fashioned of six skins, has another unique twist—one of the skins is caught about the wrist. You may have to see the picture to get the idea—but you'll like it.

Recent evening affairs have brought all the picture darlings out in full force—most of them have gone "demure" in dress. Really they look like pictures of the Victorian era—it's very attractive, I might add. Karen Morley, for instance, wears a vivid coral colored jacket that has tremendous leg o' mutton sleeves. These are fitted from elbow to wrist with the flare at the shoulders. She recently wore this over a white ruffled frock.

OSTRICH feathers are flying around again! Ruth Roland, who is now one of our smart matrons, wears a blue velvet cape edged with ostrich in the same shade.

Maybe you will be wearing velvet gloves this winter. They are the latest foible for formal costumes—they should be very popular with everyone.

Muffs of all kinds are joining the ranks of revivals. Fur ones will be seen this winter, and right now Ina Claire, who never misses a fashion trick, is carrying a little pink one to match a pink evening frock.

AT the famous "Strange Interlude" opening, one young thing wore a new style in hair ornaments. It was a jeweled round comb worn across her head in typical "Alice in Wonderland" manner. Very cute and a good note to jot down in your coiffure notebook.

Greta Garbo made quite a sensation when she appeared at lunch on shipboard in a bifurcated skirt slit up both legs to show shorts beneath. Greta on her homeward bound trip appeared every day in some form of trousers.

And Pola Negri may start a new fad at Malibu because she wears gloves with her beach pajamas!

## It's The Way He Says It

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

"L-listen," a quiet voice inquired, "has anybody here—?"

That was as far as he got. "Out," shrieked the director dramatically, "get him out. My God, I can't be mad with that man around. I won't have it. This is my time to be mad and I am going to be mad. Do you hear?"

"But—oh say, wait. I—that is—" Stu tried to explain.

The director stopped dead in his feverish pacing and listened. Suddenly he sat down on a prop couch and shook. Wiping three and a half pints of flowing tears from his cheeks.

"Mind," he yelled between gulps of laughter, "I'm still mad. Only there is something about this fellow that makes me laugh. What is so funny about him?" he laughed and cried at the same time. "Why am I laughing when I should be mad? Who knows that?"

Certainly Stu didn't.

Coming in from location after a hard day's work on his new starring picture, "Make Me A Star," the thoughts of his comfortable home, his beautiful wife, June Collyer, and a warm dinner awaiting him, urged Stu to step on it. He stepped.

Suddenly the sounds of the old familiar siren reached his ear and the next moment a motorcycle cop waved him over to the side of the road.

It was rather dark and drizzling rain. The cop was sore.

"I guess I was going a little too fast," Stu explained. "I—you see," the old carress was working overtime, "I was anxious to get home. I—"

The cop paused. Pencil in hand. "Oh, you were, were you?" the edge gone from his voice.

"Yes, you see—" Stu went on explaining. A slow twinkle grew in the eyes of the cop. The pencil dropped.

Fifteen minutes later a hard-boiled cop and Stu sat over a steaming cup of coffee in a little wayside inn, slapping each other on the back over the one about the Irishman and Abie. Having a swell time.

AND a little later, when Stu drove away, a bewildered cop suddenly came to and wondered what the heck had gotten into him. Must be a little bilious, he decided, or maybe it was the weather.

Stuart Erwin was born on St. Valentine's day. And the obvious wisecracks had him up many a time in the middle of the night peeping anxiously in the mirror. Could he look that funny?

And the fact that he was born in Squaw Valley, Calif., didn't mean he was any relation to a papoose, either. But the fact that he decided to be an actor and walked out on the



University of California to be one didn't exactly mean he'd be a movie star in Hollywood, either. But he is.

He went to Los Angeles and obtained a part in a show. And what a part that was. He was an Irishman, a Jew, a negro, a straight lead and a bearded gentleman all in one show. As a matter of fact, he was three of them in the second act alone. And half the time played an Irishman with an "Old Black Joe" accent, but the people laughed no matter what he said. So Stu was set.

Then on to "White Collars," and finally with Edward Everett Horton on the stage in Hollywood.

He even tried movies. But the movies hadn't learned to talk yet and Stu was just another actor.

AND then came sound, and Stu Erwin in "Sweetie." It slayed them. In New York a beautiful, brown-eyed girl with a dimple sat in the fourth row and laughed till she cried. "But, of course," June Collyer said, "I didn't know Stu then."

Several years later on the Paramount lot, he came onto the set of "Dude Ranch," dead tired. He had worked all night on the back lot. There is about him a wistfulness and appeal that is felt by everyone. June Collyer felt it. "There was something in Stu's voice that day," June said, "I don't know what it was." But suddenly they were in love. And one day they decided to elope. To Yuma.

Anxious not to have their marriage known, June's two brothers went along and stood between them and the usual crowd about a court house. Everything was quickly and quietly done.

They stood before the judge. And then a familiar voice saying "I do," and four stenographers jumped six feet in the air and the office boy upset ten bottles of ink. Even the judge looked up over his glasses and said, "Burrerrmph."

"That's Stu Erwin," a wide-eyed office force announced. "I'd know that voice anywhere." And immediately all secrecy was off.

During the making of "Playboy of Paris," Stu's big scene came, when Maurice Chevalier shot the plate over his head. Stu was to turn and just look at the plate. It should have been funny but it wasn't. They shot it again and again.

"What's the matter with it?" the director fumed. "Something's wrong."

They tried it again. Stu turned, looked at the plate and then added a soft, little "Oooooo."

It worked. Just that one word in Stu's own little way and that scene set more people to howling outright than any scene in a long time.

Behind that calm, stoical face lies a quick, active mind. Stu Erwin doesn't run to wisecracks. He's not a wit. But he has a sense of humor that's almost as priceless as his voice. "What's funny?" Fredric March and George Barbier used to ask him on the "Strangers in Love" set. And when Stu was through telling it, although they had seen the same thing themselves, they were convulsed. They hadn't noticed it being funny. But leave it to that Erwin lad.

MEN like working with him. He is unselfish in every way and can think up more monkey business than a director can shoot.

"Strangers in Love" was being previewed. Paramount executives, directors and actors in droves were present. As each actor appeared on the screen, he was applauded by the audience.

And then suddenly came a voice. Before the actor was seen. The audience, as one, went wild. Just a few spoken words and they yelled themselves hoarse. They had recognized the Erwin twang.

The next day there was a hurried meeting of Paramount executives. And there it was decided. Stu Erwin's voice was to be starred. With Stu, of course.

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GLORIA; black kid, brown kid, black suede



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# HOLLYWOOD STARS

The screen's greatest celebrities have honored Hotel Sherman.

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- Maurice Chevalier
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- Dolores Del Rio
- Fifi Dorsay
- Douglas Fairbanks
- John Gilbert
- Rod La Rocque
- Beatrice Lillie
- Edmund Lowe
- Dorothy Mackaill
- Victor McLaglen
- Mary Pickford
- Will Rogers
- Gloria Swanson
- Constance Talmadge
- Lupe Velez

find luxurious comfort and hospitality unsurpassed at Hotel Sherman

1700 ROOMS  
1700 BATHS  
FROM \$3.



HOME OF THE COLLEGE INN

## HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO

## Just Three Years

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

And as I trundle along in my own little rut, I follow Kay's career with joy, as she forges forward in fame and fortune. Warners buy her away from Paramount—her name flashes in lights on a thousand Broadways—her parts and her bank account swell handsomely. I'm very happy, as I think of that serious, beautiful girl who has blasted a great career out of a rocky new world.

And I don't clap an eye on her, in the flesh, for three years.

IT'S the summer of 1932. Through a New York that is puffing and perspiring, Hall—older, grayer and crazier—is still on the prowl.

I sink into the Hotel Elysee—a small side-street tavern that is a favorite Gotham hide-away of picture people—and am announced to Miss Kay Francis, there stopping on a brief parole from the slave-galleys of the film colony.

I punch the doorbell of her suite. The door is opened by Kay's delightful husband, Kenneth MacKenna—himself an actor of tremendous charm and horse-power.

And here's Kay, the star—smiling a welcome, hand outstretched.

I take it with vim, and appraise the situation.

And I think of the lonely girl trying to catch a spot of rest in the new world of 1929.

The doorbell is ringing like a xylophone—callers, cracked ice, packages and pals. MacKenna leaps from phone to door with all the agility of an adagio dancer, while Kay holds court.

Mr. Clifton Webb, the noted dancing comedian, tail-coat type, is sitting on a sofa talking fourteen to the dozen. A girl friend of New York days, with whom Kay has just had an enthusiastic reunion, is pushing Webb closely for first place.

Celery tonic—this time in a pitcher frequently replenished by MacKenna—plashes about. The room is a bedlam of bells, conversation and cries of "My DEAR!"

Kay, it appears, has acquired a tough case of "rheumatic sore throat"—a new trick to me, and certainly one not coveted by a picture star whose living depends on her talk-box.

She and Webb discuss it.

"It started in my pharynx," she says, "and then it got into the larynx."

"My dear," says Webb, "I know. I've had it. You're lucky if it doesn't get into your trachea!"

"It's quite a bother."

"It's all caused by acidity," offers Webb. "You mustn't eat any red meat."

"All she eats is red meat," remarks MacKenna, between phone calls.

"Why don't you all come swimming?" suggests an unidentified man who has been looking for an opening.

"Sorry, we can't," says Kay. "A lot of friends are coming in for dinner. And besides—my throat."

AND so it goes. I sit quietly in my corner, feeling as though I were in the middle of a Kansas twister, and going up in the air with the hencoops and silos.

"I liked that piece you wrote about me three years ago," says Kay to me.

"I'm glad you did," says I. "It was a pleasure to see you."

"Do you want to go into the other room and talk a few minutes?"

"No," says I, "let's just sit here. I'm getting a good story this way."

She looks at me quizzically, wondering what is going on inside my thick skull.

Finally I rise to go.

"Goodbye, Kay—thanks for the visit," I say. "And take care of the throat."

"Goodbye," she answers. The rest of the crowd chatters on. A word of ta-ta to Mac-

## YOU CAN STILL ENTER *Photoplay's* \$1,000 CONTEST

You, too, may enter this popular Contest now and possibly share in the \$1,000.00 Cash Prize money offered.

*See Page 65 for Full Details Regarding Contest*

In the many instances where newsstands sell out their supply of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINES they are unable to furnish back copies as promptly as you might wish. So that our readers may secure every issue in which the \$1,000.00 Picture Puzzle Contest has appeared we are making this

### SPECIAL SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

for  
**\$1.25**

We will send you the August and September copies of PHOTOPLAY, giving you the first and second sets of Cut Picture Puzzles, and in addition send you PHOTOPLAY for four more months starting with the November, 1932, number, to and including the February, 1933, issue in which the Contest winners will be announced.

Take advantage of this Special Contest rate, send \$1.25 (Canada or Foreign \$1.75) with the convenient blank below. *Clip and mail this to-day.*

*This Offer Is Good Until the Contest Closes*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. CP-10-32,  
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$1.25 (Canada or Foreign \$1.75) for which kindly send me August and September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE now and enter my subscription for four months starting with the November, 1932, to and including February, 1933, issue, in which number Contest winners will be announced.

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



Kenna, and the door closes on the steady thunder of small talk, dotted with ringing bells.

Kay Francis, 1932 model. Still lovely, much more sure of herself, still with wide, frank eyes—and with the shining veneer of hardness with which Hollywood coats its hectic, successful children.

**H**EIGHO—Kay's a star now. She lives in the midst of madness, which is one of the wages of fame and fortune.

As I go down in the elevator and sneak past the supercilious doorman into the sweltering street, I wonder how she feels about it all.

And can you understand why my mind did a running broad jump over three long years—to a lonely, vivid and very beautiful girl, ambitious and determined, fighting her way forward in a strange new land?

It seems to me that in these two little pictures I've tried to draw will be found all the laughter, cheers and tears that the life of film-dom holds!



International

Allah be praised—Alla is back. And isn't this a typical Nazimova pose? Will you ever forget when you thrilled to her exotic performance in "Salome"? Nazie—who has always been an individualist—insists upon remaining on the stage despite picture offers. She has just returned from Europe

# Puts pounds on scrawny figures quicker than BEER



## 7 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"I used to suffer from indigestion. Then I started taking Ironized Yeast and gained 7 pounds in 2 weeks and can eat as I please."

Mrs. E. Muir, Miami, Fla.

## 4 Lbs. in 10 Days

"I gained 4 pounds in 10 days. The pimples on my face just faded away."

Elwood E. Follett, Rochester, N.Y.

## Gains 30 Lbs.

"When I began taking Ironized Yeast, I weighed 102, now weigh 132 lbs."

Mrs. R. L. Erickson, Elcampo, Texas.

*Sensational double tonic! Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron. Gives thousands 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.*

**I**F YOU want to round out unattractive hollows with firm, healthy flesh—here's wonderful news!

For years doctors have prescribed beer to put flesh on thin, run-down men and women. But now scientists have perfected a new formula which not only builds even firmer, healthier flesh than beer—but which brings this marvelous result *in half the time!* And brings other benefits, too. A clear, glowing skin—easy digestion—new vital energy!

### Concentrated beer yeast

Ironized Yeast, as these pleasant-tasting tablets are called, contains specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

This super-rich yeast is scientifically *ironized*—treated with three distinct kinds of energizing iron. This tonic element strengthens and enriches the blood, enabling it to carry *all* the health-building yeast to the worn-out tissues.

### A new figure quick!

Like thousands of others you'll be amazed and delighted to see how quickly you gain on Ironized Yeast—often pounds on the very first package! Your complexion clears, gains new healthy beauty. Food tastes better, digests better. You're pepped up—on your toes—all the time.

### Skininess dangerous!

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to

serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late!*

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, money gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not an imitation which cannot give same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or *money refunded.* At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 510, Atlanta, Ga.



# Addresses of the Stars



## Sniff away THOSE MORNING COBWEBS!

Sniff away drowsiness... headache... faintness. Sniff to steady the nerves, to clear the head for action. Crown Lavender Smelling Salts are sold everywhere. Large size for bathroom or dressing table. Small size for purse, desk, auto pocket. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

## CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

The new CROWN BATHODORA scents and softens the bath into a caressing beauty treatment

## BELLEVUE STRATFORD PHILADELPHIA CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager

ITS register reads like a "Who's Who" of world leaders in commerce, finance, diplomacy, the arts, and social life. The last eight Presidents of the United States have always stopped at the Bellevue-Stratford.

YOU will enjoy its fine hospitality and faultless efficiency —at rates that are quite consistent with present times.

**DR. WALTER'S**  
latest **REDUCING BRASSIERE** gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. 2 to 3 inch reduction almost immediately. Send bust measure. Price only **\$2.25**

**HIP, WAIST and ABDOMINAL REDUCER** for men and women: takes care of that ugly roll above corset. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back. Price only **\$3.50**

**RELIEVE** swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with DR. WALTER'S famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.

9-inch. \$5.00 pair  
14-inch \$6.75 pair  
11-inch (not covering foot) \$3.75 pair

**\$3.50**

All garments are made flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

## MEET YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR

all original photos of your favorite stars, size 8 x 10, glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for \$1.00. Scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays 25c each, 12 for \$2.50. Positively the finest obtainable anywhere. We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or scenes you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 3c stamps.

Bram Studio, —Film Centre Bldg., Studio 378, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City



## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander  
Adrienne Allen  
Adrienne Ames  
Richard Arlen  
Tallulah Bankhead  
George Barbier  
Richard Bennett  
John Breeden  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Claudette Colbert  
Jackie Coogan  
Robert Coogan  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Claire Dodd  
Stuart Erwin  
Susan Fleming  
Wynne Gibson  
Cary Grant

Phillips Holmes  
Miriam Hopkins  
Carole Lombard  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Florine McKinney  
Fredric March  
Sari Maritza  
Herbert Marshall  
Marx Brothers  
Chester Morris  
Jack Oakie  
Irving Pichel  
George Raft  
Gene Raymond  
Charlie Ruggles  
Randolph Scott  
Sylvia Sydney  
Alison Skipworth  
Charles Starrett  
Kent Taylor  
Jerry Tucker

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Arledge  
Warner Baxter  
Ralph Bellamy  
Joan Bennett  
John Boles  
El Brendel  
William Collier, Sr.  
James Dunn  
Sally Eilers  
Charles Farrell  
Janet Gaynor  
Minna Gombell  
Bert Hanlon  
Weldon Heyburn  
Matty Kemp  
J. M. Kerrigan  
Alexander Kirkland  
Elissa Landi

Nora Lane  
Edmund Lowe  
Helen Mack  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Thomas Meighan  
Ralph Morgan  
Greta Nissen  
Marian Nixon  
George O'Brien  
Lawrence O'Sullivan  
Cecilia Parker  
William Pawley  
Arthur Pierson  
Will Rogers  
Raul Roulien  
Peggy Shannon  
Spencer Tracy

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong  
Rosco Ates  
Constance Bennett  
Bruce Cabot  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Creighton Chaney  
Lita Cheyret  
Ricardo Cortez  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Jill Esmond  
Roberta Gale  
John Halliday  
Ann Harding  
Julie Haydon  
Hugh Herbert  
Leslie Howard  
Rochelle Hudson  
Arline Judge

Tom Keene  
Kitty Kelly  
Eric Linden  
Phillips "Seth Parker" Lord  
Anita Louise  
Joel McCrea  
Ken Murray  
Edna May Oliver  
Laurence Olivier  
Eddie Quillan  
Gregory Ratoff  
Ned Sparks  
Helen Twelvetrees  
Polly Walters  
Ruth Weston  
Dorothy Wilson  
Fay Wray

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton  
Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Lily Damita  
Melvyn Douglas  
Billie Dove

Douglas Fairbanks  
Greta Granstedt  
Ruth Hall  
Al Jolson  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell  
Richard Cromwell  
Constance Cummings  
Jack Holt  
Buck Jones  
Evalyn Knapp  
Barbara Stanwyck

Ruthelma Stevens  
Genevieve Tobin  
John Wayne  
Barbara Weeks  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther  
William Bakewell  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Virginia Bruce

Mary Carlisle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Kathryn Crawford  
Marion Davies

Marie Dressler  
Jimmy Durante  
Madge Evans  
Wallace Ford  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Lawrence Grant  
Ralph Graves  
Charlotte Greenwood  
Nora Gregor  
William Haines  
Louise Closser Hale  
Jean Harlow  
Helen Hayes  
Jean Hersholt  
Hedda Hopper  
Walter Huston  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton

Myrna Loy  
Joan Marsh  
Una Merkel  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Polly Moran  
Karen Morley  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Navarro  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Anita Page  
Margaret Perry  
May Robson  
Ruth Selwyn  
Norma Shearer  
Diane Sinclair  
Martha Sleeper  
Lewis Stone  
Verree Teasdale  
Jonny Weissmuller  
Robert Young

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Stan Laurel

Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton  
Thelma Todd

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Frank Albertson  
Lew Ayres  
Noah Beery, Jr.  
Tala Birelli  
Tom Brown  
Lucile Browne  
June Clyde  
Andy Devine  
Arletta Duncan  
Sidney Fox

James Gleason  
Russell Hopton  
Boris Karloff  
Bela Lugosi  
Paul Lukas  
Tom Mix  
ZaSu Pitts  
Mickey Rooney  
Onslow Stevens  
Slim Summerville

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss  
Richard Barthelmess  
Joan Blondell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
Anthony Bushell  
Charles Butterworth  
James Cagney  
Ruth Chatterton  
Bette Daniels  
Bette Davis  
Adrienne Dore  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Preston Foster  
Kay Francis  
Ralf Harolde

Guy Kibbee  
Allan Lane  
Andre Luguet  
Ben Lyon  
Mae Madison  
David Manners  
Vivienne Osborne  
William Powell  
Edward G. Robinson  
Chas. "Chic" Sale  
Gloria Shea  
Lyle Talbot  
Warren William  
John Wray  
Loretta Young

## 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, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.  
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



# Screen Memories From Photoplay



The swashbuckling, sword-rattling Douglas Fairbanks of ten years ago, as *Robin Hood*

## 15 Years Ago

IN spite of the fact that the United States was at war and dozens of the greatest screen heroes of the time were being drafted, the movies were carrying on, trying to make a saddened people forget. To keep up a gay spirit, we gave Douglas Fairbanks a four-page interview, all done with pictures, in which the redoubtable Doug showed readers of fifteen years ago how to do those stunts that made him famous. He was as agile as a mountain goat, but no more agile than he is right now, for the Doug of today still practises gymnastics and still takes his vigorous exercises. Lots of men half his age can't keep up with him.

As a matter of fact, it was a pretty active month. Norma Talmadge was snapped in her backyard garden, swinging a mean hoe.

Maybe you thought that this business of Ethel Barrymore's having consented to grace the movies with her presence was something new, but fifteen years ago Ethel was busily engaged in picture making. And who—guess quickly—was directing her? None other than brother Lionel. How were we to know that years later all three Barrymores were to be playing together? And although Lionel is merely acting in the film, Ethel asks his advice before she does a single scene.

And here's an interview with Alice Joyce and her tiny baby daughter. Now a young lady, little Alice is in Hollywood with her mother—looking over the cinema city.

Alice Joyce was the girl on the cover, while Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick graced the gallery.

In the Shadow Stage department we looked back over the past twelve months and pointed out that some of the year's best acting had been done by Gladys Brockwell, Sessue Hayakawa, Dorothy Phillips and Pauline Frederick, whom our reviewer called "potentially the greatest dramatic actress on the screen."

Cal York items: Texas Guinan has been persuaded to act in the movies. . . . D. W. Griffith has completed one of his war pictures made on the battlefields of Europe and is now working on a second.

## 10 Years Ago

FOR years and years we've been telling girls all over the country how hard it is for an extra to climb the ladder of success. On the pages of PHOTOPLAY of ten years ago is a neat and pertinent lesson. We picked out nine extra girls—the prettiest and loveliest of the horde—and printed their pictures. Not one of those girls rose to stardom! In fact two are still extras today!

There was a cute story about Buster Keaton's baby—Joseph Talmadge Keaton. What a happy family group they made then—mama Natalie Talmadge, papa Buster and baby Joe. The family group is happy no longer, for Buster and Natalie have told their troubles to a judge.

By far the biggest news of the month was the marriage of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller and we described Mary Pickford as matron of honor and Doug Fairbanks as master of ceremonies. We couldn't know that that marriage was to end in divorce, no more than we could know when we first told of the idyllic love of William S. Hart and Winifred Westover that just eight months after their marriage they would part.

Alice Brady was the girl on the cover while inside in the gallery were Madge Bellamy, Billie Dove, Pauline Starke, Charles Ray, Percy Marmont, Lois Wilson, and May McAvoy.

The six best pictures were "Blood and Sand," "The Masquerader," "Fools First," "Nice People," "The Eternal Flame," and "Her Gilded Cage."

Cal York items: By the time he is eight years old this fall, Jackie Coogan will have earned a million dollars. . . . Betty Compson is going places with Walter Morosco (wonder if either one remembers that romance now?).

## 5 Years Ago

THE most striking news of the month five years ago was Norma Shearer's announcement that she would marry Irving Thalberg after all and that the things she said about marriage and a career not jibing were just so much nonsense. That's one marriage that has weathered the storm. Norma is still Mrs. Thalberg—wife, mother and successful actress.

We don't want to pat ourselves on the back too much, but under a lovely photograph of Claudette Colbert we made the prophecy that the public was going to see a lot of the girl. She had just been signed for her first movie rôle. The next few years were to shoot Claudette to success. Then mediocre rôles were to keep her career at a standstill. But it's going to be different from now on. Claudette recently begged for and got the rôle of the bad girl in "The Sign of the Cross" and is doing one swell job.

A story introducing a new boy named Buddy Rogers. He was Mary Pickford's leading man in "My Best Girl." He did not know that the five years that lay before him were to make him a movie idol, and then his light as a star was to go out and Buddy was to retire from the movies. But he still can make a nice living, thank you, crooning songs over the radio and being the boss man for a New York orchestra.

Lovely Dolores Costello graced the cover, while the gallery pictures included Greta Garbo, Jobyna Ralston, Dick Arlen, Dorothy Dwan, William Haines and Harold Lloyd.

The six best pictures were "Quality Street," "Mockery," "Hard-Boiled Haggerty," "Shanghai Bound," "Hula" and "Swim, Girl, Swim."

Cal York items: Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery are the two best Hollywood pals. . . . Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell have called it quits.



"Specially posed by THELMA TODD Noted Screen Beauty"

# You can have eyes like the stars

by the simple magic of the NEW NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF

MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, alluring eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. You can have them. And instantly!

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? Bewitching, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

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For 10c and coupon below we will send Special Purse Size for trial

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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the New Maybelline.  Black  Brown

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DESPITE the unique success and patronage which the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel is still enjoying during an adverse business period, the management wishes to announce substantial reductions made possible through lower operating costs by which all guests and patrons may benefit.

The outstanding charm of this great hotel may now be enjoyed on a surprisingly low budget and with no deterioration of the splendid service for which the Ambassador has long been famous.

Good outside rooms with bath may be secured from \$5.00 per day.

Special discounts for stays of four weeks or longer.

Restaurant prices have been reduced in some cases as much as 50%. Quality and size of portions remain the same.

Please write for revised room and restaurant tariffs

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

A-13



**What makes men fall for BLONDES?**

TESTS show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless, a blonde becomes less attractive. By using BLONDEX, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today! See the astonishing beauty it will give you in ten minutes! Ask for Blondex at any Drug or Department store.

**Short Subjects**  
of the **Month**



Franklin Pangborn tries his best to be tough in "What Price Taxi," and then a real tough guy, Bud Jamieson, appears on the scene. What follows is a riot. Reviewed below

**WHAT PRICE TAXI**

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This one is really funny and the gags are great. Clyde Cook and Franklin Pangborn, as a couple of taxi drivers baffled by life and love, are a howl. And when they become involved with a tough lad's wife, you'll have your share of good laughs.

**JITTERS, THE BUTLER**

RKO-Radio

Even the title is funny. And when Clark and McCullough, who have a brand of humor with their own trade-mark on it, start clowning, you'll forget you ever had a trouble. The story doesn't matter—it's all sheer nonsense, anyhow.

**DESERT TRIPOLI**

Fox

Here's one of the "Magic Carpet Series" that you can't afford to miss. And take the kids along for they'll learn more about Tripoli in those few minutes than they could in hours with their geography books. Besides its educational value, this travelogue is beautifully photographed and entertaining.

**THE HOLLYWOOD HANDICAP**

Universal

Not a hilarious comedy, but you'll get your share of excitement. It concerns an actor and his movie double who settle a wager. Don Alvarado is the good looking leading man.

**FURY OF THE STORM**

Educational-Lyman H. Howe

You won't start a back-to-the-ranch movement after seeing this chilling bit of photography. The camera takes you through a blizzard on a Western ranch. Sheep and cattle plunge about in drifts while cowboys ride through the blinding storm.

**THE GOLF CHAMP**

RKO-Radio

Nobody who ever walked around a golf course or had an in-law (and haven't we all?) should miss this amusing short. It's one of the "Mr. Average Man" series and Edgar Kennedy is great.

**CRADLES OF CREED**

M-G-M

One of the most unusual shorts ever made, this explains the five great creeds of the world—beginning with the Hindu and marching to Christianity—in a brief, simple manner understandable to all.

**YOUNG ONIONS**

Educational-Mack Sennett

Not as funny as the usual Sennett offerings but it has enough gags to make it entertaining. Forrester Harvey and Dorothy Granger decide to get out of a five-years-married rut. You can imagine the rest.

**BOSKO AT THE BEACH**

Vitaphone

If you like the brisk antics of that clever little animated cartoon fellow, Bosko, you'll enjoy this reel which shows him picnicking at the beach with his girl. It has good singing and dialogue, too.

**IF I'M ELECTED**

Vitaphone

This one registers because of its political timeliness. Although lots of the gags are old, you'll get a chuckle or two out of the absurdities of its broad burlesque.

**WIIIO, ME?**

Universal

A tangled yarn about a newly married couple who want to keep their wedding a secret. Not enough laughs.



## Come On—Let's Watch 'Em Eat!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

Two tomato slices fried in butter. French fried potatoes, lettuce leaves and olives. Put them all together and they certainly don't spell MOTHER but they do make a "Jackie Cooper Sandwich." So named because Jackie himself invented it. And ice cream? I tell you—

But let's go on. Mae Clarke eats cheese and crackers for breakfast and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., orders potatoes au gratin so often that Joan's face is that red.

CLARK GABLE is the least food conscious person on the M-G-M lot. Dinner is the big meal for Clark, but once in a while for luncheon he'll order his favorite sandwich (if he's working hard) that rivals the Empire State Building (tower included) for dizzy heights.

It's a double-double decker including bacon, Swiss cheese, roast beef and minced eggs.

And it's Clark (heavy lover) Gable who carries pockets and pockets full of peanuts. They keep track of Clark on the M-G-M lot simply by tracing the peanut shells.

And if you imagine Paul Lukas, that handsome Hungarian over at Paramount, must have his goulash, you're wrong. All wrong. Ham and eggs. Fried chicken. Steaks and three cheers for the red, white and blue, Paul loves pancakes, too.

When Hungarian guests gather at Paul's home, a special Hungarian cook is hired to cook the meal while Paul's own cook prepares for him good old American steak and onions.

Paul's going to get rid of that accent if he has to eat pancakes to do it.

Stand back. Hats off. Garbo's tray is passing by. Mysterious as the Swedish siren herself, is Garbo's daily tray, secretly prepared in the M-G-M kitchen. But leave it to your old auntie to snoop around and get beneath that napkin cover. And there it is. A rye bread sandwich. Always. Rain or shine, "Grand Hotel" or "As You Desire Me," it's a rye bread sandwich. Black tea or black coffee to drink and in that mysterious waxed paper package—a monstrous slice of Swiss cheese.

As sure as the moon comes over the mountains, the Swiss cheese goes over to Garbo. Ah, sweet mysteries of life, alas I found. Garbo never goes to the studio lunch-room any more. The tray is sent to her dressing-room.

Marie Dressler, bless her heart, nibbles like a gold fish. But no matter how little she has, it must be good. And always is. You should know Mamie, Marie's cook. Honey chile, would you love Mamie! Fried chicken. Light fluffy biscuit. And all Marie's friends rally round and Marie enjoys watching the results. Miss Dressler has some of the finest recipes in existence, having collected them from all over the world.

But Polly Moran. Weep no more my lady. Monday at the M-G-M commissary at twelve, enters Polly. In make-up. "One glass of grapefruit juice, please." And Polly's gone. "Dear me," the tourists from Kansas murmur, "what a light eater."

COMES Tuesday. Same place. Same time. Enters Polly.

"A plate of deviled crabs that will reach from here to Frisco and everything that goes with them," Polly orders. And the tourists from Iowa run home to talk of Polly's appetite.

Wednesday. Ditto time and place. Enter Polly.

"Small dish of stewed apricots, please."

And on Thursday. "A sirloin steak with seven onions."

And on and on it goes. You can't tell a thing about the Moran appetite. Neither can Polly.

Carole Lombard is a spinach hound. Four

years ago Carole was very much overweight. "Eat spinach," her doctor said, "you'll get nourishment without fat." (How about it Sylvia?) Gradually Carole grew fond of her spinach until now it's spinach for lunch, spinach for dinner and spinach in between times.

You can always see a strange sight or two over at the Paramount lunch-room. Tallulah Bankhead furnishes the most amusement. She is usually surrounded by five or six men at luncheon and whenever she spies another friend she jumps up from the table and rushes across the room to throw her arms around the new lad with a typical Bankhead greeting.

Maurice Chevalier is always very dignified. And when Tallulah rushes over to embrace him he rises with great formality and kisses her hand.

THE Marx Brothers entrance is one of those things everybody notices. You couldn't help noticing four cyclones, could you? They always make an entrance—sometimes on all fours, sometimes with a double somersault—but it's an entrance!

And Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg make an entrance, too. But not quite like the Marx Brothers. They glance neither to the right nor left, but walk straight ahead to a small table always reserved for them at the rear. They always lunch together and are absolutely lost in conversation together, as if a magic circle were drawn about them and no one dare trespass. And no one does.

The stars invariably come right off the set for luncheon and are always in costume and make-up. The men tuck their handkerchiefs—honest, it isn't their napkins—under their collars, so the greasepaint won't rub off and spoil their nice, shiny, white collars.

When Ann Harding is ready for one of those subtle, clever scenes of hers Ann eats a handful of raisins and drinks a glass of milk. Without the subtle, clever scenes Ann eats healthily and normally. Huge platters of hors-d'oeuvres only for luncheon is one of Ann's favorites and, dear me, how those blue eyes light up at the sight of creamed chipped beef on toast. Well now.

But when Ann's cook scrapes the pulp from the shell of an avocado, mashes it, mixes it with finely grated onions, salt, dash of paprika and a little lemon juice, places it back in the shell and serves as a salad, you should see how Annie Harding behaves then.

And here's where the little girls and boys below the Mason and Dixon line rise right up and cheer. Irene Dunne goes in for corn pone in a great big way. Yas sir. Irene must have her corn pone.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS will get up in the middle of the night for a Spanish egg omelette, and Evalyn Knapp will hunt all over town for corn beef and cabbage. (Page Jiggs.)

Joe E. Brown has a favorite dessert. Ten scoops of vanilla ice cream with ten scoops of strawberry, chocolate, pineapple (oh, give him the works) pour chocolate sauce with chopped nuts all over it, watch Joe E. open up that cavern and see what happens.

But nobody notices much, for, studio commissaries are the strangest eating places in the world.

They are different architecturally but they are alike in spirit—all noisy, always crowded, always filled with conversation and laughter. And things that would amaze you and me don't get a glance from Hollywood eaters.

Yet these lunch-rooms have their pathetic side, too. Once famous stars, who are now doing bits, always manage to choose tables near some famous director, hoping to be seen, begging to be noticed and smiling quickly and



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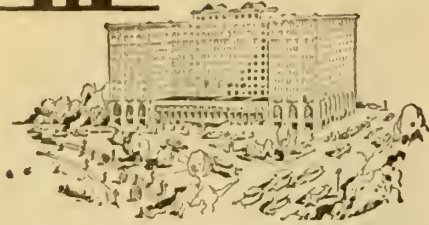
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wistfully every time a director glances their way.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is what is known as a "table jumper." At the First National commissary he goes from table to table chatting to his friends and is a great gagster. If you happen to order watermelon you're not safe with Doug, Jr. around, for he's sure to come rushing over to your table and shoot the seeds at the heads of dignified stars and directors.

Most of the stars who come into the commissary come for a bit of fun and everything is gay and informal. Lots of them, including Ruth Chatterton, always have their luncheon served in their dressing-rooms.

**B**USTER KEATON eats in his kennel, as Buster calls his dressing-room. He employs his own colored cook and has one dish only. If it's chicken-a-la-king, there's the lunch. If it's macaroni, there's another lunch. And always the kennel is packed with hungry visitors passing over their plates for refills.

Richard Dix prepares a special Richard Dix salad dressing at his table in the RKO dining room, Groucho Marx dotes on apple pie and Edna May Oliver bakes herself a crock of baked beans every Saturday night and, then, in true Boston style, she has them for *Sunday morning breakfast*.

And Anita Page, sipping her sugarless tea and nibbling her thin graham crackers gazes across the Brown Derby at Maurice Chevalier, intent on his American waffles, with a lean and hungry look.

And eating in Hollywood goes merrily on. Everybody eating the thing no one expects them to. Until the time comes to yell for Sylvia.

And then—ah, there's the rub.



Fred R. Archer

Shed no tears for poor Rin-Tin-Tin. He died after having lived fourteen useful years, rich in service, and now goes to the best of dog heavens, we are sure. He earned, during his lifetime on the screen, \$300,000, and his name is to be carried on, for his son, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., has been carefully trained in all his father's tricks and will carry on in his father's rôles



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

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

**MURDER AT DAWN**—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

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

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

**MY WIFE'S FAMILY**—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

**NICE WOMEN**—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

**NIGHT WORLD**—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

**NO GREATER LOVE**—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

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

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

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

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

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

**PLAY GIRL**—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

**POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

**POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

**PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

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

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

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

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

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

**RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

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

**RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE**—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

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

**RIDING TORNADO, THE**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

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

**ROAD TO LIFE, THE**—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

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

★ **RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

**ROADHOUSE MURDER**—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

**SADDLE BUSTER, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

**SALLY OF THE SUBWAY**—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

★ **SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

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

**SHADOW BETWEEN, THE**—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

**SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE**—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

**SHOP ANGEL**—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

**SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

**SINNERS IN THE SUN**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

**SINISTER HANDS**—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

**SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

**SKY BRIDE**—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

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

**SO BIG**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

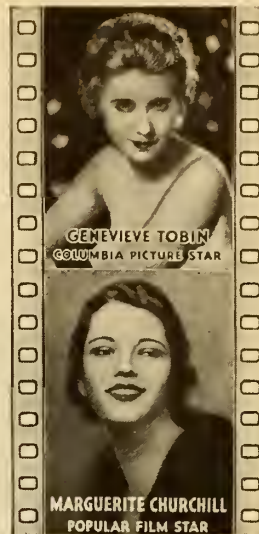
**SOCIETY GIRL**—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

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

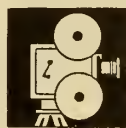
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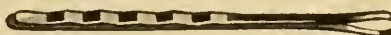
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★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

★ **STEADY COMPANY**—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

★ **STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

★ **STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

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

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

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

★ **STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

★ **STRANGERS IN LOVE**—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

★ **STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan. (April)

★ **TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

★ **TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

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

★ **TEXAS GUN FIGHTER**—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

★ **THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

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

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

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

★ **THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

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

★ **TRAPEZE**—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

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

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

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

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

★ **VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

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

★ **WAYWARD**—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

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

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

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

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

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

★ **WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

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

★ **WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

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

★ **WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a job at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

★ **WISER SEX, THE**—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

★ **WITHOUT HONOR**—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

★ **WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

★ **WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

★ **WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

★ **YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathé.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

★ **ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES**—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)



# Hollywood Fashions

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61-64) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

- ABRAHAM & STRAUS,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,  
Buffalo, N. Y.
- J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,  
Omaha, Neb.
- CASNER-KNOTT COMPANY,  
Nashville, Tenn.
- THE DAYTON COMPANY,  
Minneapolis, Minn.
- DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,  
Syracuse, N. Y.
- MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,  
Chicago, Ill.
- WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Boston, Mass.
- WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Worcester, Mass.
- G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,  
Hartford, Conn.
- THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,  
Memphis, Tenn.
- WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.
- THE GORTON COMPANY,  
Elmira, N. Y.
- HARZFELD'S, INC.,  
Kansas City, Mo.
- HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,  
Baltimore, Md.
- J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,  
Charlotte, N. Y.
- FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,  
Washington, D. C.
- THE LINDNER COMPANY,  
Cleveland, Ohio.
- THE MORTON COMPANY,  
Binghamton, N. Y.
- ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,  
Birmingham, Ala.
- ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,  
Milwaukee, Wis.
- SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY  
DRY GOODS Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.
- SEAMAN'S,  
Battle Creek, Mich.
- THE STYLE SHOP,  
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*Which one shall we see tonight?*

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## Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

**PHOTOPLAY**  
The News and Fashion Magazine of the Screen

## Doug, Jr. Walks and Talks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

Doug looked more disgusted than ever. "But I haven't," he explained. "I haven't any money. I don't make much money."

"As a matter of fact, I made more money the first year I worked in pictures than I have any year since. That was nine years ago when I made 'Stephen Steps Out,' and the producers thought the Fairbanks name would draw customers no matter who was behind it."

"Well, they found out, and I haven't made as much money per week since."

"I'm always broke. I don't worry about it, but I'm always broke. We don't live as simply as we might, but we don't live extravagantly, either. I took the money out of my savings account to make this trip. I certainly expect to make more money than I do now, one of these days."

DOUG stopped pacing and glared. "Say, I haven't had a new suit in more than two years. This, this is one of my newest suits and it's—" he dug into the inner coat pocket and exposed the tailor's mark to the light. "1929," he said triumphantly, "three years old. I've some new trousers and shoes, but I haven't spent any real money on clothes for two years."

"Well?"

The pacing started again. Back and forth; back and forth.

"Suppose," began Doug suddenly, "suppose we dope out a story that I haven't arrived."

"Not artistically or financially or—"

"Not any way at all. I haven't done any of the things I intend to do as well as I intend to do them. Can't you write that I haven't arrived?"

"Yes, but—"

"I really haven't."

"All right."

"I promised to drop in on stage two in about five minutes. Have you enough material? Can you do a story about my not having arrived?"

"Yes and no."

"Well, what more do you want? Ask me some questions?"

"What did you do yesterday?"

"I went to the preview last night." Doug's picture, "Love is a Racket," had been shown to its first audience.

"Then I went home and sat up until one o'clock learning lines and figuring out business on the new picture."

"How do you generally spend your evenings?"

"We run pictures at home, we dance occasionally, we go to the beach and ride the roller coasters or we have other couples at the house and just talk."

"What do you talk about?"

"Well—just lately—we've been talking about how we should hold off a shark with our left hand while we're getting a knife out to battle him with the right hand."

"Do you play bridge?"

"No!" with emphasis.

"What did you do today?"

"WELL, I looked at costumes for 'Scarlet Dawn,' and helped polish off a little additional script. I helped write the scenario, you know. Then I helped load the boat with equipment and food. I went to the bank. I had lunch with Bob Montgomery. We're going back down to the boat now."

"When do you write and draw?"

"Oh, any time. Mornings, late at night, during dinner."

"Where do you write?"

"In the living room or the library or wherever I am."

"Longhand or typewriter?"



"Well, I make notes by hand. Then I pick it out on the typewriter. Then I correct it and dictate it. Then I correct it again and re-dictate it. Then sometimes I throw it away. Sometimes it's published." (The pacing is getting more and more vigorous.) "I'm either terribly enthusiastic about anything I'm doing or else I don't give a—damn about it. But I like to do almost everything. I play the piano well enough to amuse myself. I draw a little, paint a little, write a little, talk too much. I like to swim, except that it's such hard work. I have a good car. It's my only extravagance. I like to drive. I've been arrested driving too fast.

"I leave my things scattered about. I never see a new piece of furniture at home until I bark my shins on it. I haven't had a vacation in five years except the ten days that Joan and I were in New York last fall. (Their European jaunt was still just a day dream at this time.) This is the first time I've gone on a trip by myself since my marriage. I can't sleep late. I have to get tanned for my next picture. I haven't arrived and I've got to go down to the boat with Bob now and make room for that Russian orchestra. Is that enough material for a story?"

"Well, it'll help."

"MAKE it about my not having arrived—please. I haven't, you know. I've been at it long enough and I honestly think I'm better than I was but I'm not where I hope to get—yet."

"I'd like to follow you around for a couple of days. That ought to make a story."

"Sure. We'll spend a day, two days, sometime between pictures. You come out to the house. I've some ideas. Goodbye. Don't forget—about my *not* having arrived."

He was gone. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., pacing son of a galloping father, had left Hollywood for a cruise in Mexican waters on a leased yacht (Cecil B. De Mille's yacht) with a Russian orchestra on board for good measure.

But he promised to give us a good story—sometime. He has some ideas.



## Grouchy Irritable Wives!

"DON'T speak to me," she cries. "I'm all upset and want to be alone."

Why is it . . . as soon as a woman's nerves become excited she hurts the ones she loves?

No husband can understand the reason why! What has changed her into a silent, moody woman . . . always grumbling and flying into a rage over a trifle?

Those dreadful headaches and backaches . . . that bearing-down feeling and

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Clarence Sinclair Pull

Like a dress your grandmother might have worn is this fall costume of Maureen O'Sullivan's. The bodice of this black, light wool frock is made in old-fashioned basque effect. Pleated epaulets circle the shoulders. The front buttons up to the throat where a tiny organdie collar ties in handkerchief fashion. Maureen's hat is black rough crepe with a satin band

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# ESSEX HOUSE

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ALBERT AUWAERTER, Manager

# Rules of \$1,000 Gag Idea Contest

See Page 45

1. Every Gag Idea must be written in 500 words or less on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Movie Crazy Contest Editor,  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Gag Ideas will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. No gag ideas will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. Those that do not win prizes will be destroyed.

3. Each and every Gag Idea must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the coupon or a copy of the coupon which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant in his or her own handwriting, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the coupon should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or a reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Harold Lloyd Corporation or Paramount-Public Corp., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of Harold Lloyd, and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

- First Prize ..... \$250.00
- Second Prize ..... \$100.00
- Third Prize ..... \$ 50.00
- Four Prizes of \$25 each ..... \$100.00
- One Hundred Prizes of \$5 each ..... \$500.00

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

7. Harold Lloyd Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning Gag Ideas and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes. Harold Lloyd Corporation may use the winning Gag Ideas in whole or in part, alter the same, and require the execu-

tion of any papers by the successful contestants which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants may become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own suggestions 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 Gag Ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Harold Lloyd Corporation nor Paramount-Public Corp., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Public Corp., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Judges to make this Contest fair and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest.

10. Harold Lloyd Corporation shall not be bound to use any of the Gag Ideas even if they win prizes. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Harold Lloyd Corporation.

11. Gag Ideas 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 Gag Ideas based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

12. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

13. Facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prizes, but the clearness and specific quality of the Gag Idea will be considered.

14. Any single individual may submit any number of Gag Ideas.

15. The contest will close at midnight, November 15th, 1932. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Gag Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of August, when the September issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appears on the newsstands.

## IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each Gag Idea

### SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates will be found on page 122. Use the convenient coupon furnished

In submitting the accompanying Gag Idea as a contestant for the cash prizes 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 Gag Idea being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Public Corp., 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 any of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that the development of this Gag Idea is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this Gag Idea and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., and Harold Lloyd Corporation, 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 one of such prizes if awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....Address



# She Sat on the Floor

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 ]

A saleswoman with a definite proposition. A saleswoman with samples that told the whole story—pictures of a girl in a black negligée.

She wasn't asking a favor. Irving Thalberg needed a woman for "Arsene Lupin." Well, she was offering him one—of good value, too, she knew.

She made the sale.

I HAVE often wondered what passed through Irving Thalberg's mind at that moment. I believe there is only one woman on the Metro lot who had ever before approached him in such a concretely business-like manner. Her name is Norma Shearer.

The same adjectives apply to Karen which have always applied to Mrs. Thalberg—shrewd, clever, hard-in-business, self-sufficient, inordinately ambitious, contemptuous-of-in-efficiency, judicial-like-a-man, fair-minded and, necessarily, a bit self-centered.

Hard, professionally. Femininely alert, personally.

Everyone understood why Karen fought for that rôle in "Arsene Lupin." To play leading lady to the Barrymores was something that any actress, whether old-timer or newcomer, would covet. But no one could grasp why she put up an equally determined sales campaign to secure the cold, cruel, unsympathetic rôle in "Are You Listening?"

It was one which most girls would quickly and definitely spurn.

Karen explained it briefly: "I know I am not pretty. I cannot make a place for myself on the screen as a beauty. I am not even an exciting person. There is, therefore, only one thing left. I must be an actress. And the more variety I can get, the more they will think of me as a capable actress. There is just one thing I have not done. Light comedy. So far, no one has seen the comédienne possibilities in me. But they will!"

If you knew her, you would not doubt that she'll realize that ambition, too. Karen is said to be extremely close-mouthed. They tell that Anita Page and Karen took tests for "Red-Headed Woman" at about the same time. Trusting little Anita excitedly told everyone that she might secure this big opportunity. She had taken a test!

Not Karen! If she didn't secure the part, it wasn't necessary that the world should know that Jean Harlow was considered more fitted for the rôle than Karen Morley.

Madge Evans has taken several of the parts for which Miss Morley has been tested. No one but the authorities knew it.

Karen had seen to that. Why invite comparisons?

But she is not always so silent. She can chatter like a magpie when it is advantageous.

For example, when another studio sends for her to make a test, she tells everyone about it whether she secures the rôle or not. To be even considered by another studio is a chalk-mark in any actress's favor. The home studio always appreciates the girl whom another studio even remembers for a test.

Irene Dunne won the lead in Universal's "Back Street," against the Morley competition. Karen never forgets to mention the fact that she was borrowed for the test or to explain casually that it was natural that Irene should be chosen. She had already established, in "Cimarron," a name for the ability to change from young girl to old woman. Universal wanted the name!

Likewise, when Karen returned to Metro from being borrowed by Fox to play the lead with Warner Baxter in "Man About Town," she did plenty of chatting. In fact, she almost raved about the royal manner in which she had

been treated by the other studio. A suite for her dressing-room. With private bath. A stand-in girl.

She told how she had received every small attention, usually accorded only to acknowledged stars with four-figured salaries.

Good business to let Metro know that Fox already accepted her as a star as they would Joan Crawford, had she been the one borrowed.

Naturally, she wisecracked about the Fox glory. She would never lay herself open to the criticism of being "boastful."

When she told about the dressing-room, for example, she jested with, "Of course, I didn't need the bath. I was home on Saturday nights."

One day she sprained her ankle. The next day Nora Gregor, leading lady for Bob Montgomery, sprained hers. "Gee," Karen exclaimed, "I'm getting important. I'm starting fads already."

It was in fun, but the fun carried a subtle suggestion of importance.

UNTIL very recently, Karen had attended only one Hollywood opening—and that at the definite request of the studio. She did not go to any of the places where stars or would-be-stars are supposed to go. They said it was because she was keeping all the old friends she had made in college and going to the same old collegiate hang-outs.

Perhaps. But I'd be more inclined to believe it was because she's shrewd enough not to go to public places where she is a part of the fringe rather than the main pattern. If she was not important enough to be pointed out as Karen Morley "the movie actress," why go where others would be so designated?

She's started stepping out more. But she's known now. She has three good pictures to her credit. She is recognized as one of the centers of the pattern—a celebrity rather than an unknown.

She also has changed boy friends. She had gone for years with one lad—Carol Dempster's nephew. What happened only Karen knows and she'll never tell. Nor will she give you the name of the handsome new escort—non-professional. She's borrowed that much from Greta Garbo's sales book. She believes they'll talk more and write more if you keep them guessing. The world, once it knows all about your love affairs, loses interest.

I don't want to give you an impression that Karen, at twenty-one, is all saleswoman. She's feminine, with all the little tricks that go with that. One day, while I was talking with her, she announced several times that she knew she wasn't pretty. I suspected that the wholly feminine side of her was protesting too much in the hopes that I would deny it and call her pretty.

Incidentally, she looks terrible in hats. Therefore, she seldom wears them. Not even when she is shopping.

HOW could one so young be so wise? The answer is simple. She was born that way. Her ancestors were Scotch. But you've read her life history elsewhere. I won't repeat. She's always left that which she didn't enjoy, like college, and sought what she did—the Pasadena Community Players. Even though she didn't have the money to warrant following her inclinations. In this way, she is much like Clark Gable.

Yes, Karen Morley was born a saleswoman.

As a small child, she took her first trip on a train. She didn't want anyone on the train to recognize her inexperience so when she went into the diner, she exclaimed loudly, "I will take potatoes. They are always good on trains."

# CORNS

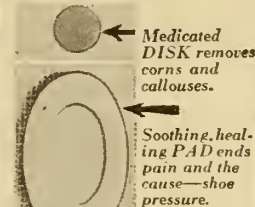


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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEAUTY PARLOR"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Marion Orth. Adapted by Harry Sauber. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Sally, Barbara Kent; Joan, Joyce Compton; Jeffrey, John Harron; Stella, Dorothy Revier; Burke, Albert Gran; Fremont, Wheeler Oakman; Herman Bauer, Mischa Auer; Lou, Betty Mack; Mason, Harry C. Bradley.

"BIRD OF PARADISE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the stage play by Richard Walton Tully. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Luana, Dolores Del Rio; Johnny Baker, Joel McCrea; Mac, John Halliday; Thornton, Creighton Chaney; Chester, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Hector, Bert Roach; The King, Pukui; Medicine Man, Augustino Borgato; Old Native Woman, Sophie Ortego.

"BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: Blondie, Marion Davies; Larry, Robert Montgomery; Lottie, Billie Dove; Jimmy, Jimmy Durante; Pa McClune, James Gleason; Gertie, ZaSu Pitts; Pete, Sidney Toler; Murchenson, Douglas Dumbrille; Ma McClune, Sarah Padden; Ma Callahan, Louise Carter; Dancer, Clyde Cook; Rocky Twins, by Themselves.

"CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Harry Harrison Kroll. Screen play by Paul Green. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: Marvin, Richard Barthelmess; Betty, Dorothy Jordan; Madge, Bette Davis; Old Eph, Henry B. Walthall; Lane Norwood, Burton Churchill; Cleve Clinton, Walter Percival; Jake Fisher, William LeMaire; Old Slick Harkness, Tully Marshall; Old Blind Negro, Clarence Nuse; Holmes Scott, Edmund Breese; Russ Carter, John Marston; Sock Fisher, Erville Alderson; Lilly Blake, Dorothy Peterson; Eazy Daniels, Snowflake; Uncle Joe, Russell Simpson; Ross Clinton, Harry Cording; Mrs. Norwood, Virginia Hammond; Lizer, Florine McKinney.

"CRASH, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "Children of Pleasure" by Larry Barratto. Adapted by Earl Baldwin and Larry Barratto. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: Linda, Ruth Chatterton; Geoff, George Brent; Ronnie, Paul Cavanagh; Celeste, Barbara Leonard; John Fair, Henry Kolker; Marcia Peterson, Lois Wilson; Lodge, Ivan Simpson; Esther Parrish, Helen Vinson; Arthur, Hardie Albright; Landlady, Edith Kingdon; Frank Parrish, Richard Tucker; Nadine, Virginia Hammond.

"CROONER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Rian James. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Teddy, David Manners; Judy, Ann Dvorak; Peter, Ken Murray; Hat Check Girl, Sheila Terry; Pat, William Janney; Henry, Eddie Nugent; Meyers, J. Carroll Nash; Iis Secretary, Betty Gillette; The Drunk, Guy Kibbee; Theater Manager, William Halligan; Mack, Teddy Joyce; Boy, Sumner Getchell; Tom, Clarence Norstrum; Ralph, Allen Vincent; Head Waiter, William Ricciardi; Constance, Claire Dodd; Band Boys, William Morgan, Johnny Harron, Sumner Getchell.

"DEVIL AND THE DEEP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: Diana Sturm, Tallulah Bankhead; Lieut. Sempler, Gary Cooper; Comdr. Sturm, Charles Laughton; Lieut. Jaekel, Cary Grant; Hassan, Paul Porcasi; Mrs. Planet, Juliette Compton; Hulton, Henry Kolker; Mrs. Crimp, Dorothy Christy; Mr. Planet, Arthur Hoyt.

"DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Maurice Rapf and Delmer Daves. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: Terry Parker, Jackie Cooper; Dr. Shumaker, Conrad Nagel; John Parker, Lewis Stone; Mrs. Shumaker, Lois Wilson; Lucile, Jean Parker; Al Parker, Maurice Murphy; Kenny, Lawrence Grant; Snoop, Richard Wallace; Interne, David Newell; Spike, Oscar Rudolph; Rosetta, Louise Beavers.

"GUILTY AS HELL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Riddle Me This" by Daniel N. Rubin. Screen play by Arthur Kober and Frank Partos. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: Russell Kirk, the Reporter, Edmund Lowe; McKinley, the Detective, Victor McLaglen; Frank Marsh, Richard Arlen; Vera Marsh, Adrienne Ames; Dr. Ernest Tindall, Henry Stephenson; Jack Reed, Ralph Ince; Julia Reed, Noel Francis; Mrs. Ward, Elizabeth Patterson; Dr. Sully, Arnold Lucy; Sergt. Alcock, Willard Robertson; The Governor, William B. Davidson; District Attorney, Richard Tucker; Detective Duffy, Fred Kelsey; Detective Brown, Earl Pingree; Mrs. Alvin, Lillian Harmer; Dr. Goodman, Gordon Westcott; Mrs. Ruth Tindall, Claire Dodd; The Governor's Secretary, Harold Berquist; Vera's Maid, Elsa Peterson; The Judge, Clifford Dempsey; The Janitor, Oscar Smith; The Delivery Boy, Charles Sylber.

"HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Adapted by Norman Krasna and Jo Swerling. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: Gertrude Smith (Greta Swan), Genevieve Tobin; Jimmy Reed, Pat O'Brien; Landau, Lucien

Prival; Carp, Ralf Harolde; Millie Coreen, Rita La Roy; Mrs. Landau, Leni Stengel; Joe Hammond, Anderson Lawlor.

"HORSE FEATHERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and S. J. Perelman. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Professor Wagstaff, Groucho Marx; Harpo, Harpo Marx; Chico, Chico Marx; Zeppo, Zeppo Marx; Connie Bailey, Thelma Todd; Jennings, David Landau; Peggy Carrington, Florine McKinney; Mullens, James Pierce; McCarthy, Nat Pendleton; President of Huxley, Reginald Barlow; Professor Hornsvoegel, Robert Greig.

"ISLE OF PARADISE"—ADOLPH POLLAK PROD.—Photographed and directed by Charles T.rego. Musical score by James C. Bradford. Dialogue by Richard Mack. Narration by David Ross. Film editing by Paul Masschke.

"LAST MILE, THE"—WORLD-WIDE.—From the play by John Wexley. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Sam Bischoff. The cast: Richard Walters, Howard Phillips; Mears, Cell 4, Preston S. Foster; Berg, Cell 1, George E. Stone; D'Amoro, Cell 6, Noel Madison; Kirby, Cell 7, Alan Roscoe; Werner, Cell 8, Paul Fix; Mayer, Cell 3, Al Hill; Jackson, Cell 2, Daniel L. Haynes; Warden Lewis, Frank Sheridan; Father O'Connor, Alec B. Francis; Rabbi, Edward van Sloan; Mrs. Walters, Louise Carter; Callahan, Principal Keeper, Ralph Theadore; O'Flaherty, Jack Kennedy; Drake, Albert J. Smith; Pederie, William Scott; Harris, Kenneth McDonald; Governor Blake, Walter Walker.

"LIFE BEGINS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mary McDougall Axelson. Adapted by Earl Baldwin. Directed by James Flood and Elliott Nugent. The cast: Grace Sutton, Loretta Young; Jed Sutton, Eric Linden; Miss Bowers, Aline MacMahon; Florette, Glenda Farrell; Psychopathic Patient, Dorothy Peterson; Mrs. MacGivray, Vivienne Osborne; Banks, Frank McHugh; Tony, Gilbert Roland; Doctor Cramm, Hale Hamilton; Mr. MacGivray, Herbert Mundin; Dr. Brett, Preston Foster; Dr. Tubby, Walter Walker; Mrs. West, Clara Blandick; Mrs. Banks, Gloria Sbee; Mrs. Tubby, Elizabeth Patterson; Prison Matron, Helena Phillips; Dr. Lee, Reginald Mason; Rose, Ruthelma Stevens; Rita, Dorothy Tree; Student, Terrance Ray; Miss Pindy, Mary Phillips.

"LOVE ME TONIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Leopold Marchand and Paul Armont. Screen play by Samuel Hofenstein, Waldemar Young and George Marion, Jr. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: Maurice Courtelin, Maurice Chevalier; Princess Jeanette, Jeanette MacDonald; L'icome, Charlie Ruggles; Count de Sauvignac, Charles E. Butterworth; Countess Valentine, Myrna Loy; The Duke, C. Aubrey Smith; First Aunt, Elizabeth Patterson; Second Aunt, Ethel Griffies; Third Aunt, Blanche Frederici; The Doctor, Joseph Cawthorn; Dressmaker, Ethel Wales.



Here's Hollywood's latest donation to accessory fads! Four pastel-tinted finger bands in silver and enamel. Rochelle Hudson says that she harmonizes the colors of her rings with the colors in the costume she wears. Neat idea that! Connie Bennett wears this same ring assortment, too

"MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Richard Connell. Screen play by James Creelman. Directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: Bob Whitney, Joel McCrea; Eve Trowbridge, Fay Wray; Martin Trowbridge, Robert Armstrong; Count Zaroff, Leslie Banks.

"NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Anthony Abbot. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Thatcher Coll, Adolphe Menjou; Lola Carewe, Mayo Methot; Tony, Skeets Gallagher; Kelly, Ruthelma Stevens; Mrs. Carewe, Blanche Frederici; Everett, Gerald Fielding; Mike, Nat Pendleton; Incident Rowland, Albert Conti; Eunice, Greta Granstedt; Bill, Ed Brady; Joe, Lee Phelps; Andre, George Humbert; Dr. Baldwin, Niles Welch; Dr. Lengbe, William von Brincken; Mura, Teru Shimada.

"NIGHT MAYOR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Sam Marx. Adapted by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: Mayor Bobby Kingston, Lee Tracy; Doree Dawn, Evelyn Knapp; Hymie Shane, Eugene Pallette; Riley, Warren Hymer; Fred Fields, Donald Dillaway; Louis Mossbaum, Vince Barnett; Patsy, Astrid Allwyn; Nutsy, Barbara Weeks; Gwen, Gloria Shea; Lieut. Gov. Robertson, Emmett Corrigan; Delaney, Tom O'Brien; Clancy, Wade Boteler; Ashley Sparks, Harold Min-jir; Crandall, Wallis Clark.

"OKAY AMERICA!"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Scott Pembroke. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Larry Wayne, Lew Ayres; Miss Barton, Maureen O'Sullivan; Mileaway Rosso, Louis Calhern; City Editor, Walter Catlett; Jones, Alan Delinart; Alotto, Edward Arnold; Joe Morton, Rollo Lloyd; Ruth Drake, Margaret Lindsay; Secretary Drake, Wallis Clark; Mrs. Drake, Nance O'Neil; President, Frederick Burton; Commissioner, Frank Sheridan; Mrs. Wright, Marjorie Gateson; Sam, Henry Armetta; Obituary, Charles Dow Clark; Jerry Robbins, Emerson Treacy; Phyllis, Ruth Lyons; Baron, Burton Churchill; O'Toole, Frank Darien; also Onslow Stevens; James Flavin; Al Hall; William Daly; Neely Edwards; Caryl Lincoln.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Moss Hart and George Kaufman. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: George Lewis, Jack Oakie; Susan Walker, Sidney Fox; May Daniels, Aline MacMahon; Jerry Hyland, Russell Hopton; Helen Hobart, Louise Fazenda; Herman Glogauer, Gregory Ratoff; Miss Leighton, ZaSu Pitts; Lawrence F'ail, Onslow Stevens; Mr. Walker, Robert McWade; Mrs. Walker, Jobyna Howland; Miss Chasen, Claudia Morgan; Rudolph Kammerling, Gregory Gaye; Meterstein, Eddie Kane; Weisskopf, Johnny Morris; Phyllis Fontaine, Mona Maris; Florabel Leigh, Carol Trevis; Porter, "Deacon" McDaniel.

"ONE WAY PASSAGE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Adapted by Wilson Mizner and Joseph Jackson. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: Dan Hardesty, William Powell; Joan Ames, Kay Francis; Skippy, Frank McHugh; Steve Burke, Warren Hymer; Doctor, Frederick Burton; Sir Harold, Douglas Gerrard; Steward, Herbert Mundin; Betty, Aline MacMahon.

"PAINTED WOMAN, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Alfred C. Kennedy. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: Tom Brian, Spencer Tracy; Kiddo, Peggy Shannon; Boynton, William Boyd; Robert Dunn, Irving Pichel; Jim, Raul Roulien; Collins, Murray Kinnell; Tia, Laska Winters; Marquette, Chris Martin; Machado, Paul Porcasi; Yank, Stanley Fields; Lefty, Wade Boteler; Mack, Jack Kennedy; Bouncer, Dewey Robinson.

"A PASSPORT TO HELL"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Myra, Elissa Landi; Kurt, Paul Lukas; Baron Von Sydore, Warner Oland; Erich, Alexander Kirkland; Sergeant Snyder, Donald Crisp; Pursler, Earle Foxe; Immigration Officer, Anders von Haden; Sheba, Vera Morrison; Rosita, Yola D'Avril; Simms, Ivan Simpson; Missionary, Eva Dennis; German Officer, William Von Brincken; Hotel Proprietor, Bert Sprotte.

"70,000 WITNESSES"—PARAMOUNT-CHARLES R. ROGERS.—From the story by Cortland Fittsimmons. Screen play by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Buck Buchanan, Phillips Holmes; Dorothy Clark, Dorothy Jordan; Johnny Moran, Charlie Ruggles; Wally Clark, Johnny Mack Brown; State Coach, J. Farrell MacDonald; Slip Buchanan, Lew Cody; Dan McKenna, David Landau; Dr. Collins, Kenneth Thomson; Connors, Big Boy Williams; Ortelio, George Rosener; Old Grad, Walter Hiers; Greenwood, Paul Page; Southard, Reed Howes; Griffith, John David Horsley.

"SIGN OF FOUR, THE"—WORLD-WIDE.—From the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Graham Cutts. The cast: Sherlock Holmes, Arthur Wontner; Mary Morstan, Isla Bevan; Dr. Watson, Ian Hunter;



*Athelney Jones*, Gilbert Davis; *Jonathan Small*, Ben Soutten; *Captain Morstan*, Edgar Norfolk; *Sholio*, Herbert Lomas; *Mrs. Hudson*, Clair Greet; *Thaddeus*, Miles Malleon; *Bailey*, Roy Emerton; *Tonga*, Togo; *Tattoo Artist*, Mr. Burchett; *Bartholomew*, Kynaston Reeves.

"THIRTEEN WOMEN"—RKO-RADIO. — From the novel by Tiffany Thayer. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Sergeant Clive*, Ricardo Cortez; *Laura*, Irene Dunne; *Ursula*, Myrna Loy; *Jo*, Jill Esmond; *Grace*, Florence Eldridge; *Helen*, Kay Johnson; *Mary*, Julie Haydon; *May*, Harriet Hagman; *June*, Mary Duncan; *Hazel*, Peg Entwistle; *Nan*, Elsie Prescott; *Bobby*, Wally Albright; *Swami*, C. Henry Gordon; *Burns*, Ed Pawley; *Teacher*, Blanche Frederic.

"TIGER SHARK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Tuna" by Houston Branch. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Mike*, Edward G. Robinson; *Quita*, Zita Johann; *Pipes*, Richard Arlen; *Lady Barber*, Leila Bennett; *Engineer*, Vince Barnett; *The Man*, J. Carroll Naish; *Manuel*, William Ricciardi.

"TWO AGAINST THE WORLD"—WARNERS.—From the story by Marion Dix and Jerry Horwin. Screen play by Sheridan Gibney. Directed by

Arlie Mayo. The cast: *Dell Hamilton*, Constance Bennett; *Dave Norton*, Neil Hamilton; *Corinne*, Helen Vinson; *Bob*, Allen Vincent; *Victor Linley*, Gavin Gordon; *Dowager*, Maude Triax; *Aunt Agatha*, Clara Blandiek; *George*, Alan Mowbray; *The Booklegger*, Leila Bennett; *District Attorney*, Oscar Apfel; *The Cousin*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mrs. Polansky*, Louise Carter; *Courtenay Hamilton*, Walter Walker; *Mr. Mitchell*, Hale Hamilton; *The Old Uncle*, Harold Entwistle; *Stevens*, Harold Nelson; *Segall*, Roscoe Karns.

"WAR CORRESPONDENT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Jim Kenyon*, Jack Holt; *Franklyn Bennett*, Ralph Graves; *Julie March*, Lila Lee; *Wu Sun*, Victor Wong; *Fang*, Tetsu Komai.

"UNHOLY LOVE"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—Story suggested by the novel "Madame Bovary" by Gustave Flaubert. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Dr. Gregory*, H. B. Warner; *Jane Bradford*, Lila Lee; *Mrs. Cawley*, Beryl Mercer; *Sheila Bailey*, Joyce Compton; *Jerry Gregory*, Lyle Talbot; *Alex Stockmar*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Simmington*, Jason Robards; *Mrs. Bradford*, Kathlyn Williams; *Gail Abbot*, Frances Rich; *Mr. Bailey*, Richard Carlyle.

## No Headlines for Helen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

like one as well, Helen knew that she could not pull any typical wifely, "No's." I feel certain that she often wishes he would not do many of the things that he does, but above all else she wants his happiness—her love is as great as that.

For herself she would love a home that demanded all the small, seemingly unimportant duties which mean commonplace living. Helen would like leading a commonplace life.

But because she loves Charlie so much she takes him as he is and says, "Married life with an actress is terrible. All actresses in the thrice of work should live alone—they are not fit for human consumption, since they must think entirely about their work and themselves while they are working.

"That is difficult for the husband—and awful for the actress.

"A man refuses to recognize any talent but his own, if he has any egotism at all, which—thank goodness—Charlie has."

Her eyes became misty. "Did you read O. O. McIntyre's column the day he spoke of Charlie's 'impish expression'? It describes him perfectly. He has a crazy sort of humor. Oh, it's Charlie's madnness that make him fascinating.

"It is only during the last year and a half that I have felt even momentary contentment growing in him. He has an itch on the inside—as all great artists have."

Yet Helen neglected to add that she, herself, is a great artist. The difference, you see, is that her fine flights are saved for her work. Personally—she is a quiet, practical, domestic little thing.

There have been rumors of a divorce between these two. I doubt that there is a basis for them.

Helen knew all about Charlie MacArthur before they were married. She met him, so she told me, after the first Mrs. MacArthur sued for divorce, but she did not marry him until she had known him for a year and a half. She understood his type of genius.

At that time she told a friend, "I know that life with Charlie is not going to be all happiness. But I have looked at the situation squarely. I love him. And the moments of unhappiness are going to be forgotten because of the moments of happiness—even though there are more of the former. I am willing to go through any suffering to have even brief periods of the real joy which he will bring me."

Suits against her began almost immediately after their marriage. And how Helen hated them! When she was served with these last papers in Chicago on her way to Hollywood to make "A Farewell to Arms" her knees crumpled beneath her and she fell.

And I'm sure that no one but Helen knows the hurt she felt when she read that amazing line about her child—"the act of God baby."

Do you remember how the thing happened? Even though she knew she was going to have a baby, she had thought herself able to complete the run of her then-current success "Coquette." But one day her physician told her, "I will not be responsible for your life if you step on the stage again before the child is born."

This meant that the other actors in the cast were not given the customary two-weeks warning that the play was closing, so the manager looked over the contracts eager to find a way out of paying salaries. He discovered that a fire or an "act of God" might release him from his obligations (it didn't)—hence the child became the "act of God" baby and brought its mother reams of front page publicity—which she wanted less than anything in the world.

Helen doesn't like working in pictures, and I believe that she would never act in another movie were Charlie MacArthur not writing in Hollywood. She knows she is not beautiful and she feels that she lacks the Garbo-Dietrich type of glamour. The cold "set" with its business-like atmosphere makes her want to crawl away to some quiet corner. Only when she is actually before a camera and becomes the character she is portraying does this emotion leave her.

She looked at the scenes taken the first day when she was making "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." With tears of disappointment in her eyes she left the projection room. She thought that she photographed badly and that her work was inferior. Imagine, the great actress, Helen Hayes, who has held theater audiences spellbound, thinking her work inferior!

AGAIN during "Arrowsmith" she went into the projection room. When she saw herself appear she left saying, "I looked so awful, I couldn't stand watching it another minute."

And although she is keenly interested in her present production, "A Farewell to Arms," she has not looked at one shot they have taken.

But, strangely enough, she is happy.

"Marriage, love and life are a matter of credits and debits," she said. "Even if there be more debits—only the credits matter. Charlie and I have never come to the point where we have nothing to say to each other. When we sit down at the dinner table we have so much to tell that we both talk at once. That is marvelous. As long as two people have something to talk about every minute, it's great. Happiness is so wonderful that unhappiness doesn't count!"

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**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
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# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]



Here is one little necklace that plays several parts, for Anita Page has evolved the three-in-one jewel set. For evening wear—the necklace. For less formal occasions a clip and bracelet—all done with just a simple twist of the wrist. Smart girl, Anita, and a thrifty one, too

COLUMNIST Sidney Skolsky is responsible for this grand yarn. Seems that out on the Ronald Colman set the script demanded that Colman introduce two extras, supposedly titled Englishmen. One of them he introduced as the Marquis of Annadale.

"Wait a minute," somebody said. "You can't say that. There is a real person named the Marquis of Annadale and if we used the name there would be a libel suit against us."

Just then the extra spoke up. "No, there won't be a libel suit. You can use the name, for I am the Marquis of Annadale."

That seven-fifty a day extra job was his first.

**IT** actually happened in Hollywood.

A writer stood on a street corner and conversed with a prominent actor and his wife. And the subject of the conversation, with details, was the terrible crush the writer once had on the actor's wife. And they stood there telling incidents and laughing about it together. And isn't the old film town getting nonchalant!

HOLLYWOOD, the home of many Ziegfeld graduates, was shocked to hear of the famous producer's sudden death. Eddie Cantor, Marilyn Miller, Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Mackaill, Will Rogers, Marion Davies, Lupe Velez, Billie Dove, Edna May Oliver, Virginia Bruce and many other famous names in Hollywood, were grief-stricken at Mr. Ziegfeld's passing.

His wife, the lovely Billie Burke, was making a picture at Radio Pictures studios when the end came.

Although the doctors had given every hope

for his recovery, Miss Burke had a premonition that the end was near. Like a faithful trouper, she stuck to her post until the frantic message of "Hurry, come quickly" was received.

Hollywood salutes the greatest showman of the last century and deeply mourns his passing.

JACK BARRYMORE is now busily at work making a guide book for guests who visit his estate. Seems that the other day a cameraman arrived to take photographs around the place. He rang the bell at the gate. A buzzer sounded and the gate swung open dramatically. That was at five forty-five. At six-fifteen the photographer, weary and footsore, located the Barrymore living room. He says he knows how explorers lost in the African jungle feel. The answer is that all the rooms are in separate buildings. The living room forms one house; the master bedroom another; the guest rooms are all delightful little bungalows. Just another Barrymore eccentricity.

**BEING** elegant certainly does trouble the Hollywood hostesses, because just as surely as they have a swanky dinner party and put smart place cards around, the guests jump in and re-arrange the cards so that the boy and girl friends can sit next to each other and actresses with axes to grind can talk to directors during dinner.

**REMEMBER** when Ruth Chatterton signed her new contract with Warners that she was given final word on all stories and that she could reject and okay all her own screen material. It was this little clause in the contract

that decided Ruth to leave Paramount and go over with the boys in Burbank.

Now Warners have issued a statement which declares that no future contracts will carry a provision that players may have any choice of stories or rôles. This happened just after Ruth made two films under her new contract. And you can write your own conclusion.

**CONNIE BENNETT**, Lil Tashman *et al.* had better look to their "well dressed woman" laurels, for that cute little mite Helen Hayes came back to Hollywood with trunkfuls of new clothes. And looking just that chic!

It's funny about Helen. Everybody raved so much about her acting ability that they forgot to notice that she has one of the prettiest figures you'll see along Boul' Hollywood.



Movie-goers, keep your eyes on this lad—he's been walking away with a lot of pictures lately. And it's a pretty brisk pace that Ralph Bellamy paces, too. Judging by the smile behind that cigar the lad the girls all liked in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is pretty pleased with this old world!



The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

N.S.E.

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RAWFORD

The STRANGEST FRIENDSHIP  
IN HOLLYWOOD

# "SMILIN' THRU"

A PICTURE THAT STIRS  
MOONLIGHT MEMORIES



*Norma Shearer*

FREDRIC MARCH

LESLIE HOWARD

*From the play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murn. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart and James Bernard Fagan.*

*Directed by*  
**SIDNEY FRANKLIN**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and many of the pictures which you have most enjoyed, believe that in "Smilin' Through" they have created the greatest love story the screen has ever known. We predict that this picture, with its moonlight memories, its tears and its romance will be one picture you will never forget. We predict that Norma Shearer to whom you have given great popularity will win your heart all over again.

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH**



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Hours at the Bridge Table . . .  
 No time at all for her teeth and gums  
 and she has "Pink Tooth Brush"!

LET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her gums!

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about your teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it endangers sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana

Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those unhealthy gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gums, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Your teeth will be *so* much whiter and brighter! And if you'll keep using Ipana with massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!



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A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY



**HELEN HAYES**  
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**GARY COOPER**

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WITH

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A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

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Into the giant tapestry of a world in pain is woven the most tumultuous and passionate romance yet written or screened. The mad mating of souls lost for love's sake, to the thunderous roaring of guns . . .



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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 6

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

November, 1932



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

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



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# The Audience Talks Back

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



"There's a lesson for every woman and every man in 'Back Street,' " says one reader in a Bouquet letter. "John Boles and Irene Dunne made the *Waller* and *Ray* of Fannie Hurst's great novel seem vivid human beings, whose weaknesses and strength I could understand"

## THE \$25 LETTER

Time goes on, and once the thoughts of life's evening filled me with dread. I knew what it brought, for I had seen my mother when its shadows began to lengthen over her. Her work had been finished; her brood of children raised and in homes of their own. Before her lay the wait for death with nothing to fill it but memories. The children had taken the best years of her life and left only reminiscences. And endless recollection soon merged into senility.

Time swept on. I became a wife—mother—widow—grandmother. Do I live with memories? No! Around the corner is a little movie house. Each night I wash and dry my dishes, put on my hat and make a bee-line for it. Within those two hours I satisfy not only the beauty and romance I have been denied, but also the beauty and romance denied to my mother and my grandmother. The vitality of the talkies sustains me. With all of the sincerity which my eighty years are capable of, I thank the movies for making this pause between the end of one job and the beginning of another so pleasant.

MRS. ANNIE CATHER, Charlottesville, Va.

## THE \$10 LETTER

We're a bridge club of twelve girls, and over the refreshments we discuss the screen stars. We think, for instance:

That we'd enjoy the movies just as much if Garbo stayed home.

That Joan Crawford has a perfect right to experiment with her make-up; it's her mouth

and her own affair if she wants to make it bigger.

That the most interesting couple in Hollywood is Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons—we could go for Cedric ourselves.

That if Gary Cooper (our favorite) goes snooty we'll just change over without any trouble to John Wayne.

**B**ESIDES winning the \$25 prize, Mrs. Annie Cather's letter must win all hearts this month. Of the hundreds of interesting and sincere letters that come to us daily, hers is one of the loveliest tributes to the screen. Here's wishing you many more happy movie hours, Grandma Cather!

What an eloquent and often amusing exchange of ideas there are. Pro and con opinions are rampant on such films as "Horse Feathers," "Strange Interlude," "Life Begins" and "Love Me Tonight." "Back Street" brought nothing but praise, and "The Age of Consent" got a huge vote because of its sincere treatment of a vital subject. "Bird of Paradise" was lauded "because it is different."

Plenty of posies for players, too, with big red roses for the "glamour girls," headed by Garbo. And just wait until you see the newest exponent, Katharine Hepburn, in "A Bill of Divorcement" (reviewed in this issue).

That Constance Bennett begins to see the error of too much iciness and has begun to melt slightly—we go to see all of her pictures, but she never displaces Joan for a minute.

That Karen Morley, Kay Johnson and Peggy Shannon are actresses.

That in spite of her fine acting, something's happened to Norma Shearer; none of us like her as well as we did.

That Ken Murray in "Crooner" is better than Gable ever was.

That H. B. Warner is everything—plus.

That we'd like to see Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper play together in a picture similar to "Bad Girl"—a normal, healthy young couple, no neurotics or psychoses, just life, love and a couple of babies maybe.

LOUISE TROST, Jersey City, N. J.

## THE \$5 LETTER

May I speak as an advocate of the "shady dames" that some of the other readers seem to scorn? I should just hate to see Marlene Dietrich, Garbo or Constance Bennett playing sweet little innocents, even if they could! We have come to associate them with such fine films as "Shanghai Express," "Mata Hari" and "Bought," and we want to keep right on seeing them in the same sort of colorful rôles.

If all the heroines turn goody-goody, I shall have to take my modest shilling to church!

DILYES DINGLE, Portsmouth, England.

## "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

I think that "Strange Interlude" is one of the finest pictures I have ever seen. First honors should go to Eugene O'Neill and the producers who had courage and foresight enough to attempt an experimental picture. The masterful performances of the cast leave nothing to be desired.

We need more pictures like this one. They add new color to a film industry whose coat at times seems very drab.

D. OLIVER MERRELL, Lake City, Minn.

Why was Clark Gable chosen for the part of the doctor in "Strange Interlude"? Any one of a dozen able actors could have carried it off to much greater advantage—men with grace, charm and subtlety—he is not the type. He did not age gracefully.

Norma Shearer does a charming piece of work until her son is graduated from the university, at the age, let us say, of twenty-two. What need for his handsome mother, who took life very calmly after she decided not to take her lover or her husband seriously, to make up old enough to be her son's grandmother?

She wrecked an otherwise fine portrait by suddenly becoming old, decrepit and too utterly silly for words.

Women like *Nina* do not grow old quite that way—they get every care and even ride over others to get it. Her ghastly experience in her youth made her harsh and indifferent later on, and she would no longer permit things to grieve her. She was the object of much love and devotion. People like that age late and gracefully.

NEL M. LURRIE

I don't think Clark Gable's rôle in "Strange Interlude" was suited to his type, but the fact that he made it so believable is a great tribute to his acting ability.

And one of your writers said recently that he isn't versatile!

JOHN ELDERMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



# LIFE

## • New York hails a new hit!

**"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"**

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope."

*N. Y. American*

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ... 'Life Begins' ... ought to be seen."

*Arthur Brisbane  
in his column "Today"*

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama . . . It is a great photoplay . . ."

*N. Y. Journal*

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself."

*N. Y. Post*

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it . . . will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten."

*Film Daily*

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding."

*Hollywood Reporter*

"Four stars . . . Film epic . . . Genuinely dramatic film."

*N. Y. News*

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one."

*N. Y. Mirror*

**"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to  
WARNER BROS."**

*— N. Y. American*

# BEGINS

With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell  
Directed by James Flood . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . A First National Picture

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

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

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

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

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

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

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

**ARM OF THE LAW, THE**—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvellous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

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

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

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

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

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

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

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

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

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

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

**BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE**—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

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

**BORDER DEVILS**—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old lokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

**COIENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

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

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

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

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

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

**CRY OF THE WORLD, THE**—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANGERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

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

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

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The King of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

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

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

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

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

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]

— Seymour

tells what's new in  
Hollywood fashions  
in the enlarged

Style  
Section  
in this issue of  
PHOTOPLAY  
Magazine

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

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)





# CLARA BOW

IN

## **CALL HER SAVAGE**

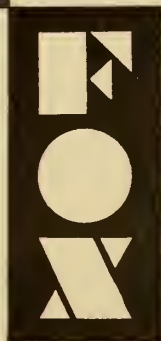
Best-seller by Tiffany Thayer

**SHE'S BACK!  
A GREATER  
CLARA BOW!**

The most important picture announcement of the current year. The answer to the overwhelming world-wide Public Demand for another Clara Bow picture.

Here she is! A New and Greater Clara Bow—revealing an amazing and brilliant dramatic ability, giving a performance that places her high among the screen's greatest emotional actresses.

Another triumph for FOX.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

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

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

**ESCAPADE**—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

**FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE**—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

**"FAST COMPANIONS"**—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

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

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

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

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

**GET THAT GIRL**—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

**GIRL CRAZY**—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

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

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

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

**HEART OF NEW YORK, THE**—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

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

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

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

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

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

**HUDDLE**—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

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

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

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

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

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

**KEEPERS OF YOUTH**—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

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

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

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

**LAW AND ORDER**—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this hood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

**LAW OF THE WEST**—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

**LENA RIVERS**—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Letty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skillful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

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

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

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

**LOVE IS A RACKET**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

**LOVE'S COMMAND**—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

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

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

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

**MAN ABOUT TOWN**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

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

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

**MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE**—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

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

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

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

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

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

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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*Her dress said  
"Paris!"*

**BUT**

*her hands cried  
"housework!"*



# Red, rough hands made lovely, smooth and white... *in 3 days*—

WHAT A FATAL BLUNDER! Shopping for days for the perfect gown—then spoiling its whole effect by neglected hands. Hands so red, so rough—people instantly pictured her scrubbing floors.

No matter how much housework your hands do—no matter how often they are in and out of water—they needn't show it. Imagine washing your face twenty times a day—in hot, harsh, soapy water, too. Then you'll understand how dishwashing, cleaning, preparing vegetables rob hands of natural skin oils, make them rough and red.

But now every woman—whether housewife or business woman—can easily put back these precious, hand-beautifying oils. Simply smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after hands have been in water, and regularly every night. Feel its cooling, soothing action start at once. Watch hands grow softer, whiter—redness, roughness fade before your very eyes! Every ugly trace



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of work will be gone in three days. Continue to use Hinds regularly—keep hands looking their loveliest.

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Do not confuse Hinds with thick, gummy jellies which may contain excessive drying substances which dry the hands, too. Hinds dries *naturally*. It is a *chiffon-weight* cream, so delicate in texture, it seems to melt right into pores. Just a few seconds and it's absorbed, leaving an invisible "second skin" that protects the hands.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

★ **MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

★ **MISS PINKERTON**—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

★ **MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

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

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

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

★ **MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

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

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

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

★ **MY WIFE'S FAMILY**—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

★ **NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work in this excellent story of family life. (July)

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

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

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

★ **NIGHT WORLD**—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mac Clarke are in it. (July)

★ **NO GREATER LOVE**—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **PLAY GIRL**—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

★ **POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Ailcen Pringle and King Baggett. (June)

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

★ **RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE**—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

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

★ **RIDING TORNADO, THE**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

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

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

★ **RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

★ **ROADHOUSE MURDER**—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

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

★ **SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

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

★ **SHADOW BETWEEN, THE**—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

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

★ **SINNERS IN THE SUN**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

★ **SINISTER HANDS**—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

★ **SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

★ **SKY BRIDE**—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

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

★ **SO BIG**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

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

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

## \$1,000 For Gags!

The deadline on Harold Lloyd's offer of generous cash prizes for movie gags is nearing.

Turn to Page 60, read about the contest, see the rules on Page 125 and send in your best gags at once.

★ **PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blanc, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

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

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a newidea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

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

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

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

★ **RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129 ]



# UNIVERSAL SCORES AGAIN!

**NEVERS**  
STANFORD

**DALRYMPLE**  
TULANE

**CARIDEO**  
NOTRE DAME

**BOOTH**  
YALE

**SCHWARTZ**  
NOTRE DAME

**CAGLE**  
ARMY

**“THE ALL AMERICAN”**

*with* **RICHARD ARLEN**  
*Andy Devine, James Gleason, Gloria Stuart*  
*and 1931 All America Team*

**BAKER**  
U.S.C.

**SCHWEGELER**  
WASHINGTON

**YARR**  
NOTRE DAME

**ORSI**  
COLGATE

**MUNN**  
MINNESOTA

**SHAVER**  
U.S.C.

**QUATSE**  
PITTSBURGH

**RILEY**  
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**PINCKERT**  
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**CAIN**  
ALABAMA

Last year it was "The Spirit of Notre Dame"—this fall UNIVERSAL beats this fine gridiron drama with one more thrilling, more human and more spectacular. Not only the entire ALL AMERICA team of 1931 but a score of other "All Americans" of previous years and THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL.

Never before such a cast in such a mile-a-minute football play. **The Greatest Gridiron STARS in history!** They never played together in college but they give you the greatest football game of the year on the screen—all in closeup—at your favorite theater.

Directed by **RUSSELL MACK**

Presented by **CARL LAEMMLE**

Produced by **CARL LAEMMLE, JR.**

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

# Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

**Carl Laemmle**  
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



# Compare your Opinions of Pictures



"Bird of Paradise" seems to be the "something different" that the folks have been asking for. "Scenery like that is alone worth the price of admission," is what one young man writes, adding, "And I never liked Dolores Del Rio so well, nor envied Joel McCrea so much"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS

With one, two and even three screen luminaries on each vaudeville stage in town, we are getting very blasé and soon may refuse to be bothered with anything less than Greta Garbo singing "O Sole Mio," with a chorus composed of Dietrich, Bennett, Crawford and the three Barrymores.

J. S. HOOK, Washington, D. C.

## "BACK STREET"

I have just seen "Back Street" and am writing at once while every beautiful detail is fresh in my mind. Unlike most stories of unconventional love, it lacks the unsavory taste usually left in one's mouth. There was not one incident that the most Puritanic person could resent.

Irene Dunne and John Boles were superb in their rôles of *Ray* and *Walter*.

SARA KIRK, Miami, Fla.

"Back Street" is an eloquent story of the heart.

MRS. EMIL E. FISCHER, Williamsport, Penna.

## JACK HOLT

That interview with Jack Holt in your September number was worth all the money I've spent for PHOToplay in the past five years; and I read it regularly. Jack is grand—the most compelling male personality on the screen today, and what an actor! His performance in "War Correspondent" was magnificent.

M. I. KELLY, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

## FUEL ECONOMY

Why not Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in a talkie version of "The Sheik"? Joan would

make a lovely *Diane* and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to envision Gable in the rôle of the masterful sheik, which Valentino so ably portrayed.

What splendid entertainment for a cold winter's evening!

MRS. C. R. GILMORE, Niantic, Conn.

## ONE'S GOOD, ANYHOW

In my adolescence, I used to invest movie stars with glamour.

I had my favorites, and how jealously I defended them!

There was no one just as good as Charlie Chaplin, nor so swell a guy as Charlie Ray.

But I grew up (try to convince my wife, though) and came West, met a heap of the biggest stars, looked behind the scenes, and watched movies in the making.

And all my viewpoints on motion pictures changed.

The picture became the thing, the actor important only in interpreting his rôle.

All this clamor and fierce fanfare over the stars!

It seems so childish, when we know blamed well, or should, that actors may come, and actors may go, but the movies keep right on getting better, constantly improving.

To heck with "stars"—but I do sorta like Fredric March!

CHARLES M. HATCHER, San Diego, Calif.

## "LOVE ME TONIGHT"

Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" is the best entertainment the movies have offered since that other charming musical Paramount picture, "This Is The Night." I hope producers will give us more of this type of picture, for the light musical and, yes, even the spiced touch in these films make them a great relief from some of the overdone and heavy dramatic stuff.

BOB ADAMS, Northeast Harbor, Me.

## SPANKS FOR MAURICE

Why spoil a musical treat like "Love Me Tonight" with such questionable lyrics and lines that even the most sophisticated must blush? For shame, *Monsieur Chevalier!* Risque?—yes, that you can be and, somehow or other, we don't mind it from you. But vulgar?—not even your magnetic smile can make us overlook that.

LEILA WILSON, Chicago, Ill.

## YOU AND PLENTY OTHERS!

Lewis Stone is the screen's Prince of Actors—not perhaps a sixteen-year-old-girl's Prince Charming, but Prince Charming just the same. His work is so polished, so easy, so absolutely real.

MARY K. JONES, Tucson, Ariz.

## "THE AGE OF CONSENT"

I found us—my school friends and I—in "The Age of Consent," living and acting just as we act, troubled by the problems that cause us distress, and loving as we love. Why can't pictures always portray us as we are?—a little puzzled, sometimes daring, but always very sincere. Youth is only the beginning; it is age and experience that make people artificial.

EDITH E. CLARK, Kewaskum, Wis.

"The Age of Consent," which I have just seen for the second time, and with immense pleasure, strikes me as being timely and refreshing in the extreme. Having lived for many years in immediate proximity to state universities, my judgment of collegiate details is acute.

The ability of Richard Cromwell in the rôle of the idealistic and somewhat bewildered student never showed to more splendid advantage, and a dozen times during the show my eyes filled with tears, so clean-cut, sincere and vital was the drama. Arlene Judge registered gallantly in the waitress scenes, but her voice seemed strident and forced at the climax. The gentleman who impersonated the father rose to great heights of convincing Puritanic ire, and the acting of Dorothy Wilson was adequate, if not inspired. Eric Linden proved amusing.

MRS. MAYO DAZEY, San Antonio, Texas

## ASK DOUG, HE KNOWS

It's wonderful. It's grand. It's unique love-making, but it thrills.

What? "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," the picture all my friends are talking about. But we all wonder if the radio really worked.

L. ORANGE KENDALL, Williamsport, Penna.

## BIG BOY BARRYMORE

"The Washington Masquerade" is a fine picture with a splendid cast, but it all fades into the background beside the acting of Lionel Barrymore.

I have seen many stage plays here and abroad, but Lionel's acting beggars praise. He is simply magnificent.

JOHANNE MARIE GRITZMACHER,  
Juneau, Wis.

## BUT LIFE IS LIKE THAT

Sometimes I wonder why certain set situations are used again and again. For instance, there is a dramatic quarrel between lovers, or husband and wife, mother and son or father and daughter. The battle always reaches its climax with the male member of the duo leaving in a huff, slamming the door loudly behind him. Upon which, the deserted woman inva-



# And Players with what Others Think

riably hesitates uncertainly for a moment, then crying "Otto!" (or Tony, or Algernon, or Ignatz, as the case may be), runs to the door and leans against it sobbing as if her little heart would break.

In my many evenings at the local picture house I have seen this little act done by every screen beauty from Ruth Chatterton to Minnie Mouse. And I'm a-gittin' kinda fed up. Some day I hope to see a picture in which the dame actually opens the door and goes after the fleeing male—and either socks him a fast one or gives him her best soul kiss, whatever the situation seems to call for.

H. T. GUNDERMAN,  
Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

## DODGE THAT BRICKBAT

I have slept overnight on this matter, to try and write you as calmly as possible, but that is impossible. What has roused my ire is the PHOTOPLAY article "The Garbo Jinx." All Novarro fans must deplore "Mata Hari" and seeing this glorious artist thrown away in a small part—but was it his fault? He appeared in exactly four scenes, if I remember rightly. As a matter of fact, however, one of the most important writers in London said that Novarro's was the only real live performance in "Mata Hari" and that Garbo and Barrymore were but puppets!

The PHOTOPLAY writer says that Novarro hurt Garbo's film. Ye gods! What about hurting Novarro's own artistic reputation! Is Garbo the only thing that matters? Novarro—a star for eleven years—doesn't *he* matter? Here's a glorious and versatile artist—witness "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "Ben Hur," "The Student Prince," "The Pagan," "The Call of the Flesh," etc. Doesn't he deserve some decent material?

DOROTHY S. WATSON, London, England

## GORILLAS VS. GANGSTERS

Hats off to Frank Buck and the Martin Johnsons! Gangland's shootings and wholesale murders only leave us disgusted and nauseated. It takes war among the jungle animals to give us a real thrill.

The graceful tread of the tiger and panthers with their fascinating wary eyes shoves the wiles of our sophisticated stars in the background. The "killer" following the scent of a lost baby elephant holds more suspense than a half dozen villains lying in wait for the heroine.

LOUISE C. BREY, Milwaukee, Wis.

## THERE'S ONLY FOUR

Give us more of the national gloom-chasers—the four Marx Brothers, the screen's superb comedians.

MARIE VACALIS, Mobile, Ala.

I've just seen the four Marx Brothers in "Horse Feathers," and boy, was it funny! With my laugh I was surprised they didn't throw me out. The goofiest picture I ever saw. Give us more.

TEX SCHAEFER, East Rutherford, N. J.

## WELL, WE KNOW WHERE THEY STARTED

Herewith one brickbat for "Horse Feathers," which I have just seen. And here is the why of the brickbat.

One evening, after Adam and Eve had been out of the Garden for a few years, he read to her some vulgar lines which he had found in the palm of his hand. Eve repeated the lines to some friends, while they were sewing the next day, thus giving the lines a good running



Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" brought down the house with their music and charm. But many readers begged Maurice to stick to the *double entendre*, if he must, but to be less frankly naughty. Director Mamoulian got high praise for his work

start out into the world. For several centuries thereafter the lines were repeated throughout various Asiatic dynasties, they getting a little nastier with each dynasty. In time, the Greeks were spreading the lines, and it was because he repeated them that the mother of Demosthenes made him wash out his mouth with soapstone pebbles every day. Then the Romans got them and told them everywhere. Next, they were quite rife in the court of the great Louis of France, and getting riper and riper with each telling. Eventually the lines came to America and about 1894 they were in quite general circulation here, but were usually told out behind the barn.

But now, in 1932, Groucho Marx in "Horse Feathers" repeats the modern version of those same vulgar lines which Adam read to Eve. Which makes one realize what little progress Good Taste has made in this world since human life began.

FRED B. MANN, Chicago, Ill.

## "BIRD OF PARADISE"

Congratulations to the producers and cast of "Bird of Paradise." It is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen.

Its poignant portrayal of true love and sacrifice, its bits of tender romance, together with the perfect sound accompaniments and scenery, combine to make it a perfect picture. In this age of stereotyped productions, it soars aloft.

MARGARET SCOTT, Milwaukee, Wis.

My girl friend and I went to see "Bird of Paradise," and I frankly admit that before entering the theater we both felt bored with life.

That picture, with its beautiful scenery of Hawaii, portraying real natives and their customs, left us feeling refreshed and that after all this is a lovely world.

We who work in stuffy offices, come home to crowded quarters, and rarely, if ever, are able

to spend time in the country, certainly do appreciate this type of picture, for *nature is wonderful!*

L. C. MORSTEIN, Baltimore, Md.

## LAUGHING TO PROSPERITY

Oh boy, what a laugh "Down to Earth" is! Homer Croy never wrote a funnier story, and Irene Rich is *rich* indeed. Talk about "depression ointment"—Will Rogers surely has found a cure.

FLORENA A. HAYLER, San Diego, Calif.

## "LIFE BEGINS"

Here is the delicate subject of childbirth, handled with such good taste that its theme never becomes offensive. Eric Linden, as the harassed young husband, and Aline MacMahon, as the understanding nurse, are characterizations that will remain in my memory forever.

CLARA KISTNER, San Francisco, Calif.

In my opinion, a picture like "Life Begins," laid in a maternity ward, should be shown only to medical students and to nurses in training. Such clinical subjects are not fit for mixed audiences of men and women, and worse still, young people. I admit that the story was skillfully handled and beautifully played, but I still insist that such films are unjustified. Why waste fine actors on pictures that don't interest us?

THOMAS T. JOHNSON, New York City

## AN OPINION

All-star casts leave me with a feeling of dissatisfaction. It is so much more satisfying to have our fill of Joan Crawford one evening, of Garbo the next, etc., than to take them all in one gulp.

MARGARET MORALES, Tampa, Fla.  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



# The Audience Speaks Up

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]



The PHOTOPLAY story about Jack Holt brought a volley of enthusiastic letters. "New stars may come and go," writes one woman, "but Holt is still Jack of Hearts in our family." Here he is with Lila Lee in a scene from "War Correspondent"



A PHOTOPLAY writer said recently that Ramon Novarro was not at his best in "Mata Hari"—and the smoke of battle has not yet died away. His admirers bombarded us with bitter letters, saying his scenes with Garbo were all too brief

## YOU PICK THE STARS

I wonder just how long the producers are going to push these carbon copies of Garbo on us. They import these players from Europe and immediately put them in starring rôles. The public does not like this. We like to make our own stars by popular acclaim.

YVONNE LASSUS, Oyster Bay, L. I.

## OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS

My age is sixteen. We learn English in high school and my friends and I desire more knowledge of foreign habits and conversation. We therefore go very usually to Hollywood talkie and read PHOTOPLAY magazine. The language of PHOTOPLAY is very understandable and very eagerly I read articles concerning splendid actors, fashions, diets and other things that have very pleasant lesson.

KIKU ARITA, Kobe, Japan

Try giving Garbo a few bad stories and a few inferior directors and see where she would be. She is just getting what you call over there "a lucky break." I am sure that the time will come when the director's name will be in electric lights and not that of the star.

MRS. OLIVE LEIGH, Devon, England

Lots of us over here are interested in John Miljan and are looking forward to seeing him again soon. I am wondering why other fans seem to have overlooked him. Hasn't anyone else noticed just how attractive he is?

ONA BUEKLEY, Brussels, Belgium

Here is my advice to fans: When you see a picture which does not meet with your approval, just think back to the last picture you enjoyed and be thankful that the percentage of entertaining pictures is so high.

ERIE EVANS, Victoria, Australia

Technically, the films are unbeatable. They are, in fact, one of the seven modern wonders

of the world. But from the story standpoint they're sick and badly need the doctor.

J. M. CAMERON, Winnipeg, Canada

Here Garbo, Dietrich and Chevalier are most popular. But I think Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are great, too.

ULLI TORNROOS, Helsingfors, Finland

Why should movie stars change their names and deprive their parents of the joy of seeing the family name in a high artistic place?

CARLOS VICTORINO, JR., Manila, P. I.

## RANDOM REMARKS

Is anything more disappointing than, filled with anticipation, to attend the movie version of your favorite book, only to find it has been altered beyond recognition on the screen?

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, Omaha, Neb.

Dick Arlen is neither a tough guy nor a sissy. No matter what rôle he is given he does it perfectly. He is a regular fellow with that something that makes people like him.

LILLIAN STROJUFF, Chicago, Ill.

Joan Bennett is, in my opinion, a greater actress than either her famous sister, Connie, or the great Garbo. She has more emotional power and beauty than either of them.

HELEN BOWMAN, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

All the glamour, sophistication, loveliness and what have you that Crawford, Shearer and Garbo have is wrapped up in one cute bundle and called Sylvia Sidney.

ORPHIE GAMELGARD, Minneapolis, Minn.

Last year I taught English in a small town school, and was faced with the problem of interesting rural youngsters in literature far beyond their sphere. It would have been an impossible task without the moving pictures shown four nights a week in our tiny picture house.

The Westerns were a blessing, for they stimulated enthusiasm for Owen Wister's "The Virginian."

And oh, those newsreels and travelogues! My appreciation was as nothing compared to the wonder and delight of the children, whose lives are so barren.

I sometimes wonder if the men who are responsible for travelogues realize how they are enriching the lives of rural people.

These pictures are creating dreams for the hard-working adults and offering challenges to the children.

MURIEL MAC LEAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

## DISAPPROVES OF SHADY DAMES

Why is there such a prevalence of "slightly shopworn" heroines in the current films? I have gone through the reviews of all the best pictures in several issues of PHOTOPLAY and by actual count the majority are of this type. Surely a majority of American women are not immoral.

Yet a foreigner, seeing these pictures, would certainly think they must be.

Don't think from this that I'm a gossiping old maid, for I'm not—I'm very young and quite modern.

These pictures don't shock me. But I think that, with a few exceptions, they do not present a true picture of modern life.

Can't a girl be pretty and popular without indulging in drinking bouts and petting parties?

Can't a woman be clever and alluring without a shady past? I think she can.

ARA TREADWELL, Uvalde, Texas

How long is this affliction of fallen heroines to last?

They leave a bad taste regardless of superb performances!

Give me romance, womanly sophistication, and a dash . . . ah, yes, just a dash . . . of sex in pictures.

ALICE KELLEY, Santa Cruz, Calif.



# The Smart Gift!

INEXPENSIVE—YET IT HAS  
"LUXURY APPEAL"



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# Ruth Chatterton

## LEARNS WHY OLD STOCKINGS DIE YOUNG

### ADVERTISER'S NOTE

Like many other women, Miss Chatterton has been hearing a good deal lately about "Fresh Silk Stockings," but she didn't really know how much better they are. In this series of Questions and Answers, this charming star learns what's behind all the talk.

**MISS CHATTERTON'S QUESTION:** What do you mean—fresh silk stockings?

**OUR ANSWER:** The same as fresh *anything* . . . young, new, lively, more beautiful.

**Q:** But what difference does that make in stockings?

**A:** Just this—old-silk stockings lose their pep in the fight against runs. They don't "come back" as vigorously after laundering. They don't stand the strain; don't cling smoothly or fit so well.

**Q:** If Fresh Silk Stockings are such a grand idea, why doesn't everybody sell them?

**A:** Distribution methods are too complicated. Stockings go through so many channels, and lie so long on shelves, you're never sure how old they really are.

**Q:** How do *you* people manage to be so clever?

**A:** We don't sell through stores. Our stockings go straight from the mills to you—no stops or lay-overs en route. Take this pair—just a few days ago they were a skein of silk—now they're stockings. And not long before that they were cocoons. And remember, fresh silk is just one of Realsilk's seven exclusive features.

—And that's how Miss Chatterton learned why old stockings die young and fresh stockings live longer



When Ruth Chatterton entered talking pictures it was Broadway's loss and Hollywood's gain. "The Rich Are Always With Us" added to that star's laurels. Her latest picture is Warner Brothers' "The Crash"



The *fresh* Silk Stockings

# REALSILK

with 7 Exclusive Features

When Realsilk announced Fresh Silk Stockings—just a few months ago—the news made stocking history. For at last, women found the complete hosiery satisfaction they'd been waiting and hoping for. Realsilk *sells* direct from the mills to give you greater value. Realsilk *ships* direct from the mills to give you *fresh silk stockings*—reaching you on an average of less than 30 days after they have been manufactured. Remember—Realsilk is never sold in stores, but only by bonded repre-



sentatives who call at your home or office. The Realsilk representative in your neighborhood may call on you soon. When he does, don't fail to see him. Ask him to show you something of interest to every stocking-wearer . . . *fresh silk stockings* with the seven exclusive features. . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery. Branches in 200 leading cities. Listed in your 'phone book under "Realsilk Hosiery Mills."





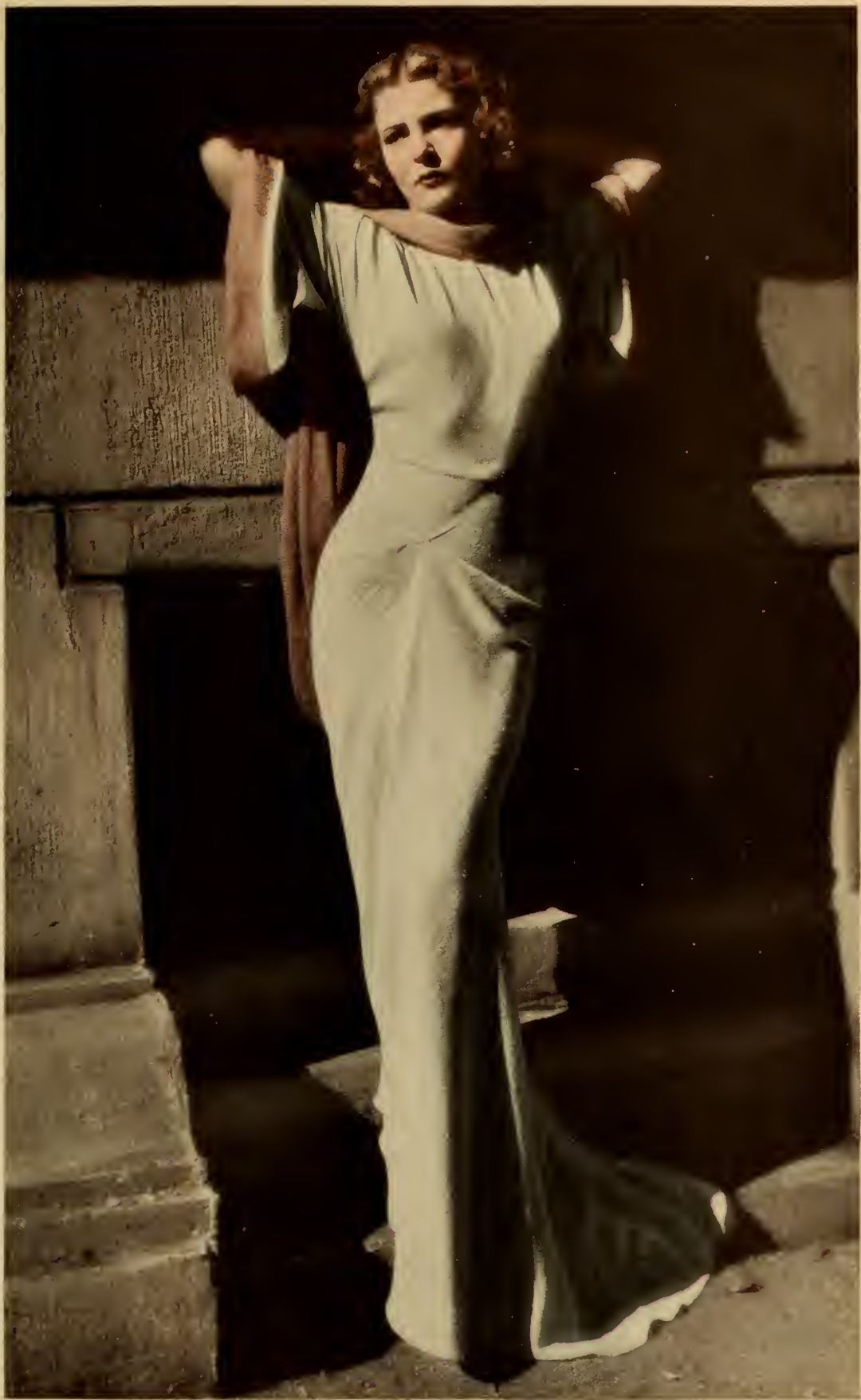
Clarence Sinclair Bull

**N**OW who would think that this dramatic young woman was once an unsophisticated little colleen? The truth is that Maureen O'Sullivan was never so naïve as her rôles would have had you believe. A failure in sweet, ga-ga parts, she suddenly burst forth with screen smartness and is now a success. "Payment Deferred" is her next



**P**ORTRAIT of a fond mama—oh, a very modern fond mama. Since Miriam Hopkins adopted a baby boy, she has been a social menace at Hollywood parties, asking her friends to suggest a name for the child. When she isn't raving about the baby, Miriam finds time to turn in a scene or two for her newest picture, "Trouble In Paradise."





FOLKS in Hollywood have been telling each other for a long time that Elissa Landi would be a sensation if she could find the right picture. Then along came Director Cecil De Mille and shouted, "She's the girl I want for my super-super epic." Elissa is doing a great job in "The Sign of the Cross" with Freddie March and Claudette Colbert



Hurrell

**N**ILS ASTHER—his fall and rise would fill more pages of Hollywood history than there are studio blondes. Once considered M-G-M's biggest bet, he was laid low by a Swedish accent when talkies came in. But he's a big shot again and it's said Clark Gable is worried. Wait until you see Nils in Columbia's "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"



# Troubleproof-

- BECAUSE: 1 *A new type construction*—four times as strong as ordinary silks at the dress seams.
- 2 *Pure-dye*—with a lovely, dull texture—for afternoon or evening frocks.
- 3 *Pre-shrunk... Fast color...* will wash perfectly and often.



Lilyan Tashman wearing afternoon frock of "olympic blue" Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe.



At a moderate price, Skinner offers this new and epoch-making dress fabric. It is for those countless women who are saying "Never again!" as the result of buying unnamed silks that were cheap in price, but which they found had no wearing quality.

The wearer of such fabrics, whose misfortune it is to have them split—or "pull" at the seams, realizes that they are really more expensive than she can afford.

Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe is woven in a new way. It is slip-proof—made of specially-twisted threads of fine silk, which give it amazing strength and wearing quality. It is priced within reach of everyone—and is striking evidence that by paying just a few cents more per yard you can obtain silks in which you can have absolute confidence.

If your favorite store does not have *Troubleproof Crepe* write us direct. We want to see that every woman in

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*This does not happen with Troubleproof Crepe.*

## Skinner's TROUBLEPROOF CREPE

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IN THE SELVAGE"

*"If you don't want to Reduce  
don't bother reading this,"*

SAYS SYLVIA . . . *the world's foremost  
authority on the care of the feminine figure*



[Why you must have sugar to lose  
weight faster, and more safely]

Out here in Hollywood, I've slapped, beaten, pounded . . . and dieted . . . many an overweight picture star into shape for the camera. And in New York, many a stage and social celebrity. I get \$100 a half hour for doing it.

Now these Life Savers folks have asked me to tell you about my slenderizing method, because Life Savers are part of that method. We'll get back to them later — I want to tell you, in proper order, the things you've got to do to get rid of those bulges, bumps and rubber tires. I don't believe in shilly-shallying. And I'm going to give you my advice straight from the shoulder. If you're a sensitive creature . . . that's just too bad.

FIRST: Exercise sanely. A two-mile (or more) walk a day in the open air.



HELEN TWELVETREES, RKO Radio Pictures' player

SECOND: No fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces. And liquor? Don't let me catch you taking a drop!

THIRD: Here's where you get the surprise of your life. You'll think it's a misprint. But it isn't. Get this straight. Don't starve yourself on sugar!

*Eat enough Sugar!*

Fats are fuel; sugar is the flame. Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and most safely burns away the body fats. And you'll lose weight faster with the right sweet at the right time than you ever could without it.

Case after case of my own verifies these facts.

What is the right sweet? I give Life Savers to my clients. I don't let my stars suffer from the pangs of a normal sweets-hunger. I satisfy it . . . and help them reduce at the same time.

Why are Life Savers part of my slenderizing method? Because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing. They give you quickly assimilated sugar energy without fat-producing bulk. They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. One Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. And gives you a lasting gratification of your normal hunger for sweets. You can slip one into your mouth whenever and wherever you like. And as often as your appetite calls for sugar.

Even the most finicky palate can find a flavor it likes, because there are many to choose from. Myself, I like Cryst-O-mints, the new mouth-cooling, crystal drops. But you may prefer Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-ri-ce . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . Or the real fruit-tasting fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

*I like action . . . let's get started!*

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest about this weight-reducing and I'll make you a grand gift.

I have put down in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program. Buy at least two packages of genuine Life Savers right now. Mail me two of the wrappers and I'll send you this book which gives the net of my slenderizing instructions.

*Mme Sylvia*



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON:

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MADAME SYLVIA  
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Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

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# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

**A**NNOUNCEMENT of the retirement of Jesse Lasky as vice-president in charge of all production of Paramount-Publix Corporation is much more than a mere news statement. It is symbolic of the changes, relatively swift (as well as great) within the motion picture industry in less than a score of years.

In 1913, we find two picture companies formed by men with similar ideas and methods. One was the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company; the other Famous Players, of which Adolph Zukor was the guiding genius.

Famous Players seemed the more inspired name. It had the right ring to it. It promised much. To make good the title, the most celebrated actress of her day was obtained—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—to star in “Queen Elizabeth.” This production, filmed in Paris, was a big success and started Zukor well on his way.

Meantime, in association with others, Lasky produced “The Squaw Man.” Dustin Farnum had the title rôle in this.

Zukor saw the picture and liked it, and sent Lasky a telegram of congratulation. That brought the two men together in a merger—the Paramount Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

In Zukor and Lasky was united a happy combination of business capacity, imagination and practical idealism. They made their company a power in motion pictures.

**T**HE extraordinary expansion of the industry swept them along into more intricate organization and greatly increased capitalization. There emerged eventually the Paramount-Publix Corporation, with a great chain of theaters as part of the scheme of operation.

Today, John Hertz, chairman of the board of finance, and vice-president Sam Katz, respectively owe their dominating positions in the corporation to a genius for organization and a remarkable aptitude for showmanship.

It may be said of motion pictures in general that they began with men of ambition and ideas who made these qualities stand largely in lieu of capital. It was almost inevitable, however, that big financial interests should take over the direction or control of a considerable part of the industry.

The founders had their comparatively brief but glorious day before corporate methods proved superior to individual ones.

**I**T is rather significant that the two men who have held a foremost position on the screen through the years are comedians who have made of the public's love of laughter a thoroughly organized business.

Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd scarcely meet their clients' demand for their products. They prefer to turn out comedies with a Rolls-Royce finish rather than to follow mass production. Periods of a year or more intervene between their screen successes.

**I**HAVE often wondered about these two men, comparable to one another in their working methods, yet so dissimilar in their private lives.

Charlie, constantly getting into the news prints—divorce, trying to keep his children out of pictures, rumors about a new marriage. All of which is really his own business, and which he himself makes no attempt to publicize.

Harold—about whom, personally, less is written, probably, than any other star—living much the life of an average citizen, golfing, quietly entertaining friends, playing with his children.

Charlie's life, crowded with those events—pleasant or otherwise—that tradition apportions to a celebrity, particularly one engaged in some form of the fine arts.

Harold, almost equally famous, pursuing the same vocation as Charlie, his days and nights untroubled by domestic upsets.

What is it that differentiates the private lives of these two men? I am afraid the answer won't be found in the cards or in astrology. Let's say it's just fate.

**I**S George M. Cohan a regular fellow, or “just another actor” from Broadway? Don't ask Hollywood, which, in spite of its reputation for garrulity, can refrain from critical comment of the departed guest; and don't ask George, either; for he has already spoken his little piece.

Here's what happened: When George was invited by Paramount to come out to Hollywood and make a picture, everyone was happy over it, and the studio

welcomed him as one whose reputation as an actor entitled him to the greatest respect.

But the man who made the Stars and Stripes famous twenty-five years ago by running up and down the stage yelling "It's a grand old flag," accepted Hollywood's hospitality complacently, if not graciously, and then proceeded to show everybody how they ought to run the business.

On the third day on the set he had a unique idea—this idea usually comes about that time—he began to show the director how to direct.

**S**AID George in effect: "This is the way we do it on the stage; that's the way we do it in New York," and it took all the California hospitality the director possessed to refrain from retorting: "And these are the ways we're not going to do it in this picture!"

Anyhow, George finally went on his way, proclaiming to the press that picture dialogue was silly and that he would be ashamed of his children if they should write anything so poor.

Well, some people "go Hollywood," and some "go Broadway"; only, the latter malady seems to be incurable.

**A** GREAT man, tormented by doubts that sometimes possess the souls of deep thinkers, leaving them melancholy—such was Paul Bern. What it is that often tortures the consciousness of entirely upright and lovable people, science has never told us and religion does not always reveal. Sensitive souls, that often suffer when others can see no cause: it is an enigma.

But of one thing there can be no doubt: Paul Bern was one of the best loved men in Hollywood. And immediately after his death friends told and re-told how he had helped those who needed help.

He could scent trouble, and whenever anyone was hurt by grief or disappointment Paul was always on hand. Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, Jetta Goudal are but a few who knew the kindness of his guiding hand.

**I** THINK one of the most amazing things about Paul was the fact that he had the ability to make any person who came to him for aid believe in himself again. The money he gave away was incidental compared to this talent for restoring lost courage.

So able to help others; so helpless to aid himself!

Going on is what Paul Bern would have wanted Jean Harlow to do, since he was so proud of her and her career. So Jean is going on. And that's the best tribute she could pay to Paul's memory.

**W**HEN Greta Garbo landed at Gothenburg, and disappeared into the more inaccessible parts of Sweden, the persistent newspaper reporters gave up

the chase, rumor died down, and her name no longer found a place in the headlines. No one seemed to know what she was doing with her vacation in the homeland.

PHOTOPLAY, however, did not abandon the pursuit so readily. The obvious thing to do was to put a Swedish newspaper man on the job. And PHOTOPLAY is now able to congratulate its readers on the result. Incidentally, the attitude of both the Swedish press and the Swedish people toward their celebrated compatriot will seem almost incomprehensible to Americans. You will find the story on page 30 of this issue.

**R**ICHARD DIX is one of the few actors who have brought working crews right up the ladder of success with them. The prop boy is now an assistant cameraman; a script writer is now a director and a script girl is now a writer.

Sentiment? Well, not altogether. Smart business, too.

**N**O one person's judgment can be right for every picture. Individual tastes differ and extraneous factors sometimes warp opinions. That goes for professional critics as well. Being human, they are liable to error. How, then, can the public be assured that a review of a picture is a safe guide? Ordinarily, they can't be.

This is no criticism of critics, but a plain statement of fact. There is a method, however, to circumvent this situation. And PHOTOPLAY follows it. In most instances, two reviewers are assigned to see and report on an important picture. They sit separately, write their opinions separately and then their opinions are brought together and compared. In case of doubt, a third critic may be assigned to the job.

PHOTOPLAY's readers thus get the benefit of all this careful consideration when they follow the "Shadow Stage" reviews. I feel that there is no feature in the publication more important than this department and that, therefore, none merits more care in its preparation.

**C**LARA BOW has attained, within the space of a few brief years, the amazing distinction of being almost a tradition.

You may or may not like her acting, you may not believe yourself particularly interested in what she says or what she does, but, nevertheless, you can not wholly escape her dynamic personality.

The fact that the public has awaited with such lively curiosity her return to the screen in the face of the fierce competition of established and rising celebrities is in itself remarkable.

Hers is not a synthetic popularity. It is not one artificially stimulated by press-agent methods. The secret lies within the girl herself.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



# The Return of Clara Bow

By Henry Crosby

**I**T is one of the most dramatic moments of the month.

The cameras and microphones stand ready to record an event for which movie audiences have been waiting.

Clara Bow, who has not set foot inside a studio—for working purposes—for almost two years, is ready to begin the first scene of "Call Her Savage."

There had been innumerable delays which Hollywood prophesied would put a jinx on the picture.

First they had waited for Clara to lose the extra weight she had taken on since her illness.

Then there were story difficulties, and at last when everything seemed set and Clara and her husband, Rex Bell, were on their way to the studio for final tests there was an automobile accident which left a cut on Clara's head and sent her to the hospital for several days.

But now, at last, all is ready. The director shoots a couple of scenes in which Clara does not appear, to help her gain her composure.

Clara does not watch these scenes. Instead she goes to one side of the set—an outdoor mountain location near Los Angeles—and, to hide her nervousness, begins to crack a long black whip.

"Rex taught me how to do this at the ranch," she remarks to an electrician.

Suddenly the director calls, "Clara—Gilbert—we're ready for you now."

Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland come forward. It is a dramatic moment in more ways than one. Gilbert was Clara's first Hollywood sweetheart. Much has been crowded into her life since then.

She has known all the joys of public acclaim—then the sickening fears of a waning popularity—nervous breakdown, screen retirement, her marriage to Rex Bell, her return to health and her acquirement of a peace of mind she had never before known.

**I**T is easy to understand why the Clara that steps before the camera is a new personality.

For Clara has changed.

And most of all in her manner. When she made her last picture, "Kick-In," she was terrified by the microphone. She could not remember long speeches, so she made up her own dialogue as she went along—much to the confusion of the other actors.

Now she is no longer afraid—a trifle nervous, perhaps, but most emotional actresses are when beginning work on a new picture.

And this is a significant moment in Clara's life. A new era is opening in her career. How she comports herself in this and following scenes may determine her screen future.

Yet her step is sure. This last year when she left Hollywood, and left all her fair-weather friends, to spend her time on a



The girl the great army of picture followers could not forget—as vivid a personality in temporary retirement as on the screen—here she is, the new Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage"

lonely ranch with her husband, has given her assurance.

The director indicates to Clara and Gilbert where to stand. The cameras are lined up on their faces, the microphones are swung over their heads.

Silence. No laughing, no joking, as Clara used to do before a scene was filmed. Instead, she is softly repeating her lines to herself.

"Okay for sound," somebody calls.

"Quiet, please," another person shouts.

"Okay," says the director.

"Call Her Savage," has begun and the first Clara Bow scene is good.

"Okay," calls the director. "That was great, Clara."

There are other changes, too, in Clara Bow. Her appearance. Her hair dress—smartly cut with bangs—is right for her. She wears a pair of riding breeches and an organdie

blouse. She is thinner but her figure is still well rounded. And she is more beautiful than ever.

The title of her new picture, "Call Her Savage," might lead you to believe that Clara is to have the same sort of rôle which made her thousands of dollars and brought her thousands of screen admirers.

But this is not exactly the case. Her producers are wise enough to know that the public wants to see the new Clara Bow—the Clara Bow as she is today. She plays a half-breed Indian girl, but the story takes her into the sophisticated atmosphere of smart drawing rooms.

Indeed, you will see *two* Claras in this picture—the old as well as the new. It looks as though it were built for her unique personality.

**R**EX BELL is so proud of her. He beams whenever you tell him that Clara is different, and when the studio workers comment on the fact that her tests were splendid and that she is going to make a big comeback, his smile is as big as Joe E. Brown's.

At the studio they have surrounded Clara with everything that spells good taste.

Her dressing-room—which consists of living room, make-up room, kitchen and bath—is done in early American and is quite as charming as Ruth Chatterton's, which has a reputation for its correct furnishings.

And, by the way, in "Call Her Savage" she has twenty-nine different costumes, each more lovely, more modish than the last. Clara will make this one picture and then return to Rancho Clarito, the home she shares with Rex in the desert. For her the stimulating life of Hollywood is no more. She knows that but little really lies behind that glamorous surface. She takes great pride in her rôle in this latest picture—is giving it the best she's got. But today Clara is a wife first, an actress second.

The girl has changed, and if you don't believe it ask the folks who knew her when.





Photo by Stagg

HOLLYWOOD'S most dramatic moment occurred when Jean Harlow returned to the studio to continue work in "Red Dust." Though stricken with grief over the tragic death of her husband, Paul Bern, it was her wish to resume work.

This scene is tense with picture drama—one

to which Jean had to give all of her abundant ability. There was but one rehearsal. Then the director called for "lights" and "sound" and the cameras ground.

A gay, bold girl on the set, she crept away to sit alone in a corner of the stage, a pathetic little widow, the minute that her work was

done. "Red Dust" was but one of the many vehicles that Paul Bern—who was her studio supervisor as well as her husband—had planned for her to further the career in which he took so much pride. Clark Gable is the star of the picture, and Mary Astor, Tully Marshall and Donald Crisp have leading rôles.



# Why Chevalier Sits Alone

By Jack  
Grant

"SINCE the war, I have been living on borrowed time. Some day the loan will be called. Then pouff!"

So Maurice Chevalier spoke of the war injury that for years has imperilled his life—the sudden death he carries near his heart, so dangerously near that no doctor dares to operate. This is the first time he has ever been prevailed upon to talk about it at all.

Reams of copy have been written in an attempt to solve the mystery of Chevalier. Conjectures are numerous regarding his apparent dual personality. On the screen, a sparkling, gay romantic. Off-screen a somber, solemn man.

There is no doubt that the Chevalier you know in pictures is not the real Chevalier. His gaiety is assumed, put on and taken off with his make-up. His eyes lose their sparkle, his lips their smile when he is not facing a camera. The man undergoes an amazing transformation when he stops working. It is like turning off a light.

ON the set, he usually sits by himself. Fellow workmen call him taciturn, moody. Visitors pass him by. They do not recognize in this seemingly brooding chap the dashing Chevalier they saw in "The Love Parade," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "One Hour With You," and "Love Me Tonight."

These facts have been established time and again.

The mysterious persons that are both Chevalier have been thoroughly discussed and dissected. But no mystery remains when you know what Chevalier knows—that his death warrant is signed and sealed with shrapnel.

Attacks upon his habit of sitting alone, of avoiding crowds, of failing to enter into the Hollywood spirit of things as it per-



The camera has caught him as he really is—not the Chevalier of the irresistible smile, but a moody, taciturn man—a puzzle to those who do not understand

tains to parties and pals—charges that he is high-hat, mercenary, egotistic, humorless, Chevalier meets with a shrug. Even when, by chance, I discovered his secret, he attempted by deprecation to avoid questioning. "The war, it is so long ago. There is nothing to say I haven't said before."

But there is, M. Chevalier. A great deal to say. Tell the world exactly where that piece of shrapnel is lodged in your body. Don't dismiss the seriousness of your injury by saying—as you "have said before"—that it is in your lung.

Tell those who have forgotten what they learned of anatomy in school that the human heart is a hollow, muscular organ situated in the thorax *between the two lungs*—that it is inclosed in a strong membranous sac, called the pericardium and that the shrapnel is pressed so closely to this sac that its removal might cause your heart to burst in the thus weakened place.

ADMIT that you must not indulge in strenuous exercises—that you avoid turning your body quickly from the waist—that a friendly slap on the back might end everything for you.

Tell them these things. You are doing yourself an injustice by keeping silent. You will not be accused of self-pity, of seeking sympathy. But you will be allowed to sit undisturbed.

"It is true," Chevalier said, "that this war memento is more troublesome than I like to acknowledge. I do not talk about it because talking makes me think. Thinking does no good when there is nothing to be done. The doctors tell me not to think.

"We look to see where the shrapnel is every once in a while. Maybe some day it will move away and then we operate. Maybe it will go the other way. Who knows?"

The doctors fear an absciss, from which there can be no recovery. They prescribe a great amount of rest and quiet and absolute abstinence from exercise.

"I can drink only a little, smoke only a little. I must not get angry. I must not do this or that. There are so many 'must nots' and so few 'can do's.'" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



# No Chaplin Honors

The inside story about how the mysterious Garbo spent her summer vacation in her native Sweden



When Charlie Chaplin visited his birthplace, London, he was at first entertained by royalty. Lady Milbanke is seated here next to Charlie



A villa at Ingaro, an islet of the Stockholm archipelago, where Greta hid herself while she was in Sweden

**I**T was a typical Swedish yell, a little self-conscious and awkward, for the Swedes are not the most demonstrative people on earth. "Heja, Greta!"

The crowd numbered several thousand, packed tight on the long pier in the little seaport of Gothenburg. The young woman in a gray cape, who stood looking down at the pier from the top of the gangplank that stretched to the deck of the ocean liner, smiled.

"Heja, Greta!"

Sweden, or at least a part of Sweden, was once more offering a welcome home to Greta Gustafsson Garbo.

And history had, in a sense, repeated itself.

The scene was comparable, in many respects, to that day in the spring of 1931 when Charles Chaplin, London-born, stepped from the train in the city where he dreamed, as a youth, of fame and success.

Then it was:

"Welcome home, Charlie!"

"God bless you, Charlie!"

**A**ND the meaning was the same. The public welcoming back a person whose career, by the grace of the gods that be, had been colorful, romantic. A person who had started from scratch and succeeded against odds. Who returned, victory-flushed and laureled, to the place where the race began.

Does the similarity between Chaplin's and Garbo's home-coming stop here?

What happened to Chaplin in London is well known. Chaplin brought a smile

Garbo's 1929 trip home was gay. Here you see her drinking champagne with her mother and an actor friend





# for GARBO

By Axel  
Ingwerson



While at his left is the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland. Royalty felt that the little comedian snubbed them. What a row!

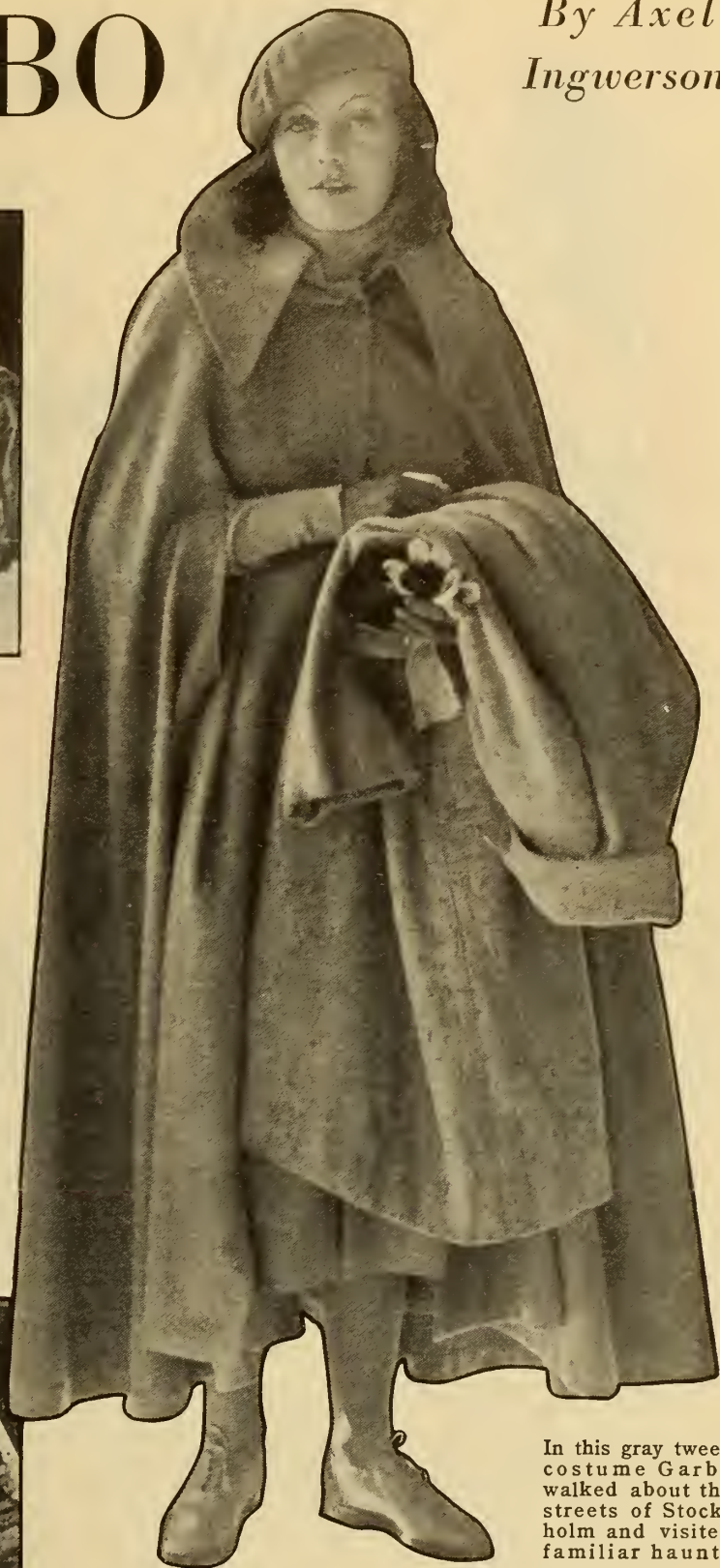
Now, what about Garbo? Was there any chance that Swedish royalty would bring about a situation such as Chaplin experienced? Did Garbo have to worry about a "command" appearance in Stockholm?

Did Garbo remember, as Chaplin did, with the same sort of bitterness, that she had to go to America to get her chance?

What does the royal castle in Stockholm, beautiful even in its rather rococo architecture, mean to the girl who years ago stood in front of a mirror in a modest Stockholm apartment and painted her lips with crayon . . . because she wanted to see what she would look like and because she loved to pretend?

It's quite a story.

To begin with it doesn't hurt to remind you that Garbo already has had something to do with Swedish nobility. You will recall her friendship with young Prince Sigvard, twenty-five-year-old son of the Crown Prince of Sweden. A friendship that started on board



In this gray tweed costume Garbo walked about the streets of Stockholm and visited familiar haunts

the steamer "Gripsholm" when Garbo came home in 1929. That continued in Stockholm where Garbo danced at the Strand Hotel with the dark-haired young prince, who is something of an artist when it comes to stage decorations.

But, aside from that, Garbo has yet to receive any recognition or attention from the royal family of Sweden. There never has been any open indication of the attitude of the royal family toward her.

In 1932 Garbo went to the theater alone, but she applauded when a Swedish actor sang a song about her

But the members of the Swedish royal family, who are exceedingly democratic and popular, most assuredly must recognize in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



# Whoowie! Here

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



**H**IS mother watched him from the porch as he trudged up the street on sturdy little legs. "Joey," she called to him, "have you got a clean handkerchief?"

Joe E. Brown laid down the neatly wrapped bundle that held a pair of patched underdrawers (handed down from three brothers ahead) and an extra shirt.

"Yes, ma," he yelled and every house in Toledo, Ohio, swayed gently on its foundations as the echo of that call reverberated through the town.

"All right," she said, "and don't get your feet wet or get stepped on by an elephant, for heaven's sake."

And he was gone. Around a corner of Toledo and the corner of a young life.

Walking, not running, mind you, away to join a circus. A little nine-year-old boy with twinkly blue eyes, a nose that looked for all the world like a stubby little engine emerging from the open tunnel of a mouth beneath.

One actually waited any moment for the whistle to blow and the passengers to alight.

But just the same, Joe E. was on his way.

He was now one of the Five Marvelous Ashtons, though none of them were really marvelous and, for that matter, none of them were Ashtons. But Joe was that little ball that flew madly from Papa Ashton to Cousin Ashton from a trapeze fifty feet in the air. And often as not never completed the journey from papa to cousin and landed in a net below. And broke a jaw or something.

It was a life. He had all the strength, heart, life and soul beat and pommeled out of him, but doggedly kept on. Going back every winter to Toledo for school and never breathing to his ma what he endured in circuses during the summer. He knew he'd never get to go back if he did.

It grew pretty bad. Even when Joe joined a tumbling troupe and was hurled to the stage because of a mistake and broke a leg. Zowie! Just like that.

Then Joe picked up the pieces that remained after five years of circus life and took himself off to join a vaudeville act. And was he terrible? In several villages (they wouldn't let him in the towns) the citizens actually called a town meeting to know what could be done with the gosh-darned drought that "wuz a ruinin' the crops and that there pesky vaudeville team that kept on playin' when no one wanted to see 'em."

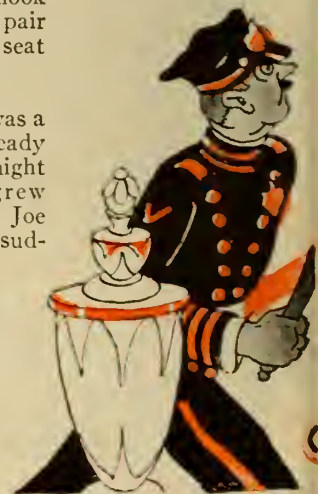
And then came one of the tragedies of Joe's young life (soft music, please). They reached a village with several other acts and proceeded to put on a show in the combination fire house, hoosegow and barber shop. They stretched up a canvas in a four by six space and the women dressed on one side and the men dressed on the fire truck. Hanging their clothes all over the thing.

Joe, in his tights (and *there* was a picture!), stood in the wings watching a heartrending and soul-stirring act, according to the bill boards, and everything was sad and very quiet. Si Perkins had durned near wept his goatee off when suddenly there was a loud clang over their heads. **THE FIREBELL!** Ding dong, ding dong.

In an instant every last ninety-four citizens of that village were in a turmoil and the fire engine half way to Centerville before Joe could open that mouth of his and yell. It was on its way to a fire with Joe's pants hanging on the side. And for three hours he shivered and shook until the fire engine returned with a pair of wet, bedraggled pants. With the seat and one leg missing.

**T**HEN on to San Francisco. Joe was a big boy of fifteen now and old already in the ways of show business. That night they completed their act that grew mustier as the years wore on and Joe went home and went to bed. But suddenly he was out of bed again with the bed flatter than a pancake and the whole city doing a shimmy.

The great earthquake was on. Joe rushed outdoors. "Save my things," the landlady screamed as the fire broke out over the city. So Joe rushed in, seized a grandfather's clock, dragged it for two blocks and a half and fell exhausted before the open door of a delicatessen.





# Comes Joe E.

sen shop. The inside looked inviting, so Joe filled his pockets with cheese and crackers and seized what he thought was a case of soda water. Piling his case on the clock he made for the nearest hill.

Never, he thought, had he heard soda make such a disturbance when opened. It went *pop!* And after the second *pop* he was waving his champagne bottle, still thinking it was soda water, in the air, two-stepping and admiring the fireworks. "Suza good show. Swell lil' city to put on this show (hiccup) for a fella."

AND then he made it. The end of every actor's rainbow of dreams. Broadway. Yes sir, he was on it. Good old Broadway. He had come a long, heartbreaking way and here he was. He was to substitute that night for the leading man in "Listen, Lester."

At five o'clock in the afternoon he was in the dressing-room, made up. Six o'clock came, then seven, and years later it was eight. Joe had fumed and fussed until his make-up had worn off and he had to put on more. Finally, the overture. And then it was played again,

and by the time they began playing it the third time, Joe was wild with nerves. Then came the manager.

"No show, Joe," he said.

Joe could only stand and open and shut that mouth. Not a word came out.

"Equity just called a strike," the manager explained. So Joe took off the make-up and wandered aimlessly, and completely stunned, up Broadway. No show, no money, one wife,



The police force of Beverly Hills planted their heavy feet on the velvet carpet and charged upon the dreadful, house-rocking sound with all the intrepid gallantry of a battalion of troops



two babies, a sore back, his father had just died and well, you just name anything sad. It was Joe's.

But strikes don't keep on striking and Joe was back again on Broadway in "Jim Jam Jems," "Listen, Lester" and "Greenwich Village Follies." And then one day his name was ready to go up in lights.

It was just six o'clock in the morning in New York City. A funny, little guy paced up and down, up and down before a theater. Several hours later a workman on the roof looked down and said to another workman, "Say, look at that guy down there. He walks past here and then he runs. Then he trots up and down like a kangaroo. What's the matter with him?"

"Aw, he's nuts," the other said and went on with his work. But he wasn't nuts. It was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]





Lil Tashman—reads "Who's Who", as it is good business



Joan Blondell—too smart to sign a star contract too soon



Ann Harding—bought a new airplane at half price

# Ah! These Clever

**K**AREN MORLEY, new blonde actress with the Garbo voice, walked into the publicity department of M-G-M studio clad in the velvet and silver creation she wore in "Arsene Lupin" and said to the publicity woman in a calm, matter-of-fact tone: "I have two hours free. If there is any member of the press who would like to see me, I shall be glad to see him. If not, I'm going to the gallery to have some pictures made of myself in this gown. I think it's good business." And with that she picked up the train of her gown and marched off. Galleryward.

Good business. The publicity woman neither looked alarmed nor whimpered with fright. Nor did the office boy run home screaming for his mother.

Good business. It's being done in Hollywood today. On all sides. And by blondes. Beautiful, mind you, and movie actresses in Hollywood. Who speak, heaven preserve Uncle Elmer's young tomato plants, of "good business."

"Dizzy blondes." "Beautiful, but dumb." Remember the wisecracks of yesterday? Well, look at the "dizzy blondes" of Hollywood today and laugh a loud, hollow laugh. For the blondes of today are not the blondes of yesterday, my little lambs. They no longer ride about airing their poodles in orchid limousines trimmed in bilious green, waving peacock feather fans and smelling to heaven of pink carnation perfume. Oh, my, no. The blondes of Hollywood today are too busy attending to "good business" and getting places. Without the pink carnation perfume.

They are as bright as a penny, as shrewd as a politician and as alluring as a whole Follies chorus. But look closely and you'll see a certain squareness of jaw, a determined gleam in every blue eye, a firmness in every step.

The "good business" blondes of Hollywood. New. Smart. And oh, so—so—so—

Well, anyway, look at Constance Bennett. If ever there was a perfect example of the new blondes in Hollywood, it's Constance Bennett.

They tell, with a chuckle, of the dapper, cocksure, young bond salesman who called on Miss Bennett in her dressing room one day recently.

Thirty minutes after he entered, he emerged. His collar was wilted and so

was his countenance. He wore a slightly bewildered look and Hank's hat, by mistake. He didn't seem to have the slightest idea where he was. Or why. For Connie had simply out-talked him, out-argued, out-divided him on every point. She knows exactly the value and reason (if any) behind every stock. Why it's up and why it's down. She can out-quote any old time quoter in the business.

A "good business" blonde.

And who didn't chuckle at the fast one Connie pulled last summer when the executives argued the high salary she demanded would mean high income tax and Connie talked them into paying the tax as well.

**B**UT here's even a faster one. When a producer lends a star to another studio he, of course, realizes quite a profit on the exchange by demanding considerably more than the star's salary.

But when Miss Bennett, with those big, baby blue eyes and saucy blonde curls was farmed out to Fox and M-G-M and First National, she took herself off to the head office of her studio and said ever so elegantly (and you know how elegant Connie can be), "I'm so sorry. But I really must have half that profit. You see I'm the one who is really doing that work and ah, that is, if you don't mind I'll take quite a nice little bonus besides." And she took it. Which left the head office with practically nothing but a horrible headache and a pair of slightly popped eyes.

She knows to a dime where every cent of her money goes. So much for this. So much for that.

Plenty of unkind stories have been written about Constance Bennett. Which is certainly to be expected of such a shrewd and level-headed young woman. Nevertheless, it isn't good business to have too much animosity floating about. So Miss Bennett very, very kindly invited every member of the press to meet her. To talk with her. To get to know her. And every single member of the press came away convinced that Connie Bennett was just about the best scout in Hollywood.

Look at Ann Harding. And that isn't so hard to do, either.

The face of an angel has Ann, but oh, what a capacity for thinking lies beneath that coil of ash-blonde hair. Does she

By Susan Mason





Connie Bennett—knows the why and wherefore of stocks



Madge Evans—flopped in her first film, but got a contract



Karen Morley—treats all the press people like pals

# Hollywood Blondes!

know her own mind? Money bags jingled for months, for many long months, unnoticed while Ann held out for what she wanted in her contract. And when Ann was finally convinced that even contracts in Hollywood are not what they're cracked up to be, she goes right on. Giving her best, which is grand, to poor pictures, and her best to good ones. Playing the game.

But when Miss Harding took herself off to Detroit to buy that brand-new airplane, very, very graciously Miss Harding allowed them to exhibit her plane in the air show. And for such graciousness Miss Harding reduced the price of her plane to half. That's all. Just half.

And the name Ann Harding painted boldly and gaily on the door of that plane.

"How—er—strange," Hollywood shrugged.

"Oh, really?" Ann asks as she leans ever so gently on the new plane for publicity pictures which always turn out with ANN HARDING painted grandly on that door.

AND little Madge Evans with the breathless little voice that stirs up all sorts of protective instincts. Madge, it seems, made a comeback to pictures too soon. Much too soon. As a child actress Madge was a hit. But at fifteen with Barthelme in "Classmates," Madge was a flop. Discouraged? Perhaps. But not stumped. Madge went back to the stage and worked and worked and worked.

A few years later certain movie producers took another squint at the lovely little blonde actress.

"Come on out to Hollywood," they said, "and play the lead with Novarro in 'Son of India.'" How many actresses, young and ambitious and beautiful hear that same sirenish call and aren't immediately seized with the jitters. But Madge never jittered a jitter. She remained calm, cool, level-headed.

"Oh, really," she smiled, "I thank you, but you see I'm more or less established here on the stage and I wouldn't think of leaving for just one picture." She even repeated it a bit louder for all to comprehend. "Not for just one picture."

The producers fell back flabbergasted. "What?" they demanded. "After the classic flop that little dame made in 'Classmates' she won't come for one picture. Well," they shrugged, "you can stay."

"Oh, thank you," came back that breathless little voice. "Thank you, kindly."

It worked.

MADGE came out with one flop to her credit and a nice term contract in her pocket.

But Madge had the shrewdness to go after the thing right when she got here. I've seen her rise from a sick bed to take publicity pictures she had promised. Hour after hour she stands about the stages drinking in the scenes. Watching. Learning. Going home nights to study. And rest.

Who is better known to every movie fan than just Lil Tashman? And why? Certainly Lil is no Chatterton when it comes to acting. She's no Dietrich for legs or no Bennett for looks.

What is it Lil Tashman has? Good business sense. The best that's going. And Lilyan knows her limits. She's too clever not to. But that didn't stop Miss Tashman from being right at the top. Ah me, no. Lil was out to be a champion something or other, and she is.

The most smartly dressed woman in pictures today, some say. With everything that goes with it. Time after time her throne has been threatened but Lil always comes through with one better and to top one creation with a better one takes considerable topping.

Her house is the smartest in Malibu. Her dinners are the last word. She reads the newest books. History. Biographies.

Her conversation sparkles. Even if she yearns for a good old "Tent Avenoo" door step gab, nevertheless Lil sparkles.

And the result? People clamor for her. Fans trample one another to pieces trying to see Lil on her personal appearances. They come and they go but Lil is always with us.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]

They may be called dizzy blondes, but it's the producers who are dizzy when they get through talking business



Studio moguls temporarily separated them on the screen, but in real life Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor are the same old pals, cruising around on Charlie's yawl. They're co-starring now in "Tess of the Storm Country"



Why, "Tarzan" Weissmuller, you should be ashamed of yourself hanging around night clubs with George Raft. But it's only a movie set, and Johnny is visiting a pal. Incidentally, Johnny and wife are getting that divorce

# Cal York Announcing-

WHEN Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce were cast in the same picture, Hollywood sat back and waited for the fight to begin.

Remember that Lupe and Jack Gilbert were sweethearts.

Then he married Virginia.

But Hollywood got cheated out of some gossip.

The first day Lupe walked up to Virginia, held out her hand and said:

"Hello. I'm Lupe. I'm glad to meet the girl Jack married. He's a nice boy—Jack."

And now Virginia thinks Lupe is swell and doesn't keep her belief a secret, either.

ON the return of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent to Hollywood after their marriage in New York, they were met at the train by friends, well wishers, newspaper reporters and studio executives. But they refused to make an appearance. Some of the folks had boarded the train at a station a few hours out from Los Angeles.

Ruth and George fled to their drawing-room and wouldn't appear. And not even pleading

notes stuck under the door changed their decision.

At last they were smuggled off the train by the porter and conductor, and Ruth's mother and friends, waiting at Pasadena, waited and waited.

And the press boys who wanted to give the couple a rousing hand were pretty well burned up about the whole affair.

SO the battle between James Cagney and Warner Brothers went merrily on.

Warners said they'd settle in court if necessary.

And red-headed Jimmy said 'twas okay with him!

It looked as though Hollywood might corner some more front page space in national newspapers.

Jimmy said they failed to notify him that his option was taken up. Warners said they failed on purpose. If they did anything like that, it would mean he had not been suspended and they would have to pay him a lot of back salary.

Warners also said that a contract for a year

means work for a year and Jimmy hasn't been working.

But, as we go to press, comes news of a truce. Maybe Jimmy will be back, under contract and working.

NEWCOMERS in the M-G-M commissary wonder who that fine, well-set-up man is over at the lunch-counter along with prop boys, extras and electricians. None other than Clark Gable who, though a big shot of Hollywood, doesn't let that fact affect his head.

On the other side of the partition are tables where the more important people eat, and the rest of the time Clark is found there. When he was a bit player, he lunched at the counter. So just for old sake's sake he still occasionally does. And the waitresses think he's a great lad.

WHEN Clara Bow began work on "Call Her Savage," her come-back film, the company offered to give her a make-up expert





"No, young fellow, that isn't the way to kiss," says Director Frank Borzage, giving Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes a few tips on plain and fancy necking for a hot scene in "A Farewell to Arms." Mean—interrupting like that!



Clara's comeback! The first scene between Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland in "Call Her Savage." Clara acting with Gilbert, her first Hollywood sweetheart? It's okay, folks, hubby Rex Bell approves. Like Clara's bangs?

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

to help her. But the offer was spurned by Clara. "I've been slapping greasepaint and powder on my own face ever since I started in pictures and I guess I won't go grand at this late date."

But in one way Clara is different. She used to work until all hours without ever complaining. Now she begins the day at ten and leaves at six o'clock sharp. Clara is not going to have any more nervous breakdowns from over-work.

**CONNIE BENNETT** may demand and get the reverence paid to queens from a lot of people in Hollywood. But there is one fellow to whom she is just another movie actress.

The door of Miss Bennett's dressing-room scraped noisily when closing, so a studio carpenter whom Connie had never seen before was sent over to fix it.

He scraped and fixed and at last turned with a beaming face to the famous star and inquired, "How's that, Connie?"

**WELL**, sir, Hollywood can't get over it. Hollywood's most colorful and vitriolic director gone good. Eric Von Stroheim, the man you love to hate, is behaving himself like an ordinary citizen. It's colossal!

For instance, there's the picture "Walking Down Broadway," that Eric is directing for Fox. Instead of being exactly fourteen months and two million dollars behind schedule, Von is actually three hours ahead in his shooting, and saving money. Now you know a shock like that is bad. People can't bear it. And not only that, he's kind, understanding and human. Even the extras like him.

The other day an electrician burned his hand and no less a person than the despotic Mr. Von Stroheim bound it up. But wait. That's not all. He's gone in for—guess what—bicycle riding, and can coast down hills, without holding onto the handle bars, mind you.

Oh, I tell you, Hollywood wouldn't be surprised at anything now.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., returned from Europe in a whirl of enthusiasm. Never did two folks have such a

good time. They were fêted in London and Paris and literally mobbed by adoring fans wherever they appeared.

The most amusing incident concerns the night they went to see Noel Coward's play, "Cavalcade," in London. Leaving the theater, they were rushed by the mob. The crowd literally tore Joan's coat off, and Doug's clothes were a bit shredded.

With the aid of a dozen stalwart bobbies, they managed to push on to their car, but so thick grew the mob that the chauffeur could not start.

Ardent admirers pounded upon the windows of the car until at last Joan had to open them so that the people could touch her.

It looked like one of Cecil De Mille's mob scenes and there was danger that someone might be hurt.

In the midst of all this mêlée, one of those very British "bobbies" turned to the milling, surging, howling crowd and said, in his cockney accent: "I say, now. Aren't you a bit rude?" My word!

Joan says that for understatement, that wins all the prizes.





Ernest A. Bachrach

Introducing a new Hollywood blonde. Cute? Oh, we can't fool you. It's your old friend, Mitzi Green, gone light headed for "Little Orphan Annie"



Here's the lad who played the fiddle while Rome indulged in a little hot stuff. It's the first picture of that great English actor, Charles Laughton, who made your flesh creep in "Devil and the Deep," all dolled up for the rôle of Nero in C. B. De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross"

ALTHOUGH they work at adjoining studios in Hollywood, Joan Crawford met Laurel and Hardy for the first time in London. The occasion of their meeting was a reception given in their honor. Their English hosts, believing all movie actors to be close friends, made no attempt at introductions. It wasn't until later in the evening that Joan encountered the other guests of honor and introduced herself.

Joan, by the way, returned from her European vacation, her first at that, without purchasing many items of clothing in Paris. The custom inspectors couldn't imagine such strange procedure. It was only after an exhaustive search that they passed her luggage.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, went on a buying spree. The Bond Street wardrobe he selected in London more than made up for Joan's lack of interest in Parisian gowns.

CLARK GABLE is learning to play tennis with a one-armed janitor on the public tennis courts at Beverly Hills.

IN Richard Dix's contract it is written that no stills or photographs taken may be released without his approving them. And he exercised that right oftentimes to the despair of the publicity department. Imagine, therefore, the surprise that met Richard Dix's refusal even to look at proofs taken for "The Conquerors" opposite Ann Harding.

"Show them to Miss Harding," he said. "All that meet her approval, I will pass unconditionally."

Gallant chap, Dick!

WHEN Barbara Bebe Lyon—you know whose baby she is—had a birthday party recently, all the famous children of Hollywood attended and all had their pictures taken. All except one youngster.

Whenever the cameraman was ready to shoot, little Irving Thalberg, Jr., had to step out of the picture.

Mama Norma Shearer and Papa Irving will not allow a single photograph of their boy to be published in any paper or magazine.

AFTER it was announced that Director Charles Brabin was not to continue directing "Rasputin," Hollywood nodded wisely and murmured, "Hummm, so he couldn't cope with the Barrymore temperament."

But it wasn't Lionel, Ethel and John that jerked Brabin off the picture. It was what is known in Hollywood as "supervisor trouble." The supervisor was on the set every day, making suggestions, having scenes re-taken, until at last the exasperated Brabin cried, "Who's directing this picture, anyhow?" And those

five little words from long-suffering Brabin did the trick. That's why Director Richard Boleslavsky is telling the royal family how to make faces for the cameras.

CONTRARY to Hollywood expectations, all has been remarkably quiet on the Barrymore front this month, in spite of the fact that there has been a change in directors and that new dialogue has been written as the picture progressed.

The reason for all this goodness and light is

Well,  
What's  
This?

Either way you look at it—upside down or right side up—they're still beautiful. They are Verna Hillie and Kathleen Burke. Each says a prayer nightly that she'll be chosen for the panther woman rôle in the "Island of Lost Souls"







William A. Fraker

**H**ERE'S the answer to all you loyal Stanwyck fans who have been writing us, "What's happened to Barbara? Don't the producers realize that she has everything?" Her last two films were not so good—and nobody knows it better than Babs herself, but she comes back into her own in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." You can't lick that girl



Bachrach

**M**EET little Dorothy Wilson, who turned the tide. Just when it seemed as if the only girls who could crash through to success were your sloe-eyed, languorous glamour-types, Dot, who looks like "the kid that lives next door," made a big hit in "The Age of Consent." Dorothy's is another Cinderella story. She was only a typist in the script department at Radio Pictures when she was selected for the leading rôle. You'll see her next opposite Bill Boyd





Bachrach

**N**OW here's a strange thing about Richard Cromwell. When he played the title rôle in "Tol'able David" he was proclaimed a real screen find, yet a year passed before he was given another big chance. During that time he was ready to leave pictures for good. But now, with "The Age of Consent" and others to his credit, producers realize that they won't discover a better young actor if they look over all of Hollywood with Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass



**Y**OU won't hear a single lukewarm opinion about Sylvia Sidney. Movie-goers either like her very much on the screen—or they don't like her at all. It's the same way in Hollywood. Positive personality? Yes indeed! Having gone from one film to another, she is now taking a well-deserved rest. "Merrily We Go To Hell" was her last release





He is one of the best actors on the screen. But sometimes that isn't sufficient for real success. He won't play the Hollywood game

# Ricardo Is A Riddle

IT'S strange about Ricardo Cortez. It really is. *By Evaline Lieber*

By all the laws of nature, he should long ago have been a Clark Gable or Valentino or Gary Cooper. He has the build, the brawn, the appearance. He is truly handsome. Women who meet him in person go into the same sort of raves that Clark Gable inspires from the screen.

In other words, he has Sex Appeal with capital letters. Furthermore, he's a fine actor. "Symphony of Six Million" and "Is My Face Red?" prove that. And he's able to play the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker. Fifteen years of every type of rôle have proved *that*.

And yet, he has always just missed being a screen sensation. There's something strange here. Something wrong.

And Cortez knows it. He even knows how to correct it. But he has been unable to bring himself to the point where he can do it.

Now, however, he has signed a contract with Paramount. This should mean a new start. With an even break he should come into his own.

When he read the criticism of his work in "Thirteen Women," in a Hollywood trade paper, he shuddered. It said: "Just why is Cortez wasted in this? What he does, he does well."

He didn't want to play in that picture. He knew it wasn't the part for him. He had just acquitted himself nobly in both "Symphony" and "Is My Face Red?" Why should he descend into this minor part, wedged among *thirteen women*?

He'd been promised "Hell's Highway" originally. Richard Dix played it.

He'd been scheduled for "Phantom Fame." Lee Tracy is doing it.

The leftover was "Thirteen Women."

If you asked fifty people in Hollywood the cause of Ri-

cardo's trouble, I'll wager forty would answer, "He's too high-hat. He doesn't play the game."

Cortez is not high-hat. Those—like George O'Brien—who are his pals would punch anybody in the nose who said he is. They swear by this handsome lad. He's a *pal* and a man who understands the true meaning of that word "pal."

But so few know him.

I introduced Ricardo to some visitors from Chicago. Six others introduced him to the same visitors. Still, he did not speak when he met them. They did not speak first. Ricardo was waiting for them to recognize him. He was just as hurt as they were about it.

Which does not sound like an I-must-be-noticed motion picture actor.

AH, there lies the trouble. He doesn't act like a man of his profession. He's easily hurt. Terrifically self-conscious. To hide this sensitive nature, he dons a hard-boiled, sophisticated armor. "High-hat" is the resulting general opinion.

Director Gregory La Cava is one of Ricardo's intimates. He directed him in "Symphony of Six Million" and he knows about this.

"Riccy is a very sensitive person. He's easily hurt. In Hollywood, when anyone has a sensitive nature, he has a defense. He can't be fully himself unless he's surrounded by a people who are never themselves!

"The so-called inferiority complex"

Cortez has them guessing why he's not running with the leaders of the pack. Here's the reason

# The Strangest Friendship IN HOLLYWOOD

IF you could see them together you would certainly think it unusual. Dignified, calm, studious, cultured Walter Huston and volatile, dynamic, excitable Lupe Velez.

Yet between these two there has sprung up a friendship so rich and so beautiful that Hollywood rubs its eyes to make sure it has seen the truth.

For the truth is—and nobody who has seen them together could doubt it—that this is no flirtation.

Walter Huston, being what he is, could never be interested in any woman that way.

And Lupe? Well, she worships Walter as if he were some very dear and loyal uncle.

This is friendship—just plain, real friendship. And what it is doing for both Lupe and Walter, principally Lupe, is a very sweet page in Hollywood history.

There are lots of girls in Hollywood who have had real friendships with men, when there was no thought of love between them. Remember Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer—when Lon helped Norma with her make-up and gave her advice about acting that she will never forget. Remember Joan Crawford and Billy Haines, who have laughed together and argued together—and still do. Billy will fight a battle for Joan at the drop of a supervisor's hat. Remember Elsie Janis and Ramon Novarro. Elsie gave Ramon advice, criticized and praised him. They were great pals. And I could point to a dozen other such friendships.

But Lupe Velez—she expects and receives admiration. You couldn't imagine Lupe being even slightly interested in a man who was impervious to those "beeg," black eyes and who wouldn't jump through a couple of hoops and do nips-ups at her command. Consider the lads who have adored her.



Lupe Velez stood in awe of Walter Huston's acting ability. When they were placed together in the cast of "Kongo," Lupe was so nervous she played her first scene very badly.



The hero, Walter Huston—cultured, dignified and a good Hollywood citizen

And then suddenly this Walter Huston thing happened. I say "suddenly." I'm wrong. Here's how it all happened.

Perhaps the first time Walter Huston crossed Lupe's consciousness was a number of years ago when Gary Cooper was making "The Virginian." When Gary heard that Walter was to have a rôle in the picture he came at once to Lupe and said, "I'm frightened. Huston is such a great actor. He knows how to talk—to deliver lines. What can I do against competition like that?"

Lupe was furious. "Afraid? For shame. You are Gary Cooper. Aren't you? That's enough. You don't have to be afraid of anybody. Be yourself and don't talk nonsense."

But Gary was still frightened at the ability of the great actor, and when Lupe came on the set of "The Virginian" for the first time, she felt something of the awe that Gary felt. Huston was so reserved, so dignified. For once, Lupe was restrained and because it was a new sensation to her—curbing her wild exuberance—she steered clear of Huston.

Naturally, their paths did not cross again. They





If you think that all film friendships are flirtations only, read this amazing story

*By*  
*Ruth*  
*Biery*

Huston liked her! He thought she had talent. He wasn't to be feared, then. He wasn't ritzy just because he was a great actor.

In her very nicest manner Lupe said, "The admiration is mutual, Mr. Huston."

And from that day on they have been the best of friends. They talk continuously while they are working together and as soon as the week's work is done Lupe, Walter and his wife, Nan, dash away for little trips into the mountains. For neither Walter nor Lupe is willing to let this strange friendship lag just because their work will take them to different studios.

The second day of shooting on "Kongo," Walter and Lupe sat together on the steps of the stage and talked. Rather, Lupe talked. Walter listened.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]

Then Walter began teaching Lupe little tricks of acting—and she was a willing pupil, as you can see by looking at this picture, which is one of the dramatic scenes from "Kongo"

move in entirely different Hollywood circles and, small as the town is, one clique very seldom overlaps another.

Lupe went to New York to appear in a Ziegfeld show. She returned, triumphant, to sign a contract for six new pictures. "Kongo" was the first. Jubilant, excited, she burst on the set. There was Walter Huston. She still stood in awe of him and his long years of acting. So Walter Huston was to be in her picture!

Her knees trembled, her voice quavered when they did their first scene together. And, when the cameras stopped grinding, she went quietly to the corner of the set and pretended to be studying the script. But she wasn't. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Huston.

He did not come over to her immediately. He sat in another corner but he, too, was watching Lupe. Then their eyes met. He laughed and came over to her.

"You have a great talent, Miss Velez," he said. "I admire you because of that talent."

Like a child, praised by a respected teacher, Lupe's eyes grew big with wonder. Why, this



The heroine, Lupe Velez—tempestuous, temperamental, unconventional



Marie Dressler: "I have never been bored. I have always wanted to see the next sunrise. I have always been glad of the chance to live"

ONLY the other day I was reading a letter from Catherine de Medici to her daughter. That queen of France who lived three hundred years ago was all upset. She didn't know what the young people were coming to. Her other daughter, Marguerite, was full of new ideas. And the clothes she wore! And the new dances she danced! Girls, said the queen of France, were coming to no good and were certainly not behaving as their mothers considered it proper for girls to behave.

Not much different from today, for we still hear that youth is a great problem. Modern mothers and fathers are dismayed. Teachers are often in a fog. The children are running wild.

History is full of such complaints. Why won't youth accept the dictates of age? Why won't youngsters listen and believe the words of experience? Why won't the new generation conform to the habits and theories of the old?

Well, of course, they won't. They never have.

Why should they? The glory of youth is its determination to find out things for itself. The beauty of youth is its intensity, its fire, its lack of compromise.

All things are forgivable to youth. As we grow older we must not lose sight of that. Implanted in every heart that is worth its beat, is the flaming desire to live—to experience—to do new and amazing things. God bless their souls, there isn't any compromise in 'em. The reason we have failed to conquer all things, think they, is because we lacked something—and they've got it. And little by little, through that very living force of youth, lots of dead wood is weeded out of the race so that we don't stifle.

# "Youth Hasn't Changed"

"You must leave children free to choose for themselves"—a frank discussion by kindly Marie Dressler

As Told To  
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Mothers and fathers and teachers and all of us together can't do anything but watch and pray and be ready when we are asked. That's all.

You know, it's not of our knowledge that they will be helped, but of our faith and our love and our truth. Each of us in this life must stand alone—and nothing that we have learned can we lend to anybody else except through example and through their love for us.

If you try to force growth, or to retard it, you will warp the budding soul as sure as you will warp a tree that you bind.

How do we know? Maybe this new generation has got hold of something we missed. Maybe they're casting aside shams and pretenses and conventions in order to be free to get at the realities of life. Maybe because they insist upon proof, because they strive for pleasure, they will dig through to some precept that we've lost sight of.

WHEN I was a girl, I had within me great desires and ambitions which seemed impossible of fulfillment. A big, gawky lump of a girl who wanted—of all things—to go on the stage. I expect if they could have kept me from making a fool of myself by such an attempt, they would have done it. But it was necessary for me to earn my own way. I was free of that terrible burden of having everything done for me. I had to develop wings of my own if I was going to get anywhere. And let me tell you now, that your own wings are the only ones that will ever take you anywhere.

In my heart, I knew that I loved the theater and that it was my medium of expression. It would be silly to say that I saw it then as I see it now—with the hope and prayer that it may bring joy and comfort and release to others. Girls don't think that way. I didn't see beyond my own self because my own self was the whole world as far as I knew. Youth is made that way. Can't change that.

So—I went ahead and all my dreams came true. More than my dreams. Why? Not from any action of my own, nor any effort or cleverness on my part. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]



# What's All This Chatter About Novarro?

Is he a saint who suddenly has turned worldly?

**R**AMON NOVARRO was thirty-three years old last February and it's about time folks began to understand the boy.

For some strange reason, people got an idea about Ramon and they've clung to it as tenaciously as an Adrian costume clings to Garbo.

Ramon has moved, for the last eleven years, in a mist of misunderstanding. Fact and fiction concerning Ramon and Ramon's character have become so intertwined that I'll wager not ten people can give you an accurate estimate of Ramon, the man.

So, just for the fun of it, let's start picking Ramon apart and separating the false from the true to see if we can't find out something real about this amazing young man who has remained a star for ten years—thereby disproving the five-year star span of Hollywood.

I'll wager if you asked the average movie-goer to tell you what Ramon was like, he'd give you a picture of a saint-like, idealistic, poetic recluse, that would be as far from the real Ramon as caviar is from codfish.

I can tell you how this idea grew. Ramon is religious and has always been. In Hollywood a man who admits deep religious convictions must, so the natives think, be lacking in humor, and human understanding. Presto—Hollywood argued—Ramon must be set aside because he was religious.

And so when, a couple of years ago, a few parties that Ramon attended were highly publicized, Hollywood began to buzz with gossip. "Ramon has changed. He has become a 'good time Charlie.' He's not religious any more. Why, do you know what he did last night?"

"What do you suppose caused this?"

"I think it was the death of his brother."

"No, it's because he's in love with Elsie Janis."

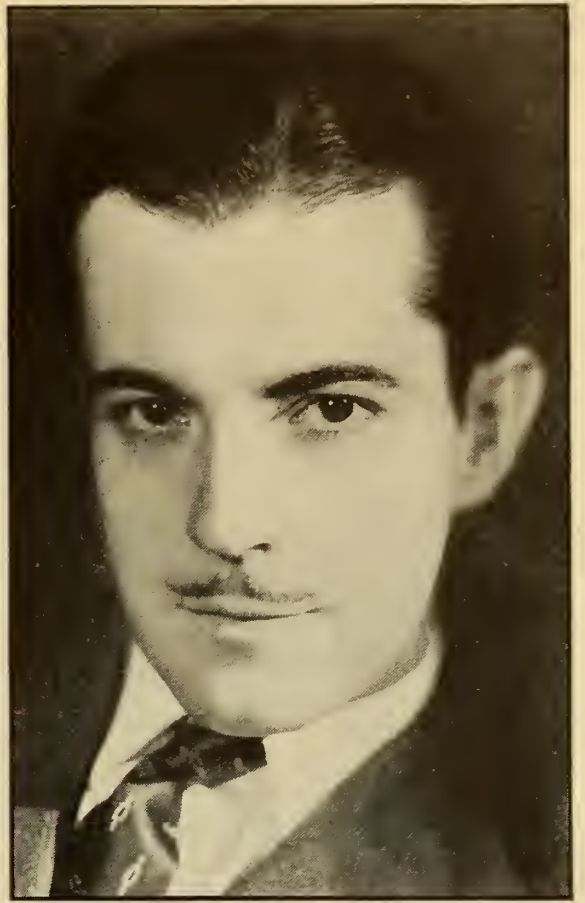
**W**ITH many variations it was the usual Hollywood gossip—because Hollywood expects sudden, dramatic changes and will not accept a complex character. In the Hollywood mind—you are either religious or you're not. You're either a drunkard or a member of the Anti-Saloon League. You're either a hero or a villain, a saint or a devil. Just as in many of the movies that come out of Hollywood these broad characterizations are drawn, so must the people of Hollywood be definitely one thing or the other. Gradations of character are not admitted.

So now let's go back a bit and see what Ramon was really like when he was supposed to be a poetic lad who longed for the priesthood, who led a life of mystery and entertained only his Mexican friends.

Elsie Janis is credited with drawing Ramon out of his shell. But Elsie Janis didn't do that—for Ramon never had a shell.

Elsie Janis is credited with making Ramon a human being and a regular fellow on a party. Ramon was a human

*By Katherine Albert*



Ramon Novarro's life is so simple and above board that Hollywood is baffled

being and had been a regular fellow long before he knew Elsie Janis.

One of Ramon's first Hollywood friends was Kathleen Key. And no man can be a recluse and be a friend of Kate Key's. That friendship started when they worked together in their first picture, "The Lover's Oath." And it lasted through "Ben-Hur" and even after Kate went to Paris. When Ramon went to Paris, he looked her up and they had some rousing times together.

**A**LICE TERRY and Rex Ingram were his friends. Alice is another gay, madcap girl, who certainly would be no fit companion for a man of mystery. And if ever there were a sophisticated, worldly gent, it's Rex Ingram. During all this period when Ramon was supposed to be introspective and yearning for a monastery, his best pal was a writer—a humorous, gay chap and a regular guy.

Renee Adoree was another of Ramon's friends—and you'd never have called Renee a little sit-by-the-fire. So when you take that list of friends—and there were many more—you'll find that it wasn't Elsie Janis who drew Ramon from his imaginary shell.

Mind you, he was no hypocrite. He was, and still is, religious. And those gay friends of earlier days respected his convictions.

Ramon never drew himself away from "the crowd" at the studio. He was invariably a sought after member of the old M-G-M publicity table in the commissary, where the outlaws and rebels of the lot assembled for some pretty fine storytelling.

His much famed theater which Ramon annexed to his house in Los Angeles, and which no American was supposed to have seen, is not so mysterious after all. Ramon never kept this theater a secret and when I asked him to let me see it, he demurred not at all, had me over to tea there and showed me all over the place.

As for Ramon's humor—that he always has had. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

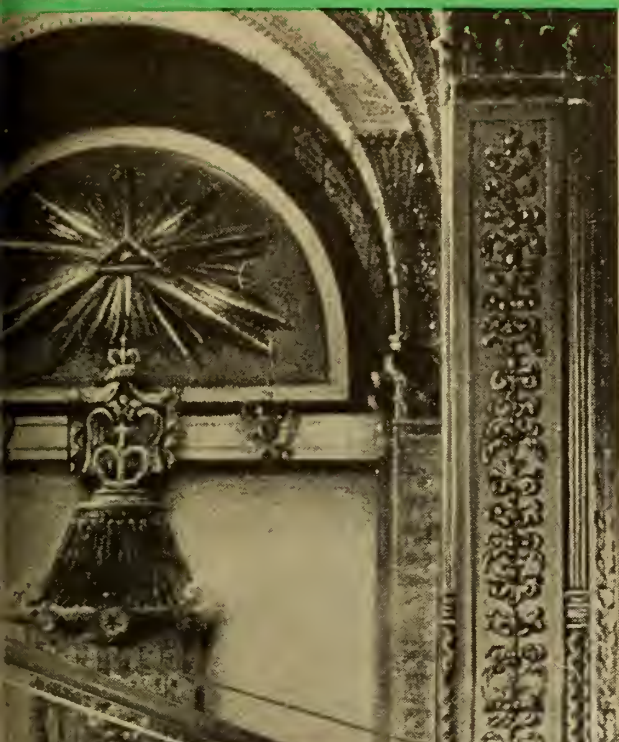


Under *The* Director's *Watchful* Eyes





# History Repeats Itself In "Rasputin"



BEHOLD the glory and the divinity of kings! An impressive scene from "Rasputin," The Court of the Romanoffs in the days preceding the Russian Revolution.

It's a Barrymore picture and how that royal family rise to the responsibility of their imperial rôles. From left to right: *Czar Nicholas* (Ralph Morgan), *Czarevitch Alexis* (Tad Alexander), the *Czarina* and *Prince Paul Youssouppoff* (Ethel and John Barrymore); and, in the background, the *Monk Rasputin* (Lionel Barrymore)—his hand raised.

The director and his studio crew watch with tense alertness. Sitting, white-shirted, in the center is Director Richard Boleslavsky; his assistant, "Hezzy" Tate, in striped sweater, kneels at the extreme left, as the sound man works the mike and its great boom; and Cameramen Riley and Cohen stand at their machines. In the right foreground, kneeling, is Production Manager Clarence Bricker watching the gold roll out, for there's gold in those actors and in those sets—and what actors and sets they are!

The floor mops in the foreground play important rôles, too. Before every "take," the floor is carefully wiped so as not to reveal one footprint to the cameras' eagle eyes.





# "Make My

That's the cry of movie mad mothers throughout the land as they watch the talented children of Hollywood act upon the screen



That cute kid "Spanky" with his mother, Mrs. McFarland. The baby earns more than his father, a business executive

paying Jackie Cooper fifteen hundred dollars (\$1500) a week and I have a son that can wiggle his ears named George and I think he would be as good a star as Jackie Cooper. We owe a \$210 payment on a note and I figure if I would let George work for you one day it would pay off that debt and I could buy a new dress I need for the forty dollars (change)

so please reply at once.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. G. F. L.—

P. S.—We will come as soon as you send the railroad tickets.

**T**HERE'S a high wind in Hollywood and the storm rages around the heads of two amazing children who would just as soon pop a producer in the stomach as to look at him. And have done it, too, to Winfield Sheehan, head man at Fox.

Charlie Chaplin tried, through the courts, to keep his sons off the screen, and his ex-wife, Lita Grey Chaplin—and the children's mother—tried to put them before the cameras. In fact, Lita signed a contract for the boys and herself to work together in five pictures and to be paid \$10,000 apiece a picture for the kids and \$15,000 a picture for herself.

Then, just when everything looked rosy all the way 'round, Chaplin stepped in to speak out in meeting—and in court—these words, "I want my boys to grow up normally and not be forced into a profession not of their own choosing, at such an early age. I don't pretend that their physical health may be impaired. It's the spiritual aspect I'm thinking of."

"I provided generously for my children so they could have a normal childhood. I don't want them to suffer from undue publicity and gain an abnormal viewpoint about life."

Lita then said that she couldn't understand Charlie's viewpoint, since it was he who employed Jackie Coogan to work in his picture "The Kid" when Jackie was younger than either of their boys.

And while the battle of the parents rages, the two Chaplin kids are having a swell time causing all sorts of mischief on the Fox lot and daily being pulled out of fishponds and sound boxes.

All of which again brings up the question, "What about these kids in pictures? Are they like other children or aren't they?" Most mothers and fathers, unlike Chaplin, are willing and anxious to have their little darlings in the "moom pitcher" studios.

Over at the M-G-M studios in Culver City, where Jackie Cooper makes those hankie-soaking tear-jerkers, they got a letter the other day. It was from a woman in Iowa—

Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn & Mayer (it read),

Gents—

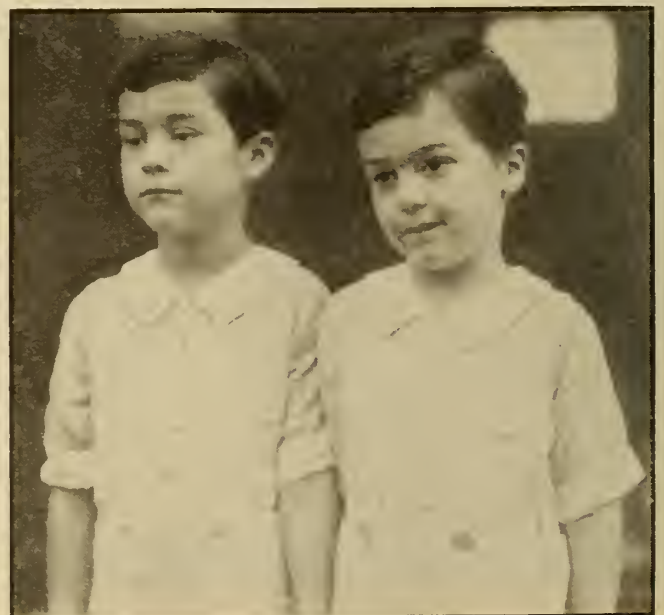
I see in my paper where you are

Should these boys be screen stars? Their father, Charlie Chaplin, says "No!" Their mother says "Yes." "Sure" say both Tommy and Charlie

**Y**OU'D be surprised how many mothers and fathers, seeing the Jackie Coopers and the Bobby Coogans and the Mitzi Greens and the Dickie Moores on the screen, and learning about the salaries they are getting, jump to two primary conclusions:

1. That all they have to do is to take their own little Willie or Gwendolyn to Hollywood to have the child immediately become another child movie star, and,

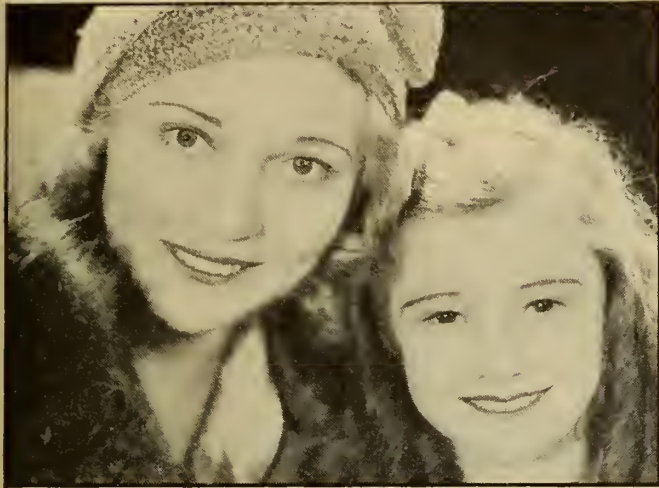
2. That forthwith, they (that is mama and papa) will be rolling in the wealth that little Willie or Gwendolyn will make,





# Willie A STAR!"

By Harry  
Lang



"I put Dorothy in pictures for money, not fame," says Mrs. Grey, mother of the little girl who won honors in "Symphony of Six Million." Isn't mama pretty?



Jackie Cooper earns \$1,500 a week, but his mother, Mabel Cooper, can spend only \$75 of that salary. The rest goes into good securities. It's a California law

and the family will live high with seventeen servants, a flock of motor cars, and a house in Beverly Hills and Malibu and maybe Honolulu, too. But that is just about as wrong as a Honolulu diving boy swimming around a Scotch steamer waiting for a coin to dive for!

**B**ECAUSE the facts, to those two expressed fallacies of Mama and Papa, are this:

1. That out of some three hundred child actors, all more than usually talented, who are registered with the various Hollywood casting offices, barely a score make what might be called a "living" income. The others, once in a great while, manage to get a five-dollar-a-day extra bit, or something like that, and if their parents depended on them for the family income, they'd be in the poorhouse by now.

2. And even those few who do get a "big" salary, in the great majority of cases, live nothing but a fairly normal kid's life—and mama and papa get virtually nothing at all of the youngster's movie salary, because the law steps in and says mama and papa can't spend a cent of it without the court's express permission.

In the case of Jackie Cooper—and we select him because he is, after all, the outstanding example of a child earning a huge income, only seventy-five dollars a week of his fifteen-hundred-a-week salary goes to his mother. That's the salary the court allows her for her work as Jackie's manager, trainer, guardian, financial agent, and everything else she is to him. A few score dollars more are allocated, by the

court, for the things Jackie needs—clothing, professional needs, and so on. And all the rest of that fifteen-hundred-a-week goes socko into gamble-less investments, under the unclosing eye of the superior court of the state of California. Mama Cooper isn't living high on Jackie's earnings. Nor is Jackie.

Now, inasmuch as we've made that crack about the state of California keeping a sharp legal eye on the money the kid stars make, it's only fair to digress a moment—and this is as good a place as any for digressing—to give credit where credit is due.

That is to say, that in the great majority of cases, the parents of these movie children are honestly and honorably unselfish in their zeal for their children's welfare and happiness and profit. With but a few glaring exceptions, the parents of the little ones have no wish to profit, themselves, from what the tots make.

To such parents could be safely entrusted their child's earnings. But because there's no hundred per cent rule—even among parents—the state of California has seen to it that these salaries have the law's protection.



Jackie Coogan, who has now outgrown kid parts, with his mother and little brother Bobby, a rising star

**I**N the first place, no child actor can contract to play for any movie firm without the approval of a superior judge. Jackie Cooper's contract, whereby he gets that fifteen hundred dollars a week from M-G-M, had to have a court okay.

Then, in the second place, the mere fact that Mabel Cooper is Jackie's mother is not enough in the eyes of the courts to permit her to spend the salary check as she sees fit. No—Mrs. Cooper had first to apply for and be appointed Jackie's legal guardian before the courts would allow her to handle her own son's earnings! And now, as legal guardian, she is accountable to the courts

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 110 ]

# Lili Dramatizes Her Gowns

A Fashion Preview for You  
From "The Match King"



Lili Damita (that's the new spelling), with true French chic, dares to wear gowns that strikingly elaborate current trends. This gown is white velvet with sweeping train. The high fitted bodice is quite Empire in line. Beading on the collar is repeated on the short white gloves. The cape, held in her hand, is trimmed with coque feathers



Above you see how Lili's velvet cape is worn under the beaded collar. Clever!



The graceful charm of fringe is being rediscovered. Here Lili gives it a dramatic début on a gown of pale blue crepe. The fringe borders the straight skirt deeply and is used again to cover the sleeves and shoulders. Note the throat-high collar line. It's popular



Looks like Garbo, doesn't she? It's Lili, however, in another of the unusual costumes from "The Match King." This is a pajama ensemble in navy crepe, white piqué and plaid starched chiffon. There's a gay nineties air to the blouse and vest-like jacket which is amusing—and note the watch fob that dangles from a small vest pocket





Little Janet had a fling at big drama in "The Man Who Came Back." Yet the picture did not bring nearly so much money into the box-office as did other Janet Gaynor-Charlie Farrell films



But "Daddy Long Legs" was a sensation. Here she is in a typical Gaynor moment with Warner Baxter. This is what the critical audience wants and expects from Janet. She knows it now

# They say "No, No, Janet"

**W**ITH the possible exception of Garbo, there has been more bunk written about Janet Gaynor than any other ten stars. Something seems to happen to writers—particularly men, although women are not immune—when they are ushered into the presence of this girl with her child's face and her child's voice—and they rush madly to their typewriters to go completely ga-ga with words like "wistful," "fragile" and "flower-like."

Nothing could be less like Gaynor than most of these effusions. Wistful, fragile and flower-like she looks, but beneath those tousled curls is the brain of a clever, shrewd, intelligent woman. I'll wager that more than once as Janet stands before her mirror she has rued the day when her lips decided to form into an adorable pout and her eyes took on the innocence of a nine-weeks-old kitten. For Janet wants to act. She covets rôles like those played by Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. She has told her friends that she wants to do something to prove she has a few brains and is not just the cute little adolescent girl she has created upon the screen.

This has been going on for years, this struggle of hers to do something different on the screen. But now she is licked—just plainly licked, and she is smart enough to know it at last.

Janet is a woman of strong convictions and for years her convictions

told her that she could do something besides those sugary rôles. But the public won't let her. That portentous "they" that looms large in the career of every star has said, "No, Janet—emphatically no! We want you to remain our ideal, our one steadfast star in the sky of flashing, brilliant comets." So Janet, submitting at last, too weary to fight against her flower-like screen personality any longer, is making "Tess of the Storm Country"—and she hopes "they" like it!

Let's glance back briefly over Janet's career. You already know it, but I want to point out a few items that will make you see how hard she has struggled and why she can struggle no longer.

"7th Heaven" started it. And from then on she was *Diane* in every film. Sometimes *Diane* was in an orphanage, sometimes she was a little immigrant girl, but she was always *Diane*. And when Janet realized this, she played her trump card and refused to work. You remember how she fled to Hawaii and swore that until she could play the parts she wanted, she would not come back.

The company arbitrated for her return, promising her a different type of picture. She and Charlie Farrell made that different picture—"The Man Who Came Back." Compared with the money brought in by the other Gaynor-Farrell films, it was a flop. And she went back to screen sweetness.

Janet Gaynor at last gives up her dream of playing heavily dramatic and sophisticated rôles. This article tells why

By Katherine Albert

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115 ]



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *A BILL OF DIVorcEMENT*—RKO-Radio

THIS picture makes history. Not since Greta Garbo first flashed before screen audiences in "The Torrent" has anything happened like this Katharine Hepburn. This girl from the New York stage is not only a fine actress—she is a great personality. Not beautiful, measured by Hollywood standards, she has something more than beauty—that thing, whatever it is, that makes the great, great.

In giving her first mention, we do not mean to take the glory from John Barrymore who gives the greatest performance of his life. Billie Burke, who plays his wife, reaches dramatic heights of which you would not think her capable. David Manners and Paul Cavanagh are excellent.

The story is unrelieved by humor, insanity is its theme, but it is terrific in its power.



★ *HAT CHECK GIRL*—Fox

THE story is old, but the treatment is not. For it is all done with so much sparkle and pep. Lavish scenes, too. C. B. De Mille in his palmiest days couldn't have designed a better bathroom. It is entertainment from beginning to end.

The rôle of the pert little hat check girl is right up Sally Eilers' alley, and she leaves nothing undone to give the part zip and dash. Equally good is Ben Lyon's work. He's the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. Sure, there's a millionaire's son and a gangster, a columnist and a bootlegger.

All your old favorites, but they seem new because the picture is so clever.

Ginger Rogers and Monroe Owsley do their share to keep things lively. You'll like this one.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *SMILIN' THROUGH*—M-G-M

GORGEOUS as is the production, delicate and charming Gas is every scene, great as the performance is of each member of the cast—this is Norma Shearer's picture, and the one adjective that comes to mind upon seeing her is "splendid." That Norma could change so suddenly from the sophisticated heroines which she has been creating lately, to this charming, old-fashioned girl, is a great tribute to her versatility.

And she followed the never-to-be-forgotten performances of Jane Cowl (on the stage) and Norma Talmadge in the silent pictures.

This, as you recall, is a love story, but it is more than just that—it is a little yarn that makes you forget completely all the sordidness and ugliness of the world. It leaves you refreshed and inspired, in spite of its poignant ending.

Leslie Howard, first as the young lover and then as the elderly uncle, gives a performance that will linger long after you have forgotten the picture. Fredric March is perfect. And as for O. P. Heggie—well, they don't make character actors any better.

The piece as a whole is done with a lightness of touch for which its director, Sidney Franklin, can take a bow. Charm is its keynote.



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

SMILIN' THROUGH      WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND  
 A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT      HAT CHECK GIRL  
 PHANTOM PRESIDENT      RAIN

## The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through"  
 Fredric March in "Smilin' Through"  
 Leslie Howard in "Smilin' Through"  
 Lee Tracy in "Washington Merry-Go-Round"  
 Ben Lyon in "Hat Check Girl"  
 Sally Eilers in "Hat Check Girl"  
 Joan Crawford in "Rain"  
 Walter Huston in "Rain"  
 John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
 Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
 Billie Burke in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
 George M. Cohan in "Phantom President"  
 Jimmy Durante in "Phantom President"  
 Richard Dix in "Hell's Highway"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 130*



★ PHANTOM PRESIDENT—Paramount

IF you're laugh-hungry, don't miss this riot of political farce, which introduces George M. (flag waving) Cohan to the talking screen. George is a scream in a dual rôle that allows him to play both a stodgy bank president—a presidential candidate—and his double who thinks this country needs more pep and personality in politics.

Jimmy Durante—laughing already? Well, Jimmy is the double's pal who crashes the convention hall and causes a riot. His songs are great, done in the inimitable Durante manner. Claudette Colbert, who hasn't much to do, adds a touch of beauty to the production.

Singing and dancing only add to the sparkle of this film. It's utter nonsense, of course, and just the sort of thing to give you one swell evening's entertainment. Don't miss it.



★ WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND—Columbia

BECAUSE all conversational roads lead to politics, the movies undoubtedly sought to capitalize upon the presidential election, but this one doesn't need to depend upon a national issue to put it over. The film stands on its own two feet as entertainment.

Actor Lee Tracy and Director Jimmy Cruze! This completes Lee's gradual climb and places him on a very high pinnacle; it puts Jimmy Cruze back in the front rank of directors. Constance Cummings emerges from her adolescent days of acting into smooth and capable maturity. Alan Dinehart takes his place as a forceful screen actor by his portrayal of a political dictator.

The story tears the veil from conditions in this country and will cause a lot of hot-headed arguments.

A young congressman goes to Washington on purchased votes. His object is to double-cross his gang in the interest of his country. What he finds in Washington makes the work of his gang seem tame. The subject has not been handled with kid gloves. Instead, the director hammers home his truths with brass knuckles.

You'll find yourself immensely excited by "Washington Merry-Go-Round"; you'll also find scenes that make you laugh and there are some very pathetic moments. See it!



★ RAIN—United Artists

JOAN CRAWFORD as *Sadie Thompson*! It was a tough assignment, for Jeanne Eagels lives in the minds of all theater-goers as the perfect *Sadie*; and who can forget Gloria Swanson in the silent movie version? Joan had never seen either of these actresses' performances. She went into the picture with no preconceived ideas and she has emerged as a dramatic and florid *Sadie*. Her performance is fraught with all the passions that made *Sadie* what she is, but her make-up changes too suddenly when she reforms.

Everyone knows the story of the lady of easy virtue who accomplishes the downfall of a blue-nosed reformer—played with beautiful restraint by Walter Huston.

William Gargan has very little to do, but he does that "little" well.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

**BLONDE VENUS—**  
Paramount



**THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13—**  
Paramount

**T**HIS picture attempts to de-glamourize Marlene Dietrich. She is a down-to-earth person and is exotic only in a few sequences. But her exotic scenes remain the best and you are not quite convinced by her other type of work. It is a mother love story, and besides smooth direction, there is the unforgettable Herbert Marshall as the soul-torn husband, and charming little Dickie Moore.

**H**ERE'S another "different" picture. It's breezy with new situations, new ideas and a new plot. The entire action concerns the events that happen in an average, everyday neighborhood on a certain night in June. Each actor fits his rôle perfectly. Charlie Grapewin is the real McCoy as the meddling old grandpap, while Adrienne Allen, Lila Lee, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Clive Brook are all splendid.

**HELL'S HIGHWAY—**  
RKO-Radio



**THEY CALL IT SIN—**  
First National

**T**HIS is the first of the pictures dealing with prison chain gangs and a whole flock of them are coming along. It isn't a pleasant picture, for its brutal power is in every reel and no morbid detail has been left out. However, Richard Dix does his most spectacular acting job since "Cimarron," and you'll miss something if you don't see him. But leave the children at home.

**H**ERE'S an average little picture that will give you a pleasant enough evening. Loretta Young is as lovely as you've ever seen her as the young church organist who falls for the city boy. She follows her sweetheart, played by David Manners, only to find that he's engaged to his boss's daughter. George Brent and Una Merkel do good jobs and there are some mighty interesting new angles to the picture.

**HEARTS OF HUMANITY—**  
Majestic Pictures



**HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—**  
Paramount

**G**UARANTEED to make you cry for fifty minutes. Everyone in the cast cries, so why shouldn't you? A bunch of capable weepers are gathered together, including little Jackie Searl, Jean Hersholt, Claudia Dell and J. Farrell MacDonald. The story concerns a widower who takes the responsibility of bringing up a motherless child. Jackie Searl, usually cast in comedy rôles, has a chance at drama this time.

**H**ERE is horse opera *de luxe*—the kind Bill Hart used to make. The picture is chuck-full of shooting, kidnaping and cattle rustling, thanks to the villainous efforts of David Landau and Guinn Williams. But virtue must triumph and does with the aid of Sally Blane, Randolph Scott, J. Farrell MacDonald and Vincent Barnett. If you like action, you will get it in this picture, and plenty.



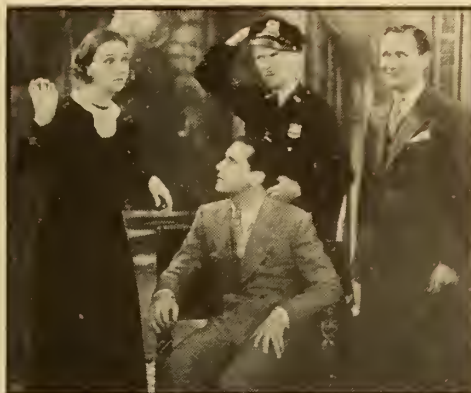
# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**MERRY-GO-ROUND—**  
Universal



A FEARLESS exposé of police methods and the crooked power behind the cop, dramatically and forcefully told. Eric Linden is great as a bellhop who witnesses a gang murder, is forced to take the blame and is beaten into a confession by the police. It's a gripping, timely story which should stir every citizen. Sidney Fox, Frank Sheridan and others give powerful performances.

**THE CROOKED CIRCLE—**  
World Wide



A SNAPPY little mystery comedy with plenty of fun, some spooky happenings, and a share of laughs. A lot of the action takes place in a haunted house, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmie Gleason as a cop turning in more than their quota of laughs. Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supply the romance. There are some thrilling surprises in store at the end of the picture. Good stuff.

**THOSE WE LOVE—**  
World Wide



A SLOW moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife, another woman and the son who brings mama and papa back together again. Lilyan Tashman's amazing clothes and Mary Astor's charm and sincerity almost save this from the doldrums—but not quite. Kenneth MacKenna, Kay Francis' husband, leaves his directorial megaphone to act in this one. The picture gets off to a good start; too bad it misses.

**THE THRILL OF YOUTH—**  
First Division—  
Invincible



FAIR entertainment, although not very logical in plot. The rather rambling story is about a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. Lucy Beaumont is fine as an indulgent grandmother, and you'll recognize two other favorites of silent days—Ethel Clayton and Bryant Washburn. Cast includes June Clyde, Allen Vincent, Matty Kemp, Dorothy Peterson, George Irving and Tom Ricketts.

**CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—**  
Fox



CHANDU, the magician of the radio, comes to the screen, a mysterious, forceful character in an exciting picture. Elaborate and eerie settings add greatly to the effect, while Edmund Lowe well interprets the rôle of Chandu, modern worker of magic. Bela Lugosi makes a shivering Roxor who steals the death ray. Ooh! What awful things happen. The kids and dad, too, will thrill to this one.

**THE THIRTEENTH GUEST—**  
First Division—  
Monogram



BETTER take a hot-water bottle with you, to counteract the chills that will race down your spine. For here is a real murder mystery thriller, but with bright dialogue and enough comedy to offset the horror. Frances Rich (daughter of Irene) shines in a supporting rôle, her first. Ginger Rogers and Lyle Talbot are good, but J. Farrell MacDonald very nearly steals the show. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 118]



# Harold Offers \$1000<sup>00</sup> To Photoplay Readers for Gags



Here is one little gag from "Movie Crazy," Harold Lloyd's newest comedy, that sets the audience off on a round of giggles. It occurs during a fight scene between Harold and the bold, bad villain, Kenneth Thomson. They battle all over a studio set, which represents a ship. Just when Harold seemingly has the advantage, a life-saver falls over Harold's head and, pinning his arms at his side, prevents him from returning the punches delivered by his adversary. Harold's bewilderment at his plight is a scream. Maybe you can think up a gag that is just as funny as this one. Read this page and the rules and get in on the most fun you ever had

**W**HAT is this—a gag? You should see the Movie Crazy Contest Editor being swamped with hundreds and hundreds of gag ideas. The postman's bag is simply bulging with hilarious situations. But the funny part is that everybody is happy about it.

And another joyous thing is that you still have plenty of time to compete for the 107 cash prizes that are being offered to you by Harold Lloyd. Here's what it's all about.

Harold Lloyd believes that everybody has at some time or other seen or imagined some amusing situation that would, if used in a comedy, bring chuckles and giggles and howls from an audience. And we'll make a wager that most of you have said, after seeing movie comedies, "Why, I could think up something as funny as that."

So here's your chance. Think up something amusing, write it down as briefly as possible (five hundred words or less), don't bother to use any high-flown language, keep it simple and to the point, and mail it in to the Movie Crazy Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

A gag is simply a funny situation. It may involve one person or a group of people. Look at the picture at the top of this page. Read the caption. There you find an example of a good gag.

The gag ideas can be figments of your imagination or they can be actual happenings. There are no restrictions placed on the type of humor or the situations submitted in this contest, except that in the final judging the possibilities of the suggestions from the point of view of their application to a motion picture will be of prime importance.

Harold Lloyd comedies are noted for their excellent gags. "Movie Crazy," his latest, is a howl from start to finish. But Harold believes that there are just as good gags in the sea as have ever been filmed, so he is offering every reader of PHOTOPLAY an opportunity to share in the 107 prizes which he is giving for this contest. The awards follow: First prize, \$250; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; four prizes of \$25 each; one hundred prizes of \$5 each. If you could use some extra money, put on your thinking cap and get busy working out gags.

You can send in as many as you like, but remember that the contest closes November 15, which means that your gag ideas must be mailed in time to reach the Movie Crazy Contest Editor by November 15. Gag ideas received after that date cannot be considered.

But before you send in your contributions, be sure to turn to page 125 of this magazine and read the rules carefully. This is most important, since if you do not abide by the rules, a grand gag of yours may be disqualified. The judges are a committee composed of Harold Lloyd and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff.

Here's your chance—you folks who haven't yet sent in your gag ideas. And you who have already submitted situations can send in some more. The more the merrier, for all concerned.

The judges assure you that the announcement of awards will be made as soon as possible. They do not want to keep you in suspense longer than is absolutely necessary, but if you could see the deluge of gag ideas that have been pouring in, you would be lenient and not too impatient.

## Try your wits on this novel Contest





Stax

**T**HE veil of mystery is withdrawn. The secret is out. This brilliant actor can no longer close the door upon his private life. He was introduced to screen audiences by the glamorous name of "Spanky," but his real John Hancock is George Robert Phillips McFarland. Whew! What a mouthful for such a little fellow. Spanky is an "Our Gang" lad

# Hollywood Is



**H**ATS are still tipped according to Hollywood's smartest stars—but not as much! The new line is up in back with a decided forward tilt over the eyes. Myrna Loy's black velvet beret, above, is one of those useful hats that you can wear with a variety of outfits. A gay little maline bow, which you can hardly discern, is perched at the front. Myrna wears her chenille dotted veil underneath the brim. The small hat is the favorite winter choice of the stars, although several large brimmed hats have been noted at formal afternoon affairs.

**W**HEN you see Constance Cummings in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" be sure to look for this dress because you are going to want one like it! Constance's dress is made of brown and beige ostrich cloth with white pique trimming used in an unusual way. However, the same dress has been made up for you in one of the new rough crinkle crepes with white silk pique trimming—very stunning. I suggest that you choose it in Rhum brown with the white accent. And wear one of those new brownish tones in hosiery, as does Constance.



## HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in stores of those representative merchants whose firm names appear on Page 107.



# Stressing Unusual Details

**BUTTONS** are found everywhere in fashion these days—they even find their way to hats. Myrna Loy thinks this arrangement of buttons on her brown suede beret suggests a Spanish comb—it does, don't you think? She wears this hat, brown suede gloves and shoes with one of those new three-quarter fur coats which are seen about Hollywood—I counted a dozen or more at the Brown Derby the other noon. Myrna's coat is white kid—you can imagine how effective the brown accessories look. The beret is bloused over the forehead.



**T**HE photograph in the group at left shows Dorothy Jordan wearing an attractive dress from her new picture "That's My Boy." Two-piece, it is made of checked ostrich woolen in two colors. A small high collar of white galyak is brought through a slash in the blouse to form a loop end at one side.

**T**HE seated figure sketched is also Dorothy Jordan in another smart costume from the same picture. Dorothy plays the rôle of a young college girl so her clothes are appropriately youthful. This is a three-piece suit. The high waisted skirt and the short jacket are a new wool crepe while the blouse is a novelty knitted fabric. Quite interesting, the sash and epaulets.

# LET THE SCREEN TELL YOU WHAT'S NEW



HERE, at right, is the "different" suit. A brief jacket tops a satin blouse and slim skirt of gray woolen. Brown fur makes gay shoulder epaulets and the uniquely notched collar. Miriam Hopkins wears it in "Trouble in Paradise."



SATIN is much seen in both costumes and accents. Above a bag and belt set are fashioned of black satin braid. For afternoon an oxford tie of suede and kid has a clever side bow. And the unusual cut makes your foot look unbelievably small!



IMAGINE being able to have this stunning costume of Karen Morley's! She wears it in "The Phantom of Crestwood" but you may wear it all winter either with or without its fur trimmed cape that buttons so snugly about the throat. Karen's dress is gray woolen (all the stars are wearing gray), trimmed with bands of gray fox on the cape and sleeves. A leather belt is worn high.



A TOUCH of velvet assures success to costumes and accessories this year. Have you heard of velvet gloves? Well, Madge Evans, at left, wears suede gloves trimmed with velvet to match her velvet scarf. Her accessories are black, costume gray. Try brown with gray, too.





ABOVE is a sketch of the quaint cape that completes Marian Marsh's evening ensemble. It is velvet with high collar tying in a bow. The extra collar is a new ermine-like velvet.

FORMAL, yet not too much so, is the creed of new evening fashions. Marian Marsh follows this theory in a demure black velvet frock that reaches to the throat in front but opens deeply at back. Rounded puff sleeves in white are made of an effective new velvet like ermine. To be seen in "Sport Page."

CHARMING, Southern Dorothy Jordan with her fair skin and dark hair wears black and white for evening with perfection. This black crepe frock is her choice for dinner in "That's My Boy." It is the sort of thing you must have this winter because the ruffled capelet, covering the shoulders, makes it wearable for so many occasions. White ermine edges the square neckline and a bunch of white violets carries the accent to the waist. Dorothy likes black pumps and sheer beige hose with this—note the complete simplicity in jewelry, just enough for informal gowns.

## NECKLINE AND SLEEVES HOLD HOLLYWOOD'S ATTENTION



CHECKED wool ostrich and wool crepe get together to make this good looking dress for Marian Marsh—and you! The neckline is particularly flattering, the metal buttons and the belt adding a certain dash to the whole effect. Note how the sleeves look like those of an old-fashioned guimpe. Marian wears this in "Sport Page," also. Her simple brimmed felt is an excellent detail.



THE belt that just goes across the back is a new fashion trick. Marian Marsh who plays the rôle of fashion editor in "Sport Page" considers this one of the cleverest details of the brown and beige frock above. Don't overlook the high neckline with its tie closing at back when you see the picture. The dress is quite simple in line. Marian's dress is a plaid woolen but you will want it in one of the stunning color combinations in silk as it has been reproduced. (Very wearable.)





**B**RIGHT contrasts are as smart on hats as on dresses. Bebe Daniels who wears this perky bonnet at left, contrasts black and bright green. The close fitting felt hat worn slightly aslant has an enormous ribbon bow high at the back.

**T**HE photograph of Dorothy Jordan shows you the flattering way gray fox trims the top of the gray woolen coat she wears in "That's My Boy." It gives you a close-up of that small standing collar that buttons tight about the neck. The contrast of the luxurious fox with the severe but youthful collar line is unique. The fox is so arranged on collar and sleeves that it suggests an almost cape-like effect. I predict you will all want it!

**I**N the sketch at right, behold the full length view of this striking coat. The arrangement of the silver buttons gives a slim fitted line even though the skirt is quite straight. Dorothy's turban is rough silk crepe.

— Seymour





Hurrell

**N**OW listen, Ethel! Calm yourself, John! We know that all three of you Barrymores are playing in "Rasputin," and that we shouldn't run Lionel's picture without including you folks, too, but honestly we couldn't resist this grand portrait. We know it's okay with you, Ethel, for didn't you once admit that Lionel was the best actor of the lot?



# Lo, the Poor Russian

**M**OSCOW . . . Imagine a country whose one hundred and fifty million inhabitants have never heard of Garbo and to whom Gable is a meaningless sound! Imagine these same people waiting in line before twenty-seven thousand theaters to see films practically devoid of love scenes!

That's Russia.

Not only do they line up. If they want to see the more popular pictures, they have to buy tickets hours in advance. And all these hardships just to see one picture—no Mickey Mouse, no news reel.

It isn't because they like talkies, for there are only ninety-two theaters with talkie equipment in the entire country, and they are not entertaining—at least from the viewpoint of Americans. These movies may not satisfy a desire for love scenes, but appetites are certainly taken care of. In spite of numerous rumors of food shortage, there is a buffet in every theater—a buffet which does a land office business.

The popularity of the "Kino," as it is called here, seems strange to an American who is Hollywood conscious. But to the Russian, who knows nothing better, it offers relaxation and temporary relief from the strain of a life full of difficulties.

There are no stars. If anyone, it is the director who is glorified, and the cameraman comes in for a large share of the honors. If they find that an individual is getting too much attention from the public, he is thereafter given minor parts.

A good example is the versatile youngster, Tzyyan Kyrla, who played the part of *Mustapha* in "The Road to Life." This film was released over a year ago and he immediately took with the public. So much so that they still talk about him. But since then he has appeared in no picture, and it is next to impossible to get a photograph of him.

This system discourages some would-be stars. An outstanding case is that of Alexandra Petrova. She is a dreamy-eyed brunette of the Pola Negri type. Petrova left the movies flat two years ago, disappointed when she found she could be no more than one of many. The Kino is getting along quite well without her.

**S**HE is also happy, for she has realized one of her ambitions in marrying a German engineer. One of her prized possessions is a 1927 copy of PHOTOPLAY given to her by a friend. She likes to look through it at times and wonder if Hollywood would have been kinder.

There are no rival motion picture companies. All productions are made under government control. Hence no stars are needed as box-office attractions. Young Russians are ardent movie fans, yet when you ask them who their favorites are the reply is usually Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie

He is allowed no screen favorites, but he does get his fill of buffet lunch

By George  
Brabant, Jr.

Chaplin. Never do they give the name of an individual Russian, although they may give the name of a Russian film.

In Moscow, American productions are shown from time to time, but no Americans go to see them because they saw them years ago. These are all silent pictures, usually of the comedy or adventure type. At the present time, Fairbanks' old release, "The Son of Zorro" is creating a stir among the Moscovites.

Moscow movie theaters bring back vivid memories of nickelodeon days. Plush seats are unheard of, and the Five Year Plan provides for no gold-braided

ushers. Once the theater is darkened, no one is allowed to enter. Late-comers with reserved seats are out of luck. After the single picture is over, one audience files out, and the next, which has been regaling itself at the buffet, rushes in.

There are no motion picture publications. Newspapers do not review current films, but they do run advertisements of them. Picking an advertisement at random, we find that one of the outstanding movie houses in Moscow is showing a film which they call, "The Blade of Kurstenbrook," featuring Richard Barthelmess with Dorothy Mackaill.

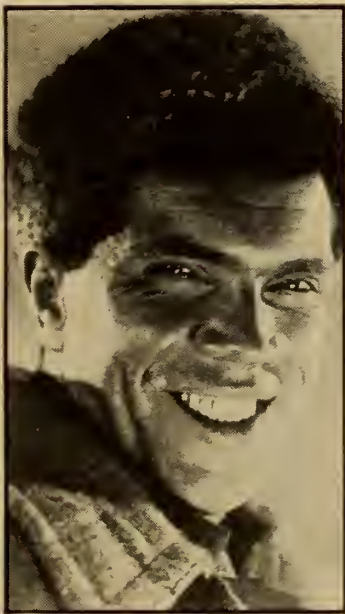
**R**USSIAN films have no premières, as the word is understood in the United States. Opening night means no more than any other night. The crowd stands in line, checks its rubbers and galoshes, and files in just as at any other time. The difficulty of getting seats is the same as usual. No stars arrive heralded by searchlights. With true Slavic calm the spectators sit with their hats and coats on, reading the captions aloud to each other. If alone they read them aloud, anyway.

But no matter what film is on, whether première or not, they never see anything which might tend to dissatisfy them with Communism, for the Communists believe that the silver screen is mightier than the pen where a backward people is concerned.

This is one of the reasons that so few modern American films are shown. Another is that they are too expensive for a government which needs all the money it can get for foreign machinery, and which has no trouble selling tickets for its own films. As for showing gangster films, the mere mention of them is enough to bring an expression of utter dismay to the face of any follower of Stalin.

**O**NLY one American actress has met with any kind of success in the Russian kino during recent years. Joan Lyons came to Russia with a background on the American stage and screen. She found getting into Soviet films quite a different experience from making the grade in Hollywood. The

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 116 ]



Here's the sort of screen idol that makes Russia's feminine hearts palpitate. Known as "the Clark Gable of Russia," and the biggest star, he gets a salary much less than that of an average American minor executive. Nickolai Batalov is the name of this favorite



And this is the Greta Garbo of Russia, Irina Nikolayevna Volodgo—how would you like to see that in electric lights in front of a theater? Whenever she becomes too popular, Soviet officials stop her from working, to give somebody else a chance

# He Orders Ham And Eggs



# She Won't Take Exercise

**H**E played himself in his first picture, "Blessed Event," as combination orchestra leader, crooner and master of ceremonies. For that's exactly what Dick Powell is. Directly from the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh comes Dick after three and a half years as master of ceremonies. And still he smiles. And thinks life dandy.

Born in a little town in Arkansas, his family finally moved into the big city of Little Rock and Dick's career was on. In the daytime he worked for the telephone company. At nights he sang in church choirs.

Then he received an offer to sing and play a banjo with an orchestra in Indianapolis. There was only one slight drawback to the offer. He couldn't play a banjo. A horn, a saxophone or a piccolo, yes. But not a banjo. But he wanted to go, so he rushed out, bought a banjo and practiced until every man, woman and child was glad to see him bound for Indianapolis, with his banjo under his arm.

From there he went to the Smoky City, where he did a Gable with the girls. In fact, for three years the whole town was Dick Powell conscious.

He's boyish, has a lot of charm, wavy hair and a cute smile. He's a regular he-man.

His hands are large; he loves ham and eggs; plays a good game of golf and can fly a plane anywhere.

Began flying lessons early one morning and had made his first solo flight before dark.

He reads popular magazines, and spends most of his spare time rehearsing.

Has a five-year contract with Warners with a twelve-week vacation clause each year.

Was borrowed by Fox to play the boy in Will Rogers' picture, "Jubilo," because the boy had to sing. Then they cut out all the songs and left Dick high and dry with a straight part for the first time in his life.

He lives with his father and mother in Hollywood and if the movie thing doesn't turn out well, he's sure of one thing.

He can always go back to Pittsburgh.

**S**HE'S known as the "woman who never gets her man" in pictures. But she gets nearly all the good parts going. Aline MacMahon came to Los Angeles and kidded Hollywood from the stage in "Once in a Lifetime." She's been in movies a year and a half and can't see why people ever kidded them. She came to hoot and remained to toot.

She never wears a dress or a hat anyone would give a second look at, and yet audiences go for her in a big way. It's because she's real and natural.

Born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, she received her education at Erasmus Hall and Barnard College, New York, then took to the stage, and pestered the producers 'till she got on.

Hollywood saw the laughable dead pan of Aline from the stage and begged her to stay for "Five Star Final." She played it, and then took the first train back to New York.

They called her to Hollywood again for "The Mouthpiece." And again she trailed back to New York. They wired frantically for Aline to come back for "Week End Marriage." So she gave up commuting and stayed.

She has a grand sense of humor, collects old china, oriental jewelry and Chinese art. She owns no pets, no yachts or automobiles.

Bridge is her favorite indoor sport, but she'll drop a hand anytime to watch a good wrestling match, or tennis match. Her eyes are very blue, her hair brown and she's five feet eight inches tall. She hasn't the least bit of style, but isn't bothered.

But she does like fancy foods. The fancier the better. And loves to ride on bus tops and wave down at the bewildered pedestrians below. Loathes exercise and does nothing to keep fit. Yet always is.

Her latest pictures are "Once in a Lifetime" and "Silver Dollar." They always have another rôle waiting for Aline, who doesn't mind.

Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler are her favorite movie stars. And Lunt and Fontanne her favorite stage stars. She's sane and sensible but grand fun. And is happily married to a New York architect.





## She Reads Comic Strips

**A**RLINE JUDGE, that cute little trick in "Are These Our Children?" is just nineteen, looks fourteen and has the common sense of forty.

She always wanted to marry a man who was gray at the temples and she did. Her husband is Wesley Ruggles, the director. Her eyebrows, with the exception of Clark Gable's are the only unplucked ones in Hollywood. She wears no color on her finger nails.

She began her career as a singer in Jimmy Durante's night club in New York. Jimmy called her "Mousie." Then Arline was the "Sing Something Simple" girl in "The Second Little Show," which landed her in Hollywood.

She loves to hang curtains and will take down and hang up curtains by the hour. Says it makes her feel so married. She has a perfect mania, also, for painting furniture or houses or whatever's around. So her husband bought her a spray gun and rubber gloves and she resprayed their beach house six times in four weeks.

There is a husky determination in her voice that belies her lovely little face. She just will read funny papers. She hides funny papers under all the rugs and pillows until she has time to read them.

Ronald Colman is her favorite star and she has always wanted to write a fan letter to Ronald. But can't get up the nerve. Mitzi Green is her best girl friend.

Arline claps loudly at the movies when her favorites come on the screen. And try to stop her from clapping.

Every Saturday night she telephones her father and mother in Bridgeport, Conn., where she was born. She wears bright woolen dresses and loves red. And how cute she looks in green. Arline loves fun and funny stories and knows two herself that are darbs.

Her eyes and hair are dark brown and she washes and curls her own hair, looking as comic as possible with it all wrapped up in bobbed hair pins.

She loves the kind of rôle she had in "Are These Our Children?" and wept for hours when she saw herself in "Girl Crazy."

## He Yearns To Be Funny



**C**HARLES LAUGHTON is called "the English Emil Jannings." He doesn't mind, only he thinks Jannings is a consistently better actor. Charles has plenty of moments himself. He speaks with a decided English accent, wears striped shirts and loves Yorkshire pudding and roast beef. Claims his American cook can do even better by the Yorkshire thing than his English one.

He's the most menacing looking creature on the screen and the gentlest off. The vastness of America and the ardor of our fans leave him breathless. If he sees that strangers recognize him, he's uneasy and frightened, but he feels the little Marys and Jims of Kansas are more important to his career than a city full of sophisticates.

There is absolutely no difference in the reaction of American and English audiences, he claims. They laugh at the same things and cry about the same things. And even shudder at Charles' stage cussedness in exactly the same spots.

Born in Scarborough, England, he decided to be a hotel keeper after his schooling. But the war interfered and he emerged from the conflict with a desire to act. So he acted. Came to the New York stage in "Payment Preferred," and was an instantaneous sensation. Paramount brought Charles and his ability to act villains with a ghastly sincerity to "Devil and the Deep," with Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper, in which he frightened half the fan world into spasms.

He's a quiet, soft spoken Englishman who is pleased and a bit skeptical of his success and longs for his country home in England. And can't endure too much publicity ballyhoo. Says all actors are just accidents of nature, anyway, so why make too much fuss about it? Especially before he's earned it. Is constantly urging the publicity department to tone down, and let the fans do the praising. If any should be done.

He lives alone, since his wife's return to England, in a hilltop bungalow, and watches with intense interest the progress of a hummingbird's nest in a branch beneath his window. He longs to be a comedian and feels sure he'd be very funny. But he's such a swell menace, no one will let him even try to be funny.



# Make Your Figure Perfect

By Sylvia



Sylvia, who has molded the figures of half the Hollywood stars, shows you, with her own hands, how you can squeeze off flesh

Here's the correct position for your feet when you are doing the exercise to reduce the ankles that Sylvia describes in this article



I'VE discovered something. The hundreds of thousands of letters that have poured in to me since I have been writing these articles for *PHOTOPLAY* show that the five parts of a woman's figure that need reducing most are the hips, bust, stomach, legs and arms. If these parts of your body are okay, you can face the world with a smile and walk as if you owned it.

So, for the benefit of those who did not get in on my first articles, I am going to repeat the salient points in getting rid of flesh on those vital places. And you who have followed my instructions carefully can listen, too. It won't hurt you a bit to refresh your minds. Besides, I'm going to throw in a few new things—just for good measure.

Reducing demands a combination of three things—diet, exercise and massage. I hate that word massage. It sounds mild, and what I'm teaching you to do isn't mild. At least you won't think it is after you have tried it—and the hundreds of stars of Hollywood whom I slapped and pommelled for so long, shaping their figures into beautiful lines, don't think so either. The general reducing diet, which I am going to repeat at the end of this article, is for the purpose of keeping you fit, as well as reducing you.

Women who follow my instructions get enough to eat and, therefore, their faces don't have that gaunt, wolfish, hungry look that lots of diets give them. The exercises are to reduce a large area of fat. The massage—for want of a better word—is to take off flesh in spots.

Use all three methods—diet, exercise and massage. Combine the three as I show you how to do and you can lose fifteen pounds a month and make your figure exactly as you want it to be. It can be done. I don't need to repeat that. I have done it too many times to have any doubts. And, through *PHOTOPLAY*, I have shown hundreds upon hundreds of girls and women how to do it for themselves.

YOU must master that massage to get the lumps of fat off. After that, you can keep them off by exercise and diet. In fact, once you have gotten down to the weight you want to be—and, incidentally, those charts of proper heights and weights don't mean a thing, it's simply how you want to look and how you feel that counts—you can include more dishes in your diet. But I'll guarantee that when you've been on my diet for a little while, you won't want to eat a lot of rich, highly seasoned food.

Any lumpy, stubborn part of the body,

except the bust, can be squeezed off with your own two hands. I was paid fabulous amounts for doing that to the stars. I'm telling you that you can do it for yourself. Just take up handfuls of flesh and squeeze with all your might. Then let the flesh slip through your fingers as if it were mashed potatoes. After you have done that, spread a heavy Turkish towel over the parts you want reduced and with the palms of your hands slap and slap hard.

You can slap, rub and squeeze the flesh away. You will see the fat cells being smashed off. Don't be afraid to squeeze too hard. You don't want to be gentle with excess fat. I used to keep a phonograph going all the time when I was treating the stars in Hollywood, to drown out their yells. Honestly!

Now here is an exercise to reduce the hips, and if you don't believe that it will do it, measure your hips before you start and measure them after doing this exercise for fifteen minutes a day for a month. Get down on your hands and knees. Stretch the left leg far, far back with the toe pointed back. Then draw the leg up, with the knee at the chest, but be sure that the toe is pointed and drags along the floor and be sure that the hips rise as you do this. Put the weight on the left leg and repeat the exercise with the right leg, progressing along the floor. Concentrate on the hips and feel the muscles draw.



Fat women can reduce both upper and lower part of their arms in this manner. The famous beauty expert, Sylvia, shows you how, as she has told the film stars

NOW here is the sure way to reduce the bust. Naturally, it will reduce the entire body, but you shouldn't mind that, because once the fat on the bust is taken off, you can build up the rest of your body, without gaining back the weight in the bust. For three days in succession do this. First thing in the morning drink a glass of hot or cold water. Two hours later drink six ounces of buttermilk and two hours later take another six ounces. Do this every two hours until bedtime. During the other four days of the week keep up my regular general reducing diet, but eat sparingly of meat and go heavy on fresh vegetables and fruit.

Keep this up—three days on the buttermilk and four days on the regular diet until your chest measure is what you want it to be. This is a sure way of reducing the bust and keeping it reduced.

There are two perfectly grand exercises for reducing the stomach. Take your choice—or, better still, do them both—one day for fifteen minutes, the other the



# By Diet, Exercise, Massage

next day. Here's one. Lie on the floor, face down with your arms stretched out flat on the floor above your head. Now get a member of your family or a friend to grab you around the ankles, raise your legs high in the air and then lower them to the floor. You can tell that this is being done right if you feel every stomach muscle drawing and pulling.

Here's the other exercise. Lie on your right side with the arms stretched high above the head. Feel your stomach muscles pulling. Keep your legs straight and stiff, too. Then, without changing the position of the hands or legs, roll over on your face, making sure that the stomach touches the floor, to the left side. You must work your legs slightly, keeping them tight together, and roll and hitch yourself across the floor. If you do this right, you can feel the fat cells in your stomach being smashed off.

**T**HE way to reduce the calves of the legs is to squeeze the flesh off as I have described. But here's a way to reduce the ankles. Lie flat on the floor, with the toes pointed and the arms above the head forming a straight line from tips of toes to tips of fingers. Now spring up and try to touch the toes with the fingers. You can't touch the toes, but that's not the point. Don't you feel a sharp, sudden pain in the ankles? You do—how well I know it. That's the way to reduce those big ankles.

Now for the arms. Here's a grand exercise. Stand on tip-toe, arms reaching up as far as possible, flat against a wall. Then, trying not to move your arms at all—they will, of course, move about half an inch—slowly wiggle yourself downward with tiny jerks until your heels touch the floor. Do this without any shoes on. Notice how it pulls the arms. Ah, that's the fat coming off. Start by doing this about five times a day and work up to twenty times.

Here's a word of warning. Don't do the exercises too often at first. Work up gradually to fifteen or twenty times on each



Above and below Sylvia demonstrates how inches can be taken off the hips in a few weeks. Hollywood has relied on Sylvia's "reducing" advice for years. Now PHOTOPLAY readers are benefiting by it. This is the only magazine for which she writes. Note the position of the body in these two pictures before you start to do Sylvia's exercise



exercise. And if you have never done the exercises before, you should get yourself in trim for them by doing something which I make all my girls do. Don't laugh, I mean this. Turn the radio on to a peppy tune and, with your arms above your head and your hips swaying from side to side, dance around the room doing an old-fashioned two-step. This is of the greatest importance. It prepares you for all exercises, but don't forget the dancing even when you're doing the exercises. This little dancing step keeps your body lithe, graceful and in good condition. It will reduce you, too.

**S**O now I've shown all you new recruits how to make your bodies lovely and I'm sure that those of you who have been following my articles so carefully have profited by seeing everything set down here in such concise form. Don't forget the three things that are essential to a lovely figure—diet, exercise, massage. Remember? All right, here's the reducing diet.

## GENERAL REDUCING DIET

### BREAKFAST

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice.  
Cup of black coffee (no sugar).  
Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter.

### LUNCHEON

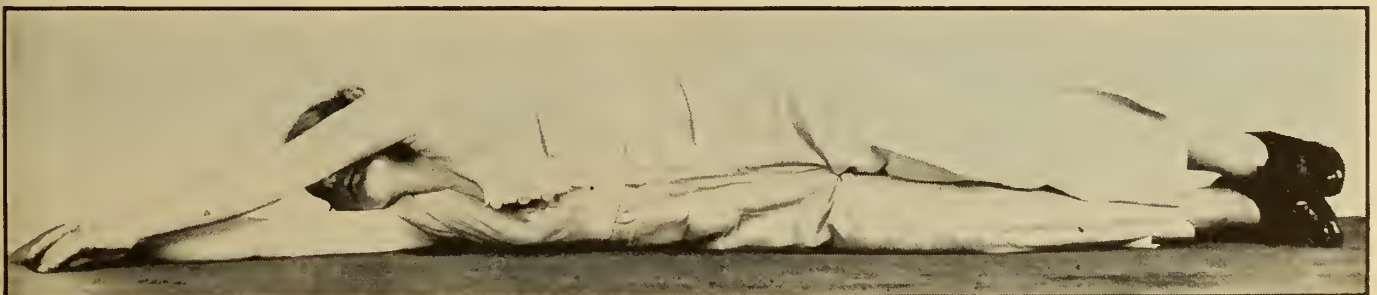
(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon.)

Glass of tomato juice.  
Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)

or

Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers).

In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



Want to reduce your stomach? Here's the correct way. Starting in this position, roll from side to side, hitching your body along the floor as you roll. Be sure the stomach touches the floor as you do this. Thus the fat cells are smashed off



Clarence Sinclair Bull

**H**OLLYWOOD rumor has it that the Bob Montgomerys are preparing to welcome the stork in the spring. Although Bob denies it, everyone hopes it is true and that the child will take the place in their hearts of the one who died last year. Mrs. Bob is pretty enough to be in pictures herself, isn't she?



# This Is *Bob Montgomery*

He isn't the obvious wise-cracker, or too serious about things, but you'll know Bob a lot better when you read this story

By Sara Hamilton

**B**OB MONTGOMERY has six grey hairs over each temple and a habit of putting his feet up on people's desks or tables. If he should happen to be wearing spurs, it makes no difference. The feet, spurs and all, go up just the same.

Various executives and Hollywood hostesses are constantly, and a bit proudly, pointing out scratched furniture.

"See that mark? Bob Montgomery did that."

The grey hairs arrived after his rise to stardom. It practically has him under—the stardom thing, I mean. Every time he gets ready for a big smash hit of his own, he swears something happens. So he usually winds up playing just another part, with another star, and liking it.

He will, in spite of Kingdom Come, hunch his shoulders in certain scenes. He goes into every picture vowing and swearing by all the gods that this time he won't hunch.

In five minutes, he's hunched. And that is partly responsible, along with his performance in "Inspiration," for the grey hairs.

His hands are long and white. His nails are spotted with tiny white spots, like a kid's.

He's six feet, one inch tall; weighs 170 pounds and looks like a boy. His eyes are blue and sober. His nose apparently at one time decided to detour to the left, but missed it by the fraction of an inch.

**H**IS hair is more than a bit curly. And is usually artfully tousled.

He's surprisingly serious—a bit too serious—and vaguely unhappy.

He's moody. Although he hides whatever gloom may surround him with a grin, his friends can detect it instantly.

He is, first, last and all times, not the wise-cracking, happy-go-lucky Bob Montgomery of the screen. Even when he's kidding, one feels he has a seriousness of purpose.

He scribbles all the time he talks, printing his name in squarish letters, or drawing pictures that look like Jimmy Durante's face with the mumps.

When he's working, he gets to bed at ten-thirty. When he isn't working he gets there at ten-thirty just the same, unless he's invited to a theater or a party. Then he may never get there.

He envies people who rush about saying, "I had the strangest dream last night." It seems he never dreams, so he thinks he must be abnormal and deliberately tries to work up a gorgeous nightmare every night. So far, the nightmare thing has been a total frost.

For fifteen minutes every morning he exercises in a rowing machine. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]



"Let's travel," Bob Montgomery said to Madge Evans in "Lovers Courageous." "No," she replied, "let's have a baby." And as Bob was playing this scene before the cameras and microphones, his own baby lay dying. To have left the studio would have delayed the company for days. That's what's known in show business as real trouping

PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck



LILYAN TASHMAN'S  
L tiny hats reveal the back  
coiffure, hence this close-  
to-the-head and decidedly  
decorative arrangement.  
Notice how the natural  
hairline is retained. The  
curls may be combed out.

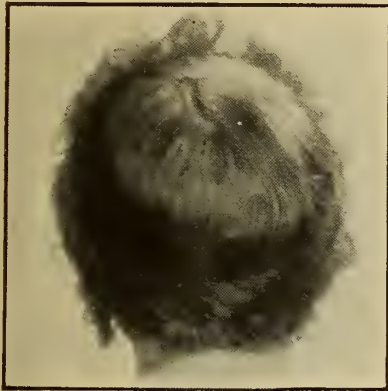
THIS coiffure a la Tashman embodies almost every style point of the current mode. There are the revealed ears, smooth, suave front contour, bangs and a pyramid of tight curls. Miss Tashman's blonde hair is parted at the left, brushed back in broad, flat finger waves, where the ends are caught in myriad curls. The design of the finger wave is copied in a lacy bang, a modish and softening touch to the long, slim or delicately moulded face. Naturally curly hair or hair susceptible to a finger wave is adaptable to this coiffure. A marvelous play for hair lights.





# Beauty Shop

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



THE back is flatly twirled so that the curls may caress the neck closely. This creates the trim head contour so necessary to the upturned and tilted hats. Three inches of hair are ample for wave and curls.



THIS charmingly naive departure in coiffures, the Coronet Bob, is introduced by Nancy Carroll in "Hot Saturday." It is a perfect answer to the maiden's prayer for a distinctive, simple and new hair arrangement. The hair from the crown of the head is brushed in equal sections forward, to the sides and down at the back. The hair is then shingled closely and waved in a deep border circling the head. The outer hair is closely curled and permitted to fall softly about the face. The Nancy Carroll type with hair inclined to curl will find this coronet effect especially grand.

# Four Simple Self-Aids to Loveliness



**K**ATHARINE HEPBURN cares for her own hands. She has never had a professional manicure. She stresses the importance of keeping the cuticle well trained. Cuticle cream or hand cream at night, cuticle remover and the gentle use of an orangewood stick will do the trick.



**B**ETTY FURNESS' interesting brows grow quite as nature intended. But the removal of stray hairs from beneath often improves the brows.



**N**OTHING is quite so good for retaining that sparkle in your eyes as a soothing, cleansing eye bath. The eye cup may be used morning, night or after eye strain. Lorena Layson finds it restful after a day in the studio.



**O**R you may prefer to apply your eye lotion from a dropper, as Lorena Layson is doing. Drip two or three drops in each eye, blink and wipe away with tissues. Pads of cotton saturated in the solution, placed over the closed eyes for ten minutes, also help.



# Coiffures Of The Evening



A HALO of intertwined silver leaves is a foil for Anita's blondness.



ANITA PAGE twines a garland of real flowers about her hair and is ready for the dance. The flowers match her frock tone. Rosebuds, gardenias, carnations and small flowers are charming. Choose a perfume natural to the flowers. Only the simple coiffure should be dressed.



PAULETTE GODDARD'S platinum locks are combed in a manner reminiscent of the gay nineties and caught at either side with a jeweled clip. The hair is shingled closely, the sides drawn back. The ends are fluffed in a pompadour and a bang fringes the forehead.



A DUO of clip pins nestle in Leila Hyams' soft curls to serve both useful and ornamental purposes. Very nice in simple bobs.



## Three Beauty Tips For Every Girl

DOROTHY WILSON, who stepped from stenographer to starlet, is shown recovering from a spirited tennis match. Dorothy first massages her feet gently but thoroughly with olive oil, steams them over boiling water for five or ten minutes, then bathes them in warm water. "Grand," is Dorothy's verdict. "I'd never know I'd played a strenuous game." At the same time a rich cream covers her hands, which in turn are protected by silk mitts, to guard against blisters.



THERE is a trick to applying cream lip rouge evenly. Betty Furness uses the dot method. Three dots are touched to the lips. Your most convenient finger then blends them smoothly. Always carry the rouge well inside the lips.



HOLLYWOOD adores toilet water for encouraging feathery curls about the face. Helen Vinson sprays a light mist over her tendril curls. Her atomizer is equipped with a non-evaporating device, an economical precaution for perfumes.



# Ears And Elbows Are In Fashion



**S**HEILA TERRY dresses a piece of ice in gauze before using it for astringent purposes. It is kinder to the skin this way, easier to use. Keep your bottle astringent in the icebox. It is more effective when iced. Swab or spray it on.

**"DON'T** neglect ear beauty with the modern coiffures and hats," advises Sheila Terry. Sheila bathes her ears in skin freshener or skin tonic to make them as pink as a baby's. A dab of cotton in the ear keeps the tonic out.



**M**ARY MASON knows that roughened elbows are fatal to arm beauty. Nightly she rubs cream generously into her own to keep them soft and dimpled. Begin your treatment with a soap, water and brush scrubbing to remove toughened cuticle. Then start the cream routine. Leaning on elbows mars them.

(For More Beauty Tips  
Turn to Page 102)



# LEW Wants Another Chance

And that lad of the  
"Western Front" is  
by far too good an  
actor not to take it

*By Jack Grant*



**L**ISTEN to Lew Ayres talking: "All I ask now is an opportunity. Why, I'd work just for coffee and cakes to have another chance half as good as the one I was lucky enough to get in 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'"

"I was rushed into stardom, perhaps before I was ready. Had anyone predicted three years ago that I would become a film star, I should have doubted his sanity. When it first happened, I doubted my own."

Lew recently signed a new contract with Universal Pictures, and with this new deal has come a great change in the boy himself.

Out of the misunderstandings and consequent indifference toward his work that developed after his success and swift decline, out of the lessons learned from those painful experiences, there has developed a different Lew Ayres.

To this changed Lew, his career on the screen has again become tremendously important, important enough to make sacrifices for.

You sense it in his latest picture, "Okay America!" He attacked his rôle of the columnist with a zest he has lacked for a long time. It is a good part, and Lew's spirited portrayal makes it a vital one.

"It would be silly," Lew says, "to hold the studio solely responsible for the many indifferent pictures in which I have played. Too many other things have contributed to the difficulty of finding suitable material to hold any single individual or group at fault. I must personally share some of the blame."

"I was intoxicated by the suddenness of my success.

Full of eager curiosity, Lew Ayres is as actively versatile as a colony of artists and scientists. But the screen is his great enthusiasm

"Then my practical side asserted itself. I was convinced this thing couldn't last so very long, and when I learned that I was being loaned to other studios at a price ten times the salary I was receiving, I struck for more money."

In no story about Lew Ayres can this episode be passed over without special comment. It was a period of misunderstandings. Lew was falsely accused of an increased size of headgear. Hearing these accusations, he withdrew even further into his shell. To the charge of swelled head was added that of sulkiness.

Lew is not the sulking kind. He is shy and, at times, inarticulate. He felt everybody was against him—criticizing him. He dreaded encounters with chance acquaintances and strangers. Reporters and writers called, got unfavorable impressions and went away to write harsh items. Those who really knew Lew—and they were pitifully few—argued his case for him with dubious success. Lew's inability to defend himself counted heavily against him.

The salary question was eventually amicably adjusted and Lew returned to work. He still believed that his career would be of short duration. He wanted desperately to make it last as long as possible. He attacked his assignments with enthusiasm, but the results were not particularly good. One weak picture followed another.

**M**OST boys of twenty-three would have turned to night clubs and gay living to forget. But Lew had his fill of night clubs in his several years of playing in dance orchestras.

His weekly pay-check had been only fifty dollars for "All Quiet." Now, after it had grown to four figures, there was no reason to throw it away. So he held his peace and kept his head high.

The first car he purchased was a second-hand wreck. He tinkered with it until it purred like a contented cat. What if the top was torn, the windshield [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



*Today* Mrs. Longworth guards her skin's freshness with the same two creams she used and praised *seven years ago*

This message from a brilliant woman—one of the vital figures in the political and social life of today—who has continued to use the same two creams for over seven years—gives you the clue to their extraordinary following all over the world.



MRS. LONGWORTH IN 1925, when she said that Pond's Creams were "the foundation to a clear healthy skin."



MRS. LONGWORTH TODAY—fresher, more vital looking. "Pond's Two Creams are all one needs," she says.

"I NEVER USE MAKE-UP . . . I have never had a facial in my life . . . What I do believe in, is keeping the skin clean . . . oiling it to keep it supple . . . protecting it reasonably from dust and exposure.

"And Pond's Two Creams do just those things. I use them because I know they are pure. I never use anything on my face that I am not absolutely sure of."

So speaks Alice Roosevelt Longworth, with delightfully Rooseveltian forthrightness.

Mrs. Longworth is one of the most vivid personalities in American life.

Today she looks fresher, more vital, actually younger for her age—than at any other period in her mature life. And she is utterly practical about caring for her skin!

The two creams she found years ago to be "all one needs" to keep her skin in perfect condition—Pond's Two Creams—are still the only creams she depends on.

"I use them a great many ways," she says.

HERE are some of the special uses for which hundreds of American women depend upon Pond's Two Creams:—

**Pond's Cold Cream . . . A Grand Cleanser.** Gets your skin both clean and refreshed at the same time. Not heavy, can't clog the pores. Not extra-light and drying.

**To Take Away a Drawn Tired Look.** After cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, give your face a fresh creaming and *let it stay on* a few minutes while you rest. You both feel and look like new! The fine, rich oils in Pond's

Cold Cream make the skin supple and rested. **Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . To Protect from Chapping.** Marvelous for that! Forms an invisible film that keeps the skin from drying and cracking.

**To Heal Roughnesses.** Softens and smooths away tiny particles of skin about to scale off.

**Holds Powder—Keeps Pores Clean—**Not only makes a smooth base to which powder clings, but keeps dust and dirt from pores.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



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114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City  
Please send me (check choice):

Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream , Rose Cream , Brunette , Naturelle .

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Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener .

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**3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations**

The Cold Cream—The Vanishing Cream—  
The Soft, Absorbent Tissues of which  
Mrs. Longworth says, "I couldn't do  
without them."

# "I AM 19"

## Joyce Compton

adored young screen star, has already begun to guard youth's most precious possession—an exquisite smooth skin. She is using Hollywood's favorite beauty care regularly. "I use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It certainly keeps one's skin smooth and clear."



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

## Screen Stars Know the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

**S**CREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! They know the secret of having youthful charm at almost *any* age!

"Above everything else you must guard complexion beauty," they declare.

"I am 30 years old," says lovely Jetta Goudal. "There was a time when no woman would tell her age, but nowadays a woman need not hesitate to admit her years if she keeps her complexion 'the eternal 18.' I find Lux Toilet Soap a great help in keeping my complexion young."

The charming Billie Burke, beloved stage and screen star, says: "I really am 40. A star, of course, *must* keep youthful freshness. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

And young Joyce Compton says: "I'm 19. But no matter what my age, I could not hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. It's a comfort to know we both use the same complexion care! Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth and clear."

### *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty. Therefore, it is the official soap of all the great film studios.

Its unrivaled whiteness will delight you—get some today.

# LUX



# "I AM 30"



Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

*Jetta Goudal*  
 "Stars of the stage and screen know that no woman can keep her charm without a perfect complexion," she says. "I find Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping my complexion young."

# "I AM 40"



Recent photograph by Nickolas Murray, New York

*Billie Burke*

beloved stage and screen star, is a miracle of youthful loveliness at 40! "Youth has irresistible attraction," she says. "To keep this charm right through the years you must guard complexion beauty—keep your skin temptingly fresh and smooth. I use Lux Toilet Soap—regularly."

# Toilet Soap





Van Arsdale

"Bla-bla yourself!" or The Quiet Movie Fan's R-r-r-revenge!



# Women!

# 95¢ Value for 59¢

## Combination Offer!

Get 2 boxes of New PHANTOM KOTEX and 1 box KLEENEX

95c Value

### ALL FOR 59¢

In Canada 79c

to introduce the New PHANTOM KOTEX



Boxes marked "Form-Fitting" contain Phantom Kotex



2 BOXES of KOTEX, 1 box KLEENEX —3 items for less than the price of 2!

This offer expires November 5, 1932

### PHANTOM (form-fitting) KOTEX Revolutionary, new!

The new Phantom Kotex—form-fitting, flattened, tapered, sanitary pad—is made to fit. It ends all fear of tell-tale outlines, even under the smoothest fitting dresses. You've never known perfect sanitary comfort like this before. There's nothing remotely like it.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New PHANTOM-KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. Here is your chance to try the New PHANTOM KOTEX at a revolutionary low price!

### KLEENEX TISSUES

For handkerchiefs — for removing cold cream and cosmetics

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# Ask The Answer Man

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Aline MacMahon smiles in this tender, human scene from "Life Begins," and she'll keep right on smiling when she reads here that picture goers are asking all about her

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For the kind of information stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 22, W. 57th St., New York City

**A**LINE MACMAHON is the favorite this month. Hundreds of letters came in asking for information about her. That girl is becoming a regular picture stealer. No matter what part she plays, her work is outstanding. Now, here's the low-down:

Aline was born in McKeesport, Penna., on May 3, 1899. She is 5 feet, 8 inches tall; weighs 135 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. After graduating from Barnard College in New York, she decided on a stage career. She got her first chance by pestering Edgar Selwyn until he gave her a part in "The Mirage." Other plays that followed were "Beyond the Horizon," "Maya," "Her First Affair" and "Spread Eagle."

When casting was going on for the Broadway run of "Once in a Lifetime," Aline begged for the rôle of *May*. She was refused it then, but later got the part when the company took the play on its Western tour. Director Mervyn LeRoy saw Aline when the play reached California and promised her a chance in pictures. She got the rôle of the secretary in "Five Star Final." This was followed by "The Mouthpiece," "Week-End Marriage," "Life Begins," "One Way Passage," and her original rôle in "Once in a Lifetime."

Aline is happily married and says she intends to stay that way. Her husband, Clarence Stein, is a New York architect. Their careers keep them apart much of the time, but they manage to slip away together for several months each year.

Although Aline played the part of a secretary in two of her pictures, she has never been one in real life. Hundreds of stenographers and secretaries, after seeing her on the screen, have written to her asking her advice on "how to handle the boss."

Her chief hobbies are collecting old jewelry and English china. She is passionately fond of reading letters, anybody's letters, loves Hollywood and picture work. She is under contract to Warners.

**S. M., BAYONNE, N. J.**—Ruth Chatterton was divorced from Ralph Forbes on August 12 and married to George Brent the following day, August 13. George hails from the Emerald Isle, so maybe that makes Ruth Irish, too—by marriage!

**BOB, WASHINGTON, D. C.**—The Four Mad Marxes were all born in New York City. Chico, who plays the piano, was born on March 22, 1891. Harpo, the red-wigged silent one was born on November 21, 1893. Groucho, with the black moustache and glasses was born on October 2, 1895, and Zeppo, the youngest, on February 25, 1901. Their real names are Leonard, Arthur, Julius and Herbert, respectively. There is still another brother, Milton, who is in the dress business. His nickname is Gummo.

**NAOMI WOOD, LINCOLN, NEB.**—Put away the swords and pistols and stop the fighting. You each win half the argument, because Loretta Young has light brown hair. However, in her latest picture "Life Begins," she does wear a blonde wig. Adrienne Ames hails from Fort Worth, Texas.

**ELTA, BELFAST, ME.**—I almost made it Ireland. Jackie Cooper is 53 inches tall and weighs 80 pounds, but probably by the time this information reaches you, Jackie will be a little taller and a little heavier, 'cause he's growing fast. Marlene Dietrich's real name is Mary Magdalene Von Losch. Her father was a Lieutenant in the Prussian Army.

**ANNIE LEE, AKRON, OHIO.**—Annie, Maurice Chevalier celebrates his birthday every September 12.

**MARY, PORTLAND, ORE.**—A lot of boys think that Dorothy Jordan is just grand, but she has eyes only for Donald Dillaway. Remember, they played together in "Min and Bill"? Don was the rich boy. Dot is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She was born in Clarksville, Tenn., on August 9, 1910.

**TESSIE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.**—Of course, Nils Asther is still in pictures. Didn't you see him with Karen Morley and Lionel Barrymore in "The Washington Masquerade"? You missed a good film if you didn't see that. In his next, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Nils plays the rôle of a Chinaman. Now Tessie, don't write and ask me why he didn't sweeten the tea. And don't miss that grand picture of him in this month's gallery.

**TWO LITTLE GIRLS, WICHITA, KAN.**—Mitzi Green is busy making "Little Orphan Annie." You'll just love her with her tousled head of curls. Mitzi had to camouflage her dark Dutch bob for this picture. I haven't heard yet the name of the lucky pooch who plays the rôle of *Sandy*.

**MARY KAY, CHICAGO, ILL.**—You're right, Ralph Bellamy does hail from your home town. Aren't you proud of him? Ralph was 28 years old on June 17. He is 6 feet, ½ inch tall; weighs 178 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Entered pictures in 1930. He was married to Katherine Willard in July 1931. Sorry to have to tell you that Kent Douglass is not planning to return to pictures at this writing.

**JOHN M., TORONTO, CAN.**—Ronald Colman's next picture will be "I Have Been Faithful," which is taken from the play "Cynara." Kay Francis will be his leading lady in this. They make a grand team. Remember them in "Raffles"? Vilma Banky, Ronny's leading lady in silent pictures, is perfectly content to be known as Mrs. Rod LaRocque.

**BILL, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—Bobby Coogan isn't making pictures at the present time. Brother Jackie, who will be 18 years old on October 26, is enrolled at Santa Clara University. He has been appointed "cheer leader." That ought to give him some good voice training.

**DOROTHY LEE, OMAHA, NEB.**—Any relation to Dot of screen fame? Jimmy "Sock-em" Cagney sure would hand you a wallop if he heard you say he was nearly 40 years old. Jimmy is really quite young, having first seen light on July 17, 1904. That makes him just 28.

**D. B., DELAWARE, OHIO.**—Fay Wray comes from Alberta, Canada. She was born there on September 15, 1907. Is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 114 pounds. Has lovely light brown hair and blue eyes. Fay and John Monk Saunders, who is a writer, were married on June 16, 1928. You can address Fay at the RKO-Radio Pictures studio.



do the *Creators of Fashion in Paris* sanction nails that are **tinted or natural?**



Saks-Fifth Avenue

Importations Jay-Thorpe

*All Colors . . . the tint of the nails depends on the gown, says world manicure authority*



**I**F you're lucky enough to sit in on an "opening" in Paris, you'll see the grand mannequins go gliding by not only in bewilderingly lovely gowns, but in a most alluring variety of Nail Tints.

No "Big House" goes colorless. And many of them sanction 3 or 4 shades for their mannequins.

These Elegant Girls have been tinting their nails for years. And it's time Everyone over here discovered how nicely the Right Nail Tint completes the costume.

You'll find that Rose nails click like anything with black or dark green street costumes. And Garnet nails, worn with the new tawny shades, go to the head like wine!

If you run out of original color schemes, you can rely on the panel

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

above. The advice you get there has been checked by fashion experts and it's worth taking.

**B**UT please . . . don't think for a minute that any old polish will work these miracles. You want to remember it's CUTEX that flows on with that smooth, shining perfection—never cracks, peels or discolors, and lasts with lustre undimmed for a week or more. For Plus Value, the new bakelite cap comes with brush all attached and will keep the tip off your table forever.

Don't let the French be any more alluring than you are. Get your lovely Cutex colors today.

**Natural** just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple, orange, yellow.

**Rose** is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender, dark green, black and brown.

**Coral** is enchanting with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

**Cardinal** is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades . . . is a good shade with gray, beige, the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods!

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**Colorless** is conservatively correct at any time. You'll be sure to want it for very bright or "difficult" colors!

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Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that suits your costume. Choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose, Coral, Cardinal or Garnet. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hard Cream.

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**Cutex Liquid Polish.. only 35¢**

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

**R**ONNIE COLMAN is "getting away from it all"—again. In Hollywood it is known as "pulling a Garbo."

Ronnie has never liked Hollywood and Hollywood's social activities, so he has just bought several hundred acres with a half mile beach front on California's coast line. So remote is his place that Ronnie will have to build his own road to the estate.

The country about is full of game, with plenty of quail, wild cats, deer, mountain lions and what not. There is a bay on his beach suitable for yacht mooring, and deep sea fishing will be one of our handsome hermit's diversions.

**T**HE state of Hollywood's heart is like this: Madge Evans will marry Tom Gallery as soon as his and ZaSu Pitts' divorce is final.

But there's trouble brewing between Greta Nissen and her handsome husband, Weldon Heyburn.

Polan Banks is courting Lila Lee every Wednesday and Sunday night.

But Don Cook and Evalyn Knapp aren't seeing each other so often.

Then there's that miniature romance between Jack Oakie and Joyce Compton. They go Austin riding.

Maureen O'Sullivan's heavy flame is a San Francisco lad, Dick Seymore. And Jimmie Dunn is disconsolate.

Ann Harding goes to The Frolics with Eddie Cronjager, her cameraman.

And the little birds tell you that the romance between Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy is cooling off.

Lew Cody and Dorothy Ates go fox-trotting together.

Joan Blondell won't admit that she is married to George Barnes.

Lili Damita and Sidney Smith have quarreled. Again!

When Norma Shearer's brother, Douglas, got married, even Norma was surprised.

After a whole month David Manners and Billie Dove are still that way.

Jack Gilbert gave Virginia Bruce a grand piano for a wedding present.

Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb quarreled. She went to Reno. Then they made up.

**N**EIL HAMILTON was his father's best man when dad got married recently.

Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst are talking over divorce plans.

Lyle Talbot and Eddie Burns argue over Estelle Taylor's free evenings. But Jack Dempsey calls up at least once a week.

AND

Richard Dix is so excited over the fact that he is going to be Daddy Dix pretty soon that he is already passing out cigars.

**G**EORGE RAFT and Constance Cummings are that way about each other.

They are playing together in "Night After Night." George keeps fresh roses in her dressing room daily.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



Schoenbaum

How to see Hollywood Boulevard — and make Hollywood Boulevard see you. Simple! Wear a suit and hat as smart as Barbara Weeks' new fall model



Another way to make villagers stare. Run over to your favorite soda fountain in a Chinese costume like Myrna Loy wears in "The Mask of Fu Manchu"



The best way to get attention is to stroll nonchalantly along the street in your oldest clothes while eating an ice cream cone. Charlie Bickford does that



# How to join the Mouth-Happy Club\*



**JOHN:** The initiation is quite simple. You pledge to smoke through one pack of Spud . . . the Club's own cigarette. Then you report back to the Committee of One . . . (that's me . . .) and tell what you discover.

**HOWARD:** I'm game . . . and I'll start right now, with one of your Spuds.

## FINALE

**HOWARD:** I'm reporting back, Mr. Committee. At first, the menthol taste was quite strong. But it soon disappeared and I got a grand, cool, clean taste. And then I discovered greater enjoyment of good tobacco. Sure, that's it . . . Mouth-happiness.

*\*Membership over 2,000,000 mouth-happy smokers.*



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# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]



A beautiful girl and her grandmother? Don't you believe it. They're both Ann Harding. It's one of those skilful make-up jobs by Ern Westmore. Ann goes from youth to old age in her new film, "The Conquerors"

"FRIENDSHIP after divorce." That's the title of this story. Hollywood has gossiped much about Miriam Hopkins and writer husband Austin Parker. If they are divorced, why are they constantly together? Are they really divorced or merely living in separate houses? Those are the questions being asked.

Immediately before leaving for New York, Miriam said she hadn't had time to get a divorce. She'd been too busy. But when she stopped over in Chicago and adopted "Michael," the one-month-old baby, she said she was single.

Frankly, Hollywood didn't believe that statement.

But Hollywood is not trained to believe what is done quietly, unostentatiously, without publicity or excitement. When Miriam was said to be *too busy*, the divorce had already been granted!

"It was a mail-order one secured in Mexico," Mr. Parker explains. "It was granted early in March."

MR. PARKER spent some time in Mexico immediately after that divorce. He left hurriedly for New York. On the day of his arrival, he met a friend.

"How's Mrs. Parker?" the friend inquired.

"Very well, indeed."

"I haven't seen her for several days," the friend continued.

The ex husband's eyes brightened. "What do you mean, *several days*?"

It was a delicate situation. Mr. Parker had not known Mrs. Parker was in New York. His friend didn't know of the divorce. Mr. Parker managed to secure the name of Mrs. Parker's hotel without arousing too much suspicion.

He telephoned her. She thought he was

calling from Mexico City. When she found he was at a certain hotel in New York City, she said, "But that hotel isn't as nice as mine. Why don't you move over?"

He moved. They had dinner. They talked it over.

And they reached a decision which all ex-husbands and ex-wives should consider: Why not be friends, even though divorced?



Richard Dix does a little studio ageing, also in "The Conquerors." First he's a man of twenty-five, but before the flicker is over he is eighty-five. Now you know how he will look when some day he will be called "granddad"

Hollywood is pretty confused, and hostesses don't know whether the two should be invited to the same parties or not, yet they are seen together at polo games, tennis matches and theater openings. Just another of Hollywood's social problems!

MARIAN NIXON and Eddie Hillman have separated—again. It's not the first time. So no one can be certain that it's the last, not even Marian and Eddie.

Eddie told his troubles to Ethel Barrymore, an intimate friend of his, when he and Marian quarreled. Marian says she is going to sell the Beverly Hills mansion which Eddie furnished for her.

CARY GRANT and the Pasadena society girl, Janet McCloud, have split. Also Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper. Randy is now going with Vivian Gay, who brought Sari Maritza here and manages her.

"TO most folks," Jimmy Durante says, "'Strange Interlude' is a good movie or a long stage show. To me 'Strange Interlude' is the awful gap between my vest and pants."

THAT long drawn out battle between Tom Mix and his former wife over the custody of little ten-year-old Thomasina is over. A kindly judge took the little girl off by herself, talked things over with the child and as a result, Thomasina will spend the school terms with her mother and summer vacations with Tom.

And everyone is happy and satisfied.

The former Mrs. Mix is now the wife of a wealthy Argentine.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]



# Now on Display: The Fashions of the Films!



**JOSETTE de LIMA, Talented RKO DESIGNER**

Who inspired the charming costumes worn by Marion Marsh in the RKO Radio picture "Sport Page," three of this month's smartest "Hollywood Fashions!" Mrs. de Lima believes that the young American woman typifies the chic "Lady of Fashion," all over the world.

"IF I COULD DRESS LIKE THAT!"... And why not — since faithful copies of the clever clothes worn by your favorite stars in latest motion pictures now are on display in many of the country's leading department and ready-to-wear stores (see page 107)! ... If "Hollywood Fashions," exact reproductions of the charming originals shown in this month's Fashion Section (Pages 62-67) are not sold in your city, please write PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on coupon printed below.



As Selected by Seymour, PHOTOPLAY'S stylist, from the smartest frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in current pictures, "Hollywood Fashions" typify the newest mode, yet they are popularly priced.



The "Hollywood Fashions" franchise, offered exclusively to the leading ready-to-wear store in each community, now is held by the confidence-commanding firms listed on page 107. Inquiries from interested merchants in cities not represented are cordially invited. Just write Photoplay.



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**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
CHICAGO " " " ILLINOIS

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WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, INC. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

**BOY**, oh boy, you should have seen Irene Dunne with that first class, A-1 mad on. And honestly you can't blame her.

Because she had been promised a month's vacation, her husband came from New York to spend the time in Honolulu with her. When they arrived at Hawaii there were three radiograms from the studio telling her to return immediately to play the lead opposite Leslie Howard in "Animal Kingdom."

Without even unpacking their bags, they took a boat back and rushed to the studio straight from the docks, only to discover—I can hardly go on—that in the meantime somebody had changed his mind and Ann Harding was to play in the picture instead!

**YET** Irene Dunne was pleased that she did not have to play the lead in "Animal Kingdom." She was glad to get out of the part because she felt it was a man's picture. Leslie Howard was bound to get all the breaks!

And now Ann Harding is playing the rôle which Irene didn't want.

**LOTS** of folks in Hollywood will tell you that grand little trouper, Eric Linden, is ritzy, up-stage and high-hat. The truth of the mat-

ter is that the kid is as sensitive as a violin string and his nerves are pulled just as taut. Between scenes he simply cannot chat with his fellow actors.

And he has never been able to eat a full meal at lunch time. Instead, he has a glass of buttermilk in his dressing-room.

**I**T'S a nice little story—the reason why George Arliss begged to stay in England just as long as he could.

He wanted to be near his little garden, which is the loveliest in all England.

And it's fun to contemplate the grandest actor keeping up the garden himself.

**T**HE same old argument was on, about whether the director or actor is more important to the picture.

"Well, anyway," a well-known actor growled, "'Strange Interlude' was the only picture that gave an actor credit for thinking."

**A**ND still they come—stories about the making of "Grand Hotel." Here's a good yarn that we just heard.

Jack Barrymore and Greta Garbo had never met and the first day Jack arrived on the set with a large chip on his shoulder. Rumors of Garbo temperament had already come to him. He would show her that no Swedish upstart could put one over on a Barrymore. He arrived on the set fifteen minutes early to be prepared for her entrance.

Nine o'clock arrived. No Garbo. Nine-fifteen came.

Still no Garbo. Just as he expected. She was putting on an act, keeping a Barrymore waiting.

Just then a prop boy ran up to him. "I didn't know you were here, Mr. Barrymore," the lad said. "Miss Garbo has been waiting outside the door since nine o'clock to escort you onto the set. It was an honor she wanted to pay you."

Garbo followed the prop boy.

"This is a great day for me," she said. "How I have looked forward to working with John Barrymore."

The chip fell right off Jack's shoulder with a dull sickening thud. And that's why there was not even any attempted scene stealing between Greta and Jack.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The royal family—all of them, in the flesh and not in a motion picture. And when a Broadway-wise lad saw this picture he remarked, "How in the name of heaven did they get all the Barrymores together at one time?" But here they are. Seated are Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Ethel, Dolores Costello (Mrs. John), John and their two children, little Ethel and baby John. Standing in the back are Ethel's three children—Ethel Barrymore Colt, John Barrymore Colt and Samuel Colt. What a troop of troupers!



# MAY WE SPEAK IN BEHALF OF THE RETAIL DRUGGIST?



Your druggist occupies an intimate relationship with you. He brings to it a sense of high responsibility.

Most druggists are educated, intelligent and conscientious.

We don't pretend, naturally, that *every* druggist *everywhere* is a paragon of perfection; but generally speaking, the druggist adds on to a *commercial* competence a professional point of view.



Photoplay has recently published an advertisement about a growing practice on the part of *some* merchants of substituting unknown or inferior products.

A few of our readers, and a number of retail druggists, have unfortunately misunderstood and misconstrued our intention in publishing this advertisement. We *know* that a relatively small number of druggists are guilty of the practice.



Insofar as any of our readers, or any of our friends in the druggist trade have felt this advertisement to be a disparagement of the standards of the druggists fraternity, we want to take this opportunity to disclaim any such purpose in its publication.

Photoplay values highly the respect and the good will of the retail druggist, and the high standards of the druggists fraternity.



**PHOTOPLAY  
PUBLISHING CO.**

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]



Wide World

Esther Ralston once said that she would be the happiest woman in the world if ever she had a beautiful baby girl. And now that little Mary is a year old, mama continues to grow more radiant by the minute. Esther goes right on making personal appearances and takes Mary with her

est! . . . Tom Mix is going around the world—with his wife, a troupe of cowboys and his faithful horse, Tony—just as soon as his new picture is finished. . . . There is a real Mickey Mouse. His name is Michael Mouse and he is an English barrister. . . . Ordinary paint is never used on movie sets. Paint is almost a solid and reflects sound waves, causing faint echoes. They use porous paint instead. . . . The gown Ethel Barrymore wears in "Rasputin" is an exact duplicate of the one worn by the Czarina and weighs twenty-five pounds. No wonder Ethel looks exhausted after every scene. . . . Those cobwebs you see in old houses in the movies are merely asbestos shredded very fine. . . . Through her agent, Garbo has bought the beautiful summer home of Ivar Kreuger, near Stockholm. . . . Gary Cooper's chimpanzee actually gets fan mail and gifts from all parts of the world. . . . The tallest feminine star in pictures is Aline MacMahon. She is five feet, eight. . . . When folks discovered that Ann Harding was disguising herself on the street by wearing a black wig, Ann had a red one made. And now we've gone and told the secret. . . . By a special dispensation of the famous California Tuna Fishing Club, Jack Barrymore's baby son has been made a member. . . . To avoid paying so much income tax the high salaried stars are going to work just about half the time. . . . Bebe Daniels is now making her 262nd picture.

**E**DDIE CANTOR was helping direct a miniature stage production of "Whoopee," when an actor demanded one hundred dollars to play an Indian.

Eddie hurriedly called the producer aside and whispered, "Listen, offer him fifty dollars and make it a half-breed."

**W**HEN the huge studio of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was just a ranch out in the country, some one planted two fig trees, that now bear fruit, just within the studio gates. A sign was hung on the trees warning every passerby to refrain from eating the fruit.

But when Greta Garbo first came onto the lot she spied the figs and ignoring the sign (maybe she no read English yet) helped herself to the figs. And the studio promptly sent out photographers to snap Greta plucking the luscious fruit.

And now it's a scramble every morning to see who gets in first to pluck the ripest figs from the old M-G-M fig trees.

**A**ND there's that snappy comeback of Corey Ford's, the writer.

"I'm not doing so well in this picture," an egotistical young actor remarked. "I think I ought to change my name after this film."

"Yeah," snapped Ford, "you ought to change your name after every picture."



**S**OMETHING Estelle Taylor said in a newspaper article, furnished the text for a sermon preached by a California minister. Hon-

What will those studios think up next? No day is complete without a new gadget to worry the poor actors. Here's a trick lighting effect for a close-up of Warner Baxter in "Six Hours to Live." Warner looks none too happy about it. The other actors are Edwin Maxwell and George Marion



**G**EORGE M. COHAN has gone back to Broadway. His Paramount picture, "The Phantom President," completed, he lost no time in shaking the Hollywood dust from his shoes. "If I stay in Hollywood," a friend quotes him, "I fear for my sense of humor. Maybe I'll laugh about what has happened to me when I go home. But I can't laugh here."

**A** HOLLYWOOD stable owner fell in a swoon when Joel McCrea ordered a pony—but not a polo pony, just a good old pack animal. You see, Joel has joined the back to nature movement, but it's a one man organization. All by himself, Joel—and pony—tramp around the high mountains, pitching a tent whenever he feels tired. Those Hollywood girls who demand all of the lad's time forced him into retreat.

**E**VER since Kay Francis took that disastrous trip to the "A Farewell To Arms" set, Director Ernst Lubitsch has forbidden a single member of his troupe to leave his stage.

Seems that Kay happened to wander over to watch Helen Hayes at work and got there just in time for the big death scene. Kay began to cry and couldn't stop. It took her thirty minutes to control her sobs and an hour and a half to repair the make-up she had damaged. What's more, she wasn't fit to work the rest of the day. And that's how come the new Lubitsch ruling.

**B**ELEIVE it or not, a certain star walked into a swanky book shop in Hollywood and asked for four feet and eight inches of books. She had measured her empty shelves.

**T**HE secret is out. We know now where these Marx brothers get all their wit. It seems the boys' father wanted to go to New York.

"Why do you want to go to New York for?" Groucho asked him.

"I'm lonesome for you boys," he replied.

"Why, we're all here in Hollywood," the surprised Groucho said.

"I know, but I'll go there and wait for you."

**R**OY DEL RUTH, the director, will have his jokes. Out at the First National commissary the other day he tossed a coin to the floor and covering it with his foot said aloud, "Did any one here lose a five-dollar gold piece?" Four writers spoke up at once, "I did."

"Well, here's a dime of it," the director said picking up the dime. "Let's all get down and hunt for the \$4.90."

**F**REDRIC MARCH and his wife, Florence Eldridge, gave the most sensational Hollywood party of this or any other month. Instead of the usual masquerade affair, they demanded that each guest arrive in a "gay nineties" costume. And when the boys and girls were assembled, they found the March home had been completely redecorated with horse hair sofas, post card racks and what-nots to conform to the period.

Mary Pickford arrived on a high-wheeled bicycle. Helen Hayes and Fay Wray were burlesque queens in high buttoned shoes and white tights. Norma Shearer leaned to feather boas and plumes. But young producer David Selznick made the hit of the evening as Teddy Roosevelt. He had a set of teeth especially made for the occasion. Well, there was more fun and, incidentally, it's a good idea. Try it in your home-town sometime.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]

# "Dear Ivory Soap: Your new low prices mean Ivory for everything now!"

say friendly letters from coast to coast . . . .

"Dear Ivory Soap," begins a letter from Mrs. W. M. Tracey of Naperville, Ill., "for you *are* dear to me! Thank you for your new low prices . . . We simply couldn't keep house without you!"

And from Washington, D. C., Mrs. Henry R. Duryee, Jr., writes: "Before Ivory Soap was reduced, I used it only for toilet purposes, but now I use it for all household uses and am able to cut down expenses."

So it goes all over America. Letter after letter says—in effect —"Once I used Ivory, because

of its precious purity, only for the things I valued most. Now Ivory prices are so low that I can use it for everything—and keep my hands soft and smooth."

Have you discovered the economy of changing to Ivory for all *your* soap-and-water tasks? Your grocer has Ivory at the new low prices. Buy it by the half dozen or dozen cakes, and *save!*

face and hands

baby's bath

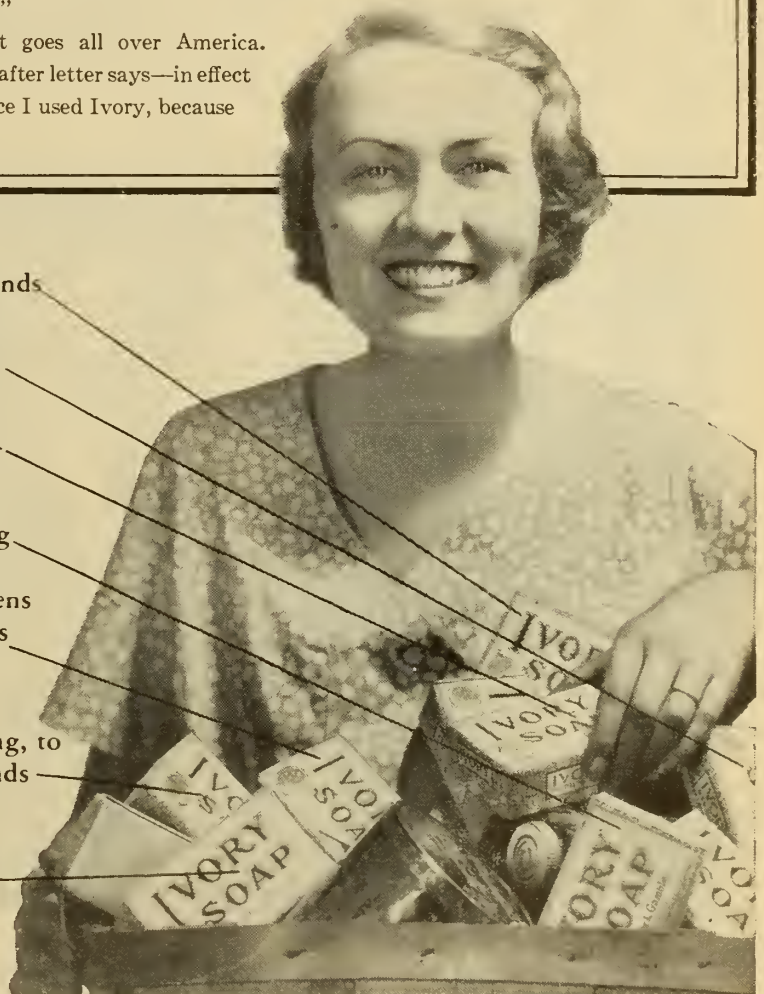
your bath

shampooing

silks, woolens  
nice cottons  
and linens

dish-washing, to  
protect hands

and every  
other soap  
purpose



IVORY SOAP · IVORY FLAKES · IVORY SNOW · 99 44/100% PURE



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 ]

**I**N one of the scenes for the new *Fu Manchu* picture that's being made at M-G-M, Boris Karloff is supposed to reach up and snatch electricity from the air. They say it can be done, but if you don't mind I'll just have another one of those chocolate creams instead.

At any rate the set was all arranged and Boris, wearing copper plated shoes as an assurance that the bolt would pass immediately through his body, stood waiting for the word to start.

Suddenly an electrician rushed forward. "Open your mouth," he yelled.

Boris opened wide and said, "Ah."

"Okay, let her go," the electrician called.

It seems that somebody had just remembered that if Boris had had any gold teeth or even gold fillings the electricity would have been drawn right to his head—and, land sakes, what an explosion.

**I**MAGINE the surprise of the autograph seeker who asked, "Please sign your full name, Mr. Novarro," and Ramon very obligingly covered six pages with his own real name, which is Jose Ramon Gil Del Sagrado Corozan De Jesus Samieniego y Ghrilan y Signeiros y Guerrero. No kidding.

**H**E'S a very famous director and a very arrogant one. In the midst of a scene he yelled at an extra woman, "Hey, you! You woman in that corner, I want you." She sat

very still and quiet, never moving, knowing it might cost her her much needed job. The director swore and raved and finally stalked

over, "Listen you, can't you hear me calling you?" he bellowed.

"Not when you call me in that manner," she said quietly.

The director's face got red. He stammered and looked mortified but, to his credit, he asked her politely to enter the scene.

**M**ORE things have happened on that "Rasputin" set where the three Barrymores are working. For instance, a gorgeously uniformed officer was to walk forward and meet an elaborately dressed lady-in-waiting. The camera turned and they advanced the length of the stage. They met and nearly swooned. They had been divorced just a year before and had never seen each other since.

**P**OLLY MORAN took a house at faraway Laguna Beach in search, she said, of peace and quiet. The very first Sunday morning, Polly was awakened by a police siren screaming under her window. Perhaps I need not tell you it was Bill Haines.

Willie, with Tallulah Bankhead and a crowd of friends in tow, had driven to Laguna to keep Polly from getting lonesome. Not knowing the way to her house, they stopped a motor cycle cop to ask directions. The officer recognized the car full of celebrities and, wishing to do them honor in true Laguna style, offered personal escort. This to his mind meant opening wide his siren. Polly says the next time she goes away, she'll choose a spot where the cops are less hospitable.

**S**YLVIA SIDNEY just celebrated a birthday. Net results: One thoroughbred Dobermann-Pincher; one diamond wrist watch; several rare first editions on the history of art and two canaries.



Wide World

"The movies were never like this"—that's what Jackie Coogan said when he enrolled for study at Santa Clara University. In this sparsely furnished room Jackie is just like the other boys and no favoritism will be shown him. Bob Rohe, his room-mate, pronounced Jackie "a regular guy"



Keystone

The gayest foursome in Hollywood. They all stepped out together for the première of "Blessed Event." Heart-breaker Mary Brian, breaking "Big Boy" Williams' heart right before your very eyes, and Joan Blondell with George Barnes. Joan says she and George aren't married—but gossip is going the rounds of Hollywood about a secret wedding



AND here's the best yet. A well-dressed man with spats and cane strolled into the executive's private dining-room at M-G-M and sat down at the table, asking for a sandwich. Several writers and producers, thinking him some important guest of Irving Thalberg or Louis Mayer, raced to the kitchen for the sandwich. An order for a cup of coffee came next and this time, impressed by the stranger's nonchalance, everyone raced to the kitchen for the coffee. He ate in silence and then, looking up, demanded to know how much he owed them. It was an extra who thought he was in the studio commissary.

Can you see the look on their faces!

**P**OOOR Jimmy Durante. He was going about looking very glum the other day when someone stopped and asked the cause of his woe.

"Well, you see, pardner, it's this way," Jimmy explained, "I bumped my nose on the set yesterday and I'm sore all over. Haaaaaa."

**P**ERHAPS you remember Mozelle Brittone, who, some three years ago, was hailed by Fox Studio as the discovery of the day. But Mozelle never worked before a camera. Shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, she was stricken by an ailment that sent her weight soaring toward the two hundred mark. Her contract with Fox was cancelled.

A few days back, I saw a pretty young lady working in the script department at Columbia. You've guessed it—Mozelle completely recovered from her illness. She weighs less than a hundred now and Harry Cohn has promised her a chance on the screen the first time a really good part comes along.

**I**T couldn't be a Cecil De Mille picture without someone taking a bath or two. So one hot day in August two tired workmen filled a huge Roman bath with milk on "The Sign of the Cross" set. At last it was ready. The lights were adjusted and the cameras in place. Elissa Landi was just about to step into the milk bath when there was a wild cry from an assistant director. The milk had curdled. And a Roman lady almost submerged herself in near cottage cheese. So the bath had to be emptied and the work of refilling began again.

**W**HEN Mary Boland arrived in Hollywood she was rushed immediately to the Paramount studios and handed a script to study.

She went straight home and stayed up half the night reading the story and learning her lines. The next morning the studio telephoned her, "We're terribly sorry, Miss Boland, we've made a mistake. That was Mae West's script we gave you."

And that, gentle reader, is why Hollywood stars go mad.

**A**CHANEY will never use a double." Lon Chaney once said those words and now his son Creighton repeats them.

Playing his first important rôle at Radio Pictures, Creighton Chaney refused the offer of a double for dangerous stunts in "The Last Frontier." Because of his refusal, he suffered a grand total of three broken fingers, a torn ligament in the arm, two blackened eyes and a fractured heel that kept him on a cane for weeks, not to mention numerous cuts and bruises. But he never had a double and he never missed a day's work.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

# Film on teeth is dangerous

## Look at film under the microscope

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.



**This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth**

- 1** A species of *Lactobacilli* now held responsible for tooth decay by many scientists.
- 2** A species of *Streptococcus Pyogenes* that gets into the blood through the tissues and causes serious infection.



**Y**OU don't need a microscope to pick out film-stained teeth. The naked eye can't miss them for film is ugly and disgusting.

But where the naked eye sees ugliness the microscope sees danger. Magnify film 1000 times and you will see living germs of many kinds. Look especially at those rod-shaped ones in pairs and groups—*Lactobacilli* is their scientific Latin name.

### Destroyers of lovely teeth

*Lactobacilli* are the "germs of tooth decay." They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

*Lactobacilli* appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a single tooth may easily contain millions of living organisms. The only way science accepts of removing germs from teeth is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film-removing properties of their toothpaste.

### A new discovery

Now these scientific laboratories have developed a new and revolutionary material for removing ugly film and polishing teeth.

It is radically different from any found in other toothpastes, different in composition and in action.

Some toothpastes remove film with materials so hard that they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is *soft*—twice as soft as the material commonly used in dentifrices. What's more, this new discovery shows extraordinary power in removing stubborn film and giving brilliant polish.

This new cleansing and polishing material is contained in Pepsodent *exclusively*. It sets a new standard in effectiveness and in safety.

## FREE Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles



**H**ERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the

inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and be sure to name the one you want.

**USE THIS COUPON**

PEPSODENT CO., Box 1111  
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

I enclose empty Pepsodent box for Jig-saw Puzzle of  Amos 'n' Andy.  Goldbergs.

Name.....

Street.....

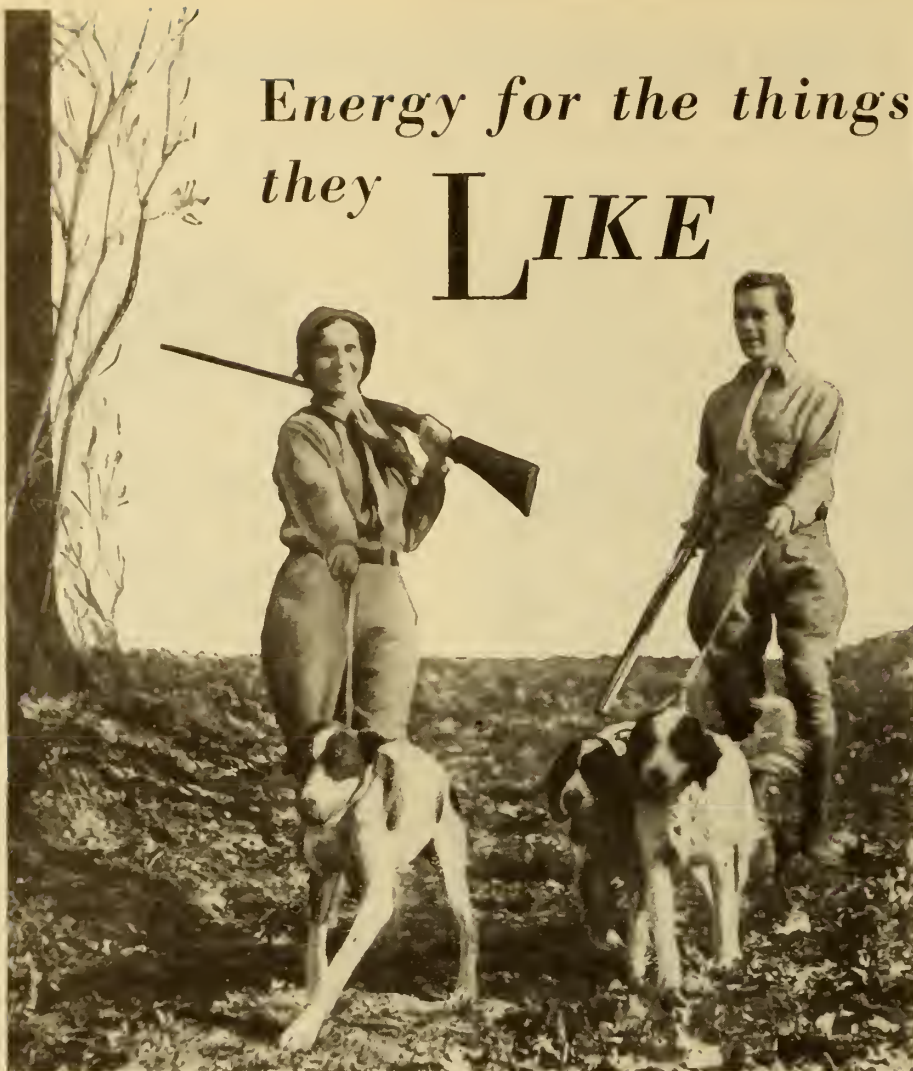
City..... State.....

4043

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



Energy for the things  
they **LIKE**



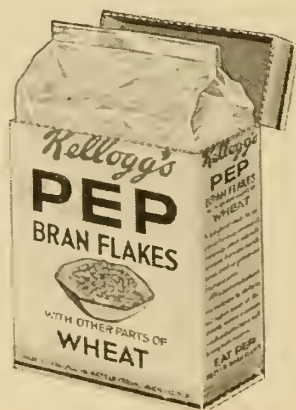
**P**HYSICAL fitness is largely the result of eating well and wisely. Nature made PEP Bran Flakes healthful and nourishing. Kellogg made them delicious to eat.

Here in one fine cereal is all the goodness of whole wheat. Plus enough bran to be mildly laxative . . . help keep you fit and regular.

Enjoy Kellogg's PEP by the bowlful with plenty of good milk or cream. Add fruit or honey for wonderful variety. "Better bran flakes" you'll say at breakfast, lunch or supper. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

**New Easy-Open Top** — Simply press with your thumbs along dotted line — and the patented hinged tap opens!

**Kellogg's**  
**PEP**  
**BRAN FLAKES**  
*better bran flakes*



## Ah! These Clever Hollywood Blondes!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

Because she knows her "good business" business.

Oh, you can't beat these new commonsense blondes in Hollywood.

**T**HEY know at which end of the rainbow that pot of gold lies.

And they're going out after it.

Or else why does Karen Morley wave gaily to every newspaper and magazine writer in the business? Making each one feel he is the one and only? And never once forgetting a face, either.

Is Karen so passionately fond of writers? Well, well.

Why does Carole Lombard smile that little side-wheeler smile of hers as she tucks hers and Willie Powell's roll carefully away while Hollywood rants on about Carole and Willie not building one of those Spanish Union Depot things out in Beverly Hills?

And the new ones have it, too.

Even worse.

For instance, why did Joan Blondell hand back that stardom Warner Bros. handed her on a silver platter after her first hit or two and say:

"No, thank you. Not yet. I'd rather wait until the fans handed me that particular dish. And I'll wait until I see that they do?"

Why is that big, blue-eyed doll baby, Bette Davis, listened to with respect by every intelligent official on the First National lot?

Temperament? Never.

Common sense is the answer.

Good, clear thinking.

Shrewdness. **GOOD BUSINESS** ability.

Oh, what would be the fate, kind sir, of the Mae Murrays, the Lillian Gishes, the Mary Miles Minters, the Mildred Harrises in Hollywood today?

Where quick thinking, outguessing and good business is the theme song of these modern 1932 movies?

**F**LUTTERING hands, graceful hysterics on disgraceful couches are of no avail. Not in this day and age.

Yes, the day of the "dizzy blonde" is over. The peacock fan waving, carnation smelling nitwit of Hollywood is gone.

Today is the new type woman. As glamorous, as gloriously golden, as delectable as ever.

They are much too clever not to be. That's part of the good business.

But do they know all the answers?

Do they!

## Heart Throb

For the past fifteen years I have been caring for an invalid sister who has an incurable disease. Because of her condition I have been unable to do most of the things that life usually provides for happiness. My one recreation is the movies.

Once a week I enter into the land of beauty and adventure for which I long, and my heartfelt thanks go out to the actors, actresses and producers who make this romance possible for me.

Barbette Miller,  
Wellesley Hills, Mass.



# Turkey and Chestnut Sauce



IT'S not wise to chide a modern girl about her cooking ability! Several young men about Hollywood discovered that when they bet Mary Mason, Phyllis Fraser and Dorothy Wilson, that they couldn't plan and cook an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Mary, Phyllis and Dorothy not only took up the wager—but sent the bills for the groceries to the disbelieving young men! The menu was carefully planned from soup to nuts. Here it is:

Baked Kumquats	Seafood Cocktail	Cranberry Jelly
	Cream of Mushroom Soup	
	Celery	
	Roast Stuffed Turkey	
	Chestnut Sauce	
Squash	Glacé Sweet Potatoes	
Fruit Pudding	Pumpkin Tarts	
Nuts	Demi-Tasse	

The decorations for the table were unusually charming, as planned. The table was to be decorated in red and white. The cloth was to be white damask, the glassware red and the dishes white with a red fruit pattern. The centerpiece was to be fruit on a white dish, the whole resting on red autumn leaves. White candlesticks and red candles as a finishing touch.

Each one of the three had some particular recipe but all three agreed on the formula for the best turkey dressing.

*Turkey Dressing* — For this savory stuffing you will need the following ingredients: 1 quart of stale bread cut in pieces, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons fat drippings, melted; heart, liver and gizzard or pork sausage;  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon ginger,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of onion, chopped fine.

This smiling trio, Mary Mason, Dorothy Wilson and Phyllis Fraser, are busy winning a bet! Someone said modern girls couldn't plan a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner like mother did. Read their answer below—and too many cooks didn't spoil this dinner!

Soak the bread in cold water and squeeze dry. Season to taste and add the melted fat. Mix thoroughly, adding the egg slightly beaten, and the onion. Add the heart, liver and tenderest part of the gizzard, chopped fine and partially boiled. If you are using the sausage, add it instead. This is stuffed into the

turkey and the opening sewed up.

Mary Mason had a favorite chestnut sauce. Here it is:

*Chestnut Sauce*—Boil two cups of chestnuts in salted water, blanch and peel then mash fine. To this add turkey gravy which has been prepared from the fat in the roasting pan by adding four tablespoons of flour to four of the fat. Stir the gravy to a paste then add one pint of broth which has been made by simmering the neck, wing tips and giblets in a quart of water. When stirred smooth, strain. It is delicious.

*Fruit Pudding*—Dorothy doesn't think Thanksgiving is complete unless you have pudding. This is made by stirring together  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful melted butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of maple syrup and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of milk. Sift 2 scant cupfuls of flour with  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon of soda, a pinch each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Mix the ingredients together and add 1 cup chopped seeded raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped figs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped hickory nut meats. Add to this mixture 2 well beaten eggs and turn into a greased mold. Cover and steam three to three and three-quarter hours. Garnish with glacé fruit.

*Pumpkin Tarts*—A favorite with Phyllis! Mix together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of sifted cooked pumpkin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of maple syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of melted butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of rich milk and 3 well beaten eggs. Line small tart tins with a flaky pastry. Fill with pumpkin custard and bake. These tarts may be covered with either whipped cream or meringue.

## 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

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

# The Hollywood Side Of Make-Up

By Carolyn Van Wyck



ERNEST WESTMORE is giving Dorothy Wilson her first lesson in screen make-up. Mr. Westmore suggests two good ideas for us all—that towel to protect the hair from powder and cream and that soft brush to remove surplus powder. Brushes come for this make-up purpose.



WE hardly recognized Myrna Loy in her lacquered wig. It is a burnished red and Myrna wears it with a white satin gown.

AND here is Harriet Hagan in the hands of Ernest Westmore, who is working a little art with eye shadow. You'd be surprised at the actual screen effect produced by shadow. That paint brush has many beauty uses, even for conventional make-up. Keep one on hand.

LYLIAN TASHMAN has a reputation for chic—and a well-deserved one. I think one of the secrets of her achievement might be change, constant change. For every time I see her she springs a new surprise in costume or hair or make-up.

This month I asked her how often she changed her coiffure. "When everyone begins copying it and it becomes commonplace, then I change," she told me.

There, I think, is the germ of an idea for us all. Few of us are born with the magic touch of natural beauty; few of us have the natural art of wearing clothes like a Parisian mannequin.

But all of us can study ourselves, detect our beauty weaknesses and strengths, develop the small arts and graces that make one girl stand out from another.

ONE of the first needs is to avoid the obvious. To wear the colors of the moment because everyone is doing so, to choose lines of the mode with no regard for figure, to cut and curl the hair in stereotyped styles is a grave mistake.

There is probably no one else exactly like you or me in the world.

That is both a comforting and a disconcerting thought. But there are our types. And these should be our guides. Even then we have the responsibility of using our own imaginations to a small degree, adding this, taking away that.

This development of self, of individuality, is a dominating aim among the lovely women of Hollywood. There individuality comes at a high premium.

Each star and starlet strives to be herself in appearance as well as personality, to eliminate always the copybook idea of being like her neighbor.

AN attractive face and good figure are your surest aids to good looks. Our skin beauty leaflet and reducing booklet can help you attain both. Then there is our November letter on cosmetics. Ready, if you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

STICK to your type but remember that even your type is very variable. A soft hairline may be becoming to you, but there are a dozen and one ways of achieving the effect. There are your color limitations, too, both in clothes and make-up. But change them about. If you wear pastel shades for evening, change to a white or even black. If you use a pale rose rouge with your pastels, use a more intense shade for your black frocks.

Don't think that clothes and personal loveliness are a cut and dried subject. Both are the most elastic, changeable matters in the world.

Change, constant change, should be your personal secret that will make you forever new and exciting to those about you and to yourself.

YOUNG Mitzi Green, I understand, is temporarily a blonde, and a curled blonde at that. The change is for her rôle as *Orphan Annie*. Mitzi does not think so much of the transformation, but it is all for the best in her forthcoming picture. So when you see your favorite players suddenly gone blonde or red-head or brunette, don't think it is a little whim of their own personal vanity. It is probably because a rôle calls for them like that or because they may photograph better.

IT is both surprising and encouraging to know how many Hollywood stars care for their own beauty. Katharine Hepburn, pictured elsewhere, who manicures her own nails; Norma Shearer who curls her own hair; Fifi Dorsay, whose own sister colors Fifi's hair that shining black to please the audience, when it is naturally a tawny shade.

So if your income has stylishly dwindled, don't think you are one of the world's unfortunates because you have to do for yourself.



# Tongue-Twisters

HERE are some picture names that are often mispronounced:

CHARLES LAUGHTON says the only "laugh" in his name is on you if you don't pronounce it Law-ton, as it should be.

MARLENE DIETRICH has a rhythm all its own when you pronounce it right—Mar-lay'-na Dee'-trick.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is easy to say when you know how—just Claw-dett' Coal'-bear.

GWILI ANDRE answers only to Gwil-lee On'-dray (not Jee-lee).

MAURICE CHEVALIER is really Mau-reece' Shev-ahl'-yay.

BETTE DAVIS is just plain Betty.

SARI MARITZA is Sha'-ree Mah-rit'-suh.

IRVING PICHEL is called Mr. Pitch'-el (never, never Mr. Pickle).

LYDA ROBERTI is Lee-da Ro-ber'-tee for American tongues, but it sounds quite different when her Polish friends say it.

UNA MERKEL is Eu-na Mer-kel'.

RAMON NOVARRO is Ra-moan' Na-var'-ow.

DIANE WYNYARD, making her first screen appearance in "Rasputin," is Di-ann' Win'-yard.

And RASPUTIN is pronounced in Hollywood Ras-poot'-in.

As for TALLULAH BANKHEAD—you just gargle that name, Ta-loo'-lah.

# Hollywood's Make-Up Genius Tells How to Always Look Young with MAKE-UP



★ KAY FRANCIS in Warner Bros "The Jewel Robbery" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.



HOLLYWOOD—Color is the life and attraction of youthful beauty, and this secret of color attraction is the magic principle in a new kind of make-up created for the screen stars, and you, by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

For twenty odd years Max Factor has created make-up for Hollywood's motion picture world. From this unique experience has come this original discovery...cosmetic color harmony. A make-up ensemble for street wear...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites...in color harmony for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You'll be amazed at the difference in youthful beauty gained. Each shade in face powder, for example, is created to some screen star type. Not a flat color, but a color harmony tone composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. Thus, off-color, spotty and powdery effects are overcome. A face powder so soft and silk-like in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin...yet imparts a lovely, delicate, natural color tone.

### JOAN BLONDELL

Warner Bros., and Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, using a color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder for her type.



It creates that satin-smooth make-up you've admired on the screen. Velvety, you may be sure it never "shines," and it clings for hours, too, for screen stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

A luxury, created originally for the stars of the screen, now available to you at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow are created by Max Factor on the same amazing color harmony principle...fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package, with seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine. At all drug and department stores.

### Send for Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart for Your Type

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up. Accept this priceless beauty gift. Mail coupon now.

### Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Cosmetics of the Stars★★HOLLYWOOD

### Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. 1-11-53

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair.... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moust <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
Sun Tan... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Nobody in a studio is surprised when Ferdinand Gottschalk wanders over the lot like this—all made up for the rôle he plays in "The Sign of the Cross." A studio wisecracker said he was "just Roman around," but it's all right because an electrician dropped a light on the punster's head



# This Is Bob Montgomery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

Gentility with Bob is real, not slung about him like a garment. To be removed at times. There is an unstudied ease about him that bespeaks a gentleman born. He can spot a broad "a" Jane and a false pose at once. And loathes both.

GIVEN to justifiable boastfulness, when he first arrived in Hollywood, he was a bit misunderstood.

The boasts have somehow disappeared from Bob Montgomery. He knows now, after three years in Hollywood, there are many things that can't be done.

He's quieter. And thinks the best definition of Hollywood he ever heard is, "Newark with palm trees."

He's the despair of every photographer on the lot. They could lie down and die in agony when they see him coming. But they have to admit they've had the best time they've had in years.

First he runs to the victrola and on goes "Manhattan Blues." Ta ta, ta ta. Te tum, te tum.

The photographer places him so. Suddenly he's into a tango.

The amazed photographer in his arms. Twirl. Dip. Glide.

Finally the photographer falls prostrate, wiping his brow. Feebly motioning to shut off the phonograph.

"Manhattan Blues" begins all over again. The photographer calmly, careful to keep out of Bob's clutches, poses him so. Now ready! Snap!

And up goes Bob's thumb to his nose and such a print as that turns out to be for Louis B. Mayer to look at. Tch. Tch. Tch.

He's impulsive and generous to a fault. He'll be seized with the idea of buying all his friends a present and nothing can stop him. And no one is forgotten.

He's lived in four houses since he arrived in Hollywood and has never owned one. He rents the comfortable but unpretentious home in which he now lives. And makes no attempt at swankiness.

He and Betty, his wife, are like every other happy and fairly contented suburban couple. Having dinners at friends' homes or going to the theaters.

And no orgies worth mentioning. But he does have a passion for telephones. And has a gadget in his house that switches a call from room to room. He goes about telephoning from room to room and will call up New York with the slightest encouragement. Or even without.

He thinks Madge Evans is a grand and an ideal girl. And he still writes to the person who sent him his first fan letter, which Bob received by mistake.

It was meant for another actor and Bob promptly refused to give it up and wrote the astonished fan for another one.

TO Reginald Denny's mountain cabin he'll go during the winter, snowed in for days. Or off deep sea fishing.

He likes a man's sport. With a man's share of hardships.

He has a certain charm that works well. As a mere featured player, day after day in his rattling Dodge roadster, he smiled his way past the gateman. Which certainly was against the rules. And once in, he'd park it very grandly before Marion Davies' or Joan Crawford's front door.

Today, he drives through in his shining new Cadillac. With the same smile for the gateman.

One day he drove that Cadillac across the street from M-G-M to Charlie Bickford's

garage. A young boy and his sister sat in a rickety old Ford with a Texas license.

"O-o-o-o-o-o, Bob Montgomery," he heard them say. And strolled over. They told him they'd sat there since early morning, hoping someone would come out of the studio they could see before starting back to Texas next day. And he was the only one they'd seen. He loaded them both in his car. Through the magic portal of the studio gate they drove. All over the lot they went, stopping to speak to Joan Crawford, Jimmy Durante and Marie Dressler. Then out to Beverly Hills where Bob pointed out the homes of the various stars. Making them up when he didn't know. But who cared? For two youngsters left the next day for Texas. With a song in their hearts for Bob Montgomery.

He will, in spite of everything, pick up hitchhikers. Coming from Denny's mountain cabin, needing a shave and wearing an old sweater, he picked up a lad about fourteen who immediately placed Bob as a chauffeur.

The boy had tramped all the way across the states and was on his way to Glendale. To find a long lost aunt. Bob drove him there and then spent the balance of the day going from place to place, inquiring, "Excuse me, lady, but do you know a Mrs.," and so on and so on. The boy found his aunt. But as to the chauffeur who helped him he doesn't know yet it was a very famous movie star. One Robert (alias Harry) Montgomery.

HE'S hard to place. A person hard to define. He isn't a wise-cracking nit-wit or a man overburdened with seriousness. Somewhere between is the real Bob. But most of all, he's a tremendous trouser.

His baby lay dying. The call from the hospital came. "Come," it said. The last remaining scene of "Lovers Courageous" was ready to be shot. The delay meant thousands of dollars.

"Let's do it," Bob said. Over and over they rehearsed. And without a whimper of complaint, but a soul full of suffering creeping out of his eyes, Bob went into the scene.

"Let's travel," he said to Madge Evans in the picture. "No," she replied, "let's have a baby."

And after he'd gone, a crew of hard-boiled workmen, actors and the director sat down and openly and shamelessly wept.

For a man like Bob Montgomery Gay or depressed, Bob rows as if the Indians, including Sitting Bull, were after him.

He sings Grand Opera in the shower; anyhow, he thinks it's opera. And he always eats the same breakfast—year in, year out—Christmas or just another Monday. It consists of one glass of orange juice, two soft boiled eggs, one glass of milk, three pieces of toast and two slices of bacon.

He's either a picture of what the well-dressed man not only will, but does wear, or a downtrodden beachcomber. His clothes, even in the downtrodden state, are always immaculate and good. It's the way he puts them on.

A collar is something he won't wear unless he's going to a party or is in a picture. He will dangle a scarf about his throat instead—always an expensive and fine one.

He wears white linen evening suits with short white Eton jackets. Why men should go about sweltering in more clothes than an Eskimo is beyond him, so he'll wear his linen suit and let who will be thunder-struck.

He's never late to a dinner party; thinks it beastly rude; and will invariably arrive on time and wait, a lone soldier, two hours and thirty-seven minutes, for the others to arrive.

Bob loathes large parties and thinks more than twelve at one gathering is simply an unintelligent mass of people, all talking and howling at once.

He has the happy faculty of being able to do a lot of things well. He can ride a surf-board like a Hawaiian, or whoever it is rides surf-boards; he rides horseback, plays a fair game of tennis, a better game of golf, a solid game of bridge, and a fine game of polo.

TWO years ago he played tennis constantly, and nothing else. One year ago it was golf. And now it's polo—to the exclusion of everything else, except an occasional hand of bridge. If there's one thing that bores him to tears it's people who play bridge by rules. Bob plays constantly by rules and never suspects it, for he absorbs every rule he hears.

He owns three polo ponies that cost him exactly \$110 a month to keep, for he belongs to a club that buys feed by the carload at wholesale rates. The stalls are \$5.00 per month. He didn't pay over \$200 for any of his ponies.

His polo suits are the most expensive thing about the game. You should see those pantics.

He loves to wear a ring, but never does, claiming it brings a curse on him or something. Every time he wears a ring something happens. He wore a ring during the making of his first picture, "So This Is College," and right when his biggest scene arrived, someone stole his pants.

The director waited and the co-eds waited, and here was Bob, pantsless. So he threw the ring away.

He claims he knows absolutely nothing about business. He knows the only directions stocks go is up or down like an elevator, but why they do it, he can't imagine.

And he's one of the few who never lost a cent, crisis or no crisis.

He lives on an allowance and has someone to take care of financial affairs. His allowance usually runs out by Saturday and sends him wildly scurrying about trying to borrow fifty cents until Monday.

He eats cheese and crackers between every meal and far into the night. Once he was spotted with Garbo, while both were eating from the same apple—Bob taking a bite, then Garbo.

Garbo, to quote him, is an "amazing critter" and a really nice Swedish girl. He gave his worst performance with Garbo in "Inspiration."

Not, as has been hinted, that he was afraid of Garbo, but because no one ever told him what he was supposed to be.

It seems no one could ever find out. Even with diagrams. So he wandered around in a daze not knowing whether he was Garbo's uncle or what.

GARBO is right about seclusion, he thinks. Believes every star should keep himself a mystery. So the fans can get the thrill of something deep and glamorous. As they do with Garbo.

But how to go about being thrilly and glamorous has him stumped.

He is curious about successful people. And likes to take them apart to find out what makes them go.

But for friends, he sticks to the old ones he had before stardom and fame. He likes people, he claims, who are sincere, have nice teeth, and an integrity of purpose.

There is an innate, well-bred something about him that one senses, rather than sees.

A visitor on Bob Montgomery's set receives a chair, a cool drink of water, and every kind attention.

Without any show or display.



# Hollywood Fashions

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,  
Omaha, Neb.

CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,  
Nashville, Tenn.

THE DAYTON COMPANY,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,  
Chicago, Ill.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Boston, Mass.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Worcester, Mass.

G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,  
Hartford, Conn.

THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,  
Memphis, Tenn.

WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE GORTON COMPANY,  
Elmira, N. Y.

HARZFELD'S, INC.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,  
Baltimore, Md.

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,  
Charlotte, N. C.

FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,  
Washington, D. C.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE MORTON COMPANY,  
Binghamton, N. Y.

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,  
Birmingham, Ala.

ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY  
DRY GOODS Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

SEAMAN'S,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE STEWART DRY GOODS Co., Inc.,  
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NEW ROLLINS SHADES

## Rollins Runstop Hosiery

DRAW THE LINE ON GARTER RUNS



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]



*When*  
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**You're Romantic . . .**  
*to Yourself and to Him*

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PRODUCED, directed and photographed by an extra and played by three other extra people, a little featurette titled "Breakwater" will be included in the Warner Bros. releases this season. The entire picture is without dialogue or titles and was filmed at a cost of less than five hundred dollars.

Mike Siebert has cherished the dream of producing on his own ever since chance made him a director for a day. An extra in "Moby Dick," without invitation, he sat in on the preview. Someone, possibly in jest, asked his opinion.

Barrymore's encounter with the whale wasn't all it should be. The sequence hadn't been properly built-up. There should be more scenes in the water. This was needed to add punch. That to heighten drama. So Mike was put in charge of the crew that filmed the added scenes. He was given the job of directing the great Barrymore—of barely drowning him, according to Barrymore. But Mike got the scenes.

Now Mike is a full-fledged director. But he plans to continue plugging along as an extra.

OVERHEARD between a song writer and a casting director on the Paramount lot:  
"Got someone to play *George Washington*?"

"Yeah, got Alan Mowbray."  
"Swell, he'll be great for the part."  
"Yeah, but he says he won't do that song and dance."  
"He won't? Well, the so and so. . . ."  
"Got a swell fellow to play *Thomas Jefferson*, too. Tall fellow."  
"Fine. We can let *Jefferson* do the song, maybe, and either *Roosevelt* or *Lincoln* can go into the dance. How's that?"  
"Great idea. Yeah, that's what we can do."  
"Well, see you later."  
"Yeah. So long."

CLARK and McCullough patter between scenes of "The Druggist's Dilemma."

Clark: "Have you seen Chicago's mounted police?"

McCullough: "No. Are they mounted before or after they shoot 'em?"

ELISSA LANDI is keeping steady company for the first time since she has been in Hollywood. A pleasant, personable, young chap is her constant escort. But the man in question is her husband, John Lawrence, young English barrister.



"All right, Marlene Dietrich, come in and dry the dishes!"



HERE'S the latest giggler going the rounds. Seems a lifeguard came to Estelle Taylor's Malibu beach home with the proposition that Estelle pay him ten dollars a month for protection. But Estelle assured him she didn't need the protection, as she never went into the water.

"All right, then," he grumbled, "I won't be able to save any of your guests, because I have too many clients."

JACK HOLT will don the helmet of an under-seas diver for the third time in his film career. He started in "Submarine."

Then he went "Fifty Fathoms Deep." Now he's to do "Bottom of the Sea." That should end it.

THE cousin of one of the lads who works in the M-G-M publicity department produced a play in New York some years ago called "Out of the Blue Sky."

The play flopped, but just listen to the names of the then only fairly well-known actors who worked in it.

Leslie Howard translated and directed it. The cast included Warren William, Clark Gable, Reginald Owen and Elissa Landi.

HERE'S a way to solve a trying problem, fathers. Wally Beery straps an Indian basket on his back in which he carries his two-year-old baby, Carol Ann. And does she love the buggy ride while daddy Wally prowls about his garden inspecting the flowers.

ADD Helen Mann, new contract player at Warners, to the list of Hollywood's descendants from royalty. Helen traces her ancestry directly back to Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugenie, originator of *that* hat.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132 ]



Have you seen the "Mickey-Mouse" hat? You must look then at this gay bonnet worn by Ruth Hall. Two little ears, which actually are only a fold of felt, give that nonchalant air of Mickey himself, to this felt hat. A style hit

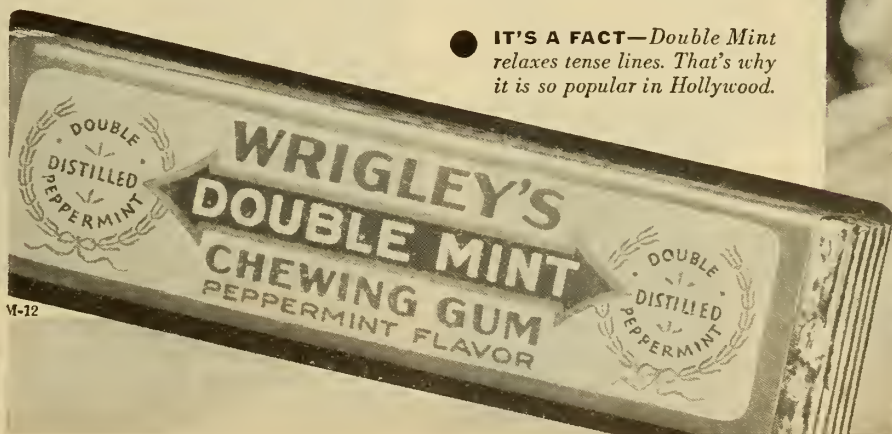
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## “Make My Willie a Star!”

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

for every cent she spends—save for what she does with the seventy-five-dollar-a-week salary she is allowed for her work as guardian.

Yes—to put it in plain words, Jackie Cooper pays his own mother seventy-five dollars a week salary to be his guardian and administrator!

What Mrs. Cooper does with the \$1,425 weekly balance is a matter that the courts must pass on, first. As her boy's guardian, she has to submit, at intervals, a budget for the court's approval. On this budget must be itemized the disposal of every cent of Jackie's money—how much for rent, food, make-up, clothing, education, transportation, entertainment, and all the thousand-and-one expenses of a child star.

When the court approves the budget, Jackie's mother must stay within its limitations—and must prove that she has done so by submitting, at intervals, the books that show where the money has been spent in accordance with the approved budget.

And in view of that one thousand-five hundred-a-week salary, the items on that budget are not at all extravagant. Just one example: \$150 a month, for rent. Now \$150 a month rent is probably as little as any movie star with Jackie Cooper's income ever paid. It pays for a house in Beverly Hills—and \$150 a month for a Beverly Hills house is economy with a vengeance.

The greater part of Jackie's money is invested in endowment insurance policies, so scaled that when he reaches his twenties, Jackie will get the rewards of his camera labors of today—some in outright cash payments, some in income-for-life annuities—so that never

again, so long as he lives, will he have to worry about money.

If—and what a big word that *if* is!—Jackie keeps on making money as he is today, and saving it as his mother is doing for him, he'll be a millionaire in his mid-twenties. But what odds? And there is one other angle of this huge-income picture.

It's a safe bet that Jackie's income-earning value will poof out within a couple of years. There's no case on record where a child star of any magnitude lasted more than a few years. Look at Jackie Coogan—he plays a rôle now and then, but compared with his one-time fame, he's just a nonentity now. He goes to a school at Santa Clara, California, and is growing up into a nice-looking but hardly out-of-the-ordinary young man. Yes, his brother Bobby is the star of the family today—but Bobby's career won't be any longer than Jackie's was.

And that brings us to the Coogans—a dollarcrafty family who also knew how to protect their youngster's earnings. When Jackie flashed into the multi-dollar class with his performance in “The Kid,” there was formed the Coogan Finance Corporation, under the able financial management of one Arthur L. Bernstein. Bernstein, with the not-to-be-escaped okay of the courts, was empowered to take and invest the earnings of the Coogan children. Papa and Mama Coogan kept their hands off, save for the income they were legally entitled to as members of the Corporation—again, with the full legal approval of the courts.

And so it is that while Jackie goes to a fine school, both he and Bobby (whom you've seen on the screen thus far in the rags and



On a bicycle built for two—and it's not for a movie, either. When the Fredric Marches gave Hollywood's favorite party, they asked everybody to come dressed in gay nineties costumes, so Mary Pickford and a friend of hers, Miss Jans, arrived like this. And will you look at Mary's bloomers! That's Joel McCrea in the background looking altogether too modern



tatters of make-believe poverty) are really millionaires in their own right.

Let's see about some others—  
There's Dickie Moore, who has been getting as high as five hundred dollars a week, but whose contract with the Roach comedy outfit—"Our Gang," you know—for one hundred fifty dollars a week over a long-term has been approved by the courts. Dickie's mother plunks Dickie's salary check into a good old-fashioned savings account each week. Big income hasn't gone to their heads—they still live in downtown Los Angeles, in the ordinary quarters where they lived before Dickie became famous. Virtually the only change they've made in their mode of living is that Dickie and his mother now ride to the studio in an automobile, instead of the street cars, as they used to.

"I see no reason," says Dickie's mother, "for making a splurge, just because Dickie happens to be in the 'big' money. There'll come a time when Dickie will grow out of kid rôles—and then I'll be prepared, with the money we're putting away in the bank now, to see him through the awkward period that comes, tragically enough, to screen kiddies."

Mitzi Green's parents are co-trustees with her in a trust fund established a long time ago, when she first began to scale the movie heights. Mitzi is already wealthy in her own name. The only monies that have been taken out of her earnings have been for clothes, photographs, publicity, and other items purely part of her professional career. Not even the family home is paid for out of Mitzi's money—it's a comfortable place on Long Island, bought and paid for by Mitzi's father before the girl made a screen hit.

Little Dorothy Grey's mother was left an orphan when a child. She learned what poverty meant.

Now that Dorothy is making a good movie income—well, here's her mother's explanation of what happens to the money!

"I put Dorothy into pictures for money, not fame. Now we have a roof over our heads—and a lot of good vacant lots that will insure the future."

Remember Farina—that I'll cullud tot? Well, Farina's day in pictures is already past. But Farina's parents knew enough to invest the youngster's money while it was coming in. Now they own a big hotel in Los Angeles' negro belt, and Farina won't ever have to worry over the future.

"Spanky"—the little three-year-old newcomer to the Roach ranks, now earns more money than his father, an automobile finance company executive. Business-trained, that father now invests all of Spanky's earnings—with the approval of the courts—in gilt-edged paper. "No use to let money lie idle," is Spanky's father's attitude.

WELL, there you are. From the outside, at quick glance, it may seem like a swell idea to have your youngsters drawing down a big movie pay-check every week. But it's not so sweet as it seems. Neither for mama nor papa, nor for the kiddie. And that brings to mind that true story about Jackie Cooper down at the beach one day. He was playing with another lad.

"Didn't I see you at the studio th'other day?" Jackie asked.

"Yeah," said the other boy, "I work in pictures." He was, it turned out, one of the hundreds of extras, who get five dollars a day when they work.

"How much d'ya get?" asked Jackie, as kids will.

"Me? I get five dollars a day," the other lad truthfully replied.

Jackie's eyes opened wide. "Gee," he finally gasped, "you must make a awful lot o' money. Me—I only get fifty cents a week."

And that's true.  
Out of the fifteen hundred dollars he earns, Jackie's own personal spending allotment is a four-bit piece, each pay day.

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Colors hair inside  
where nature does

## Lew Wants Another Chance

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

broken, the sides stayed in and the fenders hanging by wires. It ran and it ran well. It got him places and brought him back.

Had Lew been the only thing that decrepit automobile brought back, this story would be less complicated.

The car's back seat, however, took on the aspect of a small boy's pockets, crammed as it constantly was with larger equivalents of string, marbles and tops.

Lew is a born collector. Old books, ancient firearms, telescopes—oh, yes, he's studied at the Mount Wilson observatory and today is recognized as a well-advanced amateur. Rocks—he's interested in geology.

Continuing his music as a hobby has led Lew into original compositions. He composes mostly on the organ, a small, portable affair. Modern interpretative themes—not jazz.

His artistic urge has likewise found other experimental expression. He sketches a little and models in clay, without ever having taken lessons in art or anatomy. Some of these small figures have been cast into book ends and similar objects. He is currently engaged on a more ambitious figure, that of a slave-driver.

This piece is being done with Lew as his own model. Whenever he is in doubt about an anatomical line, he poses himself before a large mirror to determine just how it should be.

**B**EFORE his marriage to Lola Lane, Lew's house was always cluttered with his "collections." Likely as not, you would find modeling clay on his living-room table where it would remain until he finished a figure. Lola, however, is a better housekeeper. She has compelled Lew to greater tidiness. All of the objects of his collecting hobbies are now segregated in one place, which they call "the junk room."

Marriage has done wonders for Lew Ayres. In Lola he has found an understanding given him by few others in Hollywood. Lola also knows the artistic urge and is therefore sympathetic. She wants to write. The arrangement is perfect. She seeks her desk and typewriter while Lew is puttering around "the junk room."

At the same time, Lola is something of a balance wheel for Lew. The very fact that he has a wife keeps Lew from doing many crazy, impulsive things. It is seldom that his impulses get out of hand.

Recently, however, it took Lola a whole morning to dissuade him from hopping a fast freight for San Diego.

There was no particular reason for the trip, which made it twice as desirable. Lew has never ridden blind baggage and he wanted the experience.

**W**ISELY, Lola has not attempted to change Lew's habits. She allows him to go around in the old clothes he loves—a thing so few young wives have sense enough to do.

Nor has Lola interfered in any way with the friendship that has existed between Lew and his pals of the "All Quiet" days. Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason and Ben Alexander are frequent visitors at the Ayres home. Together they form as delightfully mad a quartet as Hollywood has ever seen. Their exuberance and pranks are the talk of the town.

Hollywood understands this crowd as a gang, just as it has failed miserably to understand Lew as an individual. Into his desire to exclude himself from the social whirl Hollywood enjoys has been read a false meaning. Because he is innately shy and does not make new friends easily, Hollywood believed that success turned his head—enlarged it. All of which is a grave injustice to the real Lew Ayres.

But now it will be different. With the signing of his new contract have come new responsibilities and new ambition. Lew wants to make good, to do a better job than that well-nigh perfect one in "All Quiet."

"I am giving up all my hobbies for at least a year," he says. "I want to devote all my time and energy to my screen work. I have even put a lock on the door of my 'junk room.' Maybe I'll give the key to Lola to hide."

Lew is putting away his toys, you see. He has grown up to the stature of stardom.

The next time you see Lew on the screen it will be in the rôle of a bull-fighter in a picture called "Men Without Fear." A good title that, tailored to fit the new Lew Ayres.

## Whoie! Here Comes Joe E.

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

just Joe E. walking past that huge sign up there that said JOE E. BROWN on the front of the theater and trying to see if it were visible from all angles, to anyone whether trotting, hopping or just walking past.

Between shows he tried baseball. The thing he loves next to acting. He actually belonged at one time to the New York Giants. But didn't get far for, you see, when Joe got up to bat and opened his mouth to grin, the pitcher refused to throw the ball.

"What's the matter?" the umpire asked. "Look at that," the pitcher said. "I can't throw a ball at that. He'll swallow it. And we're short on balls."

And there was the time the bases were full and two men had struck out. There was a moment of tense silence as the third man came to bat.

Now. The pitcher threw the ball. The batter swung. He hit it and made for second base, when suddenly Joe let out that "call of the wild" yell of his and in two seconds the pitcher had tramped the catcher silly trying to get

out, the batter was still running two blocks away, the umpire lay in a dead swoon and the stadium had completely emptied.

So Joe kind of gave up baseball. He has his own ball team out in Hollywood that even belongs to a league. And they do splendidly until Joe expands the "wide open spaces" and lets go that yell in the wrong places.

He claims he acquired that famous yell one summer at a lakeside camp. When the rest of the boys were a mile or so off shore fishing and Joe wanted to call them in for breakfast, he would go down to the shore, open up his mouth, begin a sound down in the region of the larynx and finally let go that water buffalo shout that not only brought in the fishermen but all the trading boats on Lake Erie as well. And Joe's been using that war whoop ever since.

And his mouth, strange as it may seem, isn't too noticeably large in every day life. Unless Joe wants it to be and opens it accordingly. Otherwise it's just a slightly unusual opening in a very pleasant countenance.



He has a tremendous following, officially ranking among the first ten in box-office pull. And he's really considerate and thoughtful of his fans.

His is one of the few contracts that definitely state every fan letter must be taken care of with no expense to the fan. And do they write!

From San Francisco comes a letter from a judge. "Well, Joe," he writes, "I was on my way to a doctor last night when I passed a movie with your mug out front. I never did care for doctors so I decided to postpone the ordeal an hour or two and see my friend Joe again. Why, say, you shook every ill and pain out of me. I never did see that doctor, you rascal, you!"

From Bombay, India: "Dear Sahib Brown: I never fail to miss one of your pictures when it comes here."

And Joe is still scratching his head over that one.

ALSO, there was the time Joe was having lunch at a fashionable hotel in Washington, D. C. About him sat the city's best.

Presently a beautiful young lady, neatly dressed, came over to Joe's table.

"Mr. Brown," she said a little confused. "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Why, what is it?" Joe asked in surprise.

"May I touch you?" she blushing asked.

"Why certainly," Joe grinned sheepishly.

She laid a dainty finger on his sleeve.

"Now I have a favor to ask you," Joe said.

"Oh, what?" she asked breathlessly.

"May I touch you?"

And he laid a finger on her sleeve.

And then as though it were the most natural thing in the world, they bowed, shook hands and departed.

He's a home body, Joe is. In love with his wife, two boys and baby girl. And despite the fact he's a rather serious minded and decidedly unfunny person off the screen, his two boys, fourteen and twelve, think he's a card. And much funnier than the four Marx Brothers. Much. Everything he says is a scream to the boys.

For instance, if Mr. Brown remarks to Mrs. Brown at the dinner table that the situation in China looks bad, the boys know immediately Daddy must be clowning and go into such hysterics they have to leave the table. Isn't he the funny one, their dad, though?

Then there's that recent high excitement out in the exclusive suburb of Beverly Hills.

Strange, ghostly noises were issuing nightly from a grand mansion on one of the very quiet streets.

It went on for a week. With the sounds growing more and more terrifying.

Finally, the neighbors, in feverish excitement, but loathe to bring in vulgar outsiders, were unable to control themselves further, and summoned the cops.

Aforesaid cops were awed as they crowded past several butlers and footmen. Up the tastefully carpeted stairs their big feet tore to where the sounds issued from a front room.

As one, they made a dash for the door only to have two sedate and composed French maids open the door.

In the center of the room stood madam looking at them in astonishment. They stared back at her in equal astonishment.

"WHAT," she demanded, in icy, cultured tones, "is the meaning of this?"

She raised a gold lorgnette and peered at them haughtily.

"Why,—that is, lady," Officer Reilly stammered, "we heard a terrible noise and came to investigate."

"The idea," the dowager sniffed. "Can't a lady practice yelling like Joe E. Brown without the entire police force interrupting?"

And they carefully tiptoed downstairs and outside.

While upstairs a great social light went on with her practicing of yelling like Joe E. Brown. Whoowowwwie!

A SKINNY FELLOW HASN'T A CHANCE. I WISH I COULD GAIN SOME FLESH

YOU CAN—EASILY. I WAS A REGULAR SCARECROW TILL RECENTLY. LISTEN—

## Skinny! New way adds pounds quicker than BEER

*Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks*

FOR years doctors have prescribed beer for skinny, run-down men and women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then ironized—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

### Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears—you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

### Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "I. Y." stamped on each tablet.

### Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 511, Atlanta, Ga.

#### 12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds!" Frank Picunas, 6555 S. Wash-tenaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.

#### 14 Lbs. in 21 Days

"Before 21 days were up I had gained 14 pounds. My complexion was muddy and is now perfect." Yvonne Murray, 906 Dixie Overland Blvd., Shreveport, La.

#### 14 Lbs. in Month

"I have gained 14 pounds in a month." Joseph H. Clebeck, 3 Allen St., New York, N. Y.



## When Nature needs *Only* a gentle **NUDGE!**

A laxative that gets its results through a violent purging of the intestines is worse than no laxative at all. For that's too big a price to pay for temporary relief from constipation. Such cathartics disturb digestion. They upset the stomach. They shock the nervous system. They are not good for you!

### Next to Nature—Ex-Lax

The best laxative is the one that comes closest to Nature's own way of acting. Ex-Lax gently stimulates the bowels to action. It does not impair the *normal functions* of the intestines. It does not shock the system. It doesn't gripe. It helps Nature to help herself!

### No secret about Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax is simply that scientific laxative ingredient—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

That's why Ex-Lax is so gentle, why it is not habit-forming. Ex-Lax checks on every point your doctor looks for in a laxative.

### Give Ex-Lax a trial!

There's only one way to know that Ex-Lax is better than any other laxative you may now be using. And that is to find out for yourself! Take one or two before going to bed tonight! Tomorrow you'll know why Ex-Lax is the choice of millions.

In 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or return the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
—the safe laxative  
that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!  
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170, A112  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Kindly send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....  
Address.....

## What's All This Chatter About Novarro?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

Admittedly, it was a Latin sense of humor and one that appreciated pranks more readily than subtleties. But, whereas Ramon always has an appreciation of poetry and things poetic, he had, at the same time, a love of fun.

WHEN he first entered pictures—twelve years ago—PHOTOPLAY asked him to fill out the usual biographical formula for the files and when he came to the question "Married?" Ramon wrote—"No, not that I remember." It wasn't a very funny joke, but Ramon was very young then and probably thought it was. So the super-serious young man sort of falls apart, doesn't he, when one starts to analyze him?

People who know Ramon—and have known him for years—know him to be a good fellow, a good Mexican (to whom light wines and dancing are far from unknown) and fun at a party.

When he was making a sea picture and the company was on location at Long Beach, I went down to spend a few days to watch the players work. At night after dinner, Ramon gathered a group of us together in his room to indulge in a little impromptu party. We laughed ourselves sick that night. I remember that Ramon showed us a goofy Mexican card game, but didn't show it to us very well, and we, being confused by the whole process, could do nothing but let him win—which was exactly Ramon's idea.

All the bunk written about Ramon; the recluse Ramon; the actor longing for the priesthood; Ramon the poet with head in the clouds, amused Ramon's friends—the friends who were privileged to know him as he was.

And then a terrific change came about in Hollywood, itself.

The place went grand, it went social, it became more keenly publicized.

Ramon underwent a change, too. His old friends scattered—Alice Terry, Rex Ingram and Kate Key in France, Renee Adoree ill, his pals in the publicity department gone to seek

other jobs. Added to this, Ramon's brother died—a brother whom he loved devotedly and whom he was sending through college. Ramon did more or less shut himself off, as anyone would do at a time like that. He did, also, do some thinking.

The death of a loved one invariably leaves a mark and it started Ramon to dwelling along more mature lines.

A new crop of actors came to California, introducing new ways to the old guard—of which Ramon was one. The legend of Ramon Novarro and his mysterious life (which was just about as mysterious as the workings of a row boat) was recounted and because none of his old friends were there to tell them any different, the new Hollywood believed all the things that have been printed about him.

And that is why the new Hollywood thought it had discovered Ramon. For he met new friends and was gay with them as he had been with the old. The grief of his brother's death took its rightful place in his scheme of things. He began going out again. And people pounced on that and said Ramon had changed.

Ramon has grown mentally in eleven years. His youthful ideals have been fairly well rubbed off, as youthful ideals usually are. Ramon proved himself not only a star, but a director as well. But he has never been an aesthete and never a recluse. Of course he has changed, but he has changed far less than the people who talk about him would have you believe.

ONCE he went to small, informal parties—since they were the only sort Hollywood gave at the time. Now he goes to large, formal, elaborate affairs—because that's the fad of the moment.

And if anybody ever again tells you that Ramon was once a deeply religious introvert, who suddenly blossomed into a good time Charlie—you'll know the answer to that one.

## Why Chevalier Sits Alone

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

And Chevalier smiled one of his rare off-screen smiles.

"Sometimes I forget. But it never forgets. I get a flash and things go black before my eyes. The flash seldom lasts long, but I am upset for days."

Chevalier's reticence in discussing his injury is paralleled by his dislike of talking about the war, even in generalities. "I was in the service so short a time," he says. Then resorting to his favorite method of evasion, "There is nothing to tell."

Again I must quarrel with you, *Monsieur*. Any man who fell on the battlefield fighting for his country, who was captured by the enemy to be interned twenty-six months in a prison camp only to escape by a dangerous ruse, who was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for his bravery—any man who has suffered such experiences, has a great deal to tell.

TRUE, your active services as a *soldat* were brief in point of time. France declared war on Germany August 3, 1914. You were among the very first to go. Nineteen days after the declaration of war, you lay in a hospital behind the German lines, cruelly wounded.

You were treated by enemy doctors. You do not complain of the treatment you received though, chances are, had you been in more interested hands, you would not be carrying shrapnel in your chest today. Possibly they

did the best they could for you—the best considering the fact you were just one of many hundred wounded, most of whom were countrymen, not alien French.

THE surface of his wound healed and Chevalier was sent to a German prison camp. Far from strong, the rigid discipline and unsanitary conditions of the camp retarded his return to health. These were days of mental torture much more maddening than any physical injury. As a prisoner of war, Chevalier first learned to sit alone.

His companions were mostly Russian and English. He did not speak their language, and conversation had to be carried on through interpreters. Chevalier's habit of sitting silently in a crowd was born under such circumstances.

Slowly Chevalier mended as month followed dreary month and the second monotonous year neared its end. Imprisoned Red Cross workers were to be exchanged by France and Germany. Chevalier decided to take a desperate chance. He falsified his papers to pose as a member of the Red Cross and filed an application that would put him on the exchange list.

The penalty for such an action was court martial and a probable death sentence. The least he could expect, if discovered, was solitary confinement.

There were dreadful weeks of waiting to be



endured while his application passed from hand to hand. He knew he must face an examination from the Germans that would sorely tax his limited knowledge of surgery and medical science. But whatever the possible cost, escape he must or go mad.

In the twenty-sixth month of his imprisonment, Chevalier was called before the board of German Red Cross examiners. He felt an antagonism as his personal inquisitor eyed him.

"You are a Red Cross man, *oui*?" the German asked.

"*Oui*," answered Chevalier.

"We shall see," the German said, opening his list of questions. But something distracted his attention, what, Chevalier does not know to this day. He sat absent-mindedly fingering the paper. At last, his gaze returned to the boy who stood before him. "Why haven't you moved on?" he asked, impatiently. "You have passed. Next man." It was all Chevalier could do to control a shout of joy.

Given three months leave of absence upon his return to France with the Red Cross contingent, Chevalier sought the finest available specialists. X-ray photographs revealed the position of the shrapnel near his heart. One by one the doctors gravely shook their heads and refused to chance an operation. It was, they said, sure death at this late date.

Chevalier offered himself again for active duty. The enemy, he thought, might as well finish the job they had begun. But the government thought otherwise. A medal was pinned on him and he was sent back to civilian life with an honorable discharge as unfit for further military service.

Shortly after his discharge, Chevalier's nerves broke. The reaction from his long

strain in a prison camp finally made itself felt. The break came while on a theater stage. His vitality failed him and he was unable to finish the performance.

Again he made the round of doctors. All prescribed rest and quiet in retirement if he wished to live. For over a year he rested. But while he won back strength, he did not win back an interest in life. The theater had become too much an integral part of his existence for him to be happy away from it. Disregarding the doctors' orders, he resumed his career.

It wasn't easy at first. Fighting giddiness, quick fatigue, the constriction of his lungs, he was not the Chevalier who had once been the idol of French music-halls. But he threw himself into his work with the intensity of a man who knows how good it is to work again. Consequently his work improved.

He taught himself the trick of turning on and off the charm which had once been spontaneous. If his candle was burning at both ends, he wanted it to give the brightest light possible. Before long he regained the hearts of all France. Then came America and even greater triumphs in motion pictures.

Perhaps his tremendous popularity has become sweet to him with the sweetness of a fleeting, transitory thing. Perhaps he now seeks to conserve all the energy that he does not have to lavish in public appearances. Perhaps living eighteen years of a life constantly menaced by sudden death has made him resigned to his fate.

"Since the war, I have been living on borrowed time. Some day the loan will be called. Then—pouff!"

And there you have it.

# Another KLEENEX PRICE REDUCTION

Full size package now costs but  
**25c**



Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs!  
For removing cosmetics, for dusting, for polishing—for everything!

## 25c

**N**OW use all the Kleenex you want! Be as lavish as you like! For the price is once more reduced. That big box—for which you paid 50 cents a year ago—35 cents six months ago—now costs but 25 cents.

At this new low price, no one need risk germ-filled handkerchiefs during colds. A Kleenex Tissue may be used once, then destroyed. There is no self-infection. No spreading germs to others as when soiled handkerchiefs are used.

### Softest—yet strongest

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose and is more absorbent than linen. Though the softest tissue available, it is also the strongest.

Note the Kleenex products listed below. Every one has a place in your home. The price is low—try them all!

1. REGULAR KLEENEX comes in a variety of shades, 180 sheets for only . . . 25c.
2. ROLLS OF KLEENEX are convenient to hang in bathroom or kitchen. In pink or white, . . . 25c.
3. 'KERFS for dress-up handkerchiefs and tea napkins. Four thicknesses of tissue, smartly bordered. . . . . 25c.
4. LARGE SIZE KLEENEX is 3 times the regular size. Splendid for removing face creams and for household uses. Formerly \$1, now . . . 50c.

**KLEENEX** *disposable*  
TISSUES

## They Say "No, No, Janet"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

Later, she went to Europe. She returned with her hair made redder and instead of the gentle curls, she wore a smart, shorter bob. She came back with a determination, too—a determination that she would not play any more "typical Janet Gaynor rôles." She had taken on the outward indication of sophistication, to boot.

What happened when this news was broadcast to the world? Hundreds of letters protesting against both bob and sophistication came to Janet. Janet must not cut her curls, the letters begged. Their idol of "7th Heaven" must not grow sophisticated!

A trade publication took a poll of theater owners throughout the United States to discover which actor or actress had the greatest individual drawing power. Marie Dressler was first, Janet was second. But it was the Janet of "Daddy Long Legs" who got the votes.

But Janet could not give up so quickly a desire which she had held for so many years and which had already cost her so much money. I'm referring to her long hold-out when she went to Hawaii and was off salary. "Why can't I be different? Why can't I prove that there's something in me besides 'sugar and spice and everything nice'?" she wailed.

In the meantime, she had refused to do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" that had been purchased for her. "Rebecca" was just the sort of thing she meant—the sort of thing she most of all did not want to do! So, to keep her happy, she was given "The First Year," a story originally intended for Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn, and Marian Nixon was handed "Rebecca."

What followed made Janet think—and think hard. Although "Rebecca" has not been released long enough for us to know exactly how it rates, it seems a sure-fire hit. But that wasn't so important to Janet as the re-

views concerning Marian's work. Some have claimed her the equal of Janet, others said Marian was Janet's superior.

Sophistication or no sophistication, art or no art—that was a pretty bitter pill, for if Janet had played "Rebecca," as was originally intended, there would not have been any drawing of comparisons. And she knew it!

Other things caused Janet to do some thinking, of which she is thoroughly capable, I can tell you! There is Joan Bennett. It is no secret that Joan's ambition is to play Gaynor-type rôles and that she resents being made a carbon copy of her sister, Connie.

**T**HEN there is Sally Eilers. Janet had insisted upon doing "The First Year." Might not Sally retaliate by taking one of Janet's stories? Sally and Jimmie Dunn were well toward the top in that popularity poll.

In the meantime, Lillian Harvey arrived from Europe. And Janet knew that when "Congress Dances," a foreign-made picture with Lillian, was released the critics had said, "Miss Harvey has what Janet Gaynor has—and more!"

So that was the set-up. Remembering the storm of protest that her announcement to go semi-sophisticated had caused, she realized that the public wanted her just one way and no other; that "they" had her set in their minds as a sweet, fragile, flower-like creature; that she could never, so long as she looked as she did, hope to be different on the screen.

If she satisfied herself in her choice of screen material, there were four other girls ready and willing to take her place. So what?

So what! She has given up the dream of becoming a great dramatic actress. She has acceded to "their" demands. It's sweet little *Diane* from now on.

The people's choice—you'd call that. Janet has decided at last. She remains upon the screen as she has always been!



# "Please, Dear . . . Hollywood Introduces Gay Colors And Giddy Details

by Seymour



## take that PAINT off your LIPS!"

"TED had never spoken to me like that before! But after I'd looked in my mirror I knew he was right. My lips did look PAINTED—COMMON!"

Do you have that painted look—perhaps without knowing it? It's all too common—and it's one thing men simply cannot stand! So forget ordinary lipsticks! From now on—always Tangee your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It's not paint. It looks orange. But put it on! It changes on your lips to the one color best for you! Tangee lasts, too—it's waterproof. And its special cold cream base prevents parching and caking.

Try Tangee—today! It costs no more than ordinary lipstick. At any drug-gist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.



Get a Sample of Tangee Rouge, too! Samples containing many days' supply of both Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge are included in the Miracle Make-Up Set. Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks just the way Tangee Lipstick does on the lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . ends that "painted look."

### TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

-----Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set-----  
containing samples of lipstick and rouge

The GEORGE W. LITCO, P 5-11  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SUCH frivolities of fashion as ruffs, bows and ruchings are busily occupying the thoughts of smart Hollywood these days. Ruffs of coque feathers are one of the newest rages. Jean Harlow has one with a small feather turban to match. The ruff fastens with a huge bow of green velvet. And Constance Bennett wears a collar of pink coque feathers on a negligée. Velvet and organdie neck fancies, not to mention good old-fashioned ostrich feather boas, are making their appearances, too. The girls are going very giddy, indeed!

RED seems to get the biggest applause in colors. You see it in all shades. Marlene Dietrich prefers a dark red. She appeared on the lot the other day wearing a very tailored lightweight wool frock in this shade. And a small military cape, fitted about the shoulders, tied in a scarf high at the neckline.

Lupe Velez, wouldn't you know, likes her reds flaming! She strolled into the studio commissary for lunch wearing a coat with matching fabric hat in the brightest shade she could find.

Plaids are part of the color gaiety and style giddiness. Anita Loos, the writer, wears a bright plaid coat and hat. Charlotte Susa, one of the more recent German importations, wears plaid pajamas.

ALTHOUGH little hats are the general choice of the stars, some very wide brimmed ones, similar to those known years ago as "The Merry Widow," are seen at afternoon affairs. Carole Lombard wears one in

brown. Jean Harlow has one in hatters' plush. A well-known American hat designer says that the very large brimmed hats are for you who wish to look unusually distinguished.

Adrian, who is famous for the stunning clothes he designs for Joan Crawford, prophesies that draped skirts will be much in the fashion picture soon. In fact, he is doing a gown with one for "Rasputin."

HOSIERY tends toward brown or tan tones as seen about Hollywood. The other evening at a première, Bette Davis wore a very dark shade of sun tan with a brown lace dress. Darker hose in very sheer weights are seen everywhere.

Norma Shearer wears a dark brown shade for all her daytime costumes. Lilyan Tashman wears a brown stocking with gray costumes—this brown and gray alliance is smartly seen in costumes and accessories.

JOAN CRAWFORD brought back the most striking evening wrap from Europe. Joan, you know, promised herself not to shop abroad. She says she practically kept her promise because she only brought three things back with her! This wrap is a long black velvet coat that hangs loosely from the shoulders to the hem of her gown. It has no ornamentation of any kind. The neckline closes right at the throat and the shoulders are padded to give a squarish look. It is the robe a stage tragedienne might wear—Joan makes it look doubly dramatic with her beautiful, sad face rising above it.

## Lo, the Poor Russian

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

greatest stress was laid on a political examination with the screen test a mere formality.

She had to stand before a board of stern examiners who bombarded her with such questions as, "What is your understanding of the Marxian dialectic?"—the type of question which in any other country a political candidate might be expected to answer, but surely not a movie aspirant.

WHATEVER slips Joan made were excused on the basis that she had been "contaminated" by living in a capitalist country. She survived the ordeal and was given parts in three pictures.

Joan lived well here, but not entirely on the salary she got from acting. She had a private income from the United States. The average salary of a leading actor or actress varies between three hundred to five hundred rubles a month.

This they get whether or not they are working on a picture. Translated into American money this would mean from one hundred fifty to two hundred fifty dollars a month, but this won't buy nearly as much in Russia as in America.

An actress cannot afford many pairs of silk stockings at this rate when their price in Moscow is thirty rubles a pair, or a small matter of fifteen dollars. Neither can she

boast of a sumptuous home with beautiful green lawns and a marble swimming pool. Instead, she has one room to herself, or, if she is lucky, a two-room apartment. If the room brags of a bath, it doesn't mean much because it has to be shared with the occupants of about five other rooms.

After her breakfast of black bread and tea, there is no limousine waiting at the door to rush her off to the "kino factory," as the studio is known here.

She has to push her way on a street car which is always as crowded as a New York subway during the rush hour, or a truck calls for her, which has already picked up electricians, carpenters and extras. She gets home the same way.

DURING the noon hour at the "factory," everyone piles into one restaurant and during the lunch a leading actress may rub elbows with an extra with the grime of a foundry still on his hands, for everyone eats in the same place—directors, actors, prop-men and extras.

The kino actress doesn't know what fan mail means. The main reason is that she isn't glorified in the picture; she isn't the main figure in the plot—the director sees to that. In fact, Pudovkin prefers to pick his characters from the street, rather than to use trained actors. He considers that the latter will be



too artificial and won't portray real life as well as the man who has just come out of it.

This kind of existence would be considered pretty tough in Hollywood, but the Russian is used to it.

Besides, they vary the monotony of it with occasional parties. They may not be as swank as Hollywood parties, but the guests seem to have a lot of fun.

The general procedure is the same as for any Russian party.

**F**IRST they pick out the person with the biggest room and make him host.

The guests arrive bearing whatever food they could forage or with their arms laden with various bottles, most of them filled with vodka. Then they gather in one room and toss off vodka in astounding quantities, taking a few bits of food between each gulp to quench that burning sensation that always goes with the Russian national drink.

These parties often last until dawn, but they don't cause many divorces.

**R**USSIAN actresses may not desert their husbands very often, but they sometimes desert their country. Baclanova was once a well-known Sovietkino actress. She went to America on a stage tour, saw Hollywood and has never returned to the gold-domed churches and horse-drawn droschkis of her native Moscow.

Just recently Anna Sten, one of the kino's shining lights, has hit the Hollywood trail. Her fellow actors criticize her for being "un-Soviet."

They consider that she yielded to the lure of fame, fortune and fine clothes, instead of devoting herself to "the Cause." They feel she ought to return.

But once she sees her name blazoned in electric lights, on Broadway, what do you think her choice will be?

## Ricardo Is a Riddle

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

tenderness. Due to a series of circumstances over which he had no control, he was forced to adopt this armor or he would have been trampled. What seems like indifference is merely compensation."

Director La Cava did not go into these circumstances. But we know them. You know them.

**C**ORTEZ retreated to an apartment on the top floor of a tall Hollywood building and barricaded himself from Hollywood society. He saw only a few intimates.

He retreated from public life except for his work on the sets. When important Hollywood folks invited this handsome unattached man to their parties, he refused to attend. He became a social recluse; a Hollywood hermit.

It can't be done.

While Ricardo was retreating, Joel McCrea was advancing. He was being seen with Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett. He was building his reputation as a man who could interest women.

All male screen sensations must prove that they can interest women.

And escorting Hollywood's prominent feminine stars is, naturally, the course of least resistance.

Joel's a nice lad. He has no complexes. He admits he's lazy—that he follows the course of least resistance.

Ricardo could never, in his heart, follow the course of least resistance. He'd have to worry and feel deeply about everything he does. He'd even have to suffer a little about it.

Ricardo is never a nonchalant person.

But Hollywood calls for a certain amount of nonchalance. When parties are given, they like to have handsome, intriguing, unmarried men present.

These men—as partners for the world's most beautiful women—make for excitable entertainment.

And these parties give handsome actors a chance to meet the producers and executives on an equal footing—become social brothers. The actor impresses himself on the consciousness of the producers so, when a picture is to be cast, they cannot help but remember him.

It's just good fellowship which is a help in any business.

Ricardo has not established that feeling.

Being seen with such women as Gloria Swanson or Connie Bennett makes an equal impression upon writers and, eventually, the public.

If the women of Hollywood become interested in a man, it is inevitable that the women of

the country will believe that the man is worthy of their interest.

A social hermit has no such opportunity.

Ricardo is beginning to realize it. He's even verging on the cynical in thinking about it.

"If you spend fifteen years in any other business and tend to your work, you can expect to be a junior partner or even a senior one. If an artist paints a great picture, he may not get recognition while he lives, but his work lives on and inspires after he is gone. The same of writing.

"But an actor—he is so soon forgotten. He does a good piece of work in one picture, and if he doesn't get a chance in another good part for six months, he is forgotten. The only thing he has is money and, although you can't live without money, it's pretty tough to try to live just for it.

"I don't seem to be able to flatter people. I couldn't go to the Olympics day in and day out just to be seen there because it's good publicity. I went to the events I really wanted to see. They seemed to be the ones which the big crowds overlooked.

"I can't sit around and content myself with life just because I'm making more money than the ordinary man of my age.

"And I can't go off the lot in make-up and rush to the Brown Derby for luncheon just to sign my name to a lot of autograph books. I have always removed my make-up before I left the lot and I suppose I always will. I have taken the picture business as I would any other business."

**B**UT pictures aren't like any other business! Picture making is a business dealing in personalities rather than pickles. You can sell pickles and forget them. You can't do that with a personality. The public buys the personalities which are thrust constantly before them—which they are forced to remember.

But Ricardo's beginning to emerge.

This cynicism is the first sign. He's analyzing.

Why, he even admitted to me that he's in love with a blonde non-professional. And for reticent Ricardo to admit love is the healthiest of signs.

Another director who knows him well made this remark:

"When he finds himself, you'll see a new personality, even on the screen. One for which producers will be hunting madly for stories. He'll be a sensation."

If he finally decides to shed that armor he's wearing—watch out. There'll be a feminine riot.

## Beauty Shop Expert



## "It's beauty care for your hands"

"We always urge women who do their own work to use Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks. Its pure suds actually benefit the hands—never leave them harsh and dry as ordinary soaps often do."

GLADYS PERRY

Charles of the Ritz—B. Altman & Co.

## Housewife



## "It washes the dishes so quickly"

"No more dishwashing drudgery for me now that I'm using Lux. It dissolves so much faster than ordinary bar soaps or chips, and has such beautiful lasting suds that dishes and glasses are sparkling without any effort. It washes so quickly!"

MRS. M. MARVIN WRIGHT

Millions of women—and beauty experts everywhere—are enthusiastic about Lux for dishes. It's so quick. And it's so marvelous for the hands.

Ordinary soaps too often contain harmful alkali which dries the skin, leaves it coarse and rough. Lux has *no harmful alkali*—that's why it leaves the hands so soft and fastidiously white.

**LUX**  
for  
dishes





## Blue Songs changed to LOVE SONGS!



If you own chappy, red hands—no one ever asks permission to hold them. How different with *white hands, soft, smooth hands!*

Put your hands in Frostilla Lotion's soothing care. This famous skin protector dries quickly, isn't sticky. It costs so little, does so much! Massage in a few drops night, morning and after hands are wet . . . watch coarse hands become soft hands . . . hear blue songs change to love songs!



★Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla. 35c, 50c, \$1 sizes at druggists. 10c bottle at 5 & 10c stores. (Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C., Sales Reps.)

**FROSTILLA**  
LOTION  
for chapped,  
dry skin

## Gray Hair

**Best Remedy is Made  
At Home**

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

## High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL**  
Dept. H-843, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © AS 1923 CHICAGO

## Snapshot Enlargements!

Clear as original! Large subject, no waste matter. Cabinet size, 5x7, matte or glossy—two from one film 50c. "Soft focus" if wanted—no extra charge. Sepia tone 15c. Fast service. BROMAR PHOTO CO., Dept. P, Pontiac, Mich.

## Make Your Figure Perfect—Sylvia

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

### DINNER

Fruit cup.  
Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado.  
Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice.  
Small broiled rare steak.  
or  
Double lamb chop  
or  
One slice of ¼-inch thick roast beef  
or  
Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing  
or  
Two slices of broiled lamb  
or  
Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres.  
(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don't use gravy).  
Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)  
No bread, instead do this:  
Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about ¼ inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It's delicious.  
Gelatin  
or  
Baked apple without sugar  
or  
Stewed fruits without sugar.  
Use no salt on anything, as there are mineral salts in most foods.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

SEPTEMBER—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

OCTOBER—How to keep your hands young and beautiful. Care of the feet and special exercises for girls who stand all day. How to make the hands thin and the fingers tapering.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

### BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide

IT will take more than the good performances of Mae Clarke and Chester Morris to lift this story from the ordinary. A small town kitchen slavey learns about breach of promise from her city girl friend. She tries it out on the town's shining hope for state senator. Becoming remorseful over ruining his career, she confesses perjury and takes her punishment. Not good, not bad.

### THE GIRL FROM CALGARY— First Division-Monogram

ANOTHER little girl from the wide open spaces wins an Atlantic City (is that all they do in that town?) beauty contest, gets a coveted spot in the Follies, falls into the naughty hands of a designing millionaire, but is saved by her honest press-agent. Fifi Dorsay is cute and plump as the girl. Paul Kelly, making a comeback, plays opposite. Interesting, despite the aged plot.

### OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures

THIS Western is just a little different. Of course, hero Jack Hoxie saves girl-friend Dorothy Gulliver from danger, but the scenario writer let him do it in a unique manner. Although there's plenty of gorgeous scenery, the action is not sacrificed to it. There is lots of excitement.

### A PARISIAN ROMANCE— Allied Pictures

LEW CODY, Marion Shilling, Gilbert Roland, Joyce Compton, Yola D'Avril, Helen Jerome Eddy and Bryant Washburn! Such a cast gives any picture, even one with a story as dull as this, some interest. Cody is a roué; Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl who causes the complications. You get your money's worth watching those competent troupers try to steal scenes from each other.

### ALIAS MARY SMITH— Mayfair Pictures

THIS one looks as if somebody took ten minutes off on a busy day and decided to write a scenario. Many favorites are in the cast, including John Darrow, Gwen Lee, Raymond Hatton, Henry B. Walthall, Alec B. Francis, Edmund Breese, Blanche Mehaffey and Myrtle Edman.

### KLONDIKE—Monogram

OLD mellerdrama of the silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. Villains are villains, virtue gets rewarded, and the hero is pretty good. Lyle Talbot does as well as he can with this picture, but Thelma Todd is unfortunately cast as the sweet young thing.



**OUT OF SINGAPORE—  
Goldsmith Prod.**

BACK in the old, old days—long before talkies—you probably got a thrill out of pictures like this. It's about a villain who shanghai sailors, sinks ships, attacks innocent daughters of kind sea-captains and commits unnecessary murders. Noah Beery, Dorothy Burgess and Miriam Seegar try hard, but can't do much with the material at hand.

**THE LAST MAN—Columbia**

A SHIP floats at sea like a derelict, yet when a boat overtakes it, all hands are found dead except a crazed old man, a girl and a tough young seaman. Charles Bickford, as the last man, recounts a lurid tale of mutiny at sea. Dramatic moments and good acting, but the story drags. Constance Cummings is charming.

**STRANGE JUSTICE—RKO-Radio**

TOO bad. Here's excellent directing and actors who cannot be bettered. Richard Bennett, Norman Foster, Marian Marsh (who does her best to date), Reginald Denny and Irving Pichel. Yet the story is over-dramatic and never once rings true. It's about a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur.

**THE BIG STAMPEDE—Warners**

CATTLE rustlers, deputy sheriffs, brave heroes and all the other typical Western characters are so well played that this is a better-than-average movie of this type. John Wayne, Noah Beery and Luis Alberni are in the cast.

**EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.**

A GOOD cast. Lila Lee, Walter Byron, Tully Marshall, Mary Moran, Bryant Washburn, Pat O'Malley. But a weak story. This lags way behind those top-notch columnist stories that you have been seeing. The peep-hole writer builds his newspaper circulation on scandal and then tosses it all over to save the family of his deadliest enemy from disgrace.

**MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—  
Carl Froelich Prod.**

THIS German language film (with English subtitles) was acclaimed in Europe. And with reason. A moving and sensitive story about a fourteen-year-old girl who enters a school for daughters of officers, and the effect of the rigid discipline and repression on her emotional life. As the one understanding and loving teacher, Dorothea Wieck gives a tender and beautiful performance, and the direction by Leontine Sagan is flawless.

**PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic**

MYSTERY thrillers are riding the rails now! A railroad is being forced to sell out to a syndicate because four of its crack trains have been mysteriously wrecked by a "Phantom" train speeding toward them in the dark. Old time melodrama, but exciting. Buster Collier, Sally Blane and J. Farrell MacDonald try hard to make the story convincing.

**Picture Puzzle Contest  
Entries**

The deadline for solutions in the contest which ended in the October issue is Oct. 20. Be sure your solution is submitted in time. Winners will be announced in the Feb. 1933 issue.

**THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN DEMAND**

**BON TON FOUNDATIONS**

The Bon Ton pictured is designed for medium normal figures . . . No matter what your figure type may be . . . No matter what style foundation garment you prefer . . . there is a Bon Ton especially designed for you . . . Prices are from \$1 to \$15 . . . Bon Ton Bandeaux are priced from 50 cents up.

**BON TON No. 5516**  
*Side Hooking Girdle*  
Beautifully made of lovely figured batiste trimmed with crepe de chine embroidered applique. Hand loom elastic in Front Gores, Side Panels and Special Bandlet at top of back.  
At Your Dealer . . . \$5

**ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY**  
Worcester, Massachusetts  
New York Chicago San Francisco London, England



**Blonde marries millionaire**

A REAL love match! He couldn't help falling in love with her. Such thrilling golden hair would captivate any man! Her secret? . . . Blondex, the powdery shampoo for blondes only. Light hair need never become old, faded, stringy, if you use Blondex regularly. Brings back deep, natural golden gleam—vivid sparkle—caressable softness. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. No fuss—no bother to use. Blondex bubbles instantly into a rich, frothy, searching foam that reaches down to the hair roots. For blonde hair beauty men can't resist—start using Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.



**Moles**

**HOW TO REMOVE THEM**  
A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

**GET "COAST TO COAST"**



Volotone Super-tuner brings dozens of new stations. Sharpens tuning. Easy attached. Write Imperial Lab., 9996 Candler Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for Sample Unit Offer.

**What \$2.50  
Will Bring You**

In twelve numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, hundreds of pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photo-play, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for \$2.50 [Canada \$3.50; Foreign \$3.50] addressed to

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
Dept. H-11, 919 No. Michigan Av., CHICAGO

and receive the next issue and eleven issues thereafter.



# FAT GIRLS

NEVER WIN THE  
MEN THEY LOVE!



Fat women must take "the leavings" when it comes to choosing sweethearts and husbands. After all, you can't blame any man for preferring a winsome, slender girl!

Start-to-day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way—the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Surplus fat gradually leaves until weight is restored to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you'll enjoy—more energy, too. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. J. Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—she's overjoyed!

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. H. E. Griffiths Hughes Inc., Rochester, N.Y.

## KRUSCHEN SALTS



### "My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—safely. Golden Peacock acts so fast—you use so little—it's more economical than all other bleaches that work. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

**FREE CLASS & CLUB PIN CATALOG**

Shows over 300 handsome, smart, up-to-the-minute designs. Many color illustrations. Write right now—BASTIAN BROS. CO. 111 Bastian Bldg. Rochester, N.Y. **35¢ up**

**LOWEST PRICES—BIGGEST CHOICE—QUALITY MADE**

# Winners of Photoplay's Second Treasure Hunt

HUNTING blackface words throughout the pages of PHOTOPLAY Magazine is popular, judging from the avalanche of letters submitted in the second Treasure Hunt Contest, announced in the August issue. The first, in the April issue, introduced PHOTOPLAY readers to this interesting contest, and brought such a tremendous response from all parts of the United States and from foreign countries, too, that the judges had quite a task in reading and sorting all the solutions, and selecting the winners.

And the response in the second contest was even greater. Within a few days

after the August issue of PHOTOPLAY was placed in the mails and put on sale at newsstands everywhere, replies started coming in. And kept coming in a steady stream right up to the deadline, midnight September 5.

Remembering their experience in the first contest, the judges were ready for stack after stack of solutions, and started their work immediately after the close of the contest.

And here are the names of the winning contestants—and the amounts they were awarded—of the August Treasure Hunt:

#### First Prize \$200

MRS. HOWARD K. ROWE  
175 Allerton Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.

#### Second Prize \$100

E. C. RUHAAK  
3907 E. 39th St., Kansas City, Mo.

#### Third Prize \$50

MRS. EDWARD LORTZ  
841 E. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

#### Five Dollar Prizes

MISS JESSIE R. DASHNER  
1844 S. Second St., Springfield, Ill.

MISS ALTHEA HUFF  
11 Mechanic St., Saco, Maine

MISS RUTH C. MAXWELL  
22 Jones St., Montgomery, Ala.

VIVIAN SLATON  
6210 First Avenue North, Birmingham, Ala.

MARVIN B. MULOCK  
948 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITH H. GODDARD  
1436 Elizabeth St., Denver, Colo.

MILDRED SCHMIDT  
4958 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARGARET E. PADDOCK  
Greenwood, Ind.

MINNIE A. VERNIER  
Liberty, Ind.

ALICE E. JOHNSON  
Bonaparte, Iowa

MRS. JOHN C. WALKER  
501 Arch St., Leavenworth, Kan.

MRS. J. ROBERT PERRY  
544 E. Main St., New Iberia, La.

MISS FANNIE TERRELL  
1308 Ryan St., Lake Charles, La.

MRS. C. H. MARTIN  
Box 432, Ferriday, La.

MRS. ELSIE CHASE  
Algonquin Manor, Cambridge, Md.

MRS. ALICE E. JAMES  
28 Evergreen St., Framingham, Mass.

MRS. CLIFFORD SUMMERVILLE  
Apt. 15, 1303 Delaware Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MRS. MOLLIE COLLETT  
307 S. Franklin St., Greenville, Mich.

MARIE GREGORY  
1801 Girard Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

MAUDE G. LEDBETTER  
821 La Branch St., McComb, Miss.

MRS. A. E. SAUMS  
Jackson, Miss.

EILEEN FOLEY  
4535 Olive St., Kansas City, Mo.

MRS. E. J. CUSIC  
232 W. Emma St., Slater, Mo.

MRS. C. R. MCCLURE  
Pawnee City, Nebr.

NOEL AUSTIN  
c/o Ellsworth, 85 Van Reypen St., Shelbourne,  
N-1-D, Jersey City, N. J.

EDNA SCHENCK  
Elm Place, Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

MRS. E. M. PAVER  
310 Helen St., Cincinnati, Ohio

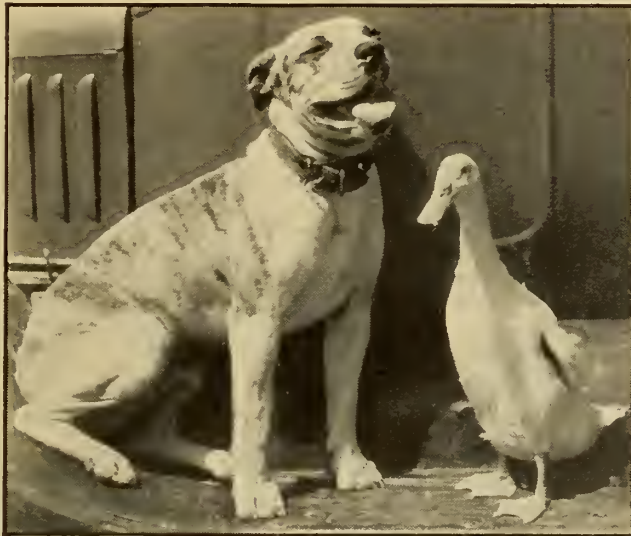
MARJORIE CHICK  
607 Moulton Place, Portsmouth, Ohio

MISS FRANCES TORMEY  
608 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

A. E. CUTHBERT  
1708 Louis Ave., Windsor, Ontario, Canada



# Short Subjects of the Month



We've shown you photos of so many human comedians that we thought it about time a couple of grand actors like these two got a break. These fellows—you recognize your old friend Pete—do a lot to make Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies entertaining

## COUNTY HOSPITAL *Hal Roach Comedy*

"You bring me hard boiled eggs and nuts!" accuses Mr. Hardy as his broken leg swings in a cast above the hospital bed. Mr. Laurel looks abashed while he eats his sickbed offering and plucks at the counterpane. Another goofy comedy by this mad team with a hair-raising ride as climax.

## SEEING THE U. S. BY STATES *Picture Classics*

This is the first of a series of short subjects which should be grand entertainment as well as educational. Instead of taking a camera journey to foreign shores, you are introduced to the United States. This one, about Georgia, shows big cities as well as small towns. Watch for these novelties—they're good.

## THE BIRD STORE *Silly Symphony-Columbia*

Such twitterings and tweetings as go on in this gay bird store of Walt Disney's! There's a strong social line drawn between the differently priced birds, too. But all unite to save one small straying bird from the claws of a marauding cat. Rollicking tunes.

## BRING 'EM BACK HALF SHOT *RKO-Radio*

The animated cartoonist has turned in a very funny travesty on Frank Buck's famous "Bring 'Em Back Alive." You'll get a real chuckle out of this one, which opens up a whole new field for the pen and ink comedies.

## MICKEY'S REVUE *Walt Disney-Columbia*

Mickey's giving a small town musical revue this time—and don't miss it! Musical instruments range from ash cans to wash tubs—and the syncopation, is it hot! We don't have to tell you that it's fun.

## THE TRANS-ATLANTIC MYSTERY *Vitaphone*

Another of those exceptionally well done and complicated short mystery dramas of S. S. Van Dine in which two murders take place on board a ship which also carries a gang of jewel thieves. This is worth fifteen minutes of anybody's time.

## NIAGARA FALLS *RKO-Pathe*

June McCloy's nice, huskily sung ditties save this from being just another comedy. The good old plot of three girls trying to evade the irate landlady while they find work, is dusted off again. Gertrude Short and Marion Shilling complete the trio. Only mildly amusing.

## WAR BABIES *Educational*

The first of a series of miniature burlesques in which the child actors take the adult troupers for a comedy ride. This one is a travesty on the "Cock-eyed World" type of picture and is a sprightly little piece. Grown-ups will like it as well as kids.

## TEE FOR TWO *Vitaphone*

Unlike so many of the musical shorts, this has a bit of comedy plot with Franklin Pangborn indulging in his usual side-splitting antics—this time on a golf course. The singing and dancing is good, too. Plenty of entertainment here.

## BERLIN TODAY *Vitaphone*

If you want to know how German police dogs are trained, here's your chance—but don't expect your own Rover to behave so well as these fellows. This is an entertaining ten minutes that takes you through the German metropolis.

**I Was Ashamed  
of My Poor  
Hands**  
.. So Chapped ..  
Rough and Ugly



Everything Failed  
Until I Discovered This  
**Utterly New  
Type Lotion**

"I WAS embarrassed to death when anyone glanced at my miserable-looking hands. But how proudly I show them now!"

Your hands can be lovelier, too, if you use this new kind of lotion—so different from ordinary preparations. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even fruit, vegetable, nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chaf, soreness, windburn and annoying skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally lovelier*—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking.

Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No waiting to dry—no stickiness—no bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be rubbed in.

Try Chamberlain's Lotion. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands—recapture youthful skin bloom—or *money back*. Ideal as a powder base. Delightfully fragrant. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.



Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa

**Chamberlain's**  
The 37 Second  
Beauty Treatment *LOTION*





The  
Master's Touch  
MAKES it a  
COCKTAIL

**H**ELP yourself to a long drink of original College Inn Tomato Cocktail. Taste it—then you'll know why it's called tomato cocktail—more than mere tomato juice. It's carefully, delicately seasoned to provide a flavor unmatched, unequalled anywhere. There's no more reason to drink unseasoned tomato juice than to eat unseasoned salads or meats.

Only College Inn gives you masterful tomato cocktail blending—all the glory of whole tomatoes plus the Master's touch.

Insist upon Original College Inn Tomato Cocktail and you'll enjoy a better tomato drink.

# College Inn

THE ORIGINAL  
TOMATO JUICE  
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.  
Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

## "Youth Hasn't Changed"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

But because I was fortunate enough to shape my life so that I could use one of the talents, one of the gifts, which had come to me from—I don't know where, but from some great power outside myself.

We all have those gifts. They are that divine heritage of which we must be conscious. Only we musn't be so lazy about it. We must use it, dig it out, think it out.

**I** BELIEVE sincerely and completely that your body is the instrument of your mind, and that your life is the instrument of your soul. Use them—don't let them use you. Get to work. Make your body do what you want it to do and your life be what you want it to be. The divine gift is there, but it's no more use if you don't use it than a bottle of perfume you got for Christmas if you don't open it.

The glorious doors of the past, always open to us through books, prove that at least half the really great men of this world were born in poverty, grew up without education or training. Charles Dickens was an abjectly poor boy. But he used his genius to make life easier for other children.

Abraham Lincoln grew up in dire and tragic circumstances, but he used his gifts and he made his homeliness beloved.

To me, the essential thing with youth is to be ready—but never to force. To set a good example, without talking too much about it. To prove by your own living that the things you tell them bring happiness. The desire of all young hearts is for happiness—for love—for joy. All other traits are educated, are the result of development. If a child sees that those about him are not happy, that they don't bring happiness into the lives of others, then he's bound to think that he doesn't particularly want to follow their theories. That makes sense, doesn't it?

Leave children free to choose for themselves. God made us the gift of free will—of choice. Why can't we pass that on to our children? Let them choose their own work, their own mates. They'll come out all right. They have a divine instinct which will guide and help them. And often pressure put upon them forces them to demonstrate their own independence by doing something that they don't want to do at all.

Make them love you—and through that love accept such help as you can give them. And show them early that self-discipline is a magnificent help in getting what you want from life. Self-control is essential to achievement—and they'll soon see it.

You may think that I am speaking without the experience of motherhood, but you will be wrong. Physical motherhood isn't the only one by a long ways. I sometimes wonder if God fails to send children to some women so that they may be free to mother the motherless. It has been a great blessing to me—the opportunity to mother those who needed it and didn't have it. You'd be surprised how many grown-ups still need mothering. It has been my great compensation.

**C**OMPENSATION is one of the things we learn about as we grow older and about which youth knows nothing. The eternal and beautiful law of compensation. The fullness of life that gives so liberally that even when we lose or are denied things, there are other things to take their place.

But as there is nothing unforgivable to youth, there is much that is unforgivable to us older ones. Experience has taught us. Life has shown us the way. We have had a chance to get our sense of values and to know what life means. It is an obligation upon us to be gracious, to be serene, to be joyous. It is an

obligation upon us to use the results of all that we have gone through.

As I drove to the studio the other morning, I made an attempt to straighten out definitely in my mind the things that I admire and the things that are worth while in people—for people are after all the most important thing in life to those of us who live in the world.

There are so many things which the world thinks important, which do not seem so to me any more.

And it has been said often that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. But I have made up my mind that sometimes it is as strong as its strongest link. A person may measure up to the finest thing in him as often as he falls to the lowest thing in him. It is our business always to see and to expect that it is the strongest link which will hold and not the weakest link which will break.

The attribute of human nature that I admire most is kindness.

**O**H, what a lot of things rush into my head under that one word.

Kindliness and what it means. To cheer others on their way. To overlook faults. To put aside prejudices. To remember always to give real appreciation and real praise where and when it is due. To protect others from humiliation. To meet all without jealousy or envy or rancor. To think and expect the best of everyone.

Kindliness—which will make beautiful even needed rebuke, which will enable you to stand for principle when you need to do so without hurting anyone.

The kindness which is courtesy and which makes the world such a pleasant place to live in.

Do you know what is my greatest pleasure in life? To know that I am loved by those with whom I come in daily contact. To walk around my studio lots and to be met with smiles. To see faces light up when I pass. To feel that when I come on the set they are all glad to see me. To be given each day the courtesy and affection of those I meet.

I may say all that without vanity, because I tell you that my gratitude for it is deep and humble. It is a gift to me from love. And my heart is filled with appreciation for it.

There is nothing from my long experience which I can pass on to you today that is more valuable than to tell you how wonderful it is to have those about you fond of you and loyal to you and glad to be with you. Nothing. No investment you can make, no success, no worldly place nor any of the things that money can buy you will give you the real joy of living that comes from being loved.

And nothing will so lift the world above darkness and despair, nothing will leaven the lump and bring gladness, as will ordinary, everyday kindness, to be shared by all. If we all began just to be kind, to speak kindly, to think kindly—why, it would be like the coming of spring to a garden. What that would do for the world!

**N**EXT, come loyalty and courage. For strangely enough, neither is worth much without the other.

Those are the aggressive characteristics of life. Courage to face all things without faltering and to know that you can get up on your feet, maybe with your knees scarred, but with your ability to walk intact. Courage not to sell out, not to prostitute yourself nor your talents.

You all know what loyalty is and how important it is to a fine character. You cannot know love nor friendship, those two great gifts, unless you yourself possess loyalty.



And tolerance. Down through the ages, intolerance has been the curse of mankind. It has wrecked kingdoms, cost lives, prevented progress. It destroys peace and happiness everywhere it touches.

Yet it goes on. We say, "If you don't think as I do, you must be wrong. If you don't believe as I do, I will punish you if I can. All that is right is contained in and included in what I think—and if you disagree with me I will use force, if I can, to make you conform to my beliefs."

Tolerance includes understanding. For if you understand all people, you will be tolerant of them. How little we know about those we criticize.

How little we understand about what has made a man or woman what they are, about the forces that have beaten upon them, about the temptations that have beset them.

If we understand, if we can get into the other fellow's shoes mentally, we will always be tolerant.

The older I grow, the more I find that the thing I dislike most, and of which it is most difficult for me to be tolerant, is pretense.

Pretense is silly and useless and tiresome.

I have never known a pretentious person who was attractive.

**D**ONT pretend. Be yourself—in everything.

And if you don't like that self, improve it. But don't pretend to be what you're not, to know what you don't, to believe what you don't understand. Pretense robs us of the opportunity to learn.

Yes, life is a grand adventure. The days are full of new things to learn, of books to read, of friends to love, of a chance to get closer to God.

I have been sad. I have been wounded. I have been defeated.

But I thank God with all my heart that I have never been bored. I have always wanted to see the next sunrise. I have always been glad of the chance to live—of that great, supreme gift of living, of being part of the game, of being in the forefront of the battle even when I was losing it.



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# Screen Memories From Photoplay

## 15 Years Ago

DO you remember Irene Castle? Sure, you do, but maybe what you have forgotten is that it was Irene who introduced bobbed hair—in those days called the Castle clip. And fifteen years ago she was such an important screen star that PHOTOPLAY gave her a story that covered three pages. Now, retired from the screen, she spends her time gathering up homeless dogs and cats and providing for them right royally.



Irene Castle

My, my, how times change. Here's a page of pictures, one showing the home life of Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, and another of Mae Murray and her director, Bob Leonard, who was soon to become her husband. But here's one thing that doesn't change. Frances Marion, the scenario writing dynamo, was known then as "the highest paid woman scenarist in pictures." She is still that and still turning out grand film stories.

In the "Shadow Stage" department some of the pictures reviewed were "Jack and the Beanstalk," Norma Talmadge in "The Moth," Florence LaBadie in "War and Women," Dustin Farnum in "The Spy" and Doug Fairbanks in "Down to Earth."

Cal York item: Marion Davies, musical comedy star, makes her motion picture debut in "Runaway Romany."

## 10 Years Ago

TEN years ago we asked the question, "Who Is the Most Popular Girl in Hollywood," and then answered—"Bebe Daniels," going on to point out that not only was she the most sought after of her own social set, but she was head girl with every studio worker, as well. That was ten years ago and yet I believe that if a popularity vote were taken today, Bebe's name would still be close to the top. Her Sunday buffet suppers draw hundreds of filmdom's notables. Bebe was beamed around by a score or more of young men, and now, as Mrs. Ben Lyon, she is one of Hollywood's favorite hostesses.



Bebe Daniels

We ran a couple of pages of pictures of film couples who were "keeping steady company." Of the five couples only two married each other. Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Helen Ferguson and William Russell, did—but Betty Compson and Walter Moscoso, Eddie Sutherland and May McAvoy, Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd, didn't. They all married

somebody else. New Hollywood romances flourish every day.

By far the most sensational star was Pola Negri, and those that say Garbo started the vogue for glamour are wrong. Pola was one of the first foreign stars. She put on an act that would make Garbo blush for shame. She had Hollywood as much on its ear ten years ago as Garbo has today.

Colleen Moore appeared on the cover, while lovely Barbara Lamarr, Anna Q. Nilsson, Gloria Swanson, Jack Holt, Milton Sills, Norma Talmadge and Lila Lee were in the gallery.

The six best pictures were "Timothy's Quest," "Love Is an Awful Thing," "Remembrance," Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Lew Cody in "The Valley of Silent Men," and Leatrice Joy in "Man-slaughter."

Cal York items: Mabel Normand returned from Paris with a lot of new frocks. . . . Bill Hart is the father of a nine-pound boy.

## 5 Years Ago

FIVE years ago the fad was youth, the cry of the producers was for youth—just as today glamour is the word. Charming young faces were being snapped up by all the studios, and among those for whom we predicted sensational futures were Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Buddy Rogers, Dolores Del Rio, Gary Cooper, Thelma Todd and Dick Arlen. Those were pretty good prophecies, yes?



Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

The most vivid personality of five years ago was Maria Corda, the Hungarian beauty who created such a stir in "Helen of Troy." She had her little day of glory and then—pfft!—her light was out.

An eminent psychologist asked the question, "Why Can't They Stay Married?" He meant picture stars, of course, and here's how he answered that query, "After the glamour and romance of the honeymoon fades away the actor, with his innate habit of pretending, can't face the realities of life." Those words are as

true today as they were then.

Just by way of comment we ran a little item which read, "Doug Fairbanks Jr. thinks John Barrymore a great actor and expresses his admiration by letting his hair grow long over his collar." Remember when everybody wondered why Doug didn't get a hair cut? Now look at him—close cropped and smart as a fashion-plate in his English clothes. Jetta Goudal was the girl on the cover. Clara Bow, Emil Jannings, Gloria Swanson, Ronald Colman, Renee Adoree and George Bancroft were in the gallery.

The six best pictures were Lillian Gish in "The Wind," Garbo and Gilbert in "Love," Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro in "The Student Prince," "Rose of the Golden West," "Two Arabian Knights" and "Mile-a-minute Love" with Reginald Denny.

Cal York item: Gloria Swanson denies that she and the Marquis are to be divorced.



# Rules of \$1,000 Gag Idea Contest

See Page 60

1. Every Gag Idea must be written in 500 words or less on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Movie Crazy Contest Editor,  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Gag Ideas will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. No gag ideas will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. Those that do not win prizes will be destroyed.

3. Each and every Gag Idea must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the coupon or a copy of the coupon which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant in his or her own handwriting, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the coupon should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or a reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Harold Lloyd Corporation or Paramount-Publix Corp., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of Harold Lloyd, and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

- First Prize . . . . . \$250.00
- Second Prize . . . . . \$100.00
- Third Prize . . . . . \$ 50.00
- Four Prizes of \$25 each . . . . . \$100.00
- One Hundred Prizes of \$5 each. . . \$500.00

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

7. Harold Lloyd Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning Gag Ideas and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes. Harold Lloyd Corporation may use the winning Gag Ideas in whole or in part, alter the same, and require the execu-

tion of any papers by the successful contestants which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants may become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own suggestions 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 Gag Ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Harold Lloyd Corporation nor Paramount-Publix Corp., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Judges to make this Contest fair and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest.

10. Harold Lloyd Corporation shall not be bound to use any of the Gag Ideas even if they win prizes. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Harold Lloyd Corporation.

11. Gag Ideas 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 Gag Ideas based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

12. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

13. Facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prizes, but the clearness and specific quality of the Gag Idea will be considered.

14. Any single individual may submit any number of Gag Ideas.

15. The contest will close at midnight, November 15th, 1932. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Gag Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of August, when the September issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appears on the newsstands.

## IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each Gag Idea

In submitting the accompanying Gag Idea as a contestant for the cash prizes 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 Gag Idea being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., 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 any of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

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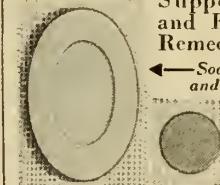
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# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander	Miriam Hopkins
Adrianne Allen	Charles Laughton
Adrienne Ames	Carole Lombard
Richard Arlen	Jeanette MacDonald
Tallulah Bankhead	Florine McKinney
George Barbier	Fredric March
Richard Bennett	Sari Maritza
Mary Boland	Herbert Marshall
Clive Brook	Marx Brothers
Nancy Carroll	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Irving Pichel
Marguerite Churchill	George Raft
Claudette Colbert	Gene Raymond
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Bing Crosby	Randolph Scott
Frances Dee	Sylvia Sydney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Claire Dodd	Charles Starrett
Stuart Erwin	Kent Taylor
Susan Fleming	Jerry Tucker
Wynne Gibson	Mac West
Cary Grant	Gordon Westcott
Phillips Holmes	

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter	Elissa Landi
Ralph Bellamy	Edmund Lowe
Joan Bennett	Patricia "Boots" Mal-
John Boles	lory
Clara Bow	Ralph Morgan
El Brendel	Herbert Mundin
Marion Burns	Greta Nissen
James Dunn	Marian Nixon
Sally Eilers	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	William Pawley
Janet Gaynor	Arthur Pierson
Minna Gombell	Will Rogers
Bert Hanlon	Raul Roulien
Miriam Jordan	Spencer Tracy
Alexander Kirkland	Irene Ware

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre	Hugh Herbert
Robert Armstrong	Leslie Howard
Rosco Ates	Rochelle Hudson
Constance Bennett	Arline Judge
Bruce Cabot	Tom Keene
Joseph Cawthorn	Edgar Kennedy
Creighton Chaney	Eric Linden
Ricardo Cortez	Anita Louise
Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Mary Mason
Jill Esmond	Edna May Oliver
William Gargan	Laurence Olivier
John Halliday	Gregory Ratoff
Ann Harding	Helen Twelvetrees
Julie Haydon	Dorothy Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Fay Wray

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton	Douglas Fairbanks
Eddie Buzzell	Greta Granstedt
Charles Chaplin	Ruth Hall
Ronald Colman	Al Jolson
Lily Damita	Mary Pickford
Melvyn Douglas	Gloria Swanson
Billie Dove	Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford	Mayo Methot
Eddie Buzzell	Pat O'Brien
Richard Cromwell	Barbara Stanwyck
Constance Cummings	Ruthelma Stevens
Ralph Graves	Genevieve Tobin
Jack Holt	Lee Tracy
Buck Jones	Barbara Weeks
Evalyn Knapp	Bert Wheeler
Tim McCoy	Robert Woolsey
Adolphe Menjou	

## Culver City, Calif.

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Gertie Messinger
Mickey Daniels	Our Gang
Dorothy Granger	David Sharpe
Oliver Hardy	Grady Sutton
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd
Stan Laurel	

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther	Walter Huston
Ethel Barrymore	Leila Hyams
John Barrymore	Dorothy Jordan
Lionel Barrymore	Buster Keaton
Wallace Beery	Myrna Loy
Virginia Bruce	Una Merkel
Marie Dressler	John Miljan
Claire DuBrey	Robert Montgomery
Jimmy Durante	Colleen Moore
Madge Evans	Polly Moran
Muriel Evans	Karen Morley
Wallace Ford	Conrad Nagel
Clark Gable	David Newell
Greta Garbo	Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert	Maureen O'Sullivan
Lawrence Grant	Anita Page
Nora Gregor	Kane Richmond
Mary Carlisle	Helen Robinson
Virginia Cherrill	May Robson
Jackie Cooper	Ruth Selwyn
Joan Crawford	Norma Shearer
Marion Davies	Diane Sinclair
William Haines	Martha Sleeper
Louise Closser Hale	Lewis Stone
Jean Harlow	Veree Teasdale
Helen Hayes	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Hersholt	Diana Wynyard
Hedda Hopper	Robert Young

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Frank Albertson	James Gleason
Lew Ayres	Russell Hopton
Noah Beery, Jr.	Boris Karloff
Tala Birell	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Tom Mix
June Clyde	ZaSu Pitts
Andy Devine	Onslow Stevens
Arletta Duncan	Gloria Stuart
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright	Lorena Layson
George Arliss	Edward McNamara
Richard Barthelmess	Paul Muni
Joan Blondell	Dick Powell
George Brent	William Powell
Joe E. Brown	Edward G. Robinson
James Cagney	Chas. "Chic" Sale
Ruth Chatterton	Lyle Talbot
Bebe Daniels	Sheila Terry
Bette Davis	Helen Vinson
Patricia Ellis	John Wayne
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Alice White
Preston Foster	Warren William
Kay Francis	John Wray
Guy Kibbee	Loretta Young

## 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, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
 Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.  
 Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
 George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



# No Chaplin Honors for Garbo

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

Garbo a young woman who has done much to direct the attention of the world to Sweden; who has given the people of Sweden a good object lesson in success.

Remember, too, that Garbo was trained in the Royal Dramatic School of Stockholm; played in the Royal Dramatic Theater.

Surely, the royal family admires Garbo as an actress. The king, for example, is fond of motion pictures; has them exhibited during the winter at the Royal palace.

But, for all that, there are a number of factors which would prevent a situation such as that in which Chaplin found himself in London. For one thing, court life in Sweden cannot be termed pretentious. There are receptions, to be sure, and the Crown Prince, the most popular man in Sweden, entertains, but everything moves more quietly, in keeping with the general tenor of the country itself.

At intervals there are invitations to opera singers . . . invitations which might be construed as "command" appearances, but the word "request" would be much more appropriate. There isn't a great deal of fuss and hullabaloo. Members of the royal family lead an active, constructive life. And that's that.

So Garbo had no need to worry about "command" appearances. If she wanted to be left alone the royal family, it is safe to say, would have been the last to interfere with her wishes.

**WHAT** does the royal family really think of her? Are they interested or amused at the publicity given Garbo in America? Did they consider how to give formal recognition in some way to Garbo as a great actress, or as a famous citizen, or as a girl who has achieved something worthwhile?

It's something of a puzzle, a secret; and the answer is locked inside the beautiful walls of a beautiful castle.

And it's safe to say that Garbo, vacationing

at a luxurious summer villa in the Stockholm archipelago, concerned with swimming, sleeping and the love of a free life, gave the matter no thought. Like all Swedes, she respects and admires the royal family.

There is an interesting anecdote, in this connection. It concerns Ivar Kreuger, the match king. Kreuger, so the story goes, was invited, along with other business leaders, to a reception at the royal castle. He didn't attend. Perhaps because he knew that he would, by precedence, be seated quite a way from the head table. Perhaps because he was too busy. Stockholm chuckled.

I don't think Garbo would have had to fear a situation like that. Her genius would have been respected and honored accordingly.

In London, in his pre-fame days, Chaplin wore his baggy trousers, his flappy shoes, and got nowhere. And so in the beginning in Stockholm, Garbo was just another young girl with theatrical ambitions. A few persons believed in her, but only a few.

In the reviews which Swedish newspapers gave, in 1924, to "The Legend of Gosta Berling" the first film in which Garbo had anything like a major rôle, there was only a scant mention of her. One newspaper commented:

"*Ebba Dohna* is played by Mona Martenson, who is pretty and lively; *Elizabeth Dohna* by Greta Garbo, who is pretty in a more amusing sort of way."

"Amusing"! But only slightly so.

So Garbo also had to look to America.

But I'm sure that Garbo has no bitterness toward the Swedish people for all that. Why should she? She must realize, as she did then, that Swedish simplicity was not big enough to afford her full play for her talent and ambitions.

What does Sweden think of Garbo now?

For one thing, her life, to the Swedish people, is an amazing fairy tale; a bit of unreality; that she should sweep so high on the curve of suc-



An old still from a film that made motion picture history. This is the way Garbo looked—and acted—in her first picture, "The Legend of Gosta Berling." The character actress with her had a larger part, but Garbo—then unheard of in this country—only is remembered

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cess is fascinating. But don't forget that Garbo comes back to Sweden as a distinct type, as interesting to the Swedes as to the people of other countries.

So Garbo has become, in a way, the personification of success. The story of her life has become one of the living sagas of Swedish history.

Of course, the Swedes appreciate Garbo as an actress. Her following in Sweden is no less sincere than in the United States. Interesting, too, is the fact that she is especially popular among girls and women. Here again Garbo's type proves itself irresistible.

**G**ARBO'S inherent modesty is another factor in her favor. Kreuger, the match king, got attention by forgetting to be modest. Garbo, of the two, was more typically Swedish in her attitude toward the public.

Sweden, therefore, as a whole, is proud of Garbo.

"The Swedes love her," says a man who was in the film business in Sweden when Garbo was first struggling to catch a glimmering of success.

"She's a wonderful girl," sighs an old woman who knew Garbo when the actress lived in "soder" Stockholm.

"She's a real Swedish girl," comments the woman who comes to clean my apartment.

And if you want a real indication of Sweden's attitude toward Garbo, look to the press.

Two weeks after Garbo landed in Sweden her whereabouts were still a mystery.

"Why," I said to another Swedish newspaperman, "haven't you fellows located Garbo?" He grinned. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, we sort of decided to leave her alone. If she wants a rest, let her have it." Imagine an American reporter talking that way!

Not that the Swedish papers are altogether kind and gentle to Garbo. They love, too well, their irony and caricature. And the Swedish newspaperman, as a rule, says what he thinks. When Garbo returned, several newspapers commented, a bit ironically, on the fact that Garbo couldn't keep from acting. But they made up for it by such statements as this:

"The 'Sphinx' smiles and the interview is over. She nods her head in farewell. Her smile is a tired smile, not the same happy smile that she had four years ago, but it has the same charm, perhaps it is even warmer. For, in spite of all her technique, Greta Garbo smiles with all her heart, with a real and warm Swedish girl heart, and without that genuine smile and that girlish heart, all of Garbo's technique would have availed her nothing."

So the Swedish press, on the whole, is kind to Garbo. They caricature her. But so do they every prominent person, even the king. One newspaper declared that Garbo's career had been an inspiration to the country. Another paper immediately suggested that it was therefore appropriate that Garbo be made a member of the Swedish parliament.

**B**UT I had to admit amazement when I learned that one Stockholm newspaper not only knew where Garbo was hiding, and was making no effort to interview her or photograph her, but knew also that she had been in Stockholm to place a wreath of roses on the grave of Mauritz Stiller, her first director.

"Are you printing anything?" I asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

The gentleman of the press only shrugged his shoulders, and the attitude seemed to be that Garbo's indulgence in a bit of sentiment was her own precious affair.

So Garbo remained unmolested on her vacation in the homeland. She was smiling when she came down that long gangplank. She understood her countrymen. She knew that here peace and quiet were before her.

"Heja, Greta!"

And in spite of her avoidance of the public, her heart must have warmed to that Norseman shout. For was she not homesick to hear once more the speech of her mother tongue?

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.— Obviously built for Joan Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

**STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

**STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

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

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

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

**STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

**STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.— Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.— Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

**TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

**TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

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

**THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.— Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

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

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

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

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

**THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.— Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

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

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

**TRAPEZE**—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.— A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

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

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

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

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

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

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

**VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

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

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

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

**WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

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

**WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

**WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

**WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

**WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

**YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathe.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)



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"**ALIAS MARY SMITH**"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Robert Hayes*, John Darrow; *Scoop*, Raymond Hatton; *Blossom*, Gwen Lee; *Atwell*, Henry B. Walthall; *Mary Smith*, Blanche McHaffey; *Mrs. Hayes*, Myrtle Stedman; *Mr. Hayes*, Edmund Breese; *Attorney*, Alec B. Francis; *Snowy Hoagland*, Mathew Betz; *Dan Kearney*, Jack Grey; *Jake*, Ben Hall; *Yaeger*, Harry Strang.

"**BIG STAMPEDE, THE**"—WARNERS.—From the story by Marion Jackson. Screen play by Kurt Kempler. Directed by Tenny Wright. The cast: *John Steele*, John Wayne; *Sam Crew*, Noah Beery; *Ginger Malloy*, Mae Madison; *Sonora Joe*, Luis Alberni; *Gov. Lew Wallace*, Burton Churchill; *Arizona*, Paul Hurst; *Pat Malloy*, Sherwood Bailey.

"**BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Clemence Dane. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Hilary*, John Barrymore; *Margaret*, Billie Burke; *Sydney*, Katharine Hepburn; *Kit*, David Manners; *Garth*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Dr. Alliot*, Henry Stephenson; *Gray*, Paul Cavanagh; *Ann Hester*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Bassett*, Gayle Evers.

"**BLONDE VENUS**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. K. Lauren and Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *Helen Faraday*, Marlene Dietrich; *Edward Faraday*, Herbert Marshall; *Nick Townsend*, Cary Grant; *Johnny Faraday*, Dickie Moore; *Charlie Blaine*, Francis Sayles; *Dan O'Connor*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Ben Smith*, Gene Morgan; *Taxi Belle Hooper*, Rita La Roy; *Detective Wilson*, Sidney Toler; *Iola*, Evelyn Preer; *Otto*, Jerry Tucker; *Norfolk Woman*, Cecil Cunningham; *Henry*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; *Bob*, Charles Morton.

"**BREACH OF PROMISE**"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story "Obscurity" by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Pomeroy*, Chester Morris; *Hattie Pugmire*, Mae Clarke; *Millie Applegate*, Mary Doran; *District Attorney*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Cora Pugmire*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Joe Pugmire*, Charles Middleton; *Mrs. Flynn*, Lucille La Verne; *Hotel Clerk*, Eddie Borden; *Judge*, Edward Le Saint; *Committeeman*, Alan Roscoe; *Committeewoman*, Harriett Lorraine; *Committeeman*, Philo McCullough; *Committeeman*, Tom McGuire.

"**CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN**"—FOX.—From the radio drama by Harry A. Earnshaw, Vera M. Oldham and R. R. Morgan. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Marcel Varne and William C. Menzies. The cast: *Chandu*, Edmund Lowe; *Princess Nadji*, Irene Vay; *Roxor*, Bela Lugosi; *Robert Regent*, Henry B. Walthall; *Albert Migges*, Herbert Mundin; *Abdullah*, Weldon Heyburn; *Betty*, June Vlasck; *Bobby*, Nestor Aber; *Dorothy Regent*, Virginia Hammond; *Servant*, Charles Stevens; *Yogi*, Nigel de Brulier.

"**CROOKED CIRCLE, THE**"—WORLD WIDE.—From the screen play by Ralph Spence. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Brand Osborne*, Ben Lyon; *Nora*, ZaSu Pitts; *Crimmer*, James Gleason; *Thelma*, Irene Purcell; *Yoganda*, C. Henry Gordon; *Harmo*, Raymond Hatton; *Harry*, Roscoe Karns; *Col. Walters*, Burton Churchill; *The Stranger*, Robert Frazer; *Yvonne*, Ethel Clayton; *Rankin*, Frank Reicher; *Dan*, Christian Rub.

"**EXPOSURE**"—TOWER PROD.—From the story by Norman Houston. Directed by Norman Houston. The cast: *Doris Corbin*, Lila Lee; *Andy Bryant*, Walter Byron; *Jerry Ward*, Mary Doran; *John Ward*, Tully Marshall; *Jimmy Delane*, Bryant Washburn; *Praskins*, Sidney Bracy; *Inky*, Spec O'Donnell; *Nosey Newton*, Lee Moran; *Ian Avery*, Pat O'Malley; *Marnie*, Nat Pendleton.

"**GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE**"—FIRST DIVISION-MONOGRAM.—From the screen play by Sig Schlager and Leon D'Usseau. Directed by Phil Whitman and Leon D'Usseau. The cast: *Fifi Follate*, Fifi Dorsay; *Larry Boyd*, Paul Kelly; *Macie Williams*, Astrid Allwyn; *Bill Webster*, Robert Warwick; *Monte Cooper*, Edward Fetherstone; *Earl Darrell*, Edwin Maxwell.

"**HAT CHECK GIRL**"—FOX.—From the novel by Rian James. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Geraldine Marsh*, Sally Eilers; *Robert Collins*, Ben Lyon; *Jessie King*, Ginger Rogers; *Felix Cornwall*, Arthur Pierson; *Ted Reese*, Monroe Owsley; *Tony*, Dewey Robinson; *Dan McCoy*, Noel Madison; *Mr. Collins*, Purnell Pratt; *Mrs. Marsh*, Enlilie Jensen; *Walter Marsh*, Harold Goodwin.

"**HEARTS OF HUMANITY**"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Olga Printzlau. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Sol Bloom*, Jean Hersholt; *Shandy*, Jackie Scarl; *Tom O'Hara*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Ruth Sneider*, Claudia Dell; *Tom Varney*, Charles Delaney; *Mrs. Sneider*, Lucille La Verne; *Joey Bloom*, Dick Wallace; *Tony*, George Humbert; *Hilfa*, Betty Jane Graham; *Dave Haller*, John Vosburgh; *Mr. Wells*, Tom McGuire.

"**HELL'S HIGHWAY**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Samuel Ornitz. Robert Tasker and Rowland Brown. Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: *Frank (Duke) Ellis*, Richard Dix; *Johnny Ellis*, Tom Brown; *Mrs. Ellis*, Louise Carter; *Mary Ellen*, Rochelle Hudson; *Blacksnake Skinner*, C. Henry Gordon; *Pop-Eye Jackson*, Warner Richmond; *Blind Maxie*, Sandy Roth; *Matthew*, the Hermit, Charles Middleton; *Rascal*, Clarence Muse; *Whitely*, Stanley Fields; *Romeo Schultz*, Jed Kiley; *Society Red*, Fuzzy Knight; *Ilype*, Bert Starkey; *Spike*, Bob Perry; *Buzzard*, Harry Smith; *Turkey Neck*, Edward Hart; *Billings*, Oscar Apfel; *Blubber-mouth*, John Lester Johnson.

"**HERITAGE OF THE DESERT**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Screen play by Harold Shumate and Frank Partos. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Jack Hare*, Randolph Scott; *Judy*, Sally Lane; *Adam Naab*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Judson Holderness*, David Landau; *Mac Naab*, Gordon Westcott; *Lefty*, Guinn Williams; *Windy*, Vincent Barnett.

"**KLONDIKE**"—MONOGRAM.—From the screen play by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Dr. Cromwell*, Lytle Talbot; *Klondike*, Thelma Todd; *Donald Evans*, Capt. Frank Hawks; *Mark Armstrong*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jim Armstrong*, Jason Robards; *Tom Ross*, George Hayes; *Sadie Jones*, Ethel Wales; *Editor Hinman*, Tully Marshall; *Burke*, Pat O'Malley; *Miss Porter*, Priscilla Dean; *Miss Fielding*, Myrtle Stedman; *Seth*, Lafe McKee.

"**LAST MAN, THE**"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Bannister*, Charles Bickford; *Martian*, Constance Cummings; *Mr. Wingate*, Alec B. Francis; *Marsden*, Alan Roscoe; *English Charlie*, Robert Ellis; *Ivon-Le-Ton*, Jimmy Wang; *Egyptian Spy*, Johnny Eberts; *Gibbs*, Bill Williams; *Haborn*, Al Smith; *Captain Ballentyne*, Hal Price; *1st Mate (Ballentyne)*, Kit Guard; *Capt. Glencoe*, Ed Le Saint; *1st Mate (Glencoe)*, Jack Carlisle; *2nd Mate (Ballentyne)*, George McGrill; *Doctor*, Jack Richardson; *Swede Sailor*, Bill Sundholm; *Joe*, Bob St. Angelo.

"**MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM**"—CARL FROELICH PROD.—From the play "Yesterday and Today" by Christa Winsloe. Adapted by Christa Winsloe. Directed by Leontine Sagan. The cast: *The Principal*, Emilia Unda; *Fraulein von Bernburg*, Dorothea Wieck; *Fraulein von Kesten*, Hedwig Schlichter; *Ilse von Westhagen*, Ellen Schwannecke; *Manuela von Meinhardis*, Hertha Thiele.

"**MERRY-GO-ROUND**"—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by Albert Maltz and George Sklar. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: *Ed Martin*, Eric Linden; *Peggy Martin*, Sidney Fox; *Anderson*, Tully Marshall; *Wade*, Louis Calhern; *Strinsky*, Robert Warwick; *Manning*, Burton Churchill; *Jig Skelli*, Edward Arnold; *Lennie*, George Meeker; *Marge*, Mayo Methot; *Chief*, Ian MacLaren; *Joe Skelli*, Matt McHugh; *Commissioner*, Frank Sheridan; *Benchley*, Tom Jackson; *Berger*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Judge McMurray*, Reginald Barlow; *Jamison*, Edward Martindel; *Alice*, Joyce Compton; *Molly*, Lita Chevret; *Burns*, Tom Carrigan; *Archie*, Arthur Housman; *Pete*, George Chandler; *Quinn*, G. Pat Collins; *Kippie*, Dorothy Granger; *Doctor*, Charles Giblyn; *Mailman*, Lew Kelly; *Police Officer*, King Baggot; *Police Sergeant*, James Farley; *Detective*, John Ince; *Detective*, Ben Taggart; *Wade's Secretary*, Lynton Brent; *Sam*, James Eagle; *Mike*, Lorin Raker; *Third Degree Doctor*, Clarence Geldert; *1st Third Degree Detective*, William B. Farrell; *2nd Third Degree Detective*, Robert Morris.

"**NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Suburb" by Vera Caspary. Screen play by Agnes Brand Leahy, Brian Marlow and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *John Curry*, Clive Brook; *Trudie Morrow*, Lila Lee; *Philo Strawn*, Charlie Ruggles; *Herbert Morrow*, Gene Raymond; *Ginger Blake*, Frances Dee; *Masie Strawn*, Mary Boland; *Elna Curry*, Adrienne Allen; *Martha Blake*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Otto*, Richard Carl; *Grandpaw Strawn*, Charlie Grapewin; *Junior Strawn*, Billy Butts; *Mr. Morrow*, Edward J. LeSaint; *Mrs. Morrow*, Helen Ware; *Attorney for the Defense*, Wallis Clark; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Arthur Kohl.

"**OUTLAW JUSTICE**"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Scott Darling. Adapted by Oliver Drake. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *Jack*, Jack Hoxie; *June*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Bob*, Donald Keith; *Volger*, Charles L. King; *El Diablo*, Chris Martin; *Faro Black*, Jack Trent; *Sheriff Rankin*, Walter Shumway; *Hank*, Jack Rockway; *Jake*, Tom London; *Pete*, Kermit Maynard; *Dynamite*, Dynamite.

"**OUT OF SINGAPORE**"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Frederic Chapin. Adapted by Jack Natteford. Directed by Charles Hutchison.



The cast: *Wolf Barstow*, Noah Beery; *Concha*, Dorothy Burgess; *Mary Carroll*, Miriam Seegar; *Scar Murray*, Montagu Love; *Steve Trent*, George Walsh; *The Brawler*, James Aubrey.

"PARISIAN ROMANCE, A"—ALLIED PICTURES.—From the play by Octave Feuillet. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: *Baron*, Lew Cody; *Claudette*, Marion Shilling; *Victor*, Gilbert Roland; *Marcelle*, Joyce Compton; *Pauline*, Yola D'Avril; *Emil*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Pierre*, George Lewis; *Yvonne*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Briac*, Bryant Washburn; *Deville*, Paul Porcasi; *Pascal*, Luis Alberni; *Marie*, Nadine Dore; *Paul*, James Eagle.

"PHANTOM EXPRESS, THE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Emory Johnson. Directed by Emory Johnson. The cast: *Smoky Nolan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Bruce Harrington*, William Collier, Jr.; *Carolyn Nolan*, Sally Blane; *President Harrington*, Hobart Bosworth; *Smoky's Fireman*, Axel Axelson; *Dick*, Eddie Phillips; *Jack Nolan*, David Rollins; *Telegraph Operator*, Tom O'Brien; *Betty*, Lina Basquette; *Mrs. Nolan*, Claire McDowell; *President of Rival Railroad*, Huntly Gordon.

"PHANTOMPRESIDENT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by George F. Worts. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Harlan Thompson. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Theodore K. Blair*, Peter Varney; *George M. Cohan*, Felicia Hammond; *Claudette Colbert*; *Curly Cooney*, Jimmy Durante; *Jim Ronklon*, George Barbier; *Professor Aikenhead*, Sidney Toler; *Senator Sarah Scranton*, Louise Mackintosh; *Jerrido*, Jameson Thomas; *Senator McIrose*, Julius McVicker.

"RAIN"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play "Rain" adapted by John Colton and C. Randolph from the story "Miss Thompson" by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen adaptation by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Sadie Thompson*, Joan Crawford; *Reverend Davidson*, Walter Huston; *Sergeant O'Hara*, William Gargan; *Mrs. Davidson*, Beulah Bondi; *Dr. McPhail*, Matt Moore; *Mrs. McPhail*, Kendall Lee; *Joe Horn*, Guy Kibbee; *Quartermaster Bales*, Walter Catlett; *Griggs*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Hodgson*, Fred Howard.

"SMILIN' THROUGH"—M-G-M.—From the play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murnin. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Kathleen*, Norma Shearer; *Kenneth Wayne*, Fredric March; *John Carterel*, Leslie Howard; *Dr. Owen*, O. P. Heggie; *Willie Ainley*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Crouch*, Beryl Mercer; *Gardener*, David Torrence; *Ellen*, Margaret Seddon; *Orderly*, Forrester Harvey.

"STRANGE JUSTICE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by William A. Drake. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Rose*, Marian Marsh; *Judson*, Reginald Denny; *Kearney*, Richard Bennett; *Wally*, Norman Foster; *Waters*, Irving Pichel; *Gwen*, Nydia Westman; *Smith*, Thomas Jackson.

"THEY CALL IT SIN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Alberta Stedman Eagan. Screen play by Howard Green and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Marion*, Loretta Young; *Tony*, George Brent; *Jimmy*, David Manners; *Humphries*, Louis Calhern; *Dixie*, Una Merkel; *Mr. Hollister*, Joe Cawthorn; *Evid*, Helen Vinson; *Mrs. Hollister*, Nella Walker; *Mato*, Mike Marita; *Timothy Cullen*, Erville Alderson; *Mrs. Cullen*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"THOSE WE LOVE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the play by S. K. Lauren and George Abbott. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *May*, Mary Astor; *Valerie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Fred*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Blake*, Hale Hamilton; *Rickie*, Tommy Conlon; *Bert Parker*, Earle Foxe; *Jake*, Forrester Harvey; *Bertha*, Virginia Sale; *Daley*, Pat O'Malley; *Mr. Hart*, Harvey Clark; *Mrs. Henry Abbott*, Cecil Cunningham; *Marshall*, Edwin Maxwell.

"THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Armitage Trail. Adapted by Frances Hyland and Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Marie Morgan*, Ginger Rogers; *Winston*, Lyle Talbot; *Captain Ryan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Harold Morgan*, James Eagle; *Thor Jensen*, Eddie Phillips; *Adams*, Erville Alderson; *Barksdale*, Robert Klein; *Dr. Sherwood*, Crauford Kent; *Marjorie*, Frances Rich; *Mrs. Thornton*, Ethel Wales; *Mr. Thornton*, Phillips Smalley; *Grump*, Paul Hurst; *Capt. Brown*, William Davidson.

"THRILL OF YOUTH, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Jill Fenwick*, June Clyde; *Jack Thayer*, Allen Vincent; *Seena Sherwood*, Dorothy Peterson; *Chet Thayer*, Matty Kemp; *Jeff Thayer*, George Irving; *Alice Fenwick*, Ethel Clayton; *Grandma Thayer*, Lucy Beaumont; *Grandpa Thayer*, Tom Ricketts; *Marcia Dale*, Caryl Lincoln; *Coby Sherwood*, Bryant Washburn.

"WASHINGTON MERRY GO-ROUND"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Maxwell Anderson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Bullton Gwinnet Brown*, Lee Tracy; *Alice Wylie*, Constance Cummings; *Norton*, Alan Dinehart; *Senator Wylie*, Walter Connolly; *Clarence*, Clarence Muse; *Beef Brannigan*, Arthur Vinton; *Kelleher*, Frank Sheridan; *Conti*, Clay Clement; *Martin*, Sam Godfrey; *Willis*, Arthur Hoyt; *Beau-chard*, Ernest Wood.



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## OPPORTUNITY

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CHICAGO

# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109 ]

**H**OLLYWOOD is fast becoming one, big, happy nursery. Barbara Stanwyck is the latest to adopt a baby. For a long time she was to be found gazing longingly at toys in shop windows.

Little Dickie Moore was lucky enough to play with her in a picture and she showered him with all sorts of gifts.

She has been nurturing the names Michael and Kathleen for years and her adopted boy is called Dion, instead of Mike. No one knows the reason and she won't tell even her dearest friends where she found the child.

There is a trained nurse with him all day and that is the only cloud in Barbara's happiness.

She is trying to make up for the years by playing with the baby, but the nurse puts a limit on this with a time watch.

Husband Frank Fay adores the child almost as much as Barbara does.

**A**T last, the movie stars win the social recognition they've craved for lo, these many years.

A rather hoity-toity foreign consul in Los Angeles who has been very much wined and dined by the elite of Beverly Hills, recently remarked that he would now proceed to weed out his many acquaintances and concentrate

upon the motion picture folk, as they are really the only ones in California worth knowing.

And have those certain social leaders who treated the movie folk like book agents got red faces!

**I**F you had gone early to the last concert in the Hollywood Bowl this season, you would have seen Hedda Hopper and Verree Teasdale (old friends) calmly sitting on one of the hard benches eating chicken sandwiches and drinking coffee from a thermos bottle.

They wanted good seats so they came early, made their choice and brought their supper along!

**A** HOLLYWOOD columnist vouches for this one.

It seems Groucho Marx was parked double on Hollywood Boulevard and a huge truck tried to get by.

"Hey, there," the truck driver shouted, "get that thing out of there."

Groucho's little son popped his head out of the window and yelled, "Hey, there, yourself. That's no way to talk to an actor."

**W**HEN Director Frank Borzage chose Alice Adair for a part in Helen Hayes' and Gary Cooper's "A Farewell to Arms," he an-

nounced that it was because of her *expressive* legs.

He was swamped by inquiries. What did he mean—*expressive legs*?

So Frank prepared a statement showing how feet and legs express emotion and why they are valuable to pictures for other things than attracting the male attention. Here it is, dried down to a few sentences:

*Love*: the girl who likes to rise on her toes likes to be kissed.

*Anger*: the young lady who keeps the ball of one foot off the ground is subject to fits of anger.

*Shyness*: the girl who winds one foot around the calf of the leg is a shrinking violet.

*Embarrassment*: she who presses one foot with the ball of the other reveals embarrassment.

*Covetousness*: the golddigger invariably puts the toe of one slipper under the arch of the other.

*Confidence*: one who crosses her legs unconsciously is always at ease and believes in herself.

*Defiance*: if a girl takes a seat, stretches her legs out with knees nearly straight—she defies convention. And she's a dangerous dame.

Read your characteristics by your legs, girls. It's Hollywood's latest method!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

We'll leave it up to you—did you ever see a cuter picture? Wally Beery, his wife and their precious adopted child, Carol Ann, watching movies that Mrs. Beery took of Wally and the baby. That's how Wally carries little Carol around when he is working in his garden. Just look at Carol as she sees herself!





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you ever smoked

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finest tobaccos in all the  
world—but that does not ex-  
plain why folks everywhere  
regard Lucky Strike as the  
mildest cigarette. The fact is, we  
never overlook the truth that  
"Nature in the Raw is Seldom

Mild"—so these fine tobaccos,  
after proper aging and mellow-  
ing, are then given the benefit  
of that Lucky Strike purify-  
ing process, described by the  
words—"It's toasted". That's  
why folks in every city, town  
and hamlet say that Luckies are  
such mild cigarettes.

**"It's toasted"**  
That package of mild Luckies

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.  
Does not this explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of Lucky Strike?



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# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Hours on Creams and Powders  
 Not a Minute for her Gums  
 and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE'LL try any cream or powder once—no matter how expensive! Her dressing table is crowded with costly jars and bottles. Anything and everything for her face! But not a second for her smile.

A lovely smile—a smile that reveals sparkling, white, sound teeth—is one of the greatest allures a woman can have! But beautiful, healthy teeth are dependent on firm, healthy gums.

Ever notice a trace of "pink" on your

tooth brush? It means your gums are soft and touchy. They're *bleeding*! Ever since you were in the cradle, you've eaten soft, creamy foods. Your gums have never gotten stimulation. With every year they have become more inactive and more tender. Even now you may have "pink tooth brush."

But do you realize that "pink tooth brush" makes your teeth dead-looking? Do you know that it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or the serious but infrequent pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of good

teeth? If you don't do something about "pink tooth brush"—and that, *soon*—some day you're going to be *afraid to smile!*

Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and rub it right into those tender gums of yours! The ziratol in Ipana tones the gums, firms them back to healthy hardness.

Once your gums are firm again, your teeth will have the sparkle they *used* to have. Continue to use Ipana with massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."

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# PHOTOPLAY

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"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
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1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
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1931		
"CIMARRON"		

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# The Audience Talks Back

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



"Rain" brought in a flood of comments. Joan Crawford was compared to Jeanne Eagels and Gloria Swanson, and opinion was divided on Walter Huston



The love scenes in "Smilin' Through" won high praise. "Quite different from the modern 'Well, kid, shall we tell it to a judge?'" comments a grandfather

## THE \$25 LETTER

I'm a reporter who interviews movie celebrities at Wichita railway stations, airports, hotels and theaters. Of recent months I've met Ann Harding, Lupe Velez, Victor McLaglen, Chic Sale, Harpo Marx, Will Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Wallace Beery, Evalyn Knapp and others.

And I've never seen one who wasn't swell. Actor or actress may be tired, hungry, even sick, but there's always a welcome to the reporter, cheerful answers to impertinent questions about work, love affairs and favorite breakfast dishes, an animated smile for the cameraman and a hearty "so long" at the end.

They could refuse to see me and get away with it. I've been snubbed by plenty of other big shots—aviators, politicians, financiers, ministers, authors—who went right on being big shots afterward. This whole town of 120,000 wouldn't really make much difference one way or another in achieving national success or failure. And probably they're not dying to meet me personally.

But it seems part of the acting job to be a good guy.

MANLY WADE WELLMAN, Wichita, Kan.

## THE \$10 LETTER

We accept the flimsy props and backdrops of the stage without question. We accept the papier-maché parapet of "Lysistrata"; and the hempen grass and two skulls of "Hamlet" are, to us, a crowded graveyard; yet we howl with derision if an impressive movie desert scene turns out to have been filmed in the Mojave instead of the Gobi. What difference does it make? Let the Mona Lisa be really painted on wood and impossible to hide in a flower bas-

ket! "Arsene Lupin" was still a great picture. What if *Arrowsmith's* laboratory technique was bad? Who cares? What if *Tarzan* used a double, and many scenes were superimposed—we loved it. After all, "the play's the thing."

CORNELIA PORTER, Chicago, Ill.

## THE \$5 LETTER

For a long time I have endured the misrepresentation of my sex, but no longer! Now, I won't say the average man is as good a cook as a woman, but I will say that he isn't one-

**SYMPATHY** for Jean Harlow and **Admiration** for her pluck; pleas for less stern reality in screen stories and enthusiasm for the new "romantic cycle" in pictures; these are just a few of the interesting topics covered in the mail this month.

The most popular boys of the moment are Bob Montgomery (he leads them all), Lee Tracy, John Boles, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable and Lew Ayres.

The most popular girl (and no one else rivals her in interest this month) is Irene Dunne.

The most popular pictures? Well, "Rain" is the most discussed, "Smilin' Through" the most loved, "A Bill of Divorcement" one of the most praised, "The Phantom President" and "Blessed Event" among the most enjoyed.

What do you think about pictures and film personalities? Why not tell us, and perhaps win a prize!

half as clumsy as the talkies would have him.

No man grabs a hot frying-pan with his bare hand; his greater scientific knowledge tells him that metal is an excellent conductor of heat. Furthermore, he doesn't let coffee boil over. Neither does his Java resemble tar. Remember—you movie gag men—that many a poor male must make his own coffee, and who do you suppose makes that tasty golden-brown liquid on camping trips?

Perhaps the laugh that women get from man's supposed lack of culinary technique is worth it, but just the same, I do know men who don't burn steaks or drop dishes!

FRED E. EBEL, Milwaukee, Wis.

## JEAN HARLOW

The front pages recently carried news of the movie colony that recalled to mind scenes in Constance Bennett's "What Price Hollywood." The tragic death of Paul Bern started the presses of the yellow journals and the tongues of the scandal-mongers.

I never believe anything that has not been proved in court; it is the only way to keep one's illusions and avoid becoming cynical. Let's not hurt Jean Harlow by listening to gossip.

MARY HELEN WILLIAMSON,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Let us, by our support, do our part to keep Jean Harlow where she, by her courage and sportsmanship, belongs. It is not for us to condemn her for her part in the circumstances over which she probably had no control. Rather, by our loyalty, show her she has our sympathy and admiration.

FRANCES G. QUINN, Los Angeles, Calif.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8 ]



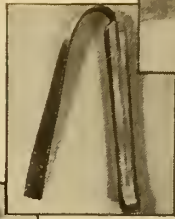
"They can't let me go now! . . . . .  
**I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!**

"I've seen what they do to men on the chain gang. I've been through it myself! I've seen men flogged, sweated, tortured. And I've dared to tell the whole hideous truth about it! They can't afford to let me stay at large now. They've got to get me; they've got to shut me up, because . . . they know I'VE LIFTED THE LID OFF HELL!"

Here is a new kind of picture! Not a scenario writer's idea of a prison, but the actual, authentic experiences of an escaped convict . . . who right now may be passing through your town in his eternal flight.



**SEE . . .**  
The whipping post—



—The perforated lash under which men die—



—The awful sweat box—



—The heavy chains worn day and night!

Millions . . . have waited for the REAL truth about that hell on earth—the chain gang . . . here it is! . . .

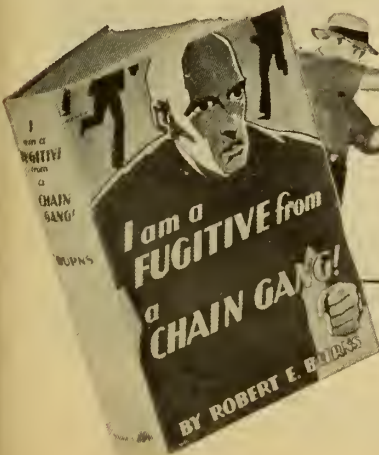


# "I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG"

with

# PAUL MUNI

in his first picture since "Scarface"  
And Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson and Preston Foster. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Another sensational hit from **WARNER BROS.**



Rob't E. Burns' best seller that startled the world with its shocking, thrilling revelations . . . See it in all its vivid, vibrant reality on the screen . . . At leading theatres soon.



# No matter what critics write the



The powerful, dramatic situations in which Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore found themselves in "A Bill of Divorcement" appealed to the serious-minded. "Superbly acted, too," they said

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

I read with indignation the newspaper columns which intimated the death of Paul Bern might be the doom of the career of Jean Harlow. The public should consider open-mindedly the unfortunate circumstances in which an actress may become involved. Jean has proved herself a sincere, intelligent actress. I admired her in "Red-Headed Woman" for the genuine interpretation of the character she portrayed. It was a relentlessly sincere bit of acting.

RONIE W. MOTT, Tuckerton, N. J.

Just when it seemed Jean Harlow had a break at last, along came tragedy. Her performance in "Red-Headed Woman" was excellent, and proved Jean can really act. It is up to us, who are known as the "fickle fans," to say whether this great tragedy that has come to Jean Harlow is made even greater by plunging a promising career into oblivion. She is the same Harlow, and tragedy can come to us all.

LOIS EPPERLY, Detroit, Mich.

## NORMA, LESLIE AND FREDRIC

"Smilin' Through" is a picture that will never be forgotten. What a beautifully sweet love story! The hard-hearted, the cynical, the world-weary brush away the tears and try desperately hard to overcome that choking feeling in their throats when they witness the beauty and sadness of the scene depicting *Mooneyen's* death on her wedding day.

And, what actor could have played *Sir John* with the charm, skill and finesse of Leslie Howard? Fredric March—how good looking and what a thorough actor! The whole cast is excellent, the story touching and beautiful, and Norma Shearer is the loveliest actress on the screen.

B. MORAN, Tulsa, Okla.

let hits Norma Shearer it's just beautiful how she passes out without even a tremor crossing her face or one little lock of hair out of place.  
ROBERT ELLSWORTH, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## TIPS TO NEGLECTED WIVES

How to get romance though married? Simple, very simple. Go to the movies. I am just a small town wife—there are millions of us who are married to men who like a newspaper and pipe after dinner and all you can get out of them is an occasional grunt. Off I flee to the picture show and, after living through the picture with the heroine, walk out on air and go home happy.

MRS. L. M. R., Albany, Texas

## DUNNE HAS DONE IT!

I'm a hard-boiled lawyer with little or no sentiment—but—am I an Irene Dunne fan now, or am I an Irene Dunne fan? Nothing frail in her beauty, nothing coy in her actions—just real gorgeousness, and all of it topped with true histrionic ability. If there ever was a true lady, an honest actress and a soulful artist that aroused admiration in both sexes, Miss Dunne is that person. Her reward should be nothing less than a chance to take part in only the finest of pictures.

EARL KAY, Richmond, Ind.

## JOHN BOWLS 'EM OVER

Who could keep silent after watching Irene Dunne and John Boles look into each other's eyes and make love as it has not been done on the screen before? Irene Dunne is what we have been looking for: a beautiful woman, charming, fascinating and sweet. John Boles was perfect, a very handsome man with all the little selfishnesses which make us love the species! "Back Street"—what a picture!

MIRIAM F. MURPHY, Thomaston, Conn.

This letter is written in defiance of no theory, no wise and beautiful social law. In "Back

## WHERE IS THY STING?

Now, don't misunderstand me, I liked "Smilin' Through" and even shed a few furtive tears over it. But when I die, I want to be shot through the heart, for according to the picture, it's a mighty peaceful death. When that bul-



"'Blessed Event' made a hit with my family because of its up-to-the-minute story and the grand acting of Lee Tracy and Ruth Donnelly," a newspaperman writes. Others mentioned its timeliness, also



# audience always has the final word

Street" two people lived and loved; built a thing of beauty, sacrifice and faithfulness around their world from which all so-called conventionalism was barred. The world might be a happier and a better place if virtue were always rewarded and sin always punished, but this is not so and perhaps not so intended.

MARY G. TYLER, Sioux City, Iowa

I watched through a blur of tears the man and the woman in the "Back Street" of Fannie Hurst's novel step from its pages and become real, living characters in life. Life so simply, so tenderly, so exquisitely portrayed that it exalted and made glorious a love which we, in our pitiable, human frailty, judge and condemn. I feel sometimes that our twentieth century minds have become so surfeited and disillusioned with the sordid realities of existence that, even when we are brought face to face with its glowing reality, we can scarce comprehend all the wonder, the beauty, the fulfillment of a perfect love.

LAUREL O'CONNOR, Battle Creek, Mich.

## HE'S STARTING SOMETHING

Here is a nice big bouquet (including all his favorite flowers) for Director Rouben Mamoulian. After seeing "Love Me Tonight," I realize more than ever how important expert direction is. Close cooperation between writer, director and star (I've placed them in order of their importance in my opinion. Now I'm waiting for brickbats to fly from ardent star fans after they read that) will soon raise the level of pictures to the height they belong.

L. NISSMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

## WHY, MRS. STOFFER!

Some folks think old women should sit at home and knit and read the Bible. I'm seventy-two past, but I cannot be my age. I love the movies and I adore George Arliss. Would that he would appear in many more pictures. Often old men are unattractive, he is lovable.

MRS. JAMES B. STOFFER, Richmond, Ky.



"I'm glad George M. Cohan made 'The Phantom President' before he got mad at Hollywood," says a reader. "A grand picture—and wasn't Claudette Colbert lovely?" All right—we'll answer. She was!

## SADIE THOMPSON

I didn't see either the stage play "Rain," or the silent film, and so don't know how Joan Crawford's *Sadie Thompson* compares with Jeanne Eagels' or Gloria Swanson's. I think Joan's performance is splendid and tremen-

dously touching. It's by far the best work she's done. I'll never forget the scene in which *Sadie* is won over to religion by *Reformer Davidson*.

And that magnificent moment when *Sadie* says compassionately, "I feel sorry for everybody in the world!"

THOMAS RYAN, New York, N. Y.

## WE TOLD YOU SO

We were planning to see Walter Huston in "American Madness," but as the night was chilly we changed our minds. Before finally deciding not to go, however, I looked over the review in *PHOTOPLAY*. The criticism was so enthusiastic that we were impressed and decided to go and see if the picture was as good as the review said.

What a picture! We all said we would not have missed it for anything in the world. Huston's was a superb performance!

MRS. G. S. SMITH, Great Barrington, Mass.

## NO DANGER IN LESLIE'S EYES?

Leslie Howard seems to me a most polished actor, but I am convinced that he will never experience the popularity of Clark Gable. His appeal is purely intellectual.

He is suave, but not debonair; he is a cultured sophisticate, but not intriguing. He is charming, but not glamorous or thrillingly dangerous.

He does not possess that elusive quality known as "sex menace."

MARY SCHUBERT, Tacoma, Wash.

## BOUQUET FOR JOHN GILBERT

You can all have your Clark Gables and James Cagneys, but I'll take John Gilbert! His performance in "Downstairs" as the quick-witted, charming, fascinating, handsome (words fail me) chauffeur was a knock-down. He tried a comeback and he clicked.

LORETTA BOOKER, Baltimore, Md.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]



Some folks raved about Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus," some about Herbert Marshall, but it was little Dickie Moore who apparently stole the show. "We hope he remains unspoiled," comments a mother



# What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



Scenes like this one of Bob Montgomery from "Lovers-Courageous" seem to please. Folks like Bob's wise-cracking dialogue and that odd little smirk. "We want heroes with a sense of humor," says one girl

## SHE SCOLDS JOHN

Oh, John Gilbert, why did you ever condescend to play such a rôle as you did in "Downstairs"? And why do you want to write your own plays if you can't do any better than this one? But still you remain my idol, my dream of all a thrillingly handsome actor should be.

MARY H. KERNS, Huntington, W. Va.

## TELL IT TO M-G-M

Robert Montgomery is my favorite star. Trouble is, I don't see him often enough. I have the grandest photograph of Mr. Montgomery and I keep it right before me in my office. Gee, wouldn't I like to have him for my "boss"! I look at his picture and smile to myself for thinking of anything so ridiculous.

Anyway, if my boss had one-tenth of Bob's delightful sense of humor, wouldn't it be just hunky-dory? Everytime he gets nasty (which is often) I simply control my tongue by looking at that picture and I say to myself, "Oh, if it were only Robert Montgomery instead of this old fellow!" To make a long story short—why don't they give Mr. Montgomery a rôle as "Somebody's Boss."

Q. C. S.

## GOLDEN LAUGHTER

Movie crazy? Indeed more people would be if more productions like "Movie Crazy" were released.

When a limited (and I really mean limited) amount of money must go far in the entertainment part of the budget, how fine it is to be able to see a show that leaves you weak—not, not from worries, but from laughter!

LUCILE SPENCER, Independence, Mo.

## GRAND TROUPERS, ALL

I saw a picture last night that I enjoyed—"The Vanishing Frontier"—full of old favorites, capable and satisfying. There was John Mack Brown, very handsome, with a Spanish accent that excelled even Warner Baxter's "Arizona" rôles. There was Wallace MacDonald; ZaSu Pitts, funnier than ever, and those beloved players, Raymond Hatton and J. Farrell MacDonald. With pictures, as with everything else, take away the glamour and the sparkle of big names and sometimes there is little left. Take that handful of players and without any glitter they gave us a good picture.

REBECCA D. GUTHRIE,

W. Philadelphia, Penna.

## AMERICANIZING WITH MOVIES

I was presented with quite a problem when my husband's sister from Russia came here with her family to make their home. The language, customs and American clothes were all so strange to them. At first I was horrified at having a family of "greenhorns" saddled on me. Through the medium of the movies, I found a wonderful way of quickly Americanizing them. My Russian in-laws are now on the road to becoming real Americans—thanks to the movies—a magic word, embodying an all-round education.

MRS. JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

## MORE THAN THRICE BLESSED

And what a blessed event "Blessed Event" turned out to be for a public surfeited with a cycle of columnist stories that were boring in their similarity. It is real entertainment—clever dialogue, splendid-cast, all directed with a master hand.

JEANNETTE B. STEIN, Ottumwa, Iowa

Orchids to Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee, for his work in "Blessed Event." And wasn't Ruth Donnelly great? I don't know when I enjoyed a picture as much as this, and certainly recommend it to diversion seekers. Add treats: Getting a glimpse of our Mary (Brian) again, solemn-faced Ned Sparks, and that oh so handsome newcomer, Dick Powell. Say, what more do you want for your money?

LILLIAN NORTON, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

## KEEPING UP WITH THE WORLD

A few years ago I realized my husband had succeeded in his profession; our children had college educations and were holding good positions—and all were advancing in other ways. I had fallen sadly behind and now it was up to me to catch up.

I found no better medium for obtaining all-round, broad-minded, up-to-the-minute information than at the movies. Some pictures are poor, some silly—but so are some people, some books. Such is life!

MRS. GRACE A. CHAPIN, Kansas City, Mo.

## THE LAD'S TECHNIQUE IS GOOD

Of all the pictures I have seen recently, "One Way Passage" impressed me as being different in every way. The story is an entirely new one. The acting is superb from the main rôles to the least important one. Direction, photography, settings and scenery are all perfect. Bill Powell's love-making was the cleanest and sweetest I have seen on the screen for ages.

ELEANORE G. MARCHAND, Salem, Mass.

## MORE ABOUT MOVIE MORALS

For eighteen years I've been a movie fan—and no piker at it either—but it's beginning to look as if the movies and I are coming to the parting of the ways, and coming fast.

In days past, when anyone would remark to me, "The movies are sexy," I always retorted, "I don't go to see that kind." But that answer doesn't go any more. That's about the only kind there is now. I'm getting fed up on rôles for heroes and *demi-mondes* for heroines.

I'm no saint myself, but I'd be considerably upset if I thought my morals were one-tenth as bad as those of the characters I see on the screen.

JAMIE F. HESS, Louisville, Ky.

## FROM EAST OF SUEZ

I live in Sourabaya, one of the bigger towns in the Dutch East Indies. When I was still living in Holland I always loved the movies, and I wondered what I was going to see of them on the other side of the world. Imagine my astonishment when I looked upon the big, cool theaters here. And the best of films! I now know that pictures are the most important recreation, for it very seldom occurs that good stage actors pay a visit to these tropical regions.

On my first visits to the movies it struck me how the natives enjoyed the pictures. They are a fine audience. If they appreciate a film they show their appreciation by clapping their hands and cheering the cast. They do not understand a syllable of the spoken word, for they speak only their own Javanese or Malay language.

Most of the scenes are laid in a world which is absolutely unknown to them, but in spite of all this they enjoy the movies like nothing else.

A. J. PRINS, Sourabaya, Dutch East Indies.



Red, rough hands  
made smooth and lovely  
...in 3 days

Painful chapping instantly relieved



A PARTY DRESS  
CAN'T HIDE  
"Kitchen Hands"

**S**TUNNING at a distance. But when they saw her hands—what a shock! So red, so rough and cracked they made her look like a scrubwoman dressed up!

How could she be so careless! Just a few minutes would have saved her. A few minutes spent in smoothing on a dainty, gossamer-fine, hand cream that quickly softens ugly, red roughness to smooth, porcelain-white loveliness. Wonderful for chapping—instantly draws out smarting, stinging soreness. Thousands of housewives, business women, sportswomen—active, outdoor-loving youngsters, too—keep hands soft and smooth with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

When you do housework, your hands are in and out of water continually—often hot water containing harsh, alkali cleaners. This constant wetting, especially in winter, dries out the natural beauty oils in the skin. *Hinds puts back these precious oils*—quickly restores youthful softness and smoothness.

**Try Hinds—note its chiffon texture**

Smooth on a few drops of this delicate cream. And smarting stops, dryness goes—roughness softens. For three days continue to use Hinds regularly, especially at night. On the third day hands should be soft, white, satin-smooth—not a hint of housework.

Hinds is a joy to use. A chiffon-weight cream—not a weak, thinned-out lotion or a thick, gummy jelly. Beware of these imitations which may contain excessive drying substances that also dry the hands! Hinds soothes and heals, leaves an invisible "second skin" that acts as a constant protection.

**FREE a 7-day trial bottle**

Send for this generous trial bottle. Make a thorough test of it. Watch hands grow gloriously soft and white. See how quickly chapping heals. Continue to use Hinds regularly to keep this new beauty. Fill out coupon now.



**HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,  
Dept. 712, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



TODAY

TOMORROW

NEXT DAY



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

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

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

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

**ARM OF THE LAW, THE**—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

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

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

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

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

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

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

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

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

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

**BORDER DEVILS**—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

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

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)



Director De Mille rides the camera crane for a close-up of Nero in "The Sign of the Cross"

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

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

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

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

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

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

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

**CRY OF THE WORLD, THE**—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

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

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

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

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

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

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

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

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

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

**ESCAPADE**—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

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

**"FAST COMPANIONS"**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]



# ONCE IN A LIFETIME A LAUGH-TIME LIKE THIS!



# “ONCE IN A LIFETIME”

*Greatest Mirth-provoking Comedy  
that has been produced in many years*

**Poking fun at Hollywood  
Laughing at producer, player, director**

*“A blue-ribbon show. All of us laughed long and loud  
at the joshing which Hollywood apparently deserves  
.. See 'Once In a Lifetime' and die—laughing.”*

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RUSSELL HOPTON • LOUISE FAZENDA • GREGORY RATOFF • ZASU  
PITTS • ONSLOW STEVENS • JOBYNA HOWLAND • CLAUDIA MORGAN  
GREGORY GAYE • MONA MARIS • CAROL TREVIS • DEACON McDANIEL.

Directed by the ironical RUSSELL MACK



# Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle  
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

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

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

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

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

**GET THAT GIRL**—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

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

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

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

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

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

**HUDDLE**—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**LENA RIVERS**—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as *Letty*. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

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

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

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

**LOVE IS A RACKET**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

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

**LOVE'S COMMAND**—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

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

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

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

**MAN ABOUT TOWN**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

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

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

**MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE**—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

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

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

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

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

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

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

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

[ 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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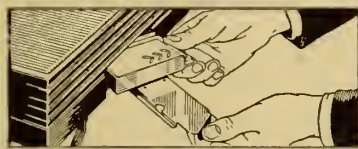
# An electric bridge table *that shuffles and deals*

*It astonishes. It mystifies. It flabbergasts. Tournament-scarred veterans pale, strong men faint, when first they behold what modern science has brought to bridge—Hammond's new Electric Bridge Table, which shuffles and deals cards without benefit of human hands.*

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HAMMOND ELECTRIC  
BRIDGE TABLE  
*IT SHUFFLES AND DEALS*



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claddette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

**MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

**MISS PINKERTON**—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

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

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

**MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

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

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

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

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

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

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

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

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

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

**NIGHT WORLD**—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

**NO GREATER LOVE**—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PHOTOPLAY

does not print rumors.

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**POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

**PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

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

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

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

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

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

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

**RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

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

**RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE**—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

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

**RIDING TORNADO, THE**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

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

**ROADHOUSE MURDER**—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

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

**RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions add those who do not know German. (June)

**SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

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

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

**SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

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

**SINISTER HANDS**—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

**SINNERS IN THE SUN**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

**SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

**SKY BRIDE**—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

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

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

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

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

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128 ]



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Lilyan Tashman in person! This charming actress, who won applause in "The Wisest Sex" (Paramount) and "Those We Love" (World Wide), adds to her other distinctions the reputation of being one of the best-dressed stars in the twinkling Hollywood firmament.

# Lilyan Tashman

## ANSWERS

### A FAN LETTER

The following letter is typical of thousands received each week by such stars as Lilyan Tashman. We believe her answer will be interesting to thousands of women everywhere.

#### HERE IS THE LETTER

*Dear Miss Cashman:*

You were just marvelous in "Those We Love," and it is easy to see why you are considered one of the smartest dressed women on the screen. As I am a stenographer making only \$18.50 a week, of course I cannot afford expensive clothes. But I do like to dress as nicely as I can. Would it be too much trouble for you to advise me a few little ways, that don't cost too much, how I can make myself smarter? I am a blonde, too, and am five feet, four inches tall, weighing 108 pounds.

I look forward to all your pictures—never miss one!

*Sincerely, E. R. S.*

#### HERE IS THE ANSWER

*My Dear:*

I'm very glad that you enjoyed my picture so much that you felt like writing me about it—and about clothes!

It does not take much money these days to be a "well-dressed girl." Just choose the colors and styles that become you best.

Another thing, be very careful of your accessories!

Handbags, shoes, hats, jewelry, and stockings—with a lot of emphasis on stockings—are tremendously important. They can make an inexpensive dress look like a million—or ruin even the most expensive.

Wear good stockings—anyone can afford them these days. Be sure they fit snugly and keep them straight on the leg. And half the battle of dressing neatly and attractively is won. New shades I like, and which you should be able to wear, are "Taupe-Mist," "Interlude" and "Rhymtone."

*Lilyan Tashman.*

#### WE AGREE WITH MISS TASHMAN

"... stockings are tremendously important..." Any fashion expert will tell you just how important they are. And if you wear Realsilk stockings, you can be sure that they're the latest in style because Realsilk permanently maintains for fashion authenticity a famous Fashion Committee.

"... wear good stockings..." Surely, there's no reason for any woman to deny herself the pleasure and confidence of fine hosiery with Realsilk offering such beautiful qualities at such remarkably low, 1932 prices. "... sure they fit snugly..." With Realsilk you can be sure, because this famous brand of hosiery is always

made of fresher silk. Fresher silk means more elasticity, greater durability and longer wear—as well as better appearance. (Realsilk because it sells direct from the mills to you, can and does give you fresher silk.)

"... keep them straight on the leg..." And because Realsilk has a feature of construction found in no other stockings, it's easy to keep them straight on the leg. We've found a new way to close up the useless hole inside the hem, thus enabling you to fasten garters right on the seam. That keeps them straight—and it's just one of seven extra and exclusive features in Realsilk.

Realsilk sells only through representatives who call at home or office. If you are not being called upon regularly, just telephone your local Realsilk Branch (located in 200 leading cities) and ask that a representative be sent out. The phone number is listed under "Realsilk". Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery.

The fresh Silk Stockings

REALSILK

with 7 Exclusive Features







**W**E just had to print this stunning and unusual photograph of Constance Bennett, but what is there to tell about her that you don't know? Weary of personal publicity, she is fighting hard for a "private life." The retakes on "Rockabye" finished and her European trip postponed, she goes into her next production after a brief vacation



Ferenc

**H**ERE'S one of the busiest of the younger Hollywood actresses. Loretta Young dashes from picture to picture, so it's nice to get a portrait like this to prove that she does have time occasionally to sit down and reflect about it all. You'll see her next in "Employees' Entrance," the film in which Alice White makes her screen comeback





Hurrell

**A**NOTHER thoughtful young screen star. Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," made into the Fox picture, "Wild Girl," gives Joan Bennett her latest rôle. Mother of an almost-five-year-old daughter, Adrienne, by a former marriage; now wife of Gene Markey, the writer, this youngest Bennett manages to have an important career of her own



Otto Dyar

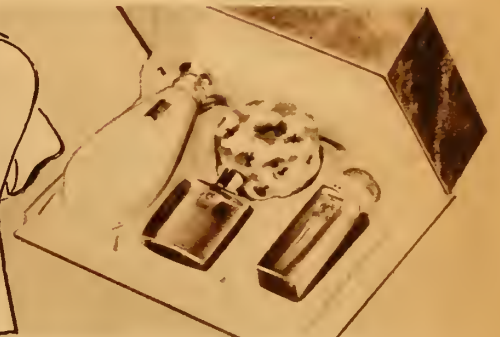
**T**IME was when Dee just meant the fourth letter in the alphabet for most of us, but that was before Frances Dee's charm hit our screens. Chevalier chose the then unknown girl for his leading woman in "Playboy of Paris." Then followed rôles in "An American Tragedy" and "The Night of June 13." Her next is Paramount's "If I Had A Million"



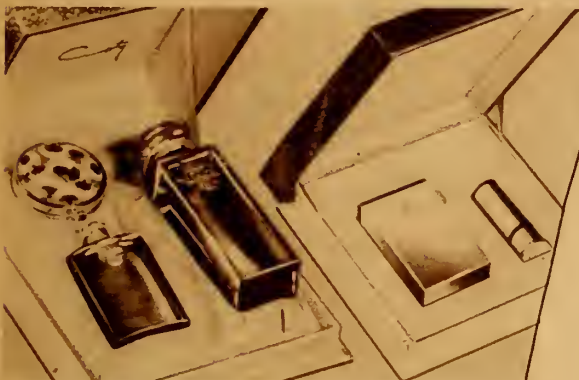
A real thrill to these party-like gifts!



Here—just-created—are Coty's Purse Size Flacons in gem-like, new bottles, and lovely gold-and-ivory toned boxes. One ounce, \$4.15; half-ounce, \$2.20; quarter-ounce, \$1.10. In favorite odeurs.



A "fragrant orchestration"—a cut crystal flacon of Essence—the Perfume of which is subtly re-echoed in the Toilet Water, Face Powder and Talc, \$10.50. Other Sets—\$3.30.



The new half-ounce flacon of Essence makes its debut with Eau de Toilette, and Coty Compact. \$6. Newly designed Purse Perfume Case and Lipstick—platinum-toned, \$2.75.



Perfumes by Coty are gifts that bring a sense of luxury and glamour; they translate grey moods into joyous hours. Ready now for gift-choosers are sparkling Essences, and beautiful Gift Sets, in which each object reflects the same lovely fragrance. Hint for your favorites, before it's too late! Choice of twenty odeurs. Above are L'Origan, \$7.70; L'Aimant, \$5.50; and "Paris", \$7.45. Others: \$1.10 to \$55.



Delicate Perfume—Sparkling Polish— for her nails! A Coty Manicure Set—in removable, enduring tray for dressing table use, \$5.50. Others from \$3.30. Travel Kits, \$3.85.

Coty

# "I'm fighting this Nonsense about Sweets"

SAYS SYLVIA

Hollywood's famous slenderizing authority

Why LIFE SAVERS help you grow thin . . . and stay thin!

Not long ago I got fighting mad. A woman came to me to take off some of the "lard" she was toting around. I get \$100 a half hour for that. And I've got so many picture, stage and social celebrities to take care of, I'm pretty pressed for time.

She started to take up a lot of it arguing with me . . . imagine that! . . . when I told her she had to eat enough sugar to reduce. Another victim of that old nonsense that you have to starve yourself on sugar when you are reducing. Did I burn up!

I told you I get \$100 a half hour. Well, I'm going to tell you what I do to earn it. Give you the main points in my advice:

FIRST: Exercise sanely, preferably a two or three mile walk a day in the open air.



SECOND: Cut out heavy, fat foods, gravies, rich sauces and liquor, *absolutely!*

THIRD: (And this is vital!) Eat enough sugar! No, that's not a misprint. I mean it exactly . . . don't starve yourself on sweets. That's the old idea. Forget it.

Don't starve yourself on sugar. It's the one food element that burns up the body fats. The fire of burning sugar in your system "melts away" the excess pounds. Fat is like fuel; sugar like flame.

The right sweet at the right time is as important as exercise, or anything else I've told you to do. Life Savers are a purposeful candy for my slenderizing program. I give them because they provide the quickly assimilated sugar energy you need, without any fat-forming extra bulk.

They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. Each Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. So I'm not just giving you a temporary taste pleasure but a lasting gratification of your craving for sugar.

*I like action . . .  
let's get started!*

If you mean business . . . so do I. If you don't, don't mail this coupon. But I want to see evidence of your good faith.

If you'll show me that you are really in earnest about this weight-reducing

question, I'll make you a grand gift. I have put down in a brief booklet the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for. This booklet is not for sale. If I sold it I'd ask a pretty stiff price for it. But if you'll show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by sending me two Life Savers wrappers, I'll send you, with my compliments, this little book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

*Madame Sylvia*



FRANCES DEE . . . Beautiful Paramount star, featured in "A Chance at Heaven"

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON:

IF YOU DON'T . . . Don't!

MADAME SYLVIA  
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. P-12  
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.



# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

AND what now do you suppose is the only barrier between us and the innocence that mantled Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? Those pernicious motion pictures! What, again? Yes, sure 'nough!

Well, invention is running kind of low these days, and new ideas are scarce. Maybe it's the depression, but motion pictures—my word!—why, they used to pick on them when I was little more than a child! Who said the world moves?

YET it must be true; it's all here in black and white. A woman's magazine, conducting an "investigation," has made these startling "discoveries":

Sixty-two per cent among 458 high school boys and girls admitted that they imitated the dress and mannerisms of screen stars.

Thirty-three per cent of the same group said that love techniques shown on the screen had inspired them to emulation (not always successful).

Sixty-six per cent remembered that they had dwelt in a world of fantasy; prolonged hours of day-dreaming had come to them as a result of the movies.

Twenty-two per cent had become dissatisfied with home and its limitations because of the splendors shown on the silver screen.

AND what's the answer to all that? Just this: That youth has always been, and always will be, imitative; that we can see no harm, but positive good, in being influenced by the better dress, the better grooming, the better manners that are portrayed on the screen.

That if there were no screen love-making to observe, that youth, nevertheless, would discover its own—perhaps a less romantic, less idealistic sort.

That youth always does live in a world of fantasy and that the basis of that fantasy is to be found in every poem, every novel, or in its own natural impulses.

That youth's dissatisfaction with existing conditions has always been both a problem and a blessing—that this dissatisfaction may be born in observing a more prosperous neighbor, a better dressed girl at school, in glimpsing through the windows of the limited express the luxury within.

RECALL the pre-movie days, when boys learned filthy language and filthier thinking in the cheap pool room and the low burlesque theater.

You won't find youth congregating in any such spots of moral pestilence today. They have found in motion pictures a form of entertainment that raises their imagination and their thoughts to higher levels, and discovers for them a more natural and better outlet for their emotions. Would it be possible for the detractors of motion pictures even to imagine, much less to create, as educating, as broadening a form of entertainment?

These "investigators" think they are criticizing motion pictures. Whereas, they are really criticizing life itself.

TWO big moments of the month: Jimmy Cagney and Alice White return (separately) to the lot. Jimmy, audacious *insurrecto*, is one of the few in pictures who have walked out and walked right back again.

It usually fares hard with these rebels. Jimmy's triumphant return proves that he is recognized as star material of the first water. The producers, having weighed discipline against box-office, succumbed to the latter.

ALICE WHITE'S case is quite different. One of those saucy little minxes that delight in tearing off the tawdry robes of dignity, she refused to bow down before tinsel gods. That's treason in the kingdom of Hollywood, where few monarchs, male or feminine, ever feel quite secure on their thrones. The cry went up "Banish Alice!" And banished she was.

But her loyal subjects throughout the land clamored for her return. And so once more Alice treads the studios. Or to put it in plain low-down, Alice filled the theaters on her vaudeville tour, and the producers asked her to come home.

Just a case of dollars versus dignity, and dollars won.

PERSONALITIES still crowd them in. And stars continue in the ascendant. It would be rather difficult to imagine Garbo's losing her popularity

through appearing in even a series of poor pictures.

When Shakespeare wrote, "The play's the thing," he hadn't in mind 1932 motion pictures.

Other generations went to the theater to see Booth as *Othello*; Mansfield as *Cyrano* and Bernhardt as *Camille*.

But we go to see Garbo as *Garbo*.

Interpretations don't mean so much to us. Even George Arliss' characterizations do not impress like the man himself. And whether he plays a Hindu rajah, as in "The Green Goddess," or *Disraeli*, Arliss is pretty much himself—the same gestures, the same sly look of the eye when he delivers a telling line, the same facial expressions for similar emotional import.

A great technician, it is true, but, withal, George Arliss. And George Arliss is what we want.

AUDIENCES were not prepared for some of Clark Gable's recent rôles. They didn't come to "Strange Interlude" for a characterization of *Ned Darrell*.

They wanted to see Gable, the man. They didn't, and, therefore, were disappointed.

Jean Hersholt, Paul Muni, Gregory Ratoff give grand and unusual interpretations. The public likes them, but their popularity is not extraordinary.

Even Marie Dressler, great actress that she is, largely plays herself.

Joan Crawford's allure and dash; Janet Gaynor's semi-childish wistfulness—that's what makes them perennial favorites.

SOMETIMES an unknown star is thrust up for our approval, but unless he or she has a distinctive personality, one that can be trade-marked, the newcomer—heaven help him or her—will vanish with the velocity of a retreating comet.

You can't consistently imagine Robert Montgomery as a beggar, or Will Rogers as a *Beau Brummell*. If you can, you are living in a world of unreality.

A personality once typed must stay put. It is the edict of the public and from that there is no appeal. Not the show, but the stars must go on.

THE way the youngsters in Hollywood are picking up the torch dropped by their fathers is enough to bring a lump in any throat. There's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., who is striving in his dogged way to fill the niche left vacant by his famous sire.

And now that Tom Mix is retiring his faithful horse Tony, Tony Jr. is to follow in his dad's hoof-prints. Will good old Tony's generous pension of oats compensate him for wistful memories of many a thrilling dash after cattle thieves and other dastardly villains?

The four-footed stars must yield to the passage of time even as human screen idols must give way to the greater glamour of a younger generation.

NOT one of the winners of PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal since 1920—when that award was first made—could, by any twisting of the meaning of the word, be called a sex picture.

You may snuggle up to your boy friend in the semi-gloom of the movie theater when witnessing a love scene. But that's something else. That's romance.

SUCH a picture as "Grand Hotel" depends for its success but little upon the lure of the flesh. Its galaxy of gallant troupers do the trick. The half-dozen stars of the first magnitude, not to mention several minor ones, would almost inevitably make any film an outstanding success.

Certainly the mercenary relationship between *Preysing* (Wallace Beery) and *Flaemmchen* (Joan Crawford) would never lift this story to the heights of popularity it has attained. But the love affair between the *Baron* (John Barrymore) and *Grusinskaya* (Greta Garbo) is an interest of another sort. It represents the greatest interest of any normal human being—romance. The public takes to sex in a big way only when it is purified by idealism.

THERE was a racing story waiting to be made when Wally Reid died. And that picture was never made. But now, after these years, they have found someone who can do it. His name is William Wallace Reid. Wally's son, now a young man in his teens.

And to add to the drama of this situation, the director is Jerome Storm, who was a big director when Wally was at the height of his career. Storm dropped to the status of an extra and then a doorman on one of the studio sound stages. Now another chance comes for him.

Real life drama, isn't it?

BUSY Hollywood has solved another problem. They will let their children uphold the social obligations of the family. While the mothers and fathers make the money, the little sons and daughters can spend it.

There's an absolute epidemic of youngsters' parties.

Helen Hayes complains because neither she nor hubby Charlie MacArthur can have the big limousine. Their child always has it—and the chauffeur, too.

Incidentally, these young folks are setting the fashions. Each one must outdo the other. Mana Hayes, for example, keeps her youngster gowned in the mode of the gay nineties. Lace mits (real lace, of course!), smocked gowns and bonnets. Yes, bonnets!

But here's the most interesting part of the story. Who would have believed it? In the old Hollywood, they hid their children for fear someone would learn they had them. Today, they promote them to social ambassadors for the family.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY





**H**ARD work behind the camera! Strained concentration on the part of Director Ernst L. Frank (left) and crew as they bring the lens to bear on Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas for this difficult angle shot. It's for Universal's South African picture "Nagana," which marks Tala's initial appearance in a star rôle

# Why Clark Gable Says



There's a glowering look in Clark Gable's eye as though within his heart he dissents from the easy-going self the studios see

By Ruth  
Biery

**I** HAVE been in the show business for twelve years. They have known me in Hollywood but two. Yet, as picture making goes, two years is a measurably long time. Nevertheless, my advice has never been asked about a part in a picture. I have never been consulted as to what I would like to play." And smilingly Clark Gable added, "I am paid not to think."

This is a bit reminiscent of a squabble Ina Claire had with Sam Goldwyn. Ina had proffered suggestions while working on "The Greeks Had a Word For Them." As a producer herself of plays, she felt that she knew something about the show business. Her ideas came to Goldwyn's attention. He sent for her and said, "To let actors think is too expensive."

I reminded Clark of this Goldwyn-Claire controversy, and he smiled. "That's right," he said, "I am not even thinking about my screen future."

And yet Clark is not one of those lads who make a success in a few pictures and then believe they know more about the business than those who have been producing pictures for years; who try to tell the studios what to do and how to do it.

No, Clark has never done that. When he chose to express himself, he has done it in a more practical way. Money. When his name became famous, he did ask for a raise, but he went about the matter quietly and with dignity.

He knew that screen fame is usually short-lived. It could last only so long as he might have the proper parts, and he knew he might not be given them. He was, therefore, determined to secure as big a stake for his future as possible. He demanded more money than the starting salary on which he had been signed. He demanded it just after he had begun work on "Polly of the Circus." The psychological moment! They couldn't finish the picture without him.

To demand more money was but to demand protection for the future—a protection to which every man who works is entitled.

When I asked him why he doesn't volunteer suggestions for plays which he would like to do, he answered, "I just work here. I try to work well and hard."

"But if you have good ideas, Clark—"

He interrupted. "I haven't any more to lose than they have. After all, they have an investment in me. They've spent money on me. It's my business to work; not to think. I do my work without talking."

Yet Clark knows what "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude" have done for him. He knows he was close to the summit when "Possessed" was released. And he knows that those first two—to which he was photographically unfitted—gave him a push backwards from which it may take time and exceptionally well-suited pictures to recover.

**H**E also understands, as few do, the secret of picture success. He knows that he might have done "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude" on the stage and gotten away with them. His twelve years of study and experience have made him a versatile actor—on the stage. But the stage is not the screen.

To know Clark Gable in person is to know a swarthy-complexioned, quiet person who says what he has to say in terse sentences and an "I-am-always-myself" manner. A frequent twinkle in the eyes; a rapid flash of dimples indicates a well-controlled sense of humor. A likable chap who recalls dozens somewhat-like-him whom you have known on the college campus.

There is no more suggestion of the gangster or "I-always-get-my-woman" type than there was about those others.



# "I Am Paid Not to Think"

But Clark Gable on the screen! Ah! The camera plays queer tricks with us.

It plays queer tricks with so many. It types its subjects, whether they wish to be typed or not. It classified Janet Gaynor so she can never be anything but wistful and adolescently appealing—no matter how tempted she is, personally, to seek sophistication. It has typed Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo. They are sirens and must remain such if they are to continue successful. The camera has so dictated.

You may be as versatile as a Dusé or a Laurence Barrett on the stage, but in pictures you are only as versatile as the camera allows you to be. You may be absolutely colorless as a person, but when you flash on that screen, you may radiate an individuality so powerful that you bless the camera.

Clark Gable fully appreciates what the camera does to him. It metamorphoses him from a sensible, independent young man, who is not so different from hundreds of others, into the modern feminine version of a cave man. In "Night Nurse" he played a despicable character, one whom he would hate in real life. But the camera made him desirable to women, even though despicable.

In "Possessed," his favorite picture, it made him a well-dressed, cultured fellow, but one who still slapped down his women.

In "A Free Soul"—hardboiled, "I-take-what-I-want-when-I-want-it."

**E**ACH of these pictures told a story which bent to the will of the camera, and allowed him parts for which he was camera-fitted.

But "Laughing Sinners," "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude"! A salvation army boy in the first. Clark replaced Johnny Mack Brown in that picture. They put the screen personality of Clark Gable into a part intended for the screen personality of Johnny.

Somebody besides Clark wasn't thinking.

He takes the rôles they hand him without so much as a shrug of the shoulder, but what effect have these parts on his screen career?

"Strange Interlude." I blamed the make-up of Clark as an old man for much of the censure awarded that production. Clark doesn't. He tells me that they took eighteen tests for that make-up. Tests average a cost of two hundred dollars apiece.

Metro expended thirty-six hundred dollars in an earnest effort to make Clark look a believable old man. It couldn't be done because the camera wouldn't allow it.

Clark plays old men convincingly upon the stage. The demon camera simply stuck its tongue in its cheek and said, "I've showed you what Clark Gable can do on the screen. Go ahead and ruin him if you wish. I won't budge an inch. He's not to play old men any more than ministers."

**P**ERHAPS there are ministers such as Clark played with Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." But they are exceptions and the public does not accept exceptions in its screen entertainment. All the way through that picture, I felt like rushing to the screen, grabbing the clerical collar, which was throttling Clark's neck, and screaming, "Be yourself! Go and get her!" Judging from the letters received, many other women had the same inclination.

Clark knows the reason he had to play in these pictures even though he won't tell you or me about it. He only smiles, as you imagine the sphinx would smile, when you say: "They had to pass you around among the big feminine stars so each one would have you, didn't they, Clark?"

Leading men are the most difficult problem for women stars. Somehow, they are scarcer in Hollywood than honest politicians in Washington. A good leading man, like Robert Montgomery, is discovered, plays a few rôles and is then made a star. It is only natural that feminine stars pounce upon a new man like Clark, especially when he is already well-started toward becoming a sensation.

Joan Crawford and Connie Bennett had him first as their leads. Then Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." Then Joan insisted that he be given to her for [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



Stagg

A few more such rôles as he played in "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude" may retire Clark permanently to the quiet reflections of his own fireside. But in "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow, he is once more the same masterful personality that won him feminine admiration and screen glory in "Possessed"





She filled her beautiful mouth with pebbles and talked. Thus Gwili Andre won her lovely voice

# They Leaped



A typist who dreamed of being a screen star, yet Dorothy Wilson was terribly awkward. But see her today in "The Age of Consent!"

**T**HE lights flare up. The picture is over. And little Mamie Jones trudges off to her third floor room with a sigh. "Oh, to be one of those glamorous movie stars. Gorgeous creatures without a defect in a car load. They all must have been born perfect," she grumbles.

But don't kid your little red-headed, freckle-faced self, dear. Little Connie Lovely up there on that screen to-night has had heartaches and obstacles to overcome that would make your troubles look like a buttercup in a circus fatman's button hole.

Born perfect, indeed! No troubles! No obstacles to overcome! Mamie, my child, don't believe it. Let's run down the list of some of those stars who are very pleasing to the eye.

Take Constance Cummings, now. She was brought to Hollywood from a rather mild but promising spot on the New York stage. Sam Goldwyn had seen her and believed she had promise, so she was engaged to play opposite Ronald Colman.

But Connie was uneasy. Something, somewhere, was wrong. She was conscious, for one thing, of the thick but lovely accents all about her, while she twanged away with a good old Middle West twang. Her clothes seemed to bring out rather than conceal all her bad points. Her broad shoulders, in particular, were her despair.

**B**UT she worked like a dog. And was thrilled to the core with her big chance.

Then one night rehearsal was called for eight. The actors sat waiting. Nine o'clock came and then ten. At eleven o'clock the director arrived.

"No rehearsal," he snapped. The next morning, they told her. They had been looking at rushes the night before and, no use, Connie wouldn't do at all. She was out.

'Member, Mamie, the time you



"Tough" rôles were ruining her acting. Now Wynne Gibson is conquering that

dreamed and dreamed of the day when you'd move up from the tinware counter to the ladies' step-ins department? And then you got it? Oh, dear God, how happy you were? The ladies' step-ins, at last! And all the girls turned bilious with envy? And then that very afternoon the blonde friend of the floorwalker, who knew all about step-ins from A to Z, was given your place and you went back to the tinware? How crushed and wretched you were, Mamie?

Well, that's how Connie Cummings felt. Only Connie didn't have any tinware to go back to. And while only the few in the Bon Ton Emporium knew about your disappointment, all Hollywood knew about Connie's failure.

She felt like crawling out of the place on her hands and knees.



# The Hurdles

Eight plucky girls who refused to let themselves be disqualified in fortune's grueling contest

By Sara Hamilton



And silk-finished, appealing Dorothy Jordan once was lacking in style or allure. Yes, it's a fact!



They took her out of her first film, yet Constance Cummings made good

But she didn't. No, she didn't. She stayed. And decided she'd be good enough for Hollywood. And movies. You see, Connie felt they were right about her. Absolutely.

So she did things. She practiced putting on make-up. She gathered poise just as you gather berries in Uncle Casper's field. It was hard work but she stuck to it. Also she learned not to look like a wooden Indian with the quinsy when the hero breaks down and reveals his burning passion. She knows now how a lady with a burning passion person on her hands really looks.

BY sneaking into projection rooms and watching herself she also made the discovery that she had to exaggerate her scenes in order to make them look more natural on the screen. She has that kind of face. Moreover, she learned to let herself go in certain scenes. We watched her in a scene with George Raft in "Night After Night" and realized, with a start, that Connie Cummings could no more have played that scene a year ago than Aunt Hattie. Even when Auntie's kittenish.

So out of a plain piece of material, pre-shrunk, Connie Cummings alone fashioned this splendid and sought-after young

actress. Under long term contract to Columbia. Playing in three pictures at once. And then just a year or so later, Connie returned to the scene of her first failure. United Artists had brought her back to play with Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy." Borrowed now by Paramount. Sought after.

So you see, Mamie, there's one young movie actress that had obstacles to overcome. And plenty of them, too. Let's look at others.

THE world literally gasps at the dry ice beauty of Jean Harlow. That lovely, seductive figure. Wouldn't you trade two Coney Island dates with Jimmy for a "figger" like that, Mamie? Just wouldn't anybody, though?

But Jean Harlow didn't always have that figure, Mamie. Not always I'm going to tell you something that's never been told before. Jean Harlow was once a wretched little cripple. Couldn't walk. Spinal meningitis, Mamie. It broke her beautiful little body. And her heart, almost. For even as a child she knew the value of beauty.

But Jean determined to do something. To fight. She exercised when it was agony to move. Kept at it and at it. Never growing discouraged. Never giving up. Doing everything they asked her to do. And she did it, didn't she?

Maureen O'Sullivan had never known want, the need to economize or save. Maureen was in pretty happy circumstances over in Dublin, Ireland, when a movie director offered her a job in Hollywood. And Maureen took it just for a lark. And a change. So that's the way she came to Hollywood—and movies. And was in the velvet. Her very first picture with John McCormack, great Irish tenor, was a big success and rated an opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater, with lights and glamour everywhere. Life was an ermine-lined cinch to Maureen.

And then she went on with Fox [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]





**A** TRIUMPH of artistic skill is this set designed by Harry Oliver, for "Tess of the Storm Country." It is so faithfully a replica of a fishermen's colony on the Maine coast that you can almost smell the salty sea breezes. Everything is here, from moss-covered rocks and barnacles to authentic fishermen's dories





Photo by Stagg

"TESS" is going to be one of those Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell dramas that have made them the most famous co-players on the screen. They have done ten pictures together now and not a flop among them. Director Alfred Santell, at the railing, is giving instructions before the cameras grind



# They Hope to Stay Married

And the odds are ten to one that the wish of their hearts will be fulfilled

A happy Hollywood couple who have no professional rows or jealousies. "Business is business, and marriage is marriage," say Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna



By  
Kay  
Roberts

I RAN into Kenneth MacKenna the other day and commenced talking about his wife's picture.

He naively asked, "What picture?"

"Mercy, man! What do you mean? *What* picture? Your wife's!"

"I mean—I did read the name, but I've forgotten it."

"You read the name of Kay Francis MacKenna's picture—Then that means—So you and Kay are—that is, I mean you and she—Gee, that's too bad! Glad to have seen you—"

I edged away. I just had time to reach the telegraph office to make the last moment news for the PHOTOPLAY which was going to press. What a story! Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna separated!

"Hey, wait a moment. Don't be in such a hurry. I hadn't meant to let the cat out of the bag, but since I've started I'd better finish. You might even get the idea that Kay and I aren't happy. The reason I don't know about Kay's picture is because we never discuss each other's work. She never says what she's doing or tells what happened during the day. Neither do I. I'd be the last person to know about Kay, professionally." He stressed the last word slightly.

LUCKY it wasn't the fly season. My mouth was too wide open. I'd thought I had a scoop when it sounded like separation. But separations, after all, are common while if this fantastic-sounding yarn was gospel, it was the only one of the kind in the city! My reporter's cynical nose sniffed suspicion. It just couldn't be! But if it were!

I recalled all the couples I knew in Hollywood; all the parties I had attended. I had never been to the most intimate or to the most heterogeneous "crush" where the con-

versation had not been pictures—pictures—pictures. Pictures had always, as a matter of course, been dished with the soup and the dessert—even into the early morning.

One common subject! It becomes thread-worn. It is patched. Again, it is thread-worn. You can patch only so long. The entire fabric decays at last. I have feared that Hollywood couples have believed marriage to be frazzled when in reality there was merely one thread of conversation between them. I have thought that they mistook the one thread for the entire fabric! Evidently that is the way Kay and

Kenneth figured—although they made no agreement to eliminate this weak thread before they married. But they did make two compacts akin to the subject.

THEY do not believe in pre-nuptial promises as a rule.

They are too easily broken.

The two they made were: 1. Neither was to ask the other to attend a Hollywood opening no matter what the picture or who the star. 2. Neither was to make a social engagement without first consulting the other.

That's what they told me when I called on them to learn more about the secret of their happiness.

The first unconsciously exposed their mutual attitude toward Hollywood as a marriage bond. "Openings are ballyhoo; definite exploitation stunts for picture people to be seen. We believe in other forms of advertisement; Kay had hers—"

Kay interrupted Kenneth. "When we go out together we do so to have fun. I don't like to be grabbed or yanked around by crowds or packed into a lobby like the proverbial sardine so that I can't even [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119 ]



The home in Beverly Hills where Kay and Kenneth live, love, squabble and "make up," just like the folks back in Minneapolis or Pleasant Valley



By  
Susan  
Mason



She wasn't needed in pictures 'twas thought, but the amazing reception Alice White received in vaudeville proved otherwise

## "Alice, Please Come Home"

**A**LICE WHITE is back—back in the movies. And you, her loyal supporters, who have demanded to see her again on the screen, are alone responsible for her return. That just shows you what loyalty, backed by loud, clinking clamor will do. For, little Alice oozed right out of the picture before you were ready for her to vanish. One day, there she was. Monkey-shining around on the screen. The next day, she wasn't.

Presently her fans began peering behind Mickey Mouse comedies and Fox news-reels and wanting to know where Alice White was.

"Oh, lookee," the producers would say, "here's a cute little number. Now you should forget Alice and like Mamie. See how cute is Mamie."

"I don't want Mamie. I want Alice," you obstinately persisted. But the producers weren't convinced.

Then Alice decided to make a personal appearance tour. And Hollywood snickered and said, "Well, another has-been takes to the road. Now we'll see how loyal all these Alice White enthusiasts are. Now we'll see."

They looked. They saw. They gasped!

For little Alice wowed them right out of their seats. She put on an act that required talent and ability, she worked like a little spaniel, and she clicked. As a matter of fact, the sound of the clicking could be heard clear to Hollywood.

In Washington, D. C., they opened on a Saturday. It was raining hard. But just the same, at eleven o'clock in the morning, one thousand people stood in line with the rain in

their necks, to see Alice White. In Baltimore, next to Jean Harlow, Alice White drew larger audiences than any other motion picture star who ever played that city. Boy, she wowed them!

Thousands of letters poured into the theaters where she played, each week. And each week she gave a radio broadcast, answering the questions, or as many of them as she could, that had come in.

"And they always wanted to know," Alice said, "when Clara Bow was coming back and whether Jean Harlow's hair was natural."

But what she didn't tell was that over three-fourths of the letters asked the same old question, "Alice, when are you going back to the movies?"

**S**HE made friends wherever she went. For instance, in Baltimore, there was Mickey Riley. Just nine, Mickey was, with red hair and a face full of freckles. He owned a strange and mangy animal that, upon close examination, turned out to be a dog, and Alice found them both in the alley back of the theater, Mickey puffing away at a cigarette. They became friends to the extent that Mickey even made passes at his neck and ears with a few drops of water.

They had long talks in her dressing-room between acts and the result was Mickey gave up the cigarettes. He went with her to the station, he and his dog, when she left. And stood there on the platform, a forlorn little figure from the wrong side of the tracks, wiping his nose [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



# Cal York

## Announcing-

How many new Clara Bows are there, anyway? She looks different in every one of her latest photographs. Clara is here chic and self-assured, revealing still another interesting personality in a scene from "Call Her Savage"

wouldn't romp and play. Clara tweaked his ear to encourage him. And the Dane snapped, grabbed her arm and broke the skin in eleven places.

FROM London comes the report that Gloria Swanson is none too happy with her Paris play-boy husband, Michael Farmer. It can't be possible that she is considering another divorce. And yet they say—

"ONE tiger—vegetarian, if possible, because he has to work with Hersholt," was the requisition sent to the property department at M-G-M for "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

"Just change that," said Jean. "Make it read 'Must be a vegetarian.'"

THAT battle between Clara Bow and Thelma Todd in "Call Her Savage." Well, it wasn't publicity, boys and girls. It was the goods.

The low-down is, that fight scene was Thelma's only possible chance to steal a scene from the red-head. If she made it a real fight—

A grab for Clara's hair. A fistful of red tresses.

Clara screeched and got a handful of blonde in return. Each woman getting madder and madder.

According to the script, Monroe Owsley was supposed to separate them. But Monroe was paralyzed by the intensity of the storm, weaving before and around him. Or perhaps he was afraid that his hair might go the way of all hair.

Thelma ended it. She raised one knee and landed it convincingly in Clara's mid-region. Clara slumped to the ground. Out.

It was a long count before stunned director and helpers could jump to carry her to her "corner."

"DID you get it?" the director screamed at the cameraman.

The latter gulped and nodded. He had been too stunned, himself, to turn off the camera motors.

In "Call Her Savage" you'll see the most real feminine fight ever screened, for they assert they are going to leave in every inch of it.

In the old days, only fate could have saved Thelma Todd. But this time Clara said, "Forget it. Let's finish the picture."

But Thelma won't steal any more scenes from her. Clara's poise hasn't made her "easy."

AT least Clara's had plenty of excitement in her return to pictures!

First, a battle with a snake on location.

Then, the battle with Thelma Todd.

And just before we go to print, the scene with the Great Dane. The two were supposed to romp and play together. But the Dane

WELL, we'll just wager you our first Christmas present against your last one that Connie Bennett wishes she'd let Gloria Swanson make "Rockabye." Gloria said it



Across the waters in dear old England, Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, are working together in the picture, "Perfect Understanding." It's one of those British society dramas



# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

was the best screen story ever written—she'd rather make it than any she ever heard of. She sold it to Radio Pictures with the understanding she was to make it. She left—it was handed to Connie.

You know about the rivalry between Connie and Gloria. It's not a far stretch of imagination to picture how tickled Connie was to get a chance to make Gloria's pet story. That is—at first. After the picture was previewed recently it was decided to remake it.

George Fitzmaurice, who directed the first effort, withdrew and George Cukor, who made Connie's biggest hit, "What Price Hollywood," did the new one. Phillips Holmes, leading man, had a picture to do at Fox so he wasn't available for the second siege. Joel McCrea replaced him.

There's little doubt that director Fitzmaurice and actor Phil were glad of an excuse to escape it.

**T**HAT little girl Paulette Goddard is certainly keeping the rumors buzzing around her fair head. There are two cliques of rumorists—one that says she has married

And who are these two prim school-ma'ams out for an airing? Why, none other than the famous Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, snapped on the boulevards of gay Paree. Well, we've come quite a long way since "The Birth of a Nation"

Charlie Chaplin and the others that say she has not, and isn't going to, but that Craney Gartz, wealthy resident of Pasadena, will be the lucky fellow.

To add to the confusion, some of her friends claim she has confided to them that it is Charlie, while others equally intimate, insist

'tis the other way about. At any rate, when Chaplin started her on her airplane journey Eastward, he gave her a kiss that was heard 'round the world.

Since Paulette returned, she and Charlie have been together more frequently than ever. She spends much of the time with an intimate little group at his home or attending the theater and various sports affairs with him.

So whichever way things stand, you can't complain we haven't prepared you.

**W**HEN "Red Dust," Jean Harlow's first film since the tragic death of her husband, Paul Bern, was recently previewed, just before it was flashed upon the screen, Jean stole quietly in wearing huge dark glasses and with the collar of her coat turned up about her chin. It was her first public appearance since the tragedy and she was frankly nervous and fearful of the public's reaction to her picture. She sat in a dark corner in the back row, stiff and straight on the edge of her chair.

And then the story began and from the first, that audience was with her. Applauding her first scene and showing its interest and sympathy through every reel.

Jean relaxed and sat back with a relieved sigh. It was something she had dreaded for weeks. And now another ordeal in this young woman's life had been successfully passed.

**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has another story ready for her, and Jean is glad of it. She wants to work, for that is the only way she can forget.

That sixty-thousand-dollar home, which Paul Bern built and gave to her upon their wedding eve, is unoccupied and may be sold.



Keystone



But what have we here? Can that be Gloria Swanson? Yes, you are right, it is. What a change! A honeymoon photo with her first husband, Wallace Beery. Farmer is her fourth, you know!





That grand old trouper, Marie Dressler, on the way to the set, escorted by her faithful maid. She has about recovered from her recent illness and worked hard on her latest release, "Prosperity," whose funny rôles she shares with pal Polly Moran



Wide World

Tom Gallery doesn't seem discouraged by that divorce from ZaSu Pitts. He's looking pleased to have Madge Evans by his side. Rumor says there's romance in the air

**G**EORGE BRENT, that erstwhile nice Irish lad who's married to Ruth Chatterton, constantly ignores the publicity department's requests. Has his marriage gone to his head? And if so, we wonder why. And isn't it a pity?

**T**HE Ethel Barrymore wit is hitting on all twelve these days. A visitor remarked to a studio official: "Pardon me, but you're a supervisor, aren't you?" Whereupon Ethel commented, "Don't they smile when they call them that?"

**J**ANET GAYNOR has gone Garbo—even though the public won't let her play rôles of sophistication.

And now—the company stops at five o'clock sharp. No matter what's going on, little Miss Gaynor walks away on the dot.

Okay, Janet—you're making more at the box-office than Garbo.

**J**ANET is so big, dramatically speaking, that they had a tough time getting a leading man for her in "Tess of the Storm Country." The boy's part isn't very big. Not much chance for individual honors.

Lew Ayres was first choice. He demurred and Universal did not lend him. Alexander Kirkland was second. He also demurred. He was under contract to Fox and told to take his twelve week lay-off at once as chastisement. Actors are supposed to take what they are given, you know.

Then Joel McCrea. But he didn't like the idea of being second fiddle, either.

Charlie Farrell up and volunteered. He'd like to play with Janet in anything. He didn't care how big or small the part was. And since the public was begging for Charlie and Janet to play together, anyway—

**H**OLLYWOOD doesn't expect Greta Garbo back until after the first of the year. Manager Harry Edington is ill in the hospital, but we understand he plans to leave for Sweden soon after he recovers, to fetch his famous protégé.

They're keeping the Garbo dressing-room dusted each day at Metro, ready for an any-moment surprise appearance of this always-surprising woman. And her name appears each month on Metro's star list.

And every new story is looked over as a "Garbo possibility."

**W**ITH Al Jolson saying she won't and George Jessel saying she will, Norma Talmadge's friends are wondering if she really will return to the screen in "Wunderbar."

Jessel insists he has the screen rights to the piece and Jolson says he hasn't.

The feud between Jessel and Jolson, if it could be called a feud, dates from, "The Jazz Singer."

That was Jessel's outstanding stage hit, but when Warners planned to make it into a picture, he demanded so much money that Jolson was put in the rôle as a sort of second choice.



Just a kind old lady who trusts everybody. Now stand by for a shock. This is Clive Brook, disguised as that immortal detective, Sherlock Holmes

**W**HILE Director Michael Curtiz was working his company for "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" twenty nights out of twenty-four, John Barrymore attended a dance marathon at Santa Monica. The manager rushed up and asked him if he would have his photograph taken with one of two remaining couples.

"Certainly!" Jack was gracious.

The manager dragged the weary couple to Jack. They were nearly asleep on each other's shoulders. Jack shuddered. "Say, have you folks been working with Curtiz?"

**G**ARY COOPER asked the powers-that-be for permission to go to New York and the very next morning these powers read in their morning papers that Gary had left by airplane with the Countess di Frasso and Mary Pickford. Of course, retakes for "A Farewell to Arms" were supposed to be over, but the picture hadn't been previewed yet and there might be changes needed. Well, the ladies are as important as health. And Mary and the Countess wanted to get going.





A débutante and her escort. Shirley Temple is the lady, and Eugene Butler the young man in the case. They are playing in the Educational comedy, "Glad Rags to Riches"



A pair whose voices and sheer nonsense have won a big place in the hearts of all radio listeners—George Burns and Gracie Allen. They've made personal appearances, but everybody can see them now in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast"

**T**AP, TAP, TAP. That very refined tapping from a certain Hollywood studio these days is just the terribly ultra Constance Bennett learning to tap dance.

**F**OGS and rain descended on "The Kid From Spain" set when the bull fight was only half completed. And the overhead was mounting.

Sam Goldwyn walked down to the set to talk it over with Eddie Cantor and Director Leo McCarey.

"It's terrible," Sam groaned. "This thing is costing too much. Something will have to be done. I'm worried sick."

"You do look a bit drawn," Eddie sympathized.

"Drawn?" the Irish director said.

"Why, Sam, you actually look over-drawn."

And even Goldwyn laughed.

**P**OOR Virginia Bruce had a tough honeymoon.

She was working in "Kongo." And if you ever saw a *dirty* picture, it was that. Taken in mud. Even the interior shots were largely in huts with dirt floors.

Virginia's hair was stringy. Her nails were uncut.

She went to Director Bill Cowan with tears in her eyes.

"Can't I have a shampoo and a facial and manicure just for the week-end?"

"Absolutely not. You might not get the dirt back in the same proportions."

"But I want to go out with Jack—"

As new-hubby Jack Gilbert is noted for wanting his women fastidiously groomed, no wonder the bride decided to give up her career and spend all her time being a little home body.

**T**HE romance between Toby Wing and Jack Oakie is still flaming.

And the Loretta Young-Louis Calhern affair is really looking serious.

Lyda Roberti, the Polish hot-cha, won't be bothered with beaux. Lyda goes everywhere alone. Lives alone travels alone and sits off in corners alone.

And Lyda did it before Garbo ever thought of it, we're told.

But Billie Dove doesn't go solo if Phillips Holmes can help it.

Yep, it's a new romance.



Eugene Robert Richee

Beware, men — the "panther woman"! Kathleen Burke is the winner out of sixty thousand girls in Paramount's nation-wide contest for the coveted rôle

**H**OLLYWOOD'S best story of the month:

Joan Bennett arrived late at Winfield R. Sheehan's birthday party for Janet Gaynor. In the last-moment rush, Joan had forgotten her glasses.

Near-sighted, you know.

Gene Markey led her by the hand around the buffet supper tables. Joan started ahead with her plate. She ran into an extra chair, and sat down.

The roomful of already-eating people gasped. Some audibly.

Joan had taken a seat next to her ex-fiance, John Considine, Jr. Then she couldn't very well leave.

And if Joan had planned it, she couldn't very well have devised a better stunt to take the limelight from Janet.

All eyes were focused upon Joan's table from that moment.

**E**DDIE CANTOR has a daughter, aged six. One evening when he returned from work at the studio he found her busy over an original drawing.

"What are you drawing?" Eddie asked.

"A picture of the funniest comedian, daddy. You see," holding up the picture, "he has your eyes, Jimmy Durante's nose and Joe E. Brown's mouth."

**J**UST a few of George Raft's girl friends: Virginia Cherrill, Billie Dove, Shirley Grey, Constance Cummings.

He went down to see Connie off when she left for New York; he took Shirley out the next night and he says Billie Dove is one of the loveliest creatures he's ever seen.

Again, place your own bet.

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# HOLLYWOOD'S

## New Champion Best Dresser

"MY one ambition is clothes!"

Of course, you'd anticipate that a woman made that statement. Lilyan Tashman, Connie Bennett, Marlene Dietrich.

But no! Not one would admit it. They'd claim that such an admission would make them look frivolous to their "public." And maybe they'd be right.

Remember the furor Constance Bennett caused about that story printed entitled "I Spend \$250,000 a Year On Clothes"? She branded it as ridiculous, as, of course, it was.

"My one ambition is clothes."

No! No woman—at least no woman in Hollywood—would have ventured such a frank declaration. It took one of our most virile and popular actors to be so daringly frank. George Raft is the culprit, and he confesses his weakness without any shame.

You saw him in "Scarface." You know, even if you have seen him but once, his dominant masculinity. You know that inflexible power which lurks behind his suave exterior. You know the impression he instinctively inspires: "I could draw a gun as casually as I would swallow a glass of water."

But what you could not guess was that clothes, *mere clothes*, have been the inspiration of his life; the inspiration of his career.

His passion for clothes makes him buy a new suit every week.

He never wears a suit without having it freshly pressed.

His shoes are shined each time he removes them.

His ties are pressed after each tying.

Every suit, every shirt is tailored to his individual taste.

He never leaves his room without a collar and tie. He would no more rush to a fire (and he is mad about rushing to fires!) without his collar and tie than he would without his trousers.

If clothes, in this instance, don't make the man, they surely do make the man happy!

By  
Evaline  
Lieber

George's passion for clothes carried him from the New York Tenderloin district, to the boxing ring, to the cabaret floor, to the vaudeville stage, and—to pictures.

Ambition, some one outstanding ambition—most of us have it.

The desire for fame. I should guess that this was the motivating power behind Norma Shearer and Karen Morley.

The longing to help others. Marion Davies was originally forced into work only through a desire to be able to buy an automobile for her mother so she could travel as did other mothers.

A hunger for applause—craving to have the crowd recognize you. Lupe Velez and, undoubtedly, Tallulah Bankhead, come under this heading.

And clothes were the spark that kindled the flame of success for George Raft.

Perhaps he inherited this from his mother. She was so meticulously neat. An Italian, George's grandfather objected to his son's union with her. "I will throw you out if—" Not entirely a new threat from an indignant and unreasonable father.

AND George's grandfather meant it—as is the habit of German men who make definite statements. He was something of a personality himself—a power in the entertainment world. He initiated a new method of fun in the same district in which Joseph Schenck was experimenting. He had brought the first merry-go-round to America. Should his son

marry an unknown Italian girl? No!

But his son had inherited the independence of the father. He married the dainty, joyful, dancing, singing Italian beauty.

The grandfather refused the son aid; the son had no trade. The family—to which George was soon added—lived as best they could in what is commonly known as New York's Tenderloin district.

The word brings a definite picture before you. Poverty. Tough little lads fighting not only each other but *for* each other. A fierce battle for existence.

There was one outstanding characteristic which particularly differentiated George from his Tenderloin

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Lil Tashman's sartorial rival. George Raft couldn't think of shooting a man on the screen unless his suit were perfectly modeled and his cravat arranged just so





CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is the girl who plays opposite George Raft in "Night After Night"—as well tailored to the rôle as George's suits to the man. (Read about that in the story across the page.) Constance has been climbing rapidly and so very surely, as you know if you've seen "Movie Crazy" and "Washington Merry-Go-Round"



Ernest A. Bachrach

"I DIDN'T get as good a break in my first big picture, 'Rain, as you did in 'A Bill of Divorcement,' Katie," says William Gargan to Katharine Hepburn, on the opposite page. "But just watch me in that fat part in 'Animal Kingdom'—the same rôle I had in the stage play with Leslie Howard. Gee, girl, how folks rave about your performance!"





Ernest A. Bachrach

**T**HIS is the actress whose first film, "A Bill of Divorcement," surprised even her own studio. Executives knew it was good, but were unprepared for the ovation her work received. She left for a European vacation and the wires hummed to bring her back for "Three Came Unarmed," opposite Joel McCrea. Watch this Katharine Hepburn!



Ferenc

**H**E'S back—rebellious Jimmy, who for a few mad months wanted to play a doctor rôle for life. He's come up smiling, glad he's starring in a new Warner picture, first called "Bad Boy" (the obvious title for a Cagney film!) but probably subject to the usual title changes. Anyhow, he promises to be a good boy now, except in picture rôles





"More money, or I won't play," said Jimmy. But Jimmy cooled down while the producers warmed up. And so he has a new contract and everything is again okay. A scene from his last film before he walked out—"Winner Take All"—with Virginia Bruce (Mrs. John Gilbert)

# Red-Headed Rebel

**A**NOTHER Hollywood Bolshevik has been converted! James Cagney has turned from a militant, red-headed, fiery-tongued *red* to a goose-stepping, silent-tongued, obedient soldier.

Not long ago he was telling anyone within hearing distance what he thought of the inequality meted out by producers. He was going to quit movies and become a physician!

Today, he says, "I'm satisfied. I think it's better to let the whole thing rest. It's all very well to make trouble for a while, but you can't go on making trouble indefinitely."

You'd have to know Jimmy Cagney—the truculent, irreconcilable, Irish Jimmy—to understand how funny that statement sounds coming from lips that have never before consented to drop any subject.

On the surface, it looks like another victory for the Hollywood producers.

After a session lasting from nine in the evening until three in the morning—six hours without interruption—Cagney and his cohorts and Producer Jack Warner and his advisers left the rooms of the Motion Picture Academy with their arms around each others' shoulders. There was much back-slapping.

There still is!

Jimmy's a great boy. Just ask any one at Warners.

And Warners are the original brotherly-love organization. Just ask Jimmy.

And this after six months of one of the bitterest battles ever fought between artist and producer.

But the low-down? Ah! There's an interesting and yet not really uncommon Hollywood story.

Jimmy Cagney allows it to look as though the producers were victors. Yet, in reality, Jimmy won that for which he was fighting. *Money.*

But Jimmy won at a price. He was getting twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week when he left Warners with this ultimatum: *Thirty-five hundred a week or no more pictures.*

In six months, his contract called for seventeen hundred and fifty weekly. The six months elapsed, with Jimmy on strike. Now he's back at work and is getting seventeen hundred fifty weekly.

But he was out of work for six months without pay. So figure that out. Which looks like a Cagney defeat. But—there's to be a bonus, 'tis said. The difference between the seventeen hundred and fifty and the thirty-five hundred, when six months is finished. *If—*

And here's the big joker, if rumors are true. Jimmy gets that bonus only if he's a good little boy and gives his producers and directors and various other bosses, like supervisors, no cause for worry.

He's to appreciate the fact that silence is golden. He's not to talk to reporters who delight in writing

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The war is over, the peace treaty's signed and Jimmy Cagney is once more on the Warner lot

By Cal York

# Their Real Rôles *were* Tragedy



Mabel Normand and Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in a Mack Sennett comedy of some twenty years ago. Then their lives were as care-free as the simple, unsophisticated rôles they played

A BIG, lumbering fat man walked across a crude movie lot to a brown-eyed curly-headed little imp and reached out a paw.

"My name's Arbuckle," he said, "Roscoe Arbuckle."

"Mine's Normand," she grinned, "Mabel Normand. And the little fellow over there with the cock-eyed feet, is Chaplin," she explained. "Charlie Chaplin. Funny little duck. Comes from London."

And the funny little duck with the cock-eyed feet strolled over and joined the party.

A strange trio this. A huge, lumbering fat man. A laughing, bedeviling imp of a girl. And a slender, quiet little comedian.

A strange trio indeed! Little dreaming as they stood there, that twenty years later the world would look backward a bit and say, "They were the greatest comedians the screen ever had."

That in those short, hectic twenty years of bringing laughs to thousands of people they were destined to pass through heartaches and heartbreaks, horrors and nightmares, tragedies and even death.

They'd have laughed if you had even hinted such a thing.

"Get out," they'd have said, "why, we have no ill feelings in our hearts for anyone. We're out to make people laugh. To forget their troubles. To cheer up the world."

"Laugh," they said, "and the world laughs with you."

And they forgot all about the "Weep and You Weep Alone."

The screen's funniest trio. But little dreaming it then.

They worked like dogs. They tore and chased and ran, madly pursued by a group of maniacs in uniforms—the unforgettable Keystone Cops. They stopped, these three, custard pies by the droves, smack in the countenance.

They began work early—at the first crack of clear daylight. And toiled until the last glimmer of daylight had faded into the Pacific. There were no Klieg lights in those days.

And even then they didn't go home. They sat around and planned the next day's work.



When Chaplin first bowled them over with his odd pantomimic feet



The serious, wistful-faced Arbuckle of 1932



The grey-haired, sad-eyed Chaplin of today



The three greatest of screen fun-makers who were destined to live under the black shadows of sorrow

By  
Helene Dexter



Those dear, dead days when the irresistible Mabel and the equally irresistible Charlie rocked us with laughter or brought tears to our eyes

On Sundays, back they'd come. Free to rest or play, they'd all find themselves back at the old studio.

Mack Sennett, author, director and actor. Mabel, constantly up to some prank. Chaplin, never satisfied with his make-up. Going from one to another until he finally found himself, quaintly moustached, wearing a pair of baggy pants and a black derby, 1907 model, and those cock-eyed shoes. Then there were Fatty Arbuckle, Fred Mace and that star of stars, Ford Sterling.

Sterling was supposed to represent the finest and classiest bit of acting ability known to mankind.

You either imitated Sterling or you weren't an actor. That was that.

And then came the day the little fellow from London sat himself down on a rock on a nearby hillside and sat and sat and sat. He refused to run another inch or to throw or receive another pie. Actors stood about in silent consternation. There was an air of hushed expectancy.

Here was something new.

The cops stood about, saucer-eyed. The pies left off floating. Mabel's eyes sought Fatty's in bewilderment.

**H**ERE, if you please, was the screen's first bit of temperament. "It's no use," he explained to Sennett, "I can't act like Sterling."

"Why?" demanded Mack. "What's the matter with Sterling? He's a swell actor."

"Sure." Chaplin agreed. "But that's not the way I feel things. Look." He rose to his feet, his ridiculous feet. "Let me do it this way."

He lifted his derby, his eyebrows. He twirled his cane, elegantly. Only to have it smack him unexpectedly in the rear. He tripped off blithely, only to stumble over a stone, and lift his hat apologetically. On he went with a little hop, and a two-step around a corner.

"Well, I'll be —," Sennett grinned.

And Charlie Chaplin, artist and comedian, came into being, on a grassy hillside near Hollywood.

Grand days! Grand fun! Then came the picture, "The Fatal Taxi." For the first time they used automobiles in a picture and they were bitten with the auto bug.

Sterling, the big star, had one, of course. But none of the lesser lights.

**F**ATTY got his first. It was a Stevens Duryea, four years old at the time. It ran swell down hill. Ran once in a while on the level, but uphill never.

But the downhill rides were enough to convince Charlie. He, after considerable shopping around, bought a Kissel roadster, secondhand, and of remarkably doubtful lineage.

The next day he very grandly drove to the studio. Elegantly he sat behind the wheel. Suddenly he realized the gate posts were too close for comfort.

He became excited, dropped the wheel, reached out with both hands and tried to push the gate posts away.

It took four men to help Fatty off the ground that time. This was too sidesplitting.

About this time, to the intense interest of Mabel and Fatty, Charlie became enamored of a young lady of Long Beach, a suburb some thirty miles from Los Angeles.

One night, Charlie and the Kissel started for Long Beach. Halfway there, he descended to light the lamps. His hand touched the radiator. Naturally it was warm. But Charlie was struck dumb. He felt again. Yes, sir, his radiator was warm! He ran blindly around in circles. His radiator was warm!

**T**HEN across to a nearby store he tore, and called the garage in Los Angeles.

"My radiator's warm," he shrieked. "Yes, it's warm and I'm halfway to Long Beach. Come and get me."

An hour or so later a menacing looking mechanic with a monkey wrench in hand arrived. If some one was trying to kid him, it was just [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



The spunky little Norman portraying *Sis Hopkins* back in 1919



Fatty, the natural comic, born to give laughter to the world





## The Great Pyramids Move to Hollywood

**T**HE name of this picture is "The Mummy"—weird fantasy of the miracle-makers of Hollywood. Boris Karloff, who terrified you as the monster in "Frankenstein," will play in this, his first starring rôle, the part of an Egyptian mummy that comes to life.

This is much more than an ordinary studio scene, and when you see this production screened, you will be amazed by the transformation.

The cab in which are seated David Manners and the Hungarian star, Zita Johann, with

Boris Karloff opening the door and Noble Johnson peering in the window, will be standing in the highway beside the camels.

Universal has brought to the making of this picture an amazing new technical process, unlike any hitherto used. A cameraman was sent





Photo by Stagg

## And an Egyptian Mummy Comes to Life!

from Universal's Berlin office to Egypt to obtain the authentic atmospheric shots.

The large screen on the left hand page behind the actors and the movable cab interior is of frosted glass. On it we see the Egyptian background scenes being projected from the

portable projection booth in the rear. The process is such that the actors in the studio actually appear as an integral part of the Egyptian setting.

Karloff achieves one of the greatest feats of screen make-up yet known. He was covered

from head to foot in dampened cotton and colodion over which the make-up was applied. When it was completed, he was unable to move a muscle of his withered face! All of this preparation for only three minutes on the screen!



# Eddie goes Spanish

An Irish director, a Brooklyn matador, bulls and beauty and the Cantor himself. Wow!

By  
Sara Hamilton



**W**E'RE Spanish. Carramba, Septemba, Octoba. We're Spanish! And try to stop us. We have bulls, big and black, that mean business. And bull fighters? You should see those side-burns. Those apple-green pants with the Christmas tree trimmings, and those pink socks. That's how Spanish we are.

Over on the United Artists lot in Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn is making "The Kid From Spain" with Eddie Cantor as the *Kid*, and even the bulls are flabbergasted. And wait till Spain sees it!

The director is Irish, the cameraman is French, his assistant is Japanese, the still man is German, one villain is Dalmatian, the other is Irish, the comedienne is Polish and the "Kid" himself is Jewish. The bulls came from Mexico and the matador from Brooklyn. And still we go Spanish.

They began with girls. Beautiful señoritas—from Iowa. Out of eighty-five hundred girls they chose a few dozen hot tamales, sewed them up in open-work lace and the business man rush was on. Every man in Hollywood remembered, very suddenly, he had an appointment on the United Artists lot. Good old Sam Goldwyn. Must see Sammy.

Wives phoned stenographers, "Where's my husband? It's seven-thirty and the steak is cold."

"Sorry, Mrs. Brown, he remembered some business on the United Artists lot."

So one thousand steaks grew cold as one thousand papas grew warmer. Such a climate.

They paraded languidly, these beauties in their sewed on lace, up and down staircases, holding little "Eddie Cantor" dolls before them. Their glances lingered and their legs twinkled. Two gentlemen were carried out feet first, one of the villains kept his eye glued on his baby's picture, Bob Young was seized with the heavens (his youth was against him) and Eddie Cantor dictated a letter to his ever-present secretary, "Will take five thousand dollars and not a cent less, Yours truly, Eddie Cantor."

In barged Goldwyn. The parade was still on. "Stop," he screamed. "So. I get the most beautiful Spanish girls ever born in America and what? You cover them with dolls. Dolls. Bah. Here, throw those dolls in the river."

**S**O the parade continued without the dolls. And six men were removed unconscious. And Eddie Cantor dictated a letter, "Five thousand dollars. Not a cent less. Very truly yours, Eddie Cantor."

Three hours later the prop boy rushed in. Exhausted. A lather of perspiration. "Mr. Goldwyn," he gasped, "Mr. Goldwyn."

"What is it?" he answered. "Quick. Tell me at once."

"I can't do what you asked. I tried but I can't."

"Can't do what?" Goldwyn shrieked. "Don't keep me in suspense."

"I couldn't throw the dolls in the river. There was no water

in it." So they paid him thirty dollars a week to stay home. And were in money.

They took off John Miljan's own mustache. And that made him Spanish. They put one on Bob Young. And that made him Spanish. They dressed Eddie in green pants and pink socks.

**T**HEN came Eddie's big scene. The two Spanish villains were to chase Eddie in and out doors, through patios and over balconies. The cameras were set, the doors were marked and the chase was on. Eddie tore and leaped and ran. Five minutes later, he bounded through a door and two carpenters in the room each swallowed four ten-penny nails, in surprise. "Get out of here," Eddie screamed. "You're spoiling my scene."

"What's the matter with you, young fella?" they said

"Why, I'm making a movie," Eddie replied, suddenly looking around. "Say, where am I?"

"Why, you're on the back lot, in Mary Pickford's prop room," they said. And ten minutes later a weary and sheepish *Kid* found his way back to his set. Where a surprised company waited.

"Where in heaven's name have you been?" the director asked.

"Oh, just up to Pickfair and over to Malibu for a swim," he groaned. And did they kid Eddie?

Ronald Colman and Kay Francis were making "I Have Been Faithful" on the same lot. A feud grew up between this company and Eddie's. For, no sooner did a man from the Colman company put his nose on the "Kid From Spain" set, for a peek





Eddie was gazing bug-eyed at Kay Francis. The stage door opened and there entered Mrs. Cantor and the five Cantor girls. "Papa," the girls screamed. "My heavens look at papa"

ILLUSTRATED BY  
VAN ARSDALE

at those girls, than the electricians and cameramen were at him with a rush. And off he went. Usually on his ear. Eddie was vaguely conscious that people were being thrown out, but who or why, he hadn't the least idea. So, during an idle moment, he decided to visit the other set. Serenely he entered the stage door and almost as one they were at him. The director's chair was upturned, lights were overturned, and without knowing why Eddie ran for his life.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spied a bed on the set and made one leap under the covers. Instantly there was a scream. A yell. And there was Eddie gazing bug-eyed at Kay Francis. In the same bed. And to cap the climax, like the third act of a play, the stage door opened and there was Mrs. Cantor and the five Cantor girls.

"Papa," screamed the girls. "My heavens look at papa."  
And papa fell back in a swoon.

ALL the time the "Idkay from Ainspay" romped over the lot, and the beautiful Spanish "goils" pranced up and down staircases, they were constantly aware of the menace that did some high-class lurking on the rear lot. Five black Muira bulls. Glaring, red-eyed and snorting. Awaiting the bull-fighting scenes. While outside their pen sat a huge Mexican on guard, with two guns, and a can of "Flit." And no one could decide which glared the fiercest. The Mexican or the bulls.

Visitors were escorted quietly and in awe to a platform, high above the pen, where they looked down upon this mass of horned man-haters. And all left shaking with fear, and duly impressed.

Then, what ho, Sidney Franklin, the famous American matador from Brooklyn, was summoned to Hollywood to add some real color to the affair. The hero of many a bull-fight in Spain, he arrived at ten-thirty in the morning and by two in the afternoon, had gone actor with a bang. He fussed with photographers and make-up men. He worried over his eyebrows and his hair. He had no objection to being slightly gored in places, but he was going to look hot-cha while it was going on. And who could stop him? Practically nobody.

THE director, Leo McCarey, had thought bull, dreamed bull and planned bull, until he couldn't sleep. His nerves were wrecked and torn. Everywhere he looked, there were bulls, snorting, raring, goring. It was awful. He arose from his bed one night and determined to walk until exhausted. He walked as far as the corner and, suddenly, his wife heard a scream. She ran to him. And there he was. Throwing stones and shrieking curses at a "Bull Durham" sign on the other side of the street. While a large bull glared down at him. He ran a fever for days.

Then Franklin was taken to see his future playmates, the bulls. All the cast, as well as writers, reporters and publicity men, went along to get his reaction.

Franklin walked up to the gate keeper, spoke a few words in Spanish and, without a moment's hesitation, entered the pen. Two writers fell off the other side of the platform, Lyda Roberti let out a shriek, Eddie swallowed his huge wad of gum and could only gurgle noises, a publicity man ran for Goldwyn, a reporter lost his balance and fell toward the pen when lo, a nail caught him firmly by the pants and there he hung, directly over the bulls. Someone called the fire department. It was awful. A panic, nothing short.

While, down in the pen, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]





The greatest stars of college football are here shown playing together. Every man is outstandingly famous and you will see them in Universal's picture of thrills and spills, "The All-American"

IT was the dream of Knute Rockne, the peerless coach of Notre Dame. And he was on his way to Hollywood to fulfill that dream when his plane dropped, in that fatal crash, over a Kansas farm and stopped his keen, eager mind forever. That was last year. Nevertheless, his unfinished plans have been put into execution, and the most remarkable football picture ever filmed is ready for release. "The All-American," more crammed with stars than a Christmas cake with plums, is a magnificent gesture to our second greatest natural sport—football.

Imagine a scene like this: The gray clad players turn out of their huddle. They come up to the line of scrimmage. A blue clad forward wall, two hundred pounds to the man, faces them.

A short, sharp "Hike!" from the gray quarterback, and they shift. Then the starting signal. The ball spins back from between the solid legs of Nate Barrager, Southern California's great center.

Tiny "Albie" Booth, Yale's mighty atom, takes it, turns like a rabbit, hangs for a second, while his interference forms, and he is off for right end. Only superhuman blocking can help him now, for Jerry Dalrymple, end for Tulane, is waiting. But there are supermen on the job. Jerry is smothered expertly by "Reb" Russell, the celebrated Northwestern back, and Jim Purvis, of Purdue.

Past the line of scrimmage disaster looms for little "Albie" in the embodiment of Marchmont Schwartz, Notre Dame's triple-threat back, and Gaius Shaver, beloved of Southern California.

It is the moment for the

### By *Relman Morin*

midget's interference to function. And they function as only Ernie Nevers, "the blond switch-engine" of Stanford and "Red" Cagle, of the Army, can. Schwartz and Shaver are out of the play and Booth is in the open. But only for a second.

Out of nowhere comes the tackle; precise and powerful, lifting Booth off the ground for a moment before he is slammed down with terrific force for the down by "Ernie" Pinckert. It is the brand of tackling that has made Southern California's football hosts go mad with excitement.

But now there is no tidal wave of noise, no thunder from the stands, no cheering sections convulsed with hysterical joy and admiration.

Instead, one man says quietly:

"Not so good, boys. Let's do it again."

Not a nightmare, but a dream come true!



One of the most spectacular action scenes a camera ever recorded. Here Ernest Pinckert, former Southern California halfback, is doing superb ball-carrying

IT is the dream and ambition of every football player in this broad land, from the lowliest high school scrub to the mightiest varsity fullback to "make the All American." Today the selection of the All American Football Board has become the most important newspaper sports story of the year.

And as for coaches, they all have the same dream. And their dream has been to see an All American team in uniform on a field, in action.

But there was never any prospect of fulfillment until two seasons ago Carl Laemmle, Jr., wanted to make a picture, call it "All-American" and use the complete All American eleven in the leading rôles.



# Stars Stars and STARS!

Every football coach's wildest dreams become reality in "The All-American"



And who could forget Frank Carideo, Notre Dame's great quarterback and famous ground-gainer? On the screen he fully lives up to his collegiate reputation



Richard Arlen giving his (screen) younger brother, Johnny Darrow, some pointers on football. June Clyde, as the love element, adds piquancy to the picture

With Knute Rockne's death the project was postponed.

Instead, young Laemmle made "The Spirit of Notre Dame" as a memorial to Notre Dame's great coach.

**T**HIS past summer the dream came true. Six months' preparation was necessary, for the players had to be assembled from the four points of the compass.

Only one 1931 All American did not appear. He is Pug Rentner of Northwestern, who did not want to jeopardize his chances of playing with Northwestern this season by any financial complications that might becloud his amateur standing.

Just how these prima donnas of the grid-iron would behave was quite a problem.

Would college jealousies and playing rivalry carry over into the picture? That is what everyone wondered.

And what would happen when rival All American ends and tackles tried to prove no

mistake had been made in picking them? Football players, good ones, have just about as much temperament as any other champions.

How would it manifest itself?

The advance psychological dope turned out all wrong.

On the field these two great teams went about their work like wide-eyed high school kids, marvelling at each other's prowess.

During the making of the picture a warm friendship sprang up between "Albie" Booth and "Red" Cagle. Similarly built, small, rabbit-like, greased lightning in the open field, they had seen each other just once before. That was on a chilly November day, in the Yale bowl, three years ago, when Cagle was playing his last year for the Army, and Booth was playing his first year for Yale.



Clarence Munn — of Minnesota—gets off a long, high, tricky punt. The fastest lineman in the Middle West

**I**T was in this game that the great Cagle was bottled up almost completely. Thousands who had come out to see him blast Yale into oblivion with his lightning-like thrusts, saw him stopped cold almost every time he carried the ball.

But it was a great day for Booth. Unknown, unwatched he slipped away for long gains time after time. A bitter pill for Cagle. To make it worse, Fred Linehan, the big Yale guard, was on top of Cagle in practically every play. Every time he smashed the "Red-Head" down, he'd crow:

"So you're the great Cagle. How do you like our little sophomore?" [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 ]



Ferenc

**T**HE dream of every young man's heart—to have such a girl as this waiting for him! Bette Davis—who registers twenty-four years but who looks like fifteen, off-screen—caught George Arliss' attention by her simplicity and won that splendid rôle in "The Man Who Played God." Since then she has appeared in six pictures.



Bette Davis's husband — Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. — is a non-professional, and Bette says she prefers to have it that way. Here she is in a scene with Richard Barthelmess in "The Cabin in the Cotton"



# She was Afraid to WED

**A**NOTHER Broadway stage actress was coming to Hollywood. The publicity department sent its representatives to the station to meet and photograph her—as is the custom of studios welcoming newcomers.

The representatives looked at each woman who stepped from the train. They saw no one who looked "actress." They returned to the studio—no photographs.

The telephone rang. A meek voice said, "I'm here."

"Did you come on that train?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you can't look like an actress. We couldn't spot you."

We tell that story at the beginning because it illustrates better than could any long-worded description—Bette Davis.

She doesn't look, act or talk like Hollywood's well-defined meaning of actress.

When the company's officials finally saw her, they shook their heads. Their New York men must have been mistaken in their choice. This was the day of glamour. Bette was school-girlish. Her autobiography read twenty-three. (She is now twenty-four.) She looked fifteen! Her hair tumbled over her head in uncontrolled, natural waves. There was nothing sleek or sophisticated about her. She wore adolescent-looking dresses. There wasn't a fur coat or neckpiece in her entire wardrobe.

They cast her as a meek, country girl in "Bad Sister." They typed her exactly as they cast her. Such parts were scarce. What producers wanted were more Crawfords, Shearers and Bennetts. When option time came, they let her go.

A story reached the press that she was rushing East to see Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., the Eastern boy whom she loved. It said she was happy to leave; she was anxious to get away from pictures; her heart had never been in Hollywood or a career but back in the East with the sweetheart of her school days.

Bette says this was untrue. She was in love with this lad whom she has since married, but she had left the East and the

boy determined not to let love interfere with a life-long ambition to become famous as an actress. In fact, Bette packed those trunks with tears which dampened the clothes.

If she really wanted to get away, why did she hold those packed trunks while she rushed over to First National to make a test with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God"? It was because she hoped this test might mean the opportunity which ambition always visions as peeping around that mythical corner.

It was. George Arliss was not seeking glamour. He was looking for a girl like those of Merry Old England. Someone natural; unspoiled—a good fellow. The wardrobe and make-up departments could take care of the glamour.

They did. They combed her hair down (at Arliss' suggestion) and photographed her from a profile angle. When the officials at First National saw the rushes, they blinked their eyes. This "child" whom Arliss had chosen looked like the svelte, smart, sophisticated Constance Bennett!

**T**HESSE same officials had paid Connie thirty thousand dollars a week for two pictures. They could get this girl, who looked like Connie's younger sister, for a few hundred.

They didn't worry about glamour. They knew, like George Arliss, that it could be developed. They signed her.

Bette regretted the comparison to Connie. Like all of us, she would have preferred the opportunity for success upon individuality rather than comparison. But if looking like someone else could give her a start—she'd take care of that individuality business later.

No girl ever unpacked trunks with more jubilant joy!

And she, too, is leaving that glamour business to screen experts. When she is not made up for a part, her hair still tumbles over itself; her cheeks are still innocent of rouge; her lips a natural pink. She still [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By Evaline Lieber



★ NIGHT AFTER NIGHT—Paramount

HERE'S your new hero, girls. George Raft, himself. In what a picture! From start to finish it scampers along at a smart, snappy pace that gains speed, interest and pep as it travels.

George Raft (ah there, Georgie) is a third-rate pug who becomes owner of a smart New York "speak," goes after culture and a Park Avenue lady. And gets her.

Raft is a sure winner in this one, and Constance Cummings is simply elegant as the girl. Wynne Gibson's take-off of a "hard-berled" baby is grand, and Alison Skipworth, as George's teacher, is perfect. And how teacher does mis-behave!

But wait till you see Mae West. An out-and-out riot, Mae is. It's snappy, and you'll love it.



★ THE BIG BROADCAST—Paramount

DIAL in on this one for an evening of fun, with radio stars who go movie in a big way.

Stuart Erwin, as an oil man from Texas, and Bing Crosby, as himself, are two despondent Romeos who decide to end it all, only to be rescued by a girl, Leila Hyams. Stu buys a defunct broadcasting station and arranges the big broadcast with the Boswell Sisters, Kate (the moon comes over the mountain) Smith, the Vincent Lopez band, Donald Novis, Arthur Tracy, the Mills Brothers, Cab Calloway with his "Minnie, the Moocher," and finally Bing.

Sharon Lynne is grand as the fickle dancer, and if you don't grow hysterical at Burns and Allen, you're hopeless. The story's pretty weak, but the music's grand. Are you listenin'?

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ THE ALL-AMERICAN—Universal

IT doesn't make any difference whether or not you're a football fan. Even though you don't understand the fine points of the game, you'll sit on the edge of your seat when the All Star and All American teams meet in the last reel.

Thirty-five nationally famous football heroes act in this—among them Frank Carideo and Marchy Schwartz of Notre Dame, "Albie" Booth of Yale, "Red" Cagle of the Army, and Johnny Baker and Gaius Shaver of the University of Southern California. There's an interesting story about the filming of this picture on another page of this issue.

Dick Arlen walks away with acting honors, but Jimmy Gleason, as the always pessimistic but successful coach, is close on his heels. Andy Devine makes riotous comedy relief while June Clyde picks up the feminine honors and tucks them into her new puffed sleeves, in spite of adequate competition from Merna Kennedy and a newcomer, Gloria Stuart.

When a boy becomes a national football hero, just what new fields are there for him to conquer when he is through with college? That's the underlying theme of this film and it's chuck-full of humor, pathos and truth.

Be sure to take the children as well as the missus or the girl friend.



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ALL-AMERICAN	TROUBLE IN PARADISE
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT	THE BIG BROADCAST
RED DUST	SIX HOURS TO LIVE
I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG	AIRMAIL

## The Best Performances of the Month

Herbert Marshall in "Trouble in Paradise"  
Miriam Hopkins in "Trouble in Paradise"  
Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise"  
Richard Arlen in "The All-American"  
Clark Gable in "Red Dust"  
Jean Harlow in "Red Dust"  
Warner Baxter in "Six Hours to Live"  
George Raft in "Night After Night"  
Paul Muni in "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang"  
Mitzi Green in "Little Orphan Annie"  
Tallulah Bankhead in "Faithless"  
Robert Montgomery in "Faithless"  
Charles Laughton in "Payment Deferred"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 130*



★ TROUBLE IN PARADISE—Paramount

YOU haven't seen the real Herbert Marshall until this picture hits your theater. And *hits* is what we mean, for you'll hear the impact echoed in audience applause. Besides the finished performance of Mr. Marshall, this film has all the other qualities that make real entertainment.

Marshall plays a super-crook and super-lover. How women will envy Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis! And the clothes those girls wear prove that Paris hasn't cornered all the dashing and novel style ideas. But that's incidental. What we want to say is that they turn in two charming and capable performances, Miss Hopkins' animated, Miss Francis' more subtle, each in keeping with her rôle. Aided by Charles Ruggles, Edward Horton and C. Aubrey Smith.

The theme and dialogue are sophisticated, in tune with the times, but Ernst Lubitsch directs with such finesse that it doesn't offend. Neither will the story be over the heads of an average audience.

It's about two crooks and a rich Parisian widow, and is one of Lubitsch's best productions, so we don't have to tell you not to miss it.

And don't forget—here is your first opportunity to see the Herbert Marshall who captured the New York stage in a screen play that gives him a chance to be his fascinating self.



★ RED DUST—M-G-M

THE virile Gable is back again, in one of those he-man parts that made him famous. With him is Jean Harlow, in her most likable rôle. The result is a picture worth seeing.

The story is laid on a rubber plantation in the jungle, with Clark the owner, and Harlow a flip little "Sadie Thompson" type with a heart of gold. To this hole of red dust, coolies and storms, comes Gene Raymond and his bride, Mary Astor. Gable falls in love with Mary and trouble begins.

There's a lightness in the direction, a sparkle in the dialogue, and a grand punch ending. Jean Harlow gets the most out of every line and all but steals the show.

Donald Crisp, Tully Marshall and Willie Fung contribute strong bits.



★ SIX HOURS TO LIVE—Fox

THE strange story of a man brought back from death. Warner Baxter's performance as *Paul Onslow* will be remembered a long time. A tried and true representative of his government, he holds out against all members at a world trade meeting. But a political enemy murders him before a final vote is taken. A famous scientist, however, has invented a ray to revive the dead for six hours. And *Paul* is given six hours more of life.

The story deals with those tragically short hours, and there is suspense and beauty in the scenes where *Onslow* gives up the girl he loves. Miriam Jordan is lovely; George Marion, Sr., excellent as the scientist, and John Boles fine as the rejected suitor. Skillfully directed by William Dieterle, and the settings and photography are exquisite.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



**I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**  
—Warners



**P**OWERFUL and timely story, packed with suspense and stark cruelty, that points an accusing finger at the prison chain gang system. Paul Muni gives a strong performance as the returned soldier, anxious to get away from routine, who becomes an accomplice in a crime and is sentenced to ten years on a chain gang. With Director Mervyn LeRoy, he has given us a fine, vivid, but depressing picture.



**AIRMAIL**  
—Universal



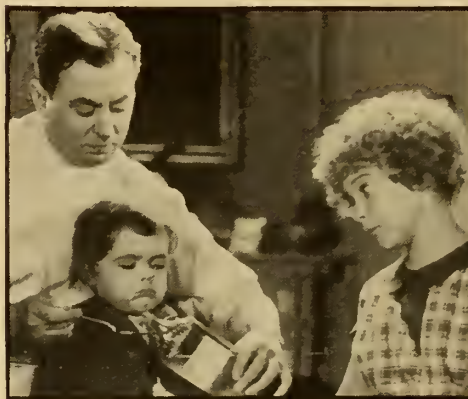
**T**HE hardships and terrors, courage and devotion to duty that go into the flying of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail have been thrillingly captured and woven into a virile background for romance. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the airport superintendent, and Pat O'Brien equally fine as the daredevil stunter. Gloria Stuart, Lilian Bond, Russell Hopton, Leslie Fenton and David Landau all contribute good performances.

**FAITHLESS**  
—M-G-M



**A**T last Tallulah Bankhead delivers a performance to cheer about. She plays a wealthy girl in love with Robert Montgomery, a rising, young advertising man, but unwilling to give up luxury. And then comes the crash. Tallulah emerges penniless and Bob jobless, she to take the downy path and he the rough one; later to be reunited. You'll forget the trite story in the sincerity of these two.

**LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**  
—RKO-Radio



**T**HE story's weak, but for once it doesn't matter. This picture, based on the famous comic strip, is a wow because it keeps you rocking in your seat with laughter. Mitzi Green tucks a fine screen performance right into her little pocket. Her mimicry is reason enough for seeing this. Five-year-old Buster Phelps is so good he hangs up a warning to Jackie Cooper. May Robson is magnificent as the rich old grandma.

**THREE ON A MATCH**  
—First National



**A**N unusual story that deals with three girls, friends in early school days, whose lives are suddenly picked up by a strange fate and thrown together in a whirlpool of events. And all because the three light on one match. To Ann Dvorak goes the lion's share of acting, with Joan Blondell and Bette Davis doing good work. Warren William and Lyle Talbot are the men in their lives.

**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**  
—Paramount



**L**OADED with prize-fighting, wrestling and six-day bike racing, this shows how the wheels go around in America's biggest sports factory, and it gives interesting glimpses of famous champions of yesteryear. Jack Oakie and Warren Hymer are the palookas who break into big time under William Collier, Sr.'s management. Marian Nixon is cute in the very slender romance, and William Boyd is the villain.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**THE  
PHANTOM  
OF CREST-  
WOOD—  
RKO-Radio**



**W**E would like to bet you didn't guess the identity of *Jenny Wren's* murderer if you followed this as a radio mystery drama. Well, here is that mysterious last chapter told as the climax of a diverting picture, but one that doesn't get you as excited as its chilling screams and eerie goings-on promised. Excellent cast, headed by Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez.

**SCARLET  
DAWN—  
Warners**



**T**HE Russian revolution; the flight of a dissolute young nobleman (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), accompanied by his beautiful serving-maid (Nancy Carroll); their subsequent marriage and struggle for existence in a strange land. This story was Doug's own selection, but it's not a happy one. The picture lacks action. Lilyan Tashman, as an old sweetheart who persuades the young aristocrat to turn gigolo, is effective.

**WILD GIRL—  
Fox**



**T**IRED of penthouse problem dramas? Then see this story from "Salomy Jane," set in gorgeous outdoor scenery, with none of the thrills left out. Joan Bennett's *Salomy Jane* may lack some of the fire and verve of the mountain tomboy, but you'll love her just the same. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy, Eugene Pallette, Irving Pichel, Minna Gombell and Sarah Padden, all fine actors, live up to their reputations.

**PAYMENT  
DEFERRED—  
M-G-M**



**A** MAN commits murder and is not discovered; later, his wife commits suicide and he is wrongly convicted and hung for it; hence, payment deferred. Charles Laughton made a remarkable personal hit in the same rôle in the stage play, and carries off the same personal triumph in the picture. But the story is hopelessly morbid—all right for adults who like heavy problem plays, but not for children.

**FALSE  
FACES—  
World Wide**



**A** STARTLING, vivid picture with a brand-new idea—an exposé of unethical medical practices. Lowell Sherman, besides getting the credit for the excellent direction, gives a finished and suave performance as the doctor who malpractices in plastic surgery. Peggy Shannon, Lila Lee, Berton Churchill and David Landau are some of the others who make this an entertaining film. There's a great punch ending, too.

**HOT  
SATURDAY—  
Paramount**



**A**MUSING, but just that and no more, this one trips gaily along without getting anywhere. You are neither for nor against Cary Grant, the city slicker, but you hope, in lackadaisical fashion, that Nancy Carroll, the cutest girl in the village, will marry her childhood sweetheart, Randolph Scott. Just as you are wondering when the climax is coming, the picture ends. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 104]



# "WORRY! Who—Me? SAY!"

Spencer Tracy once had  
"Hollywood nerves," but  
he learned to conquer them

By Ruth Biery

OF course, I didn't believe Spencer Tracy when he first told me, "The one thing Hollywood has taught me is not to worry. Seeing everyone else worry so much has opened my eyes." I thought he was just talking for publicity.

For Hollywood is a city of high-tensioned nervous systems. "Temperament" is the common expression.

The actors continually live exaggerated lives because they, themselves, are exaggerated. And, proportionately, they exaggerate worry.

Greta Garbo, pacing up and down, up and down outside her set or dressing-room between the scenes of each picture.

Marie Dressler—talking, talking, talking.

This worrying has become a Hollywood disease. Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton have it. Yes, even Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor can't escape it.

But I have watched Spencer for a year since he made that statement. I have seen him make "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America," "Society Girl," "The Painted Woman," and "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," and I have become convinced that Spencer Tracy does not worry.

"I had to learn not to as a matter of self-protection. I had worried all my life. But there is so much to worry about in Hollywood that had I continued, I would have gone crazy."

YET, Hollywood has given Spencer more reason for worrying than it has the average Broadway actor.

In the first place, he arrived a week before the Hollywood bank closed its doors.

He transferred his savings, every penny he had, from the East to that bank. One week here and he was stranded.

"I had no money and I had no confidence. I used to stand before a mirror, look at my pan and say, 'It's no good, boy. You just can't do it. You haven't got a photographic face.'"

"Whenever rushes were shown, I'd hang around the projection room door—crouch back against the wall like a fugitive—waiting for executives to come out. I'd follow them on tip-toe to listen. I wanted to know the worst—to hear what they had to say about me."

He laughed. "They said 'Quick Millions' was the most marvelous picture ever made. All of Hollywood said it. I was so excited I didn't know what to do. Then that picture went out and grossed about a dollar and eighty cents.

"Well, if a picture which Hollywood said was *good* couldn't make money, perhaps a picture which Hollywood said was bad, *could*. So I stopped hanging around projection room doors and began thinking about this worrying business!"

But his worrying days weren't over like that—not in one moment of courageous thinking. He was cast in "She Wanted A Millionaire," opposite Joan Bennett. At that time, Joan was engaged to John Considine, Jr., the producer of the picture.



The gum-chewing lad thought the director was "laying" for him. And did he fret? He stayed awake nights and lost weight. That taught Spencer his lesson

It's hard to tell exactly how rumors commence in this town where they live upon nervous chatter. In this case, probably someone said, jokingly, "Have you heard that Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy are that way about one another?" and in two days the entire town had heard that they *were* that way.

ANYWAY, Mr. Considine heard it. And he didn't like it.

He commenced visiting the set. He all but camped upon it! At this time, Spencer was still calling Joan "Miss Bennett"—but no one could convince Johnny Considine that this formality was not for his benefit.

The coals of jealousy sizzled. Whether they would have burst into flame, no one will ever know for just at that dangerous moment, Joan was thrown from a horse and production was suspended. Spencer commenced to call at the hospital daily—as did half of Hollywood. But every time he entered, he met Mr. Considine leaving—*or vice versa*.

The fires sputtered again. Then—Mr. Considine stopped calling and Mr. Tracy continued!

And just at this point, Spencer Tracy was cast for the lead in "Disorderly Conduct"—John Considine directing.

Spencer heard Johnny had not wanted him for the rôle. He had desired Clark Gable and only accepted his home-lot pet peeve when Fox could not secure Gable. And then someone tipped Spencer (was it, perhaps, Joan?) to the fact that Considine was "laying" for him.

Friends warned Spencer: "If there are any fight scenes in that picture, watch out. He'll get you, Spencer. He'll get you. It's an old Hollywood custom to get even through a picture."

Spencer studied the script. There was no fight, but there was a scene where Ralph Bellamy knocked him down. That would be the one. Spencer began to cultivate Ralph.

It sounds silly to us. It didn't to Spencer. He worried until he became physically ill. He lost weight. He had secured much success as *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile" and other stage plays—but there had been long stretches between productions when he could get no work. Like all stage actors, he appreciated the size and steadiness of movie incomes. Also, like most stage folk, he had heard the weird stories of vengeance, feuds, etc., in Hollywood. This would probably mean ruin; bad publicity; perhaps the end of his career in pictures.

He became thinner and thinner.

AND the day that the production finished, Johnny Considine walked over to his leading man, held out his hand and said, "Well, I certainly did you dirt, Spencer." There was a twinkle in his eye.

Johnny had heard those same rumors!

All of Spencer's worry had been for exactly nothing.

That evening he did more constructive thinking than at any single time before in his life. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97 ]





Bruno

**B**ORN Dorothy Roshier, daughter of a well-known cameraman, she began a film career at nine months. She played child rôles with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs" and "Pollyanna." From eight to fifteen she was a schoolgirl. Now as Joan Marsh, at eighteen, she's on her way up to stardom. "Speed Demon," for Columbia, is her next

# Hollywood Wears Velvet

EVERYWHERE you go about Hollywood these evenings, you see velvet in one guise or another. It is a reigning favorite. The velvet capelet, shown at the left here, was sketched at a recent opening. It is made entirely of velvet ruffles graduated in size from the neckline. The interesting part of the cape is the way it is worn tied in the back with a large bow of the material. The collar consists of a small ruffle which stands up closely about the throat. Even though this has an old-fashioned air, it was worn with great sophistication over a velvet gown cut deeply in the back.

It should be a real thrill to know that you may wear an exact copy of this stunning evening gown designed by Adrian for Tallulah Bankhead's new picture "Faithless." The gown, as designed for Tallulah, had a long slim skirt of black velvet ending in a train. Since you wouldn't want to go swishing about in a train, it has been adapted with an even hemline—just right for dancing! The top of Chartreuse satin is much the same with perhaps a little more discreet décolletage at back! That's a soft velvet bow placed at the high waistline in front. Tallulah wears a short chinchilla fur cape with this in the picture. Note that she wears the favorite evening jewelry of Hollywood—two jeweled bracelets on her left arm. Tallulah has great chic and you can pick up many smart hints by watching both details and costumes chosen by her to suit various screen rôles.



FLOWERS are back with a bang. At the right is a band of them which may be worn across the front of the frock, as sketched, or down the back. These in blending shades of velvet and chiffon are arranged with three massed at the shoulder and four across the front. Charming note.

COQUE feathers started the rage for these little collarettes worn with evening gowns. This one is velvet—the petals cut like curling feathers. Very flattering for evening use.



# In Many Guises—*Seymour*

VELVET hats come in for their share of Hollywood starrng, too. This smart topper, at right, was seen recently at luncheon worn by an attractive blonde star. It is a French model by Marcelle Lely in brown with that little wing-like trimming in bright green. The shape is unusually distinctive, the crown is given a square draping with the brim sloped down at the side and over the eyes in front. As you can see, the brimline of new hats is less definitely slanted and much more to the front. Many are worn far over the eyes but you will want to modify this line slightly.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD again—and another triumph of Adrian's art. Tallulah wears this dress for a traveling sequence in "Faithless." It is a perfect dress for most any daytime demand. The dress is quite simple in design but the unique scarf collar lends a dashing air to the whole thing. Made of green crepe, the sleeves are full and the neckline beneath the scarf collar is shaped by small tucks. The scarf which is attached to the left side, begins with a strip about six inches wide. It is widened from this point and brought across the back, falling to a point in front and then thrown over the shoulder again to fall below the skirt hem in back. With this Tallulah wears a vagabond felt in a matching shade of green. Her accessories are black—brown would be smart, too.



HERE'S one of the cleverest bags of the season. It is unbelievably flat with a concealed frame and an unusual monogram set in the center. Black antelope with a monogram in silver or copper which is one of the smartest metal trimmings for bags, belts and jewelry

HOLLYWOOD loves its turbans this year—and doubly so if made of velvet. This turban, designed in Paris by Agnes, uses a crushed velvet draped up on one side and held by a cylindrical ornament. A strip of velvet below cleverly shows your hair.

A SCREEN fashion is designed to fit perfectly into some certain scene of a picture and to express the personality the star portrays. Travis Banton designed the dress, at right below, for Susan Fleming's rôle of smart, sophisticated young woman in "He Learned About Women." It not only suits Susan's rôle to perfection but you will want it for those many informal dinner parties this winter. It has been adapted for you in a pebbled sheer crepe with the same puffed sleeves slashed so becomingly, the same jeweled clips at shoulders and neckline—and in innumerable colors. Wear it with or without a belt.

*Seymour*

ZITA JOHANN wears the trim black woolen frock, sketched below, in her new picture "The Mummy." Vera West who designed it, has been most ingenious about combining two fabrics, wool and satin. The wool is very soft and sheer, the satin is cleverly used for the girdle in front and for a triangular vest-like arrangement at back. The triangle inverted, is repeated in front and stressed by unique silver clips mounting to the shoulders. Another silver clip holds the satin at the back of the collar.



## HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in stores of those representative merchants whose firm names appear on Page 95



A GRAY silk frock trimmed with gray galyak—what could be smarter? That is the combination which Travis Banton has used for a street costume worn by Sari Maritza in "Evenings for Sale." The dress, sketched at right, has an amusing collar. In front it just covers the shoulders, in back it dips down to the waist in a pointed cape edged with the galyak. The high bodice buttons down to a point just above the fabric belt which fastens with a double silver chain. The whole silhouette is straight and slender. With this Sari wears gray accessories. Her hat is a shallow brimmed affair of fabric with an ornament formed by two round clips.



A COSTUME flower of copper and black enamel.



A LOVE-KNOT bracelet in gold and silver. New!

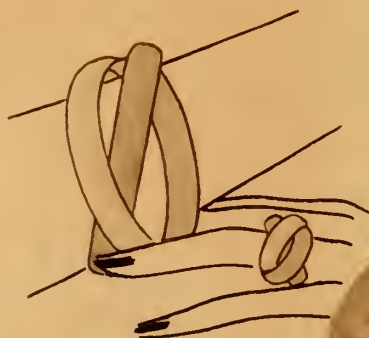


TWO shoe buckles, one enamel, one copper in fan shape.

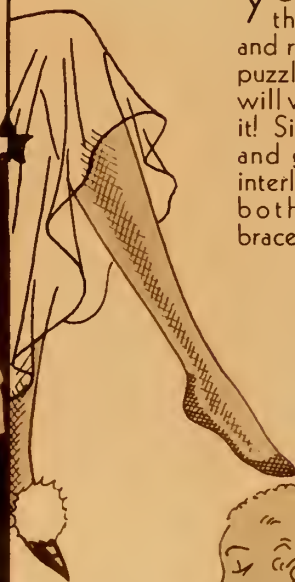
JUST when you are wishing for a new frock that is different, along comes a new screen fashion that is the answer! In "He Learned About Women," Susan Fleming wears a silk crepe embroidered all over in a small metal figure. Travis Banton created it for Susan's dark haired type in a lovely red flecked with gold. A scarf attached to the neckline, and sleeves with fulness massed above the elbows, are the outstanding details that accent the simplicity of this dress. The scarf may be worn hanging down in the back, as in the picture here at left, or it may be worn covering the surplice neckline in front. A fox trimmed red silk coat is worn by Susan in the picture, but only the dress has been adapted for your use. That's the coat on her arm. Susan's choice of accessories is interesting. Her hat is red velvet but her suede gloves, bag and shoes are a rich cocoa brown. A lighter tone of beige hose is also chosen—by the way, hosiery colors are tending toward a slightly lighter beige tone. Isn't the bow on Susan's turban a pert affair? You may select your dress in several different colors with metal embroidery.

# Copper Is New In Jewelry

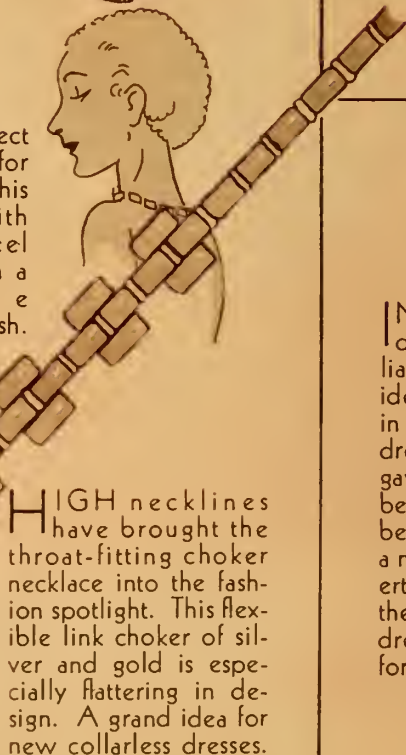
**O**RRY-KELLY has designed a charming, youthful frock for Ginger Rogers' new picture "You Said A Mouthful." It introduces a Victorian trend in the full tucked sleeves and quaint high collar. Buttons are used effectively on the bodice. Ginger's dress is a green silk with contrasting tucked sleeves. The skirt is given a slight flare by the adroit use of pleating.



**Y**OU will think this bracelet and ring idea is a puzzle—but you will want to wear it! Silver, copper and gold hoops interlace to make both ring and bracelet—smart.



**T**HE perfect stocking for sandals is this of mesh with toe and heel knitted in a double strength mesh.



**H**IGH necklines have brought the throat-fitting choker necklace into the fashion spotlight. This flexible link choker of silver and gold is especially flattering in design. A grand idea for new collarless dresses.



**I**N these days of making one dress look like several—Lillian Miles has hit on a clever idea with a dress she wears in "Plainclothes Man." Her dress of crushed crepe has a gay checked scarf—this can be interchanged for any number of other scarfs thus giving a new effect each time. Robert Kalloch, the designer, is the real creator of this novel dress. It has been adapted for you with long sleeves.



# Costume Flowers Bud Anew

THERE'S something gay and young about this informal dinner dress worn by Marian Nixon in "Too Busy to Work." The white lace top with its puffed sleeves and ruffy collar forms a nice contrast to the simple black silk crepe skirt. This is the sort of dress you will wear and wear—afternoons and evenings—it's informal without seeming out of place for more dress-up affairs. Earl Luick designed it. In colors, too.



A FUR flower is the latest conceit for daytime costumes. Trimly tailored, it can be bought in a number of colors to harmonize with your costumes.

PATOU, clever French designer, thought up the smart idea of a metal belt and bracelet to match. Note that the bracelet is made like a cuff. Like it?



LILI DAMITA chooses this "deceptively demure" dinner gown for her rôle of gay young adventuress in "Goldie Gets Along." A bib effect forms a collar fastening on the shoulder, the arms are capped discreetly. Satin is the medium for this charming gown, it is just instep length and the belt ties in a bow at back with streamers falling below the hemline. An Irene creation.



"I HAVE Been Faithful" is his latest picture. And isn't that title a summing up of his film code, for when has Ronald Colman ever let us down with a slipshod performance? The picture was made from the stage success, "Cynara." Ronnie plays an English barrister whose life is involved with two women, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry



# Peggy

from

## Pine Bluff

A publicity stunt began her stage career and another one nearly ended her screen chances

By Frances Kish



Is this the face of a comedienne, or should that gorgeous red hair crown a queen of tragedy? Peggy Shannon hasn't fully decided yet, but watch this girl when she does!

**W**HEN sixteen-year-old Winona Sammon left Pine Bluff, Arkansas, she little dreamed that a few years later she would be storming a big film producer's office and begging him not to compare her to Clara Bow. Winona was the star of the Pine Bluff basket-ball team, but Clara had already begun her swift ascent of the teetering ladder to picture stardom.

Winona, re-named Peggy Shannon, and Sylvia Sidney were the two girls brought to Hollywood from the New York stage by Paramount to take over rôles originally planned for Clara Bow. That was when Clara's microphone fright brought on a nervous breakdown and she fled to Rex Bell's ranch.

Peggy replaced Clara in "The Secret Call," and found herself publicized in every newspaper and picture magazine in the country as "the new Clara Bow," "the successor to the 'It' girl," "Clara Bow's red-headed rival," and so on.

She liked Clara and admired her as an actress. But she knew very well that, except for the red hair, they were as unlike personally and in their work as any two people could be. She knew, too, that it is almost fatal to a new actress to be compared with an established favorite.

So she begged the producer to do something about the flood of — to her — unwelcome publicity. For answer he brought out a sheaf of clippings from newspapers and magazines, all featuring the name and likeness of Peggy Shannon, but always in comparison with the flaming Clara.

"Stop this?" he argued. "Why, girl, that's the kind of publicity every young actress prays for. You're getting your name and

picture in every column of movie news in the country. Go home and say a prayer of thanks for such a break!"

Peggy went home and said her prayers, if any, for the patience and the ability to surmount such an obstacle.

"The Secret Call" emerged from final editing as a not-out-of-the-ordinary program picture, but the critics had nice things to write about Peggy. Some of them even made so bold as to say right out in print that she wasn't a bit like Clara, but showed great promise as Peggy Shannon.

More pictures followed, and then Peggy found herself with five months of her contract still to be worked out, but with no rôles planned for her. She asked Paramount for a release, and the story got around, due probably to the red hair, that she was temperamental and had staged some stormy scenes prior to leaving. It wasn't so. They shook hands all round, Peggy wished Paramount well, Paramount wished Peggy well, and that chapter was closed.

She made "Society Girl" for Fox with Jimmie Dunn; she was in Tiffany's "Hotel Continental"; she liked her rôle in "The Painted Woman" with its opportunity for drama. "But I'm really a comedienne," she insists. "That's the sort of thing I always did on the stage."

Much as Peggy had resented the activities of the Paramount publicity department, she has reason to like publicity men. It was one of their species that gave the sixteen-year-old [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



Peggy's latest picture is "False Faces," in which Lowell Sherman plays an unscrupulous doctor

# THIN GIRLS *need* *Sleep, Food, Exercise*

By Sylvia



Here's Sylvia, that little dynamo of energy, who's telling you thin girls how to have beautifully rounded figures, compelling energy, pep and magnetism. Listen to her

*SYLVIA is known all over the world as the beauty expert of Hollywood. For the past five years she has been making the stars lovely and has received as high as \$100 a treatment. Now this masseuse de luxe is teaching you how to do for yourselves what she has done for the stars. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she is writing.*

*When Sylvia first began this series she talked briefly to you thin girls. Now she's telling you again how to develop generally, with special emphasis on your big worries—undeveloped bust, legs, arms and shoulders.*

*Work with Sylvia and see if you can't all start 1933 with a figure that pleases you! Here's the way, if you will really work and faithfully follow all of her suggestions!*

**I**N these articles I've been much harder on the fat girls than the thin ones, for the reason that fat folks are inclined to be lazy and need to be whipped into action.

The thin girls usually have surplus energy that makes them very nervous, and for this reason I can't be too rough with them, but it is just as bad to be too thin as it is to be too fat. And the fight to build up is just as long and as hard as the fight to reduce.

Skinny girls usually have the most trouble with the bust, the legs and the arms and shoulders. Don't complain if your hips are thin—that's great! It is much more difficult to build up in spots than it is to reduce, therefore, the thin girls and women must build up generally and then—if they grow too fat in certain places—they must take the excess weight off with massage.

A consistent routine is vitally important to thin girls—and the most important part of that routine is sleep. Get ten hours sleep a night and put in as many hours before midnight as you possibly can. Three nights a week make it an infallible rule to get to bed by nine o'clock.

**I**N the morning take a lukewarm shower (never take hot baths at any time) and rub your body for ten minutes with a rough towel. Do most of the rubbing on your spine. It will start the blood circulating through your body, which is what you need. At the end of this article I am going to give you a general building-up diet which you must follow, for if you do what I tell you to do, you can gain fifteen pounds in one month. I promise you that.

Skinny girls can do a lot of things that fat girls shouldn't do. You skinny girls can swim,

vigorously, and you can do plenty of tap dancing, for you want to build up your muscles as much as you can. But you must learn to take life easy. Look around you at your fat friends and notice how many hours they spend sitting and resting. That's what makes them fat, the silly things—that and eating their heads off. Well, take a lesson from them. Eat and rest as much as you can.

But proper exercises are necessary too. Exercise is necessary to everybody, since it puts the body in condition.

Hundreds and hundreds of letters tell me that thin girls worry more about their bust than any other part of their bodies. In the first place—don't worry. That will make and keep you thin. Instead of worrying try to do something about it. But you must remember that the bust is the most stubborn part of the body. You've got to keep at bust exercises with all the persistence you have.



To develop bust, try this exercise, described in my article, before an open window. Repeat it slowly fifteen or twenty times every morning, and be sure to breathe deeply

**H**ERE'S a grand exercise for developing the bust. Stand before an open window. Push shoulders back. Relax. With arms bent at the elbows, palms down, raise them at right angles to the body. Inhale as you do this. Turn the palms inwards. Then straighten the arms out. Hold your breath for eight counts and, exhaling, slowly lower the arms to the side. Repeat this fifteen or twenty times every morning. Do it slowly and breathe deeply.

Another way to develop the bust is to sing. Honestly, I mean it. Look at the grand opera singers you have seen. Every one of them is full chested.

Here's another excellent way to enlarge your chest measure. Standing before an open window, use your arms as if you were swimming with the breast





Most thin people are nervous. To overcome it, place hands on either side of the back of your neck, press the flesh firmly together, then release. Repeat until you feel relaxed



Another remedy for nerves! Press hard with thumbs at the hairline about an inch from the ears. Dig in deep under that bone. Do this when you're tired. It thoroughly relaxes you

stroke. Do this hard, feeling every muscle pull, as if you were really cutting through the water. It will not only develop your bust but your arms and shoulders as well, and it is better for you than real swimming since it will not make your hips fat. Do this every day for fifteen or twenty minutes. In a month you will be amazed at the result. But be sure to do it earnestly and vigorously, breathing properly the whole time.

**W**HEN you walk hold your shoulders up. That's vitally important, for most thin girls are inclined to slump. You can never hope to develop your bust if you slump!

Another very stubborn place to build up is that space between the legs that so many girls complain of. But, like everything else, it can be done—and don't ever get discouraged. You should build up the legs all over first. And I'll give you a grand exercise that will do just that. Lie on your back on the floor. Then with the arms still along the floor bring yourself up on your shoulders, with the legs pointing upwards. Spread the legs as far apart as possible and work them back and forth briskly just as a scissors works. Be sure that you feel the muscles tighten as you do this. Do it fifteen or twenty times a day.

Here's another. In the same position, with the legs tight together bring the knees down to your face, then shoot them straight up again. Repeat fifteen or twenty times. Also, in this same position use your legs as if you were riding a bicycle, just as fast as you can make the legs go. These movements will make your legs larger.

If, even after this, the space between your legs is still there, then do a little camouflaging. With your hands, knead some of the flesh off of the outer part of your legs. This will make the space look less pronounced.

The swimming stroke I have given you for the bust will also develop your arms and shoulders and it will help develop your back, but in order to get rid of the "angel's wings"—those prominent shoulder blades that thin girls have, you must build yourself up all over by my diet and plenty of sleep.

I'll wager that there is not a skinny girl in the country who doesn't suffer from a bad case of nerves. Now that simply must stop. Learn to take things more easily but, more important than that, learn to think about something besides yourself. I hate to say this, but the fact remains that most nervous people are selfish. Whenever you feel a spell of the jitters coming on start to think about something entirely different from what you have been thinking about. Get up and walk around the room. Look out the window and watch the most interesting thing that you can see on the street. Get out of yourself.

**D**ON'T you notice that when you are nervous the back of your neck tightens up? Well, when you feel jumpy here's a little exercise that you can do at home or at your office. With one hand on each side of your neck at the back press the flesh of the neck together. Then release it and repeat, pressing hard, until you feel the muscles growing relaxed.

Then with the thumbs, press hard right at the hairline at the back of your head, about an inch from the ear. Dig in deep under that bone. This will relieve the jitters and will make you feel like a new woman.

Also, with your hands knead the flesh around the upper part of your spine, working outwards toward the shoulders. Don't be afraid to dig in hard and do it as often as you feel you should during the day. In order to get that drawn tired look from your face you must loosen up the muscles of your neck.

There—you thin girls. There's a general routine for you, but don't fail to abide by the diet which follows:

### General Building Up Diet Breakfast

Big glass of orange or grape fruit juice.

Twenty minutes later  
Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar.

Coffee or tea with sugar and cream.

Toast with plenty of butter and jam. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]

## Enlarge Your Chest Measurement From Two to Four Inches!

**H**ERE is a breathing exercise that will work wonders in chest development for you thin girls. Most of you know the regular swimming breast-stroke. If not, get someone to show you. Then do this movement every morning before an open window for fifteen minutes. And do it as if you were really cutting through water. It will develop your shoulders, bust and arms, and is better than actual swimming since it will not make your hips large at the same time. But be sure to feel your muscles pull. Measure your chest before you begin and again at the end of a month. Work hard and earnestly and you will be amazed at the improvement in a short time.



"That Miss Crawford takes herself too seriously," some said. "It's a pose." But it wasn't. Joan's fame did not protect her from scandal-mongers. Her eyes reflected her hurt



It took a trip to London and Paris to bring back Joan's gaiety and laughter. She needed the change. In the carefree capitals of the Old World she recovered her sense of humor

# Joan Turns to Laughter

**T**HE girl with the "haunted face." The girl with the "soul-torn eyes" they called her.

And then Joan Crawford went to Paris.

Away from the eternal grind of making movies, away from Hollywood. Gradually that tired feeling, that tenseness of a panther crouched to spring, those Hollywood blues, just naturally rolled themselves under an insane French taxicab and—

She got herself a new, wide-shouldered coat, a bottle of French perfume, and smiled as though she meant it.

Then she sailed for home. All across the broad Atlantic the smile never left her. It stayed with her through the customs house in New York and across those three thousand miles home to Hollywood.

She got off the train absolutely happy.

They whirled their car around to the side of the house, and Doug, tore open the side door and almost leaped at those waiting servants. Upstairs. Down. In. Out. Like a long-lost puppy, she tore. Home at last.

She even reached out a finger and touched the walls. "Gee, I'm glad to be home again," she kept whispering.

And then the front door bell rang. It was Jerry, from the publicity department of M-G-M studios and a good friend of Joan's.

"Did you come in by the front door?" he whispered wildly.

"No, why?" Joan asked.

"My heavens, Joan," he said, "it's all decorated up with vines and gardenias, your favorite flower, and in the middle is a wreath from the servants that says 'Welcome Home.'"

Without another word she tore into Doug's room, clapped his hat on his amazed head, grabbed up an unpacked suitcase in one hand and pulling Doug by the hand, raced down the back stairs out to the front and rang the bell.

The butler opened the door.

"Oh, hello," Joan grinned. By this

time Doug had spied the decorations, knew what it was all about and came to the rescue.

All the servants must be summoned while Joan went into detailed raptures over the front door decorations.

Like the songwriter who claims he found a million dollar baby in a five and ten cent store, Joan Crawford found her long lost sense of humor on the steps of a London barber shop.

A friend in Hollywood had asked her to please bring him a certain brand of toilet water from a certain chemist in London. He had forgotten its name, but it had a lemon and verbena base. That much he knew.

Joan sent her chauffeur to the address for the toilet water. He came back in a lather.

"They 'aven't it ma'am," he said. "I argued and argued but they just 'ave no lemon and verbena base toilet water."

The next day she sent her maid, with the same result.

A day or so later Doug dropped by and still no lemon and verbena toilet water.

**T**HEN one day Joan was in the neighborhood and thought she'd try.

"I'm looking for a toilet water with—" she began.

"I know, lady, with a lemon and verbena base," the clerk interrupted, "but I just 'aven't got it and that's final. Maybe they 'ave it downstairs in the barber shop."

So Joan went down the stairs to the barber shop. A French barber was about to apply a hot towel to a stern English countenance.

"I'm looking for a toilet water"—Joan began very politely.

And immediately the barber grew hysterical. "With a lemon and verbena base," he shouted. "I knew it. I knew it. For days, weeks, what do I hear? Lemon and verbena.

Lemon and verbena." The hot towel flew wildly about his head and smacked

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]

By *Jeanne North*



# All the Stars Dine Here

If you'll wait at the door of the Brown Derby restaurant, you'll be sure to see every famous face in Hollywood



So you think you'll just run over to the Brown Derby and get a few famous autographs, do you? But look at the folks who are there ahead of you. The élite of filmdom make their way through this crowd every noon hour. Once Mary Pickford was held up for forty-five minutes just signing books. And this mob isn't at all unusual. People stand like this every day in the week



Once you are inside, you'll see more stars than there are in heaven — or "Grand Hotel." Here's Wally Beery giving brother Noah some extra service

Lupe Velez lunches on shrimp cocktail, instead of hot tamales as you would expect. Lupe makes the noon hour one prolonged circus



# Our Photographer was in Luck Today



Introducing the most formidable contender for Clark Gable's crown—Big Bill Gargan, who knocked the Hollywood girls for a row of sound sequences when he played opposite Joan Crawford in "Rain." That's his wife there at the right and Mrs. Leslie Howard in the middle. Gargan played on the New York stage with Leslie in "Animal Kingdom" and now the two families, brought together in Hollywood, are inseparable



"I'll take that one," says Joe E. Brown to the waiter. There's no trouble about Joe's finding the place to put it



Just to prove that there isn't the slightest jealousy between two of Hollywood's "best dressed" women. Hey, Lil Tashman, where did you get that hat? Kay Francis wears more conservative head gear



Get the bright expression on Carole Lombard's face. Want to know the reason? Hubby Bill Powell has just entered the door



# Just See what his Camera Caught



Thelma Todd's new husband doesn't like thin girls. That's why Thelma's plate looks like this



Cedric Gibbons, old boy, that must be a pretty fascinating story you're telling Dolores Del Rio to get all that attention. And married two years, too!



Phones are brought right to the booth. The lads are Cary Grant and Randolph Scott



Mrs. Neil Hamilton joins Neil for luncheon. Come, come, Mrs. H., what made your smile do a fade-out?

# Ah, There! It's Chic Himself!



No dark glasses *a la* Garbo, nor black wigs *a la* Harding for him. His best disguise off the screen is his own face

**I**F the contents of Chic Sale's two enormous, filled-to-overflowing trunks could talk, they would, indeed, relate an interesting and amusing story.

For Chic doesn't go about obtaining his character costumes in the usual way. No property man "ages" a suit for him by wiping up dusty floors or polishing shoes with it.

Chic's characteristic outfits are actually "aged in the wood"; purchased, invariably, directly off the back of a character he is planning to depict.

The patches—if any—are legitimate ones, worn by honest toil; mended by tired, loving fingers. Garments that have served their masters well in the relentless struggle for existence . . . Life.

There is, for instance, the battered hat he wears in his *Lem Pull* characterizations.

Driving through Kansas, Chic stopped to ask directions of an old farmer who was plowing in a nearby field.

At Chic's approach, the old fellow left his team and came to lean sociably on the dividing fence, while he gave the required information. The hat he was wearing appealed to Chic as being highly atmospheric.

"How much would you take for the hat?" Chic asked.

"What hat?" the old fellow was obviously puzzled.

"The one you're wearing."

Yes sir, Chic Sale—that funny old fellow who sports whiskers and chews tobacco

By

Barbara Barry

Removing the desired object from his head, the man gazed from it to Chic, suspiciously.

"This'n?"

"Sure." Chic smiled reassuringly.

The old fellow wiped a faded blue sleeve across his steaming forehead.

"Now what in tarnation would anybody be a-wantin' with an old relic like this? My land, I been wearin' it, winter an' summer, for nigh onto seven years," commented the puzzled farmer.

So Chic explained who he was and just why he wanted that particular hat. A few moments later, the bewildered farmer, fingering a crisp new bill of pleasing denomination, watched the astonishing young man disappear down the winding road in a cloud of Kansas dust.

"Jumpin' cornstalks!" he probably murmured. "Won't Sary be tickled! Now we kin buy that pig we bin a-wantin'!"



The only Chic you would recognize, in a scene with Noah Beery from "Stranger in Town"

**T**HE conductor's uniform Chic wears in "When A Feller Needs A Friend," was bought from a baggage man on the New York Central, at Scarsdale, N. Y.

"But," the fellow protested, when Chic offered him an interesting sum for the uniform, "I've been

wearin' it for more than twenty years! It's old—needs cleanin'—why, shucks, I was goin' to throw it away!"

"That's just why I want it," Chic explained. "It's seen actual service. It's *real*!" And, leaving a sum that would easily have paid for a brand-new uniform, with a red lantern thrown in, Chic triumphantly carried off his prize—a bundle of old clothes that a first rate rag man would have valued at less than two bits!

Out of the Los Angeles breadline came the frayed suit he wears in the poorhouse episode of "When A Feller Needs A Friend."

In this universal collection of flotsam and jetsam, one old man, hungry and weary, unnoticed and unwanted, stood far down the line, patiently awaiting his turn for the free bread and coffee, so generously provided by a well-known local organization.

Chic approached the old man and diplomatically suggested that they step aside for a few [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



# Up the Ladder with Jeanette

She sneaked into the chorus back row. That was the first rung to fame



**S**HE wanted to go on the stage. She could dance a little, sing a little and act a little. And she wanted to be an actress. So does everybody, well, nearly everybody, else.

But Jeanette MacDonald wanted to be a big star. A famous, beautiful woman.

And so does everybody, well, nearly everybody, else.

Only Jeanette did. With plenty of odds against her, she did. After ten long, hard years, Jeanette became a famous woman. On a moving picture screen.

And if you're anxious to profit by Jeanette's experience, to avoid the pitfalls, and can take some good solid advice from a red-headed woman who knows, we'll tell you about the rise from a scrawny little Philadelphia High School kid to the recipient of Maurice Chevalier's screen attentions. And isn't that something!

She borrowed her older sister's fur coat and started out. She looked like something that had roamed down out of the mountains in search of food, but no difference.

She thought she was the last word as she waddled (the heavy coat kept getting under her feet) into Ned Wayburn's office and asked for a job. She kept going back and going back until Mr. Wayburn felt there must be some talent beneath the fur robe, and gave her a job. The last row in the chorus.

So the family moved to New York and the career was on. Or off, mostly.

Near the close of the show (note, please, that Jeanette didn't wait until the show was over) she decided to call upon Mr. Dillingham, the great theatrical producer.

She was told he was out of town. It didn't phase her. She inquired at the box-office how to get to Mr. Dillingham's office and the boy was so overcome at such nerve, he told her. Only, he called after her, Mr. Dillingham was out of town.

She climbed the steps and sat in the reception room. He may be in Algiers, but no one could say, in her old age, that she hadn't tried to see Mr. Dillingham. The office boy gave her a

"Can you dance—can you sing?" they asked Jeanette MacDonald. "Certainly," she answered—and then proceeded to learn how

black look, but still she sat. After all, it took but two or three weeks to get back from Algiers and she didn't have anything in particular to do, in the daytime, anyway. So, she decided, she'd sit right there. And she sat.

Presently the office boy disappeared and Jeanette tiptoed quietly about. She found a door and turned a knob. It opened. A handsome, gray-haired man sat behind the desk. It was Mr. Dillingham, no place but right there in New York. He sat very still and quiet. And appeared worried.

Jeanette went in. So sorry to be rude, she told him, but she'd been waiting such a long time and after all she had something to sell and he wanted to buy and dear me, did she lay it on thick. She went into detail about how good she was and what she could do and well, really, she wasn't the least bit backward.

**A**ND the producer smiled and seemed amused as Jeanette went on to say she merely wanted a feature part with the agreement she was to understudy the star. And that was every last thing she wanted.

"Could she dance?" he asked. Now mind, could she dance. And could she sing, he wanted to know. And Jeanette nearly dropped dead at the suggestion she wasn't the world's best.

"Well," he smiled, "would she accept a place in the chorus of 'Nightboat,' playing in Rochester." We'll yes, she would. After one-half second's deliberation, yes, she would. Only that morning he'd had a wire wanting a girl to fill a vacancy and had been sitting there, worrying over whom to send.

So you see. Fools rush in where angels wouldn't be caught.

But be foolish every so often. It pays.

So off to Rochester dashed our heroine, only to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

By Frances Denton

PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood



*All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month*



**W**ILL Joan Bennett's adoption of the beauty spot bring about a renaissance of its popularity? It's often a fascinating accent for the right occasion.

**M**ARY MASON is in a very icy mood. She is illustrating one of Billie Burke's skin secrets — plenty of ice water for beauty. Delicate skins should use ice water; harder types, ice direct covered with gauze.



**S**LIGHTLY extended eyebrows are invariably becoming. Gloria Stuart adds a deft touch to her own. If your brows are black, use a black pencil. For other shades a brown pencil is far more becoming. Keep the line light and tapering and follow the natural shape, straight, arched or slanting.



# Beauty Shop

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck



DOROTHY JORDAN delights in exotic perfumes. For day she sprays her astrakhan collar (perfume is lasting on fur) and applies a touch from her dropper bottle back of her ears. Dorothy changes perfumes often. Jasmine is a favorite.



RAQUEL TORRES' new permanent emphasizes two important hair points for the young girl. Reveal the forehead generously or try one of the new bangs. In-between styles are out.



ANITA LOUISE brushes a tiny dash of brilliantine through her brows to remove powder and to accent their darkness. Especially attractive on black brows and on lashes, too.

# If You're Very Very Young—



THE back of Shirley's head is almost as nice as the front. Notice the irregular, cascade curl arrangement.



ALTHOUGH you may not be very big, if you're partying to, say your second or third birthday, or posing for a special picture, you need to think about your hair as much as the grown-ups. Shirley Temple, being very good, gets a curl in the middle of her forehead and a gay ribbon besides. Loose curls, natural or by aid of kid curlers, cover her head and are held just so by a bow.



JACQUELINE HAYES looks poetic and wistful in her mop of soft curls and full bang, a classical arrangement.



JOY DIMPLES, at eighteen months, goes unadorned, with a few curls, rather wind-blown but very alluring.



OR you may prefer a shingled bob like young Shirley Bloomfield, who goes in for a twirl and saucy bow.



# Four Aids To Good Looks



**N**OW that liquid eyelash darkener is popular, a lesson in its application by Phyllis Fraser is very timely. Apply to upper lashes with upward sweep, to lower lashes with downward sweep. If stopper brush is awkward, use a glass rod or a wooden match.



**L**EMONS play an important part in Mary Carlisle's shampoo ritual. Juice of half a lemon softens the shampoo water; juice of a whole in final rinse removes all soap.



**E**LEANOR HOLM keeps her cuticle oil in a perfume dropper bottle, applies it nightly with dropper. A dainty way to use oil, for well-groomed nails.



**D**OROTHY JORDAN'S sole eye make-up for day is a brown line drawn with an eyebrow crayon on her upper lids just above the lash-line. A grand ruse to accent eyes.



COIFFURE  
DEBONAIR

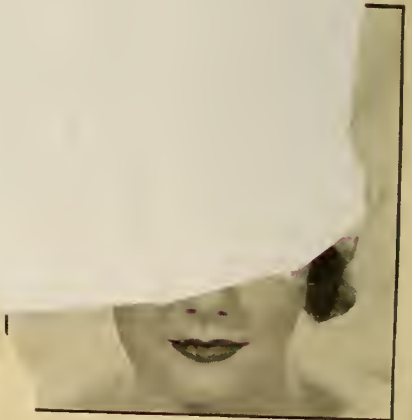
IRENE DUNNE  
a lovely new evening  
coiffure designed for her by  
Westmore. Be it  
Irene's simple, conserva-  
tive bob, as she wore it in  
summer, to show a good day  
style which may trans-  
form itself into the Coiffure  
Debonair for evening.



THE head silhouette is beau-  
tifully confined by broad swirls  
which break into cluster curls bank-  
ed to the side. A lover's knot of  
tiny diamonds is the sole ornament.



THE pristine  
plainness of the  
left side is broken  
by a fringe of face  
curls and a broad  
swirl back of the  
ear. This chic and  
unusual coiffure  
also accents hair  
sheen and color.





## VARIETY IN BANGS



WOULD you believe that Fay Wray's almost Grecian coiffure could be combed into such a soft, becoming bob for day? For evening that forehead fringe is persuaded into lacy curls, the hair drawn tightly back and high where it blossoms into tiny curls. Try this arrangement for that party.



IF your hair is soft and silky, you may find a deep bang like Lilian Bond's the final touch for loveliness. Hair is circularly waved, ends turned up.

YOUTHFUL, vivacious Mary Carlisle needs only the suspicion of a bang to distinguish her bob. This style bang may be combed out or tucked under.



CONSTANCE BENNETT'S bang is different and bizarre. Extremely nice with smooth hair, big eyes, high forehead.

(For More Beauty Tips  
Turn to Page 94.)

# The New

The screen test is only the first difficult step in an exacting profession



The test that opened the way to a picture career for Marion Burns, new Fox player. This is the last-minute rehearsal, while the cameraman stands by for the "take" signal



**H**OW much do you really want an acting job in the movies?

How much physical pain and mental stress are you willing to endure?

Would you consent to having an operation on your ears or your nose (and perhaps pay for it out of your own pocket)? To have perfectly sound but out-of-line teeth drawn, perhaps to wear a dental brace for months? To have your ankles kneaded and baked daily to reduce their size? To go on a strict reducing diet?

Would you have the grit to face silent and sound cameras for a grueling test of acting ability, photographic value and voice—the sort of test that Mary Pickford has called "the greatest ordeal of a picture career"? To face it, knowing that your screen future may be made or broken by the results of that one day's work on the set, before the most critical audience in the world, the director and his technical crew?

**T**HAT'S the kind of test Jimmie Dunn had to take, before he got his big chance in "Bad Girl." Jimmie passed with flying colors in the opinion of the director who conducted the test in New York. Fox Films took a three-weeks' option on Jimmie's services and the test film was sent to the Coast, to be passed upon by studio executives.

And then, just when success seemed sure, they turned thumbs down. Nope, the boy wouldn't do. He didn't have what it takes. Only one man in the executive offices—Winfield Sheehan—was satisfied



The actual "take." Now the director, too, must stand by, silent and motionless, while camera and microphone do their work. Here, after a week of intensive study and preparation, is the deciding test of talent and screen personality

He insisted that Jimmie

over when he made a test in. It isn't over, since his "Dance Team," and his own Broadway." Every test—now audiences are nbs down or demand that ictures, you don't merely ut you have to *stay* there. contract has a clause that says he must never, for the duration of that agreement, allow his weight to go over 160 pounds. There was a little matter of a second chin that showed up in Jimmie's test, and movie executives have a feeling that one chin is quite enough for an actor who plays romantic rôles.

Let's look into the de-



# Way of finding Screen Stars

By  
Frances  
Kish

tails of this mysterious process called a "screen test."

Even actresses of marked ability and long stage experiences are sometimes so overcome by camera and microphone fright at their first test that every faculty is temporarily paralyzed. So just imagine how you and I would be affected!

Well, what's so frightening about it, and what qualities does it take?

**F**IRST of all, according to the test director, it takes 75 per cent personality. "At the outset, a girl can get by with 25 per cent ability," he says. "Ability can be developed. But personality is God-given."

Waiting in his ante-room are always pretty young girls, of course. Pretty young girls who can't seem to realize, in spite of what PHOTOPLAY continually tells them, that mere prettiness and youth are a drug on the Hollywood market. There are personable young men; character actors; "types." Babies in their admiring mothers' arms; chubby, wide-eyed youngsters who speak "pieces;" frail old men and women. All of them caught by the glamour of motion pictures, the stories of riches and fame that await the successful player.

Few of these applicants qualify for even a preliminary silent test. Some have been sent through professional sources whose



Fred Riehl, make-up expert, studying Marion Burns' face, the line of her hair, the shape of her eyebrows, the curve of her lips. Make-up men are constantly experimenting to please the all-seeing, fault finding eye of the camera

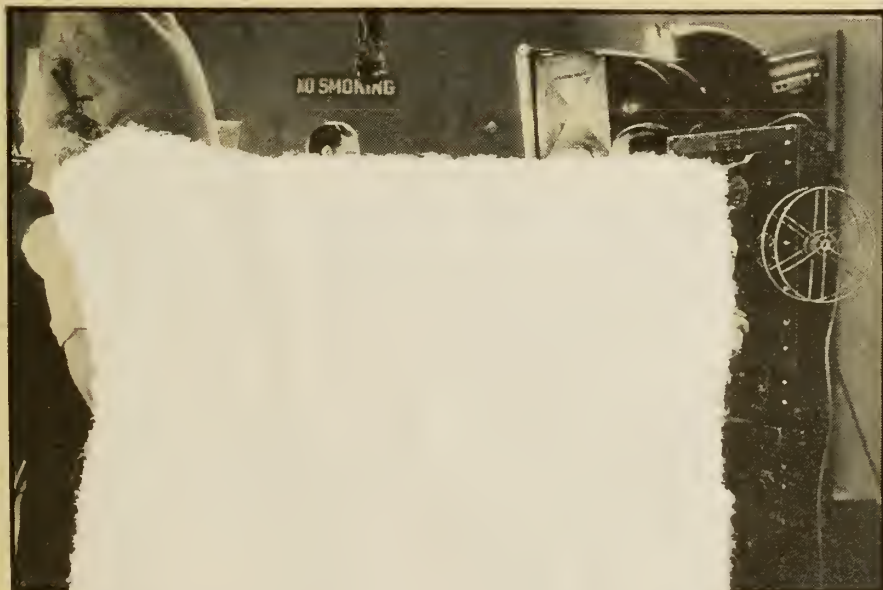
recommendation carries weight; some have been spotted in stage performances by picture "scouts;" sometimes the director has noted an obscure player in a vaudeville act and his expert eye has sensed picture possibilities.

At rare times an applicant comes unrecommended, unskilled and untutored; totally inexperienced. In that case she must at once suggest to the trained eye that she will photograph in an interesting way in both close-ups and long-shots and that her voice will register pleasingly.

**T**HE applicant is first asked to do a dramatic scene, a recitation—whatever type of thing for which she has a special flare. If she looks like picture material, she is "weighed in." She steps on a scale, and both weight and height are recorded on a card, along with color of hair, eyes and skin, experience and other details. Sometimes she is told at once that she is overweight, that she must reduce a certain number of pounds and come back again. If she is more than five feet, six, the chances are she will have no test. Five feet, two is the average height, and girls as tall even as five feet, five or six present difficulties in casting them with men sufficiently taller.

If a girl's face is too round and fleshy, her shoulders too broad, her bust too large, these may bar her from pictures, even though she is slender otherwise. So many pictures are taken in close-ups or only from the waist up that the upper part of the body and the face must suggest

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123 ]



ident voice  
dese, dese  
has started  
er diction

# Love and all That



In Roman times ladies swooned at the very thought of a kiss — C. B. De Mille would have you believe. This is how Elissa Landi and Fred March carry on in "The Sign of the Cross"



Salesmanship love. George M. Cohan puts over a big idea with Claudette Colbert in "The Phantom President." "How's it for a little ride in the country, baby?" asks George with a slight leer



At boarding school the first creams she ever used . . . As young society woman Mrs. du Pont says: "I have kept right on using them. They are simply grand for the skin."



AT BOARDING SCHOOL. Mrs. du Pont in 1922 when as Miss Elizabeth Wrenn she was still in her teens. "At boarding school I used these two creams all the time."



AS YOUNG SOCIETY WOMAN. Photograph taken this year of Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont. "Today I depend upon them to keep my skin fresh and smooth always."

In December, the stinging snows of St. Moritz . . . In March, the blistering sands of Bermuda . . . To Lake Placid . . . To California . . . By plane or train . . . Mrs. du Pont tells a spirited story of the sport-loving life she leads—and the two creams that keep her skin lovely through it all!



**3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations**

The Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening. The Vanishing Cream—protects, and holds the powder. The Tissues—more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"AT boarding school," says Mrs. du Pont, "when I first realized the importance of caring for my skin, I turned to Pond's Two Creams . . . I wanted to look 'my best' for my first parties!

"Today I am simply devoted to those same two creams!

"In St. Moritz, I never went out without Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face. The air is so frightfully cold, and the sun so very brilliant, that unless you have a good coating of protection, your face goes absolutely purple!

"In Bermuda, I found Pond's Vanishing Cream absolutely essential as a protection against blistering.

"Pond's Creams really are just grand!

"How I use the Cold Cream: A Swell Cleanser. I never found a cream that goes into my skin better, and gets it both clean and refreshed at the same time.

"To Rest My Skin. When I've had a very trying day, a good cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, then a fresh creaming and a short nap with it on takes all the tiredness from my face.

"The Things I use the Vanishing Cream for: Protects from Chapping and from Sunburn. It's great for that. I can't say too much about Pond's Vanishing Cream as a protection.

"It heals all sorts of little roughnesses whenever I have been careless.

"The Best Finish to a Beauty Treatment. It's the best base for rouge and powder. You

know you are going to look fresh and groomed for hours."

Try these marvelous creams. You will find, like Mrs. Du Pont, they are all you need.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples of Pond's Products.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M  
114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City  
Please send me (check choice):

Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream , Rose Cream , Brunette , Naturelle .

OR  
POND'S TWO CREAMS, TISSUES AND FRESHENER .

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# Actually over



But these  
lovely stars  
know the secret  
of keeping  
Youthful Charm

*"I am over 40!"* MARY BOLAND

"There's no magic about keeping the charm of youth," says this popular Broadway star who triumphed last season in *Face the Music*. "It's just a matter of regular complexion care. For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap."

ANY woman can laugh at birthdays—if she is wise. The recent photographs above are proof of it! "Very few actresses look their age, you notice," says lovely Alla Nazimova. "It is easy to be lovely at sixteen or seventeen, but to be still lovelier at thirty, at forty, and over . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise."

Because keeping youthful charm is vitally

# LUX



40\_



*"I'm over 45!"* NANCE O'NEIL

"It is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels," says this famous star of the stage and screen. "Several years ago, I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and I use it regularly."



*"I'm over 40!"* says NAZIMOVA

"Only the woman who looks it is afraid to admit her age," says this famous screen star who last season won fresh laurels on Broadway in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. "For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap and my skin is so smooth."

important to them, actresses take vigilant care of their skin. You will want to know how!

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

One favorite soap keeps lovely 98% of the exquisite complexions you see on the screen. Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant, white Lux

Toilet Soap for their skin. It is the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

"There's no reason to care about birthdays if you realize the importance of *complexion care*," says Mary Boland wisely.

Start today to give *your* precious complexion the care nine out of ten screen stars use to keep youthful charm through the years.

# Toilet Soap

The feminine figure is

# QUEEN of FASHION

THE modern mode has recaptured the elusive charm of femininity. Swim suits, pajamas, sports togs demand shapely limbs. Evening gowns discreetly reveal gentle, girlish curves.

The fashionable figure is the figure of health. So those who reduce wisely win health and smartness together. Proper exercise and a carefully planned menu are the only safe way.

So many neglect adequate "bulk" in the diet. Then faulty elimination develops. Complexions may become sallow. Eyes may lose their brightness. Wrinkles and pimples are other frequent effects.

Fortunately, a delicious cereal provides this needed "bulk." Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a fine source of "bulk"—similar to that found in leafy vegetables.

In addition, ALL-BRAN provides vitamin B to help tone the system, and

food-iron to help guard against nutritional anemia.

Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant pills and drugs!

Enjoy ALL-BRAN with milk, or use in cooked dishes. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. ALL-BRAN helps satisfy hunger without being fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



ROCHELLE HUDSON, *RKO-Radio Pictures* player, wears a molded evening gown of chiffon. Her tailored beach pajamas are of yellow and blue jersey. The sports outfit is in the vivid blue so fashionable this season.

## WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY  
Dept. D-12, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Ann plans a very elaborate Christmas menu whether or not she has guests, for Christmas is a gala occasion in the Harding household

Ann is here arranging a table centerpiece. She uses greens and bright red poinsettias, flanked by silver candelabra which hold red candles



# A Hearty Christmas Menu

## MENU

Clam and Tomato Consommé with Browned Soup Rings		
Frozen Apples		
Filet of Sole with Mushroom Sauce		
Roast Goose with Chestnut Dressing and Giblet Gravy		
Riced Potatoes	Glazed Silver Skin Onions	
Pimento Timbales	Chiffonade Salad	
English Plum Pudding with Sherry Sauce		Almond Cakes
Coffee Ice Cream	Bon Bons	
Crackers	Cheese	Café Noir

**A**NN HARDING believes that Christmas should be a real feast day. No matter whether she is entertaining a number of guests or only the family, she plans a dinner that is bountiful to its last perfect detail. Ann gives you her favorite menu, with recipes, so that you can serve her delicacies at your own table.

*Clam and Tomato Consommé*—this is prepared by making the clam water and the consommé separately and then combining the two. To make the clam water, wash thoroughly and scrub two quarts of clams. Put in a granite stew pan and add one-half cup cold water. Cover closely, cook until the shells open. Remove clams and strain the liquor through a double cheese cloth.

Add two cups each of the clam water and canned tomatoes to one quart of beef and chicken consommé. When cleared, add the soft part of the clams.

*Browned Soup Rings*—Cut

stale bread in one-third inch slices and shape with a round cutter. Spread with butter and, with a smaller round cutter, shape into rings that are as wide as they are thick. Cut the bread in one-third inch slices, spread with butter, and cut slices into sticks as wide as they are thick. Put both rings and sticks into a dripping pan and bake until brown. Serve three sticks through each ring.

*Frozen Apples*—Wipe, pare, core and cut ten apples in quarters. Put into a stew pan, sprinkle with sugar and add a few grains of salt. Cover with boiling water and cook until apples are soft. Rub through a sieve and add two-thirds cup of cider and two tablespoons lemon juice. Freeze to a mush and serve in cups made from bright red apples.

*Glazed Silver Skin Onions*—Peel small onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and sauté in butter, to which is added a small quantity of sugar, until delicately browned.

*Pimento Timbales*—Line slightly buttered individual tin moulds with canned pimentos and fill with chicken forcemeat. Set in pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake until firm. Remove from moulds, insert a small sprig of parsley in each and serve with mushroom sauce.

Here is the chicken forcemeat recipe: Cook two tablespoons butter, one-fourth cup stale bread crumbs and two-thirds cup milk five minutes. To this add one cup cooked chicken forced through a sieve. Add two eggs slightly beaten. Season.

### 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.

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



# Ask The Answer Man

**L**ETTERS came in so fast this month asking for information about "newcomers" that the old Answer Man just had to pick the four about whom he received the most questions. They are Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Lyle Talbot and Adrienne Ames. Here is a short history of each:

Dick Powell, the lad who clicked in "Blessed Event," comes from a little town called Mountain View, in Arkansas. For the past five or six years he has been acting as M.C. (Master of Ceremonies) in various theaters. He went into the theatrical business because he liked to sing. He has wavy brown hair, blue eyes and a big grin that just thrills the girls who see him, both on and off screen. He likes making pictures in Hollywood because it keeps him in one place and he can have his mother and dad with him. He was married once, but it didn't last. In his spare time he plays golf and tennis. His best friend is Joe E. Brown. Dick got a nice contract with Warners after his hit in "Blessed Event."

Gloria Stuart, Universal player, has been in pictures since last February and has been steadily getting ahead. She is a native of Santa Monica, Calif. Has been celebrating her birthday on the 4th of July ever since 1910. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 118 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. For eight years, prior to going into pictures, she appeared in amateur theatricals. Has been married to Blair Gordon Newell, a sculptor, since June, 1930. Her latest pictures are "Airmail" and "The All American."

Lyle Talbot's career was practically settled before he was born. Both his parents belonged to the stage. His father owned stock companies throughout the Middle West. Lyle was born on February 8, 1904, in Pittsburgh, Penna. At the age of sixteen he started his career when his parents took him on the stage with them. He began as a magician but gave it up shortly afterward to return to school. At nineteen he went back to the stage in "St. Elmo." Lyle is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 172 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His real name is Lysle Hollywood, but because he knew no one would believe it was true he changed it to Lyle Talbot. He got a screen test at Warners which proved successful and was given a rôle in "Love Is a Racket." This was followed by "Big City Blues," "The Purchase Price," "Three on a Match," "The Thirteenth Guest" and "Klondike." Lyle likes bicycling, tennis, golf and handball.

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## 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.

Adrienne Ames had a movie career fall into her lap. When she and her millionaire husband, Stephen Ames, stopped off in Hollywood on their way back from a vacation in Honolulu, Adrienne wanted Ruth Harriet Louise, Hollywood photographer, to take some pictures of her. Ruth took the pictures and thought they were so good that she sent them to Paramount. Paramount sent for Adrienne and she was given a part in "24 Hours." Next came "Girls About Town," "One Hour With You" and "Guilty as Hell." Adrienne is a native of Fort Worth, Texas, born there on August 3, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 116 and has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Adrienne McClure.

BETTY HORTON, CHICAGO, ILL. — Wally Beery was born on April 1. No foolin'. Here's the low-down on your favorites, Don Cook and Bette Davis. Don was born in Portland, Ore., on September 26, 1901. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 147 pounds and has dark hair and dark eyes. Was on the stage in "Rebound," "The Rivals," "Spellbound," "Paris," and "Half Gods." His next picture will be "The Conquerors." Bette was born on April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. She is 5 feet, 3½ inches tall; weighs 110 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She entered pictures in 1930. Was married to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. in Yuma, Ariz., on August 18, 1932.

HATCHET, HERNDON, VA. — With a name like that I'd expect you to go into a war dance any minute. The Warner studios say that David Manners did all his own singing in "Crooner" and you'll have to believe them. They made the picture and they ought to know.

LOUISE LE CHIEN, PITTSBURG, KAN.—And I thought Pittsburgh was in Pennsylvania. Guess I must be getting old. Lots of folks think that Ken Murray nearly stole the picture "Crooner" from David Manners. Well, here's the low-down on Ken. He is a native of little old New York, born on July 14, 1903. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 179 pounds and has dark brown hair and light brown eyes. His real name is Kenneth Doucourt. He started in pictures in 1929. Appeared in "Leathernecker," "Ladies of the Jury," and "Girl Crazy." He and Mary Brian worked together in vaudeville for about nine months. Much romance was rumored about them during that time, but so far they have remained single.

VIRGINIA MORGAN, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Settling bets is my pastime and hobby. The young fellow who appeared opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Red Dance" was Charlie Farrell. Remember now?

MIRIAM BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA. — Charles Laughton, note the correct spelling, Miriam, was born in Scarborough, England on July 1, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 180 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Elsa Lanchester. Charles attended the Stonyhurst College in England and also the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. He appeared on the British stage for six years and on the American stage for another six years before he finally went into pictures. His first picture was "Devil and the Deep." Then came "The Old Dark House." If you're a Laughton fan now, wait until you see Charles as *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross." His hobby, believe it or not, is gardening.

FRANK LUKES, CHICAGO, ILL. — Frank, you're not going to see Marguerite Churchill on the screen for some time. She returns to Broadway in a new play called "Dinner at Eight."

MARY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary, how can you ask me to name the most popular "crooner" who ever made a picture? Do you want me to get my old grey beard pulled? With Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, David Manners and Dick Powell all crooning their best, do you think I would risk voicing an opinion? I'm leaving it to you to make your own decision.



Gloria Stuart, whose good work won her a contract with Universal



Lysle Hollywood is his real name. It was changed to Lyle Talbot



Adrienne Ames, society girl, got into pictures without trying



Dick Powell, crooning rival of Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee



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Look for the "Hollywood Fashions" label, shown above, in your movie frock; it proves its origin in the "style show of the films."



Upper Left: Ginger Rogers' smart frock, as she wears it in Warner Bros.' picture, "You Said a Mouthful."

Center: The trim afternoon frock of Sari Maritza, worn in the Paramount production, "Evenings for Sale."

Right: Tallulah Bankhead and the lovely evening gown she wears in the new M-G-M Picture, "Faithless."

Each month Seymour, stylist for Photoplay Magazine, selects ten outstanding fashions from pictures not yet on the screen. (See Pages 62-67.) If faithful copies of these distinctive garments are not sold by the leading store in your community, write Photoplay Magazine, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.

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# Beauty Chatter From Hollywood



By  
Carolyn  
Van  
Wyck

THE advantages of a triple mirror for your dressing-table are emphasized by this view of Una Merkel. Good looks are no longer confined to the front. Every little back and side detail must be considered.

IF you think your face curls and lacquer wigs of modern inspiration, then consider this spectacular coiffure of two thousand years ago designed for "The Sign of the Cross."



PEGGY SHANNON looked very gay and happy as she showed me a smart, brown bag with metal frame of Chanel inspiration. "I'm taking one of these to all my friends in Hollywood," she explained. Busy lady of the screen, on a brief vacation in New York, a thousand and one things to do! Yet finding time to buy a gift for each friend, and a charming one and a practical one!

I took a little lesson in Christmas giving from Peggy. That day of days is just around the corner, you know, and there are mothers and aunts and sisters and friends to think about. If you are in a quandary about gifts, especially small gifts, do give something for beauty. The costliest of perfumes now come in junior sizes to oblige the slimmest of purses, both in size and contents. Even modern grandmothers thrill to new and lovely perfumes.

Then there are compacts. Who ever has enough of them? Loose powder, compact powder, rouge, lipstick or even an accent for the eyes, if you want them that complete. And such adorable cases. It seems to me that one of the most gracious of American gestures today is the removal of a lovely compact from a smart handbag. Red or green compacts accent the black or brown costume; white is very new, a perfect touch with black or brown, also, and as appropriate for evening as for day. Or you may prefer blue; indeed any shade you desire is sure to be found.

Then there is the more practical aspect—complete treatment outfits, effective, economical, gifts that do something grand for your face and your spirits as well.

These are the types of gifts that I think will be more welcome than ever in this Christmas of 1932—gifts of beauty, gifts that carry the true spirit of Christmas. Somehow, I think these modern jewels of beauty are not far removed from those ancient gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

BANGS, it seems, are going stronger than ever in Hollywood. Clara Bow is one of the latest recruits to join the banged group with

a Trilby coiffure, a thick forehead fringe and a shoulder-length bob. This is for her rôle in "Call Her Savage."

HOLLYWOOD, which, as you know, goes blonde, brunette, platinum or red-head at will, now adds another hair shade to this list. The newest is blue hair, introduced by Beulah Christian, an atmosphere player in "Evenings for Sale." Miss Christian has been gray since she was thirteen. By rinsing her hair in ordinary laundry bluing she produces a bluish shade which she finds makes her either a blonde or brunette at will. The shade is controlled by the amount of light played upon her hair. What next?

THE pictures of Dorothy Jordan, which you will find in the front pages of this department, were taken in the same dressing-room at the Capitol Theater which Dorothy used several years ago when she was a member of a Chester Hale dancing group. Now Dorothy returns to the same room as a star.

PAULETTE GODDARD'S platinum curls are gradually growing out in their natural light brown color, in anticipation of a picture she will make demanding this hair shade. When and if you see her *au naturel*, I think you will like her better. In spite of the screen popularity of the platinum blonde, sometimes it places the player at a disadvantage. If there are still readers who yearn for the silver locks, I hope they will pause and decide that blonde or brown locks are very well and good.

IF you are looking for a perfume that is new, a gift or compact that is different, send the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope for our Christmas list. Beauty problems are still in order, too. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



# Hollywood Fashions

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

- ABRAHAM & STRAUS,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,  
Buffalo, N. Y.
- S. A. BARKER COMPANY,  
Springfield, Ill.
- J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,  
Omaha, Neb.
- CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,  
Nashville, Tenn.
- CLARKE & COMPANY,  
Peoria, Ill.
- THE DAYTON COMPANY,  
Minneapolis, Minn.
- DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,  
Syracuse, N. Y.
- MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,  
Chicago, Ill.
- WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Boston, Mass.
- WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Worcester, Mass.
- G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,  
Hartford, Conn.
- THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,  
Memphis, Tenn.
- WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.
- THE GORTON COMPANY,  
Elmira, N. Y.
- HARZFELD'S, INC.,  
Kansas City, Mo.
- HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,  
Baltimore, Md.
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Charlotte, N. C.
- FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,  
Washington, D. C.
- THE KILLIAN COMPANY,  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
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Madison, Wis.
- THE MORTON COMPANY,  
Binghamton, N. Y.
- ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,  
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- OWENS, INCORPORATED,  
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- H. C. PRANGE COMPANY,  
Green Bay, Wis.
- H. C. PRANGE COMPANY,  
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- ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,  
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- SEAMAN'S,  
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- THE STEWART DRY GOODS Co., Inc.,  
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# They Leaped the Hurdles

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

Una Merkel—once the shyest girl in Hollywood—would you believe it? She proves that any girl can clap the lid on self-consciousness



Maureen O'Sullivan came to Hollywood just for a lark. Then she lost her picture contract, went broke, to return in "Tarzan"



and made more good pictures. And out of a clear sky she fell in love with the wrong man. Hollywood tried to tell her. To warn her. "But I'm sure he's sincere," she insisted. "I'm sure of it." But he wasn't. And it broke her heart. She lost her contract. She had no money. She, who had always had plenty. And for the first time in her life, probably, she had to fight her way up from the bottom.

She overcame the obstacle of extravagance. She learned to economize. To listen to older and wiser heads. When M-G-M finally sent for Maureen, she was down to her last cent.

She came back in "Tarzan," and won a contract. Today, she's a new Maureen. Her money is carefully saved. Acting in pictures is no longer just a new thrill. It's a serious job to do, and she's overcome that terrific handicap of having plenty without working for it.

THEY called Dorothy Jordan "Little Mosquito" in Hollywood. Her voice was a soft, delicate whirr, her clothes, even after a year on Broadway, were hopelessly small-townish. She had no vim or force, self-assurance or poise. She was quiet, naive, and looked afraid.

The parade in Hollywood moves quickly. You've got to keep step or fall behind. Dorothy, looking about her, saw the whirl and push, knew she was a small town girl in a big town racket and would have to get over it.

She practiced things with that voice. It grew and expanded. She even gathered up enough spunk to fight for good parts. She put up a battle for "Min and Bill," and got it.

She looked at herself, her little "down South" dresses and knew they were no go in Hollywood. So one day it was a blue voile and the next day Hollywood clutched its swollen, aching head and stared in alarm. The chic, the smartness of that Dorothy. She had blossomed into a seductive butterfly. Those clothes.

A few short months ago Dorothy Wilson sat pounding a typewriter in the scenario department of the Radio Pictures studios. Just a cute little stenog. Nothing more.

Today, Dorothy's a movie actress. But hold on there, Mamie, it didn't happen that easily. You can't go from the notion counter to modeling French doo-dads without some little preparation, can you? No, of course not. Neither could Dorothy.



Did you know that Jean Harlow was once a cripple? As a child she had spinal meningitis. But by exercise she overcame her handicap

Her arms were long, she walked awkwardly, she hurried her lines—well, name about anything that isn't right. It belonged to Dorothy.

But the Dorothy in "The Age of Consent" wasn't so bad, was she? No, indeed! But you should have seen what lay between.

Hours of practice. Hours of study. Hours of watching. Of times when a good old typewriter would have looked like a gift from heaven.

Each night after work, when her feet hurt, her back hurt, her feelings hurt, she stayed and went over the next day's work with the director. Over and over. Over and over.

And then she went home. But not to bed. Not yet. She stood before her mirror. Going over every gesture, every word, every line.

Finally, bit by bit, she overcame the heart-breaking obstacle of being an awkward, inexperienced young girl to blossom into a good actress. Most girls require several hard years of stage training to make the transformation.

Dot made it in those several months of intensive effort.

But she wasn't through. She must have poise and self-assurance. So they told her she

must make a personal appearance with her picture.

And so, with knees knocking so loudly that a stage hand looked comically around and said, "Come in," with hands shaking and lips quivering, she overcame another obstacle on the road to fame. And stepped out onto that stage.

They sent her to San Francisco, Salt Lake City, and everywhere "The Age of Consent" went, Dorothy—like Mary's lamb—was sure to go. And gradually stage bowing grew less and less of a nightmare and Dorothy acquired considerable poise and self-assurance. Another hurdle taken.

OH, they all have to take theirs in the run for fame, Mamie. Even the most gorgeous beauties of them have hurdles to take. Look at Gwili Andre. And isn't that an easy thing to do? But what good is a beautiful face if, every time you get the least bit excited, your voice squeals like a fire siren. And that, horror of horrors, is exactly what Gwili's did. Her voice rose to high heaven every time she was the least stirred up. And you know, Mamie, if you know anything, you're in a constant state of stir-up in these movies.

Well, here was a man's size obstacle, if ever there was one. And Gwili made it. Here's how.

She used the gag of Demosthenes, the ancient Grecian orator. She filled her beautiful mouth with pebbles and talked. It was agony, but she did it. And was sure she was full of pebbles after every lesson. But she kept on.

She overcame that squeak, toned her voice down to a lovely evenness and so, what?

Una Merkel had to overcome shyness. She nearly died of it. But now she's become a miniature Charlotte Greenwood, rolling about and making a cute little monkey of herself without the least self-consciousness.

Wynne Gibson has had to overcome the hard-boiled-sister typing that's been her lot lately. And Wynne has waged one of the most beautiful one-woman battles ever waged, though she hasn't got it licked yet. She gained ground in "Clara Deane" only to lose it again in "Night After Night." But she'll make it. You'll see!

Just try to realize some of the obstacles these actresses have overcome and then, instead of going into fits of despair, do something about it. Shame on you, Mamie!



## “Worry! Who—Me? Say!”

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

When he was cast for “Society Girl” with Jimmie Dunn, he didn’t waste a moment worrying about which man would get the best of the picture. He cultivated Jimmie. The two became friends. Now, two leading men are not supposed to be friends while they are working together. They are supposed to out-worry each other; try to steal one another’s scenes.

The moment he read the script of “The Painted Woman” he felt it was going to be bad. It couldn’t be anything else. But he didn’t worry. Went right ahead and made what he knew would be a poor production without saying a word about it. Taking the bad with the good.

A person who has worked on the Fox lot for ten years said, recently: “Spencer Tracy is the most nonchalant person I ever knew. He seems completely indifferent and yet he can’t be because he always turns out a good performance. He’s so easy and natural and never asks questions—I can’t understand him.”

His contract comes up for renewal the first of the year. And he’s not worrying about that, either. He wouldn’t object to returning to the stage for a play or two. Either way it goes is all right with him.

And he hasn’t added a gray hair since that memorable evening when he made his decision—Life is too short to waste any part of it in worry!

## Heart Throb

I’m a crippled girl twenty years old. No one knows the heart-aches, the loneliness in those three words, “a crippled girl.”

When my sisters dress up for their beaus and their parties I just sit and smile. But deep in my heart there’s an ache, a pain, for I’ll never have a beau and I can never dance.

I sit for hours in my wheel chair reading PHOTOPLAY from cover to cover. Then in the evening, dad rolls me to the nearest picture show, and in the interest of watching Jackie Cooper, Sylvia Sidney and others I forget my misfortune.

Lira Anderson,  
Mobile, Ala.

## Cut Puzzle Fans

The judges are at work carefully checking the thousands of entries submitted in the annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

Winners will be announced in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY

on sale at all newsstands  
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| <b>After Extractions</b>  |                           |

# Pepsodent Antiseptic



# Eddie Goes Spanish

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

Franklin paused to gaze at his eyebrows in a pocket mirror (he was sure they wouldn't photograph well) and uttering a low wail of "toom, toom, toom, toom," for all the world like a jungle drum, stood in the pen completely surrounded by bulls. "Toom, toom, toom, toom," the low cry went on and, suddenly, the fiercest bull was advancing. Head down. Coming slowly at him. "Toom, toom, toom, toom," he was coming.

He lowered his head, the deadly horns sweeping from side to side. He reached Franklin and leaned over tenderly while Sidney gently scratched his back.

The sun shone down brightly the next day, as Eddie and Lyda Roberti stood on an old Spanish balcony and made violent love. Eddie had kissed until he was purple in the face. And still the director wasn't satisfied. Over and over, he took the giggling Roberti in his Spanish arms and made Spanish love that would surprise any Spaniard living. And suddenly he saw them down there below. Two of his daughters. Gazing, pop-eyed and open-mouthed, at papa.

He leaned over the balcony, and called to them softly. "Listen, children," he said, "don't tell mama. Papa's got to work for his living, you know."

THE next scene called for Eddie to be tied on a pole, with wires, and swung directly over the bulls' pen. Everything was set. The lights were set, the camera placed and the director called, "Cameras, go," when Eddie called, "Stop, I forgot something." His secretary came running. "Listen," said Eddie, still hanging to the pole, "did I say five

thousand dollars in that letter or five hundred? Put it five thousand comma and not a cent less, yours very truly, Eddie Cantor."

And the shooting continued.

Finally the day of days arrived. The big bull-fight where Eddie fight-a-de-bull-a. He arrived in a suit completely covered with Christmas tree trimmings. Eddie's youngest took one look and ran home to hang up her stocking. You could almost hear Santa and his reindeer in the distance. Two Spanish clad attendants stood at the gates that opened to the bull pen. And, inside the arena, waiting for friend bull, stood Eddie. His cape ready. His banjo-eyes fairly popping.

THE grandstand was crowded with spectators, señoritas in lace mantillas and Spanish lads in tight pant-illas. The place was a riot of color, while beneath the surface ran a tremor of fear. After all, a bull is a bull. Even in Hollywood.

And now, everything was ready. The cameras were placed within a strong stockade at one end of the arena. On top, just out of reach, sat the director.

The signal was given. The gates were opened. The sound of beating hoofs could be heard. The bull was coming. And then. There he was. Through the open gates he plunged. Eddie feebly waved his cape and turned a bilious green. On came the bull. Suddenly it stopped and took one look at Eddie. And never budged another inch. No sir, move he wouldn't. The sight of Eddie had completely licked him.

Sidney Franklin, the brave matador, stood outside the fence and poked him with a pole.

Still he stood. Then Franklin, the hero of Spain, stood outside the arena and calmly shot pebbles at the bull, with a sling shot. Oh, if Spain could only have seen that. And still the bull was either too overcome or paralyzed at the sight, to move. So they led him away.

A new bull was tried. The plunging hoofs sounded harder this time. And then, there he was. In the arena. A huge tuft of red hair, like a grotesque wig, grew out from between his horns. Eddie took one look. "My Gawd," he screamed, "it's Harpo Marx." And ran for his life, with Harpo after him.

Through the safety, he tore. And through the safety, the bull tore. Snorting and bellowing. Now, he was out of the arena. People were screaming. The assistant director took one look and made for the Hollywood hills. He isn't back yet. Someone ran for Goldwyn. Castro, a brave little Mexican matador, waved his cape. The bull plunged. And missed him by an inch. And then it spotted Eddie half way over the fence and straight for the rear of Eddie, he made. There was a loud roar. And the "Kid from Spain" suddenly took an unexpected and unplanned journey through the air and landed, over the fence, in the fat Spanish lap of an extra woman in the top row.

THE gate boy ran screaming to the director. "Say, a bull just now checked out the front gate. Shall I mark him off the payroll?"

While Eddie lay gasping and gurgling, in the grandstand. Dictating a letter. "Ten thousand or nothing. Yours truly, Eddie Cantor."

And thus we go Spanish. Castoroila, Hunk-adoria, Adios!

## Ah, There, It's Chic Himself

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

moment's conversation. The watery blue eyes turned yearningly toward the kitchen, wandered along the living trail of hungry humans that separated him from the meager handout, back to the end of the long line.

"Could you wait—just a little?" the old voice quavered. "I been here for two hours, an' if I step out now, I'll lose my place."

"Come along, dad," Chic smiled kindly. "We'll go over to the restaurant and have our talk over a real meal."

Wonderingly, the old man followed him, and, over a steaming, soul-satisfying dinner, they talked.

In a few words, Chic explained his mission. He wanted that suit.

The blue eyes were perplexed. "Why, I'd be glad to give it to you, mister, but—" apologetically—"you see, it's the only suit I got."

"I'll take care of that," Chic assured him. And, an hour later they emerged from a nearby haberdashery, two happy, satisfied men.

Chic was in possession of the frayed suit, and the old man, newly outfitted from top to toe, a ten dollar bill in his trousers' pocket, looked as imposingly prosperous as a United States senator.

BORN and raised in a typical small town, Chic has known personally every character he portrays.

His characterizations are honest and true to life, and anyone raised in the confines of an American village will have little difficulty in recognizing the authenticity of his portrayals.

Chic's respect and honest affection for the

characters he depicts is as sincere as the man himself. To bring them to the screen, honestly and sympathetically; to encourage the movie-going public to know and love them as he does, is his greatest desire.

OFF the screen, Chic Sale is unbelievably young and personable. To his great amusement, no one recognizes him.

Attending the première of "The Expert," he fooled the curious on-lookers completely.

As he entered the theater, someone "in the know" exclaimed, "There's Chic Sale!" and immediately a thousand eyes looked toward him, only to turn away, still eagerly seeking a glimpse of the star.

A fluttery, celebrity-chasing dowager touched his arm.

"Pardon me, but the announcer said Mr. Sale came in just now. I'm dying to get a look at him! Did you see him?"

"Sure," Chic told her. "He just went around that corner."

And, without even pausing to thank him, the curious lady dashed off in pursuit of the very gentleman she had unwittingly addressed! Once, when he was playing in a musical show, he registered at a hotel in Denver.

The desk clerk, who had seen the show, took advantage of the opportunity to ask a few questions.

"What do you do with the old fellow in the show?" he said curiously. "He's so feeble. I should think this traveling around all the time would be pretty hard on him?"

"Oh, I take care of him," Chic replied se-

riously. "He's huskier than you'd think, to look at him."

"Well, I don't know," the fellow shook his head dubiously, "he looks mighty shaky to me."

In the Grand Central station, Chic encountered one of his funniest and most expensive adventures.

A typical small-town smart aleck stepped jauntily from the train, yellow gloves in one hand and a nineteenth century valise in the other.

His suit, a trifle tight in spots, lavender shirt, brilliant tie and socks, and the mountainous-toed, brown buttoned shoes he wore, shrieked loudly of desperate conniving with a popular mail order house.

Gleefully, Chic pounced upon his "find."

"I'm Chic Sale," he said, by way of introduction, "and I'd like to have that suit you're wearing. How much would you take for it?"

The fellow regarded him suspiciously. "Never heard of ya," he said, not too graciously. "Whadda ya want with my suit, anyhow?"

CHIC explained that he was a vaudevillian and wanted to use it in his act.

"It's just what I've been looking for," he continued. "I hope you'll consent to part with it?"

"Aw, I dunno . . ." the small-town Lotherio considered doubtfully. "There ain't another like it in th' whole dern county."

"It certainly is one in a million!" Chic agreed warmly.



"But—I guess if it's worth enough to ya

Reaching into his pocket, Chic drew out his billfold and extracted several bills. With the money almost in his hand, the bucolic man-of-the-world drew back.

"Jest a minute," he said cautiously. "Don't crowd me! You city fellers are pretty fast. How'd I know but mebbe that's counterfeit money?"

"Well, let's see," Chic considered, quaking with inward laughter. "Suppose I take you to a store, let you pick out any suit you want, in exchange for the one you're wearing, and pay for it? Would that make it all right?"

Failing to see where he could possibly lose by the arrangement, the doubting Thomas went along with our generous hero to the nearest haberdashery.

"Any one I want?" he asked, eyeing some nifty plaids on a fifteen-dollar rack.

"Any one you want!" Chic assured him magnanimously, reasonably confident that his suggestion had been both wise and economical.

**WARILY**, the cautious chap went from rack to rack until, finally, accompanied by the enthusiastic salesman, he disappeared into a fitting room at the rear of the store.

Fifteen minutes later, he emerged, resplendent in a striking model of British make.

"Okay," he grinned happily. "This is her!"

Chic took one look at the tag and groped for a chair. The price was seventy-five dollars!

"Well, I paid for 'her,'" Chic chuckled, as we finished our coffee in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot. "But it was a long time before I recovered enough to go on any more clothes hunts!"

Simple and honest, with a boundless faith in and understanding of humanity, Chic Sale is one of the best loved characters on the screen today.

His ability to combine humor and pathos, the tear and the smile, successfully, is unsurpassed.

Real folks, that's Chic.



Betty Furness keeps tab on the time of day by hanging her watch about her neck on a long gold chain. Betty's watch isn't an ordinary timepiece by any means, it's a piece of crystal with the watch face and works set into it

Out in Magic Hollywood  
*Screen Stars enjoy*  
 this Easy Beauty Treatment

Movie Actresses have long known that chewing delicious **DOUBLE MINT** is the quickest and easiest Facial. It massages away tense lines and relaxes vocal cords so that the voice is soft and alluring.

● Enjoy Wrigley's famous **DOUBLE MINT** Gum sealed in Cellophane.



**WRIGLEY'S**



# Their Real Rôles Were Tragedy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

too bad. But instantly he saw the little fellow was in earnest. Charlie actually believed the tragedy of tragedies had happened. His radiator was warm.

So without saying a word, the mechanic calmly hooked onto Charlie's car and towed it in. Charlie continued his way on the street car, and gratefully paid the towing fee.

Then there was the time Sennett was called to New York on business. They had a man posted to watch the day he returned. He arrived to find an apparently deserted studio. He ran wildly, linen duster, goggles and all, from corner to corner. Calling for Fatty, for Mabel, for Chaplin. He was almost wild with despair when they finally ran out from hiding.

"IMAGINE," Fatty said to me just last week, "imagine a whole studio taking time out to play a joke on a producer today."

It was grand fun, this bringing laughter and happiness to the world. To a world that forgot so easily when these three needed a bit of friendly understanding.

Mabel, Charlie and Fatty. As far apart in temperament as the poles, they were welded together by a bond of friendship and mutual love of their work.

Gradually these three forged ahead. The name Muriel Fortesque was dropped. Mabel took her own name. Charlie's name was almost a by-word. Everyone knew Fatty.

Big names now. Big money. Big pictures. Success. And with it came big heartaches. And came with a suddenness that nearly knocked the ropes from under them.

Mabel's came first. One day it was Mabel in "Mickey." Remember the song, "Mickey, Pretty Mickey"? And Mabel's swell performance? And tousled curls and big, laughing eyes? The world fairly cheered her. And then as quickly it forgot her, apparently. She appeared in no more pictures. A love affair, which turned out badly, sent her into seclusion.

"I'd go home from the studio," Fatty said, "and the butler (yes, he was in the butler class now) would meet me at the door with, 'Miss Normand and her books arrived today, sir. She just wants you to go on as if she weren't here. She doesn't want to bother you or interfere with your plans. I took the liberty of taking her dinner up on a tray, sir.'"

"In the daytime she'd sit out in the garden and read," Fatty said. "The butler told me she's go right out after I'd leave for the studio and read all day. She knew what she read, too. As smart a woman as I ever knew. Away over my head. And there she'd sit, and never ask for one thing. She would eat when and if they brought her anything. Then back she would steal to her room."

AND while the laughter and the merry-making, the gay times went on downstairs, not a soul dreamed that, locked upstairs in a back room, Mabel Normand sat alone, with her books. The house of her old friend was the only quiet refuge she had in those troubled times.

"Maybe a week later," Arbuckle said, "the butler would tell me she had gone, with her books."

A week! And in all his busy, popular days, he hadn't as much as glimpsed her, for Fatty was a big star then. He was surrounded by mobs, hangers-on.

Money poured in. He was young. Life was grand.

But suddenly fate stalked another member of the trio.

A death. And Fatty—good natured, lovable Fatty—of all people, held responsible.

No words can depict the horror, the terror, the ghastliness of the moment.

Fatty, who had given years to bringing fun into drab, every-day life, was accused. Acquitted by the court, he was found guilty by the very people who had drunk in so greedily all he had to give through the years. Done, at the very peak of his career. Through. His mind turned to Mabel now, and to Charlie, going on without him.

But Mabel didn't go on. More scandal came. A shooting in which Mabel had no part. But who cared about that? Mabel was in and that was all the world needed to know. Headlines shrieked her name. Eyebrows were raised. The hap-

piness she had brought, the thousand and one things, wonderful things, she had done were shrugged away.

It crushed the spirit out of her. The radiant, bubbling smile came slower now.

And she had just learned to smile again, to burst forth into peals of laughter, to open her brown eyes to the joy of living, when this blow fell, as if fate had said, "Don't smile. Don't look up. I haven't finished with you yet."

ANOTHER mess. And Mabel again innocently involved.

Those who saw her at the time still remember her cries, "Don't, don't," she begged, "don't do with me as you did with Fatty. Don't keep me off the screen."

But Mabel Normand never went back to the screen. Her health broke, along with her heart. But her irrepressible good humor shone through to the last. Grateful for every little favor—a book, a small bouquet, even a card, bringing tears of gratitude to her eyes. Mabel, who gave so much.

And Charlie, the third member of the trio, the only one to go on—what of Charlie?

To him, the funny little duck from London, has come, perhaps, the greatest tragedy of all. For what, after all, is the meaning of success, after long years of toil, of fame, of money, if we are unable to share it with those we love? To bring them a share of happiness, too? Just ashes.

Haunted always by the poverty of his childhood, of the terrific struggle of his mother to keep more life in the bodies of her boys, he dreamed of the time, just as every one does, when success would come and he could dump all the luxuries of the world into the lap of his mother and say, "Look, mother. It's for you. All for you."

This was denied Charlie Chaplin. When success came to him, his mother, broken by the long, pitiful struggle, never knew her son had reached the peak. Her mind was clouded.

It always remained with its poverty. All the beautiful things Charlie heaped upon her, the comforts, the luxuries, meant nothing. They came too late.

To want to give, to repay, and can't, is, no doubt, the greatest tragedy of all.

And again the same fate that pursued Mabel and Fatty (for every venture Fatty embarked upon proved a failure) marked Charlie for its own.

Two unhappy marriages. The first to Mildred Harris. Charlie was almost childish in his happiness. A baby was coming.

He talked of nothing else. His career, everything was forgotten in the anticipation of the little son who was to come.

It came. Charlie's little son, and lingered just a few short hours. And with its passing, a part of Charlie Chaplin died. Something spontaneous, alive, eager, died within him.

He buried it, this "Little Mouse," as he called it, on a warm, sunny morning. And into that little grave went the heart of Chaplin.

MILDRED and Charlie, entirely unsuited, soon separated.

The headlines carrying the details. And then another marriage came to Chaplin. Another woman not suited to his temperament.

Two boys were born. Then came that bitter divorce that drove Charlie Chaplin, then in New York, to his bed, to toss about in a delirium of fever.

He suffered in those days, perhaps deeper than had Fatty or Mabel.



No, this is not Sally Eilers dressing up in an old coat from the attic—it is Sally wearing the very latest word in evening wraps. Turquoise blue velvet makes it even more reminiscent of the "mauve decade." Long tight sleeves of ermine meet the puff sleeves of velvet. The neckline is finished with an ermine scarf and the coat sweeps into a regal train at back



He emerged from his troubles a man changed with sorrow, his hair white.

But Charlie's troubles weren't all behind him—not yet.

Only a few weeks ago he arose from a bed of illness to fight in a crowded court-room for a normal, carefree boyhood for little Sydney and Charles Jr., his boys.

Mrs. Chaplin had arranged a movie contract for her and the two boys. A large sum of money was to be paid for the boys' services.

"I have provided well for my boys," Charlie said very quietly from his place on the witness stand. "Please. I know what it means to work while other children play. This will do something to my boys, influence their whole lives. Please," he begged.

THE judge decided he was right. But it isn't over. Long, harrowing court scenes may loom ahead in which Chaplin will have to fight and fight.

No, his troubles aren't behind him.

But Mabel's fitful life is over. Her troubles are behind her. Mabel is at rest. In a quiet spot with a shady tree waving above, Mabel rests, safe from any more worldly heartaches.

"It wasn't the big names, the big people, the big successes, Mabel bothered with," Fatty said of her. "It was the underdog, the one who never quite made the grade, the poor, the forgotten, that Mabel loved best."

Yes, Mabel rests.

But will the injustice done Mabel Normand be a lesson to those who judge blindly and cruelly?

Roscoe Arbuckle has begged for another chance.

Through long, weary years he has begged to come back.

And now he's been given his chance.

He stood, not so long ago, before a microphone for the first time.

He was to laugh, to mimic, to bring back all the old Arbuckle humor.

Instead, he stood there, very still. And two large tears rolled down his face. It was here. He was doing the thing he wanted to do for all those years, and it was too much for him.

Openly and shamelessly he wept, while all about him strong, hard-boiled workmen blew loudly into handkerchiefs, and wept with him.

He's trying again. They cheered him long and loudly in New York.

He may make it. But comedy has changed, lives have changed and fans have changed.

And Fatty knows it.

But, at least, he's having another chance.

No, it's Chaplin, with all his money and fame, who looks long and deepest into a lonely future.

We sat next to his table in a Hollywood restaurant shortly after he came back from Europe.

He and his companion laughed gaily and happily.

Then, suddenly, into his eyes came a far-off look, a deep, troubled look. His companion would lay a white hand on his arm and instantly he was back again, laughing and chatting.

But just a little later he would be gazing again, far off into some mysterious future—or past, perhaps.

I COULDN'T help but wonder if sometimes he isn't looking back to a big lumbering fat man walking across a crude movie lot, saying, "Arbuckle is my name, Roscoe Arbuckle."

"Normand's mine," a little imp replies, "Mabel Normand. And the funny little duck over there with the cock-eyed feet, is Charlie, Charlie Chaplin."

And the little fellow strolls over and they stand there together.


A strange trio!

Bound together with a strange bond of friendship and a mutual love of work.

Bound closer together twenty years later by a strange and fearful bond of tragedy. Of a fate that had even then marked for its own—Mabel, Fatty and Charlie.



The movie studios  
get **ALL** the light they pay for  
... DO YOU?

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Do as the movies do. Be sure of *good light at low cost*. Use Edison MAZDA Lamps for every lighting purpose.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS  
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

The three bright lights in the picture are Joan Blondell, Warner Brothers' star, with two of a battery of 5000-watt MAZDA Lamps.



# Up the Ladder with Jeanette

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

discover there was no vacancy. The girl had decided to stay. Here was a fine how-to-do. But (and jot this down in your notebook, you aspiring young artists) Jeanette stayed and henpecked and tortured everyone until she got a job right in "Nightboat." And while Ernest Torrence, Willie Collier, Sr., Hal Skelly and the White sisters spoke the lines, Jeanette romped in the chorus.

AND then a certain gentleman connected with Mr. Dillingham's office took a great interest in Jeanette. She rehearsed whole plays for him. Took to her singing in earnest and worked diligently. And then one night he suddenly seized her in his arms. He pressed his mouth on hers and held her tightly while he promised much. She struggled free. And knew she must make a decision quickly.

She made it. And it cost her her job in "Nightboat." And it was exactly eight months before she got another bit of work to do.

Jeanette MacDonald thinks it wouldn't be fair to talk about her ten long, weary years of struggle without mentioning that unfortunate episode. She managed to succeed on her own. Her success belongs to herself. And she wouldn't trade that knowledge for five years of life. Now mind, the going was rougher. And slower. But if you think success can't come by being true to oneself, look at Jeanette. In fact, she wants you to. And to know. And she isn't preaching, either.

Days of weary tramping. Weeks of haunting stuffy offices. Trudging, tramping streets. But behind her stood a loyal dad and mother. And now a word to these other mothers and fathers of young world-beaters. If you could know, Jeanette claims, how much it means to have someone believe in you. To stand behind you. When feet are weary and heart is sore, to have someone steal into one's room at night and whisper, "It's all right, honey, I know you're good. I believe in you." It helps.

And then came a chance to try out for Mr. Savage in a show starring Mitzi Hajos, the little Hungarian actress. She rolled her music under her arm, pulled on her galoshes and went. The music was a little high and she asked the accompanist to play it an octave lower. So they began. He playing it exactly as it was written. She stood there alone on the stage and sang. And suddenly she came to the high note and she couldn't make it. She froze in horror. Her voice cracked.

She looked down at Mr. Savage. "Why, I always could take that note," she said. "Well, never mind," he said, "let's see you dance." So Jeanette removed her galoshes and went into her dance. Halfway through she sprawled flat on her face. Slowly she gathered herself up. "I—I think you make me nervous," she said, and went home. The next day he sent for her. She had the part.

AND then Jeanette's father died. And everything depended on her. Somehow her shows kept folding up under her. And then there would be months and months of more tramping.

It was tragic. So often the golden apple was held out, only to be snatched away. She never managed to find herself in a hit.

She took a test for Warner Brothers that was a darb. She looked exactly like old aunt Dinah.

For some reason she had photographed a dark brunette.

She was down to the last dollar of her savings when the chance came to play in "Yes, Yes, Yvette." Jeanette isn't sure whether she was the Yes, Yes, or just Yvette and even if it wasn't the biggest hit in the world her name

went up in lights and Maurice Chevalier came to America. Two great events in her life.

Lubitsch was hunting a leading lady for "The Love Parade." He'd seen every one in New York.

And then he came back to Hollywood and began looking at old tests. And there was one Paramount had made of Jeanette and forgotten about.

Her show was in Chicago. He went to see her. "You are too thin," he told her. "You must gain fifteen pounds at least." So Jeanette set about gaining fifteen pounds by worrying herself silly and not sleeping nights. She ate potatoes during the day and then worried away two pounds for fear she wouldn't gain fifteen.

So she left the show and went to a milk farm. She would gain weight or die. And she nearly died.

Appendicitis overcame her and when the once vivacious Miss MacDonald stepped from the train in Hollywood some few weeks later, Herr Lubitsch took one look and gasped, "Mein Gott, I'm ruined," for she weighed exactly twenty-five pounds less than she had in the beginning.

But she drank milk on the set and ate candy. And as the picture progressed she grew rounder. In fact, life as a queen agreed with her. By the end of the picture she was just right.



The big muffs, like those your mothers used to carry, are back! Constance Bennett shows how stunning is one in fox to match a huge blue fox collar on her ensemble. She carries the muff on her right arm—it almost looks like one big cuff, doesn't it? Note the three-quarter length of the blue woolen coat. The hat is fabric and ribbon

But something happened during the making of the picture that, she feels, may have hindered her success. Just a little thing, of course, but little things count. So if you do reach the top as Jeanette finally did, watch for them.

The vogue for false eyelashes had just reached Hollywood. And no matter how long or thick one's own lashes might be, false ones had to be worn. No one knew exactly why, but they did. So Jeanette was handed a pair of lashes and put them on. They didn't want her to see the daily rushes. But after several days of suspense she sneaked in, and the sight of herself in those lashes about finished her. They did something strange to her eyes. So without saying a word to anyone, she appeared the next day with her own lashes.

No one noticed a thing. But a day or so later Lubitsch came over and peered at her closely. "Have you done anything to yourself?" he demanded. "You look different." "Why, no," Jeanette assured him, she hadn't.

AGAIN he peered at her closely. "Open your mouth," he commanded. He peered anxiously down her throat. "Huh," he exclaimed, "everything seems to be there."

"Maybe it's the eyelashes," Jeanette ventured. And he hit the ceiling with a bang. She had ruined his picture. But Jeanette knew in her heart the lashes, for her, were wrong. They viewed the rushes together that night and agreed. Be sure you know what is right, and stick to it. But be sure, first.

Now, many an actress has come to the screen from the musical comedy stage and flopped. One or two pictures, and their career on the screen was over. Grace Moore, of the exquisite voice, is an example. Marilyn Miller, another. But Jeanette has gone on to bigger and better pictures. She holds a unique place on the screen. And guards it carefully. It isn't enough to have arrived, you know. A place at the top must be held and fought for, if necessary. And with her far-seeing manager, Bob Richie, Jeanette MacDonald has waged a beautiful battle.

For instance, she has no contract. And won't accept one. And fancy that, in a contract-grabbing land. But her bitter taste of mediocre pictures that followed "The Love Parade" showed her the pitfalls that await young actresses from the musical stage. So she picks and chooses and does a good job of it, if you ask Hollywood. "Monte Carlo," "One Hour With You," and "Love Me Tonight" were hits.

She turned down the lead in "Back Street." It wasn't for her, she felt. Someone could do better than she in the part. And she was right. Irene Dunne was perfect as *Ray Schmidt*.

BENEATH that red-gold hair is a lot of hard, common sense. She has builded this beautiful, glamorous woman from material that was not one bit richer than yours. It's the truth, I promise you.

As a kid she was known as "broomstick legs." "Hey, hey," the kids taunted, "there goes broomstick legs." And instead of Jeanette sticking out a tongue of scorn or weeping crocodile tears, she did something about it. For one thing she took a good long look at her legs in the glass and realized those kids spoke the truth. Her legs were thin and shapeless. From this point she went on. Exercising her legs. Piling up her arithmetic and speller on the floor and practised stepping up and down. Up and down.

Hour after hour she kept after it while the neighborhood kids played hopscotch and had all kinds of fun.

And oh, those legs now.





Hal Phylfe

Her skating costume is no more authentic than that cotton snowball June Vlassek threatens to pitch, but what of it? It's a tricky outfit, and the girl who wears it is a cute trick, too. Her press-agent calls June "a Fox Film junior." As far as we're concerned, she's at the head of her class

In the show, "Nightboat," she was actually and truthfully known as the ugly duckling. Gorgeous, golden Jeanette. And again she wasted no tears but did things about it. She learned to walk properly, to do things with her hands. She studied her complexion, her hair.

After her first picture, "The Love Parade," a New York critic wrote he liked the work of this Miss MacDonald, but her buck teeth, long neck and jutting jaw left him cold. Naturally, Jeanette has none of the defects, but instead of flying into a tantrum or simply saying, "Why, the man's crazy," and dismissing it, she thought it over calmly and sanely and went again to see the picture through his eye. And saw exactly why he might reach such comical conclusions.

She hadn't used the proper make-up on her neck and she experimented and thought until she discovered a darker shade of powder on her jaw made it less full.

And again she profited and learned. And thanks him for it.

SHE claims we all look at ourselves with eyes of love. Blind to our defects. That's why Mrs. Brown looks ridiculous in that new hat and never suspects. And why we are apt to look just as comical and imagine we're the last word. View yourself critically, Jeanette says, and not through eyes of self-love.

A famous theatrical producer once told Jeanette a secret of success that works. She's passing it on to you.

"Go to your room and shut the door," he told her. "Stand before the glass and say very earnestly and sincerely to yourself, 'I will be a successful and beautiful woman. I will.' Say it over and over and watch the confidence and poise and assurance that comes stealing over you."

So while the other girls rushed off to the good times Jeanette MacDonald sat by herself in a dingy little dressing-room saying over and over and over, "I will be a beautiful and successful woman." And worked for it.

And so she is.

CHARLOTTE...  
Brown kid, black kid.



MABEL...  
Brown kid,  
black kid.



DIANA...  
Brown kid,  
black kid,  
patent.



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NORMA... Brown kid, patent, black kid, white faillene, black faillene.





# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

## KONGO—M-G-M

AS lurid a tale of hatred and revenge as ever Lon Chaney played in, but without his genius to make it come to life. Walter Huston in a rôle unsuited to his personality; Lupe Velez with little chance to act; Virginia Bruce's prettiness sacrificed to a sordid part. For those who like their jungle stories filled with horror, here is strong meat, but children should stay home and study their geography.

## SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio

IN spite of fine action shots of sport events, in spite of Robert Benchley's funny dialogue and good performance as a sports broadcaster, in spite of Skeets Gallagher's amusing portrayal of the cameraman, this remains a weak story. Joel McCrea and William Gargan are buddies on the football field who go their separate ways after they leave college, Joel having a series of misadventures as a professional player and Bill going on and up as a sports writer. There's the basis of a good plot, but somehow or other it fails to jell. Marian Marsh is the love interest.

## SHERLOCK HOLMES—Fox

WHAT would Sherlock Holmes do if gangsters tried to "take" London? See this and you'll know the answer. Clive Brook plays *Sherlock*, and wait till you see him made up as an old maid! Ernest Torrence is the sinister *Professor Moriarty*, and you'll like Miriam Jordan, a newcomer. Good stuff, full of thrills and chuckles.

## HER MAD NIGHT— Mayfair Pictures

AGAIN a mother makes the supreme sacrifice for her daughter. Irene Rich, as the mother, shields her daughter, Mary Carlisle, from the ugly stain of murder, but is herself saved at the last minute by the daughter's confession. Conway Tearle is splendid as the district attorney and the man who loves Irene. Kenneth Thomson is a shrewd villain, as always.

## THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia

THRILLING polo playing by Jack Holt, Hardie Albright and Walter Byron makes this picture lively. Jack Holt gives an assured performance; Walter Byron makes a convincing villain, and Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp a satisfactory pair of young lovers.

## TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox

IT brings a lump to the throat to think of Will Rogers in an insipid picture like this. They tried to make Will go dramatic. And who wants him other than himself? You'll enjoy parts — Will couldn't make a picture that is all bad.

## WHITE EAGLE—Columbia

BUCK JONES, as *White Eagle*, an Indian brave, drives the pony express for the pale-faces. War breaks out when his redskin brothers are accused of horse-stealing. Buck captures the real thieves and rescues Barbara Weeks, whom they had kidnapped. There's a surprise ending.

## HIDDEN GOLD—Universal

TOM MIX in another thriller, the high spot being a forest fire. Tom is falsely accused of robbery, but is saved by little Judith Barrie with the help of his faithful horse, Tony. Nice stuff for folks who like Westerns and, of course, the kids will love it.

## THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL—Warners

THE story of how the telegraph was laid from East to West, with plenty of hardships and Indian attacks. John Wayne is good as the brave young soldier who tackles the final stretch. Frank McHugh and Otis Harlan furnish the fun and Marceline Day the romance. Children will love this as it is full of action.

## RACKETY RAX—Fox

HERE is Victor McLaglen again in the kind of roughneck comedy that made him famous. It's an utterly nonsensical plot, about a big shot racketeer who buys a college so he can have his own football team and cut in on the football racket. There are some good dance numbers by a chorus of cuties and some sprightly tunes. Good for a lot of laughs on a dull winter's evening.

## THE FIGHTING GENTLEMAN— Freuler Film

A FAST moving picture with some excellent prize fight scenes. It's an old, trite plot, but William Collier, Jr., Josephine Dunn, Natalie Moorhead, Pat O'Malley and Lee Moran breathe a little new life into it. James J. Jeffries, former heavyweight champion, appears as a fight referee.

## THE FOURTH HORSEMAN— Universal

TOM MIX'S best picture and best performance in a long time. Not much dialogue, but truly thrilling and peppy action. Take the children, by all means.

## VANITY STREET—Columbia

CHARLES BICKFORD in the rôle of a radio-car policeman who, instead of arresting her for breaking a window, befriends hungry and desperate Helen Chandler. She falls for him, but he remains only friendly. So she turns to gigolo-villain George Meeker and is arrested by Bickford for his murder. But all ends well.

## THE KING MURDER—Chesterfield

THE story keeps you on the edge of the seat every moment. A Broadway butterfly dies of poison from a scratch, but how did she get the scratch? Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects.

## MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—RKO-Radio

HERE'S a badly handled story that is almost lifted from the commonplace by fine acting. Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel give excellent performances. It's a long-winded tale, showing how suffering and a prison sentence inspire a musician to compose his masterpiece.

## THE GOLDEN WEST—Fox

A ZANE GREY Western, starting with a Kentucky feud killing which separates two lovers, and winding up with a massacre which ends only when they run out of Indians. As the *White Indian*, George O'Brien wears next to nothing, and can he wear it? Bert Hanlon is outstanding in a satisfactory cast.



Stax

Those perennial favorites, "Our Gang" comedians, perched on the ladder of fame. From top to bottom they sit: Stymie, Dickie Moore, Dorothy Echo De Borba, Spanky and Pete the Pup. And their latest is Hal Roach's "A Lad an' a Lamp"



**EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.**

AN honest police doctor turns dishonest to trap a gang of crooks. His sweet-heart misunderstands, but you know better. Just another of those stories that would never have been written if just one word had been spoken in explanation. Must lovers always suffer so? Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr., haven't much chance with the material this offers.

**TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide**

A NUMBER of animals, wild and semi-domesticated, enact an interesting story with little interference from humans. Caesar, an Australian trained shepherd dog, is the star. He battles his master's enemies, protects his flock from a mountain lion and almost gets killed when suspected of treachery. If you have a fondness for dogs you'll like this.

**THE MONKEY'S PAW—RKO-Radio**

THIS film has little entertainment value although the British cast is a capable one. Wesley Ruggles' direction, too, is good but seems wasted on such a dull story. It's about a monkey's paw and the superstition that its possession will bring tragedy.

**THE COWBOY COUNSELLOR—  
First Division-Allied**

BACK to the good old days of sheriffs with big, black moustaches. Hoot Gibson is a typical book salesman of the nineties. He's a doctor when he's peddling medical books and a lawyer when he has legal ones. A beautiful girl begs him to defend her. What could he do? Sheila Mannors' work is so good you wonder why you don't see her in bigger pictures.

**THE PRIDE OF THE LEGION—  
Mascot Pictures**

VICTOR JORY wins individual honors by his realistic interpretation of a cop turned yellow. Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., saves him from suicide. Too much dialogue and too little action slow up what might have been a good picture.

**RENEGADES OF THE WEST—  
RKO-Radio**

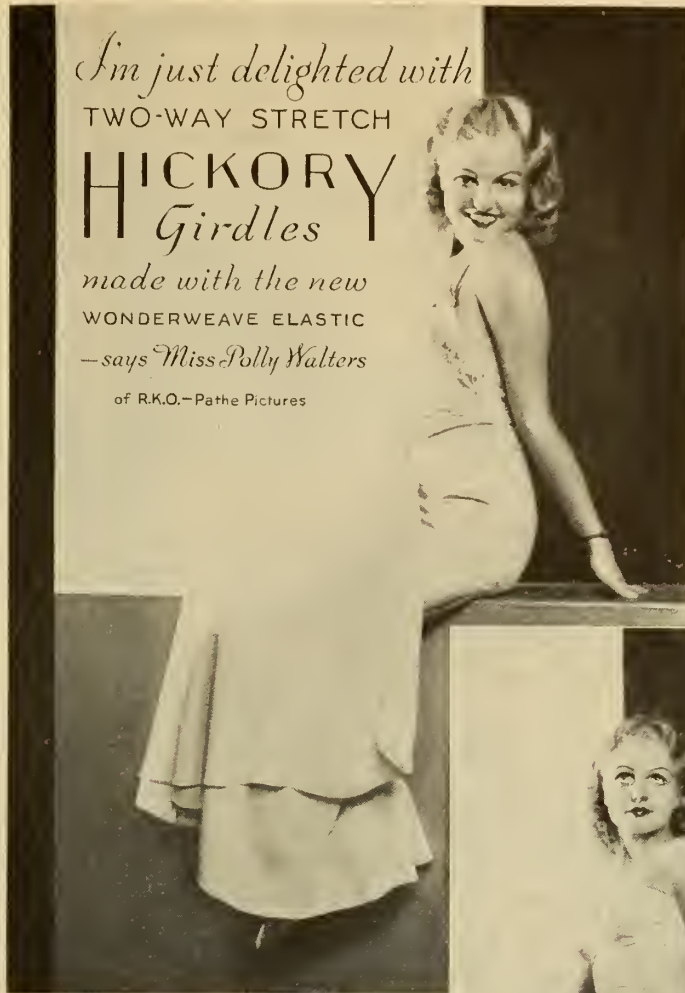
TOM KEENE serves a term in the penitentiary to discover who killed his father, joins a gang of cattle rustlers, judges a baby contest, out-rides, out-shoots, out-wrestles and out-fights everybody else to bring the culprits to justice and win the girl. Betty Furness is the love interest and Rosco Ates does the clowning.

**THE CRUSADER—Majestic Pictures**

A DISTRICT attorney (H. B. Warner) is trying to wipe out crime, and a reporter (Ned Sparks) is out to dig up scandal. Sparks digs up a story that involves the district attorney's wife, sister, a blackmailer and a reformed racketeer. Lew Cody is the racketeer, and Evelyn Brent, as the attorney's wife, looks stunning.

**THE BALL (Le Bal)—  
Vandal-Delac Prod.**

YOU don't have to understand French to follow this amusing story of a middle-class French family who suddenly become rich. The ball given by them is a comic high spot that helps to bolster up the otherwise weak plot.

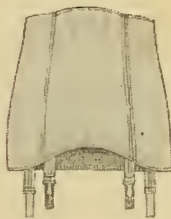


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PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL BALL

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Hickory Two-Way Stretch Girdles are the only girdles made with Wonderweave Elastic—that stretches up and down—no slipping, creeping or bulging.

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# Joan Turns to Laughter

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

an astonished and dignified Englishman across his ear, knocking his hat into a lathered face across the room. For all the world like a Sennett comedy. The place was in an uproar.

And Joan Crawford sat down on the steps of a London barber shop and laughed. Really and honestly laughed. For the first time in months. And with the flood gates broken, it needed only Parce, the frivolous witch, to complete the miracle of Joan Crawford.

Now mind, there was plenty of reason for the sad, haunted-faced Joan that Hollywood knew. Plenty of reason to be blue. For, without doubt, she was one of the most maligned, most gossiped about young women in pictures. And Joan knew it. Her rapid and sure success put her right out in the open. A target for those who hadn't reached that coveted top. Her every move was watched with the same intensity that a snake gives a charmed bird.

"There's a young man in my next picture that's going to be a knockout," she said some time ago. "You mark my words the boy has everything. His name is Clark Gable, and he's headed for the top."

AND that was enough. Instantly, the tongues wagged. "What star is interested in her leading man?" a local scandal sheet demanded. And even if it had been true (which, of course, it wasn't), the amount of injury done Joan Crawford was all out of proportion to the offense.

And there was that incident that happened

in a Hollywood restaurant. Joan and a woman unknown to a certain writer, sat at a table in the corner. The writer barged over. "Oh, Joan," she gushed, "I just saw your picture 'Possessed,' last night and you were wonderful. You were inspired by someone, I know. You can't tell me after those love scenes with Clark Gable that you aren't crazy about him. The way you looked at him—" and on and on it went.

Joan sat very still and quiet through it all. She waited until the writer was through. And then turning to her said in that quiet, cultured voice of hers, "May I present my good friend, Mrs. Clark Gable?" And the ensuing stillness could have been cut with a knife.

A certain director, with a rush of importance to the head, gave out bits of information that eventually found their way into print. In the story Joan was made to look pretty much the cheap, the envious and the obvious type of person.

Doug was late coming home to dinner the night that story appeared. "Where's Miss Crawford?" he asked a servant. "Upstairs," he answered. "She came in some time ago, but she must be sleeping. I haven't heard her moving about."

Doug climbed the stairs quietly. Gently he pushed open the door. And there she lay. On the floor under the dressing table. Sound asleep. The magazine, a crumpled mass, was still clenched in her hand. She hadn't succumbed without a lonely but well-fought bat-

tle, it seemed. Her cheeks stained with dried tears. The famous, the glamorous, the alluring Joan Crawford. Laid low by Hollywood. Once again.

SIIE'S like a child in lots of ways, this Crawford woman. Her eyes are fixed on the brightest bauble of fame high up on the tree. The brightest, highest, gayest bauble on the tree. She wants it for her own.

She'll get it.

Not satisfied, she's built herself over, and completely, too—torn down the old walls and knocked out the thin partitions.

She has erected, brick by brick, a solid and substantial building. Hours of singing, of study, of dancing, are going into the decoration of that building.

She's even regained her sense of humor, her good cheer, the one last thing she needed to make that building secure. Now, at last, with that regained sense of humor she can safely look out of that upstairs window and laugh, even at herself. For she does the oddest things and thinks the oddest things. Only now she knows they're funny.

Moreover, she can look down at that group of people busily engaged with the slinging of mud-balls at a solid brick wall and laugh, for at last she knows it's funny.

And there'll be no more weeps, no more gloom, no more taking of life so seriously, for Joan.

Not for a long, long time, anyway.

# Red-Headed Rebel

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

Bolshevistic statements. Nor to be late on sets and keep high-priced companies waiting. Nor to "go up" on his lines and make numerous retakes necessary. Jimmy can learn lines. He's as bright as the proverbial dollar. But perhaps he didn't study when he wasn't feeling chummy with the big fellows.

In other words, Jimmy is to sprout wings and then see to it that they are kept well preened.

He's doing a splendid job of the sprouting. He's keeping mum and keeping his arms limber with well-timed back slapping.

JIMMY'S not the first little lad to turn good because the Hollywood papas promised him an extra bite of plum pudding. Nor is he the first to kick and scream and run home to mother because he decided he wasn't being well treated.

The money disease is one of the most contagious in Hollywood.

Remember Valentino? He was the first to say "I won't play." Lew Ayres? Recall how long he stayed away from Universal? Clark Gable? Clark's gone home twice and waited until new contracts were written. Greta Garbo? The silent Swede stayed home seven months. Remember?

There have been others. Many others. They come to Hollywood happy to get seventy-five dollars a week. Like Jimmy Cagney.

Jimmy was an instantaneous success. He could not foresee that he would be, when he signed his original contract. Neither could Warners. He was just one more experiment to be tried upon the ever-yearning-for-new-heroes public.

Two hundred a week seemed like stupendous money to Jimmy from New York. It was a fair gamble for Warner Brothers.

Of the thousands of unknowns upon whom producers have gambled, Jimmy was one who clicked. The producers would make up what they had lost upon the other 999 from this one sensation. Common sense—from their standpoint.

Only Jimmy didn't care what they had lost upon others. Jimmy had not been away long enough from those lean, lanky days of happen-chance bits as a "hooper" to forget that a guy's got to protect himself and let the devil care for the hindmost.

Besides, Hollywood's first disease had bitten into his system. He was playing on a lot where he learned that Corinne Griffith had once made ten thousand dollars a week and Colleen Moore twelve thousand; where Dick Barthelme was still making one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars per picture and Ruth Chatterton about seventy-five hundred weekly.

AND "The Public Enemy," Jimmy's picture, had topped them all. His fan mail was already larger. Interviewers crowded around his door like flies around an open milk bottle. Why shouldn't he cash in? He could clean up a fortune in a couple of years and retire to study medicine—a profession for which he had always secretly hankered.

He was polite in his first request. They were polite in their answer. Of course, they must have smiled.

"My dear boy, you may be a flash in the pan for all we know. How can we tell? In a few months, the public may have forgotten you as they have others. What if we should give you a poor story? Where would you be then? Besides, think of the money we have spent on you. We have given you these fine stories, have we not? We advertised your name

throughout the world. Who ever heard of you until we furnished the opportunity?"

These may not have been the exact words, but they represent, at least, the context. Producers have been using the same arguments since Valentino first threatened to run home to mother.

JUSTIFIABLE words. There is no use arguing against them. Any fair-minded person can see the common sense in these oft-repeated statements. More especially can we view them with fairness when they are made under present economic conditions.

But artists are not expected to see two sides to a question. They would not be artists if they were mathematicians.

Jimmy went home and stayed there, even as Garbo had done four years previously. Only Jimmy was more dangerous than Garbo. He could speak English and express his opinions to the eager press. Garbo knew no English. She could only remain silent.

Yet, he was not truly threatening in the beginning. Warners knew perfectly well that Jimmy couldn't work for any other company—not even for Mary Pickford who wanted him for "Shanty Town"—until they released him. They had a contract for his exclusive services and, besides, producers have a nice, friendly, gentlemanly agreement that a child who is naughty at one studio will not be hired by another. Not until the contract has expired.

Jimmy threatened to produce his own pictures. Even that didn't stir up any excitement. No company would release any picture made by run-away Jimmy.

Then Jimmy took another tack. He threatened suit.



But while Irish blood heats rapidly, it also cools eventually.

Perhaps Jimmy began to look over the situation with a more discriminating eye. Perhaps he realized that he was not, after all, a crusader for right, but just one of many renegades. There had been Charles Bickford. Charlie had talked big, too. He had called producers everything that Jimmy had called them.

But now, Charlie was being a very good little boy. He was taking the pictures offered, stuffing the money in his sock and chirping about the perfect gentlemen who run motion pictures.

And Clark Gable was doing what he was ordered to. Perhaps Jimmy wondered if there were any connection between Clark's last demand for a salary increase and several very, very bad rôles which followed and which hurt his popularity materially.

As for producing his own pictures. Someone probably reminded him of the well-known story of Gloria Swanson. What a fool she had been to turn down twenty-two thousand dollars a week on salary to make her own picture. All that worry and responsibility!

As for that court battle—Jimmy couldn't foretell the outcome. He might spend his whole stake on lawyers and court costs and then find himself with nothing left but his pride.

Pride! You can't live on that. None knew that better than Jimmy.

Besides, Jimmy Cagney is a regular fellow. When he cools off from his Irish explosions, he's the gentlest kind of person.

So perhaps Jimmy's really more contrite now than we are prone to credit. Although we imagine it's easier for a natural Irish rebel like Jimmy to be contrite when the difference between seventeen hundred fifty dollars and thirty-five hundred a week for six months is something like forty-five thousand dollars.



Happy newlyweds arriving in New York on their way to Europe, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce face the future as well as the cameraman with a smile. Virginia declares she is leaving pictures for domestic bliss



## Thin? New way adds firm flesh quicker than BEER

*New discovery brings astonishing gains. Imported beer yeast, richest known, concentrated 7 times. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.*



HERE'S the last word in scientific weight-building! An amazing new discovery that is quickly rounding out scrawny arms and legs, flat chests, hollow cheeks and bony shoulders for thousands.

round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion — glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Everybody knows that for years doctors prescribed beer for skinny, rundown men and women who wanted to put on flesh. But now with this new scientific discovery you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

**Skininess dangerous**  
Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Not only are thousands gaining pounds of solid beauty-bringing flesh in a few weeks—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy quickly vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

**Results guaranteed**  
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

### Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

- 14 Lbs. in 2 Weeks**  
"Before taking Ironized Yeast I was skinny, weak, my skin muddy. In 2 weeks I gained 14 lbs. and my skin cleared." *Maria Jacoville, Bronx, N. Y.*
- 22 Lbs. in 2 Months**  
"I have gained 22 lbs. in 2 months with Ironized Yeast. Now in perfect health." *F. R. Bowers, Win-nemucca, Nev.*
- 29 Lbs. in 6 Weeks**  
"Ironized Yeast gave me pep. I gained 29 lbs. in 6 weeks." *Anna Stumbras, De Soto, Ill.*

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 512, Atlanta, Ga.



# Peggy from Pine Bluff

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

small town girl a chance to join the famous Ziegfeld Follies.

She was visiting New York with her mother and little sister, and a friend, who wanted the fun of seeing those big eyes grow even rounder with excitement, took her backstage at the Follies one day. An alert press-agent, noting the slim little red-head in checked gingham and long curls, had her picture taken with the late Florenz Ziegfeld and, as a publicity stunt, announced that she was the newest recruit to the Follies, chosen right before the beautiful painted faces of more sophisticated applicants.

NO one knows why the matter didn't end there, but Peggy found herself in the Follies chorus. She learned to dance *after* she joined. A little later, a seasoned veteran of seventeen, she danced in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Then she advanced to ingénue leads and appeared in about fifteen stage plays, one right after the other, all of which barely survived the opening night. Undaunted, she posed for photographers and appeared in Texas Guinan floor shows.

At twenty-four, she has been Mrs. Alan Davis for six years. Alan is a stage actor and because of their respective jobs there have had to be frequent separations. Reporters have spread the usual divorce rumors, and Peggy and Alan read the stories of their contemplated

divorce and laugh over them together. But they're sorry such stories are printed.

She wishes she could be a little more swanky. "But how can I be?" she asks. "I haven't any chauffeur. I drive my own car—it will be my own when I make the last payment. I don't need a lot of maids and service. I like to cook some of the meals for Alan and me, when we're alone and I have the time. Swank? How does one learn to put it on and get used to it?"

When she first appeared at the Paramount studio she didn't even own a make-up box. Her stage make-up, which was all wrong for pictures, was neatly packed in one of those round tins in which reels of film are stored.

She was so thrilled the first time she saw her name in lights outside a movie theater that she stepped back into the street for a better perspective and was very nearly run down by a street car. She keeps out of car tracks now, but still thrills to her name in lights. And to the whispered "There's Peggy Shannon" comments when people recognize her.

Eats anything she wants when she isn't working, but is more careful when she is. Her working routine is an all-fruit breakfast, lunch of salad or some plain sandwich and coffee, dinner about the same except the nights she works late. Takes no chances then, but eats

a hearty meal to keep up her energy. She weighs one hundred ten pounds and is five feet, four and one-half inches tall.

She drinks Coca-Cola by the gallon, and ought to compete with Tallulah Bankhead for the Coca-Cola Consuming Championship of California. Probably both would win.

Her unbobbed hair is so red it sends out a glow, and her mind is as bright as her hair. Nice combination, that. The kind that should take a girl far.

Her eyes change from hazel to green and back to hazel again, and her nose is just enough retroussé to be cute.

LOWELL SHERMAN is one of her favorite actors. Her part opposite him in World Wide's picture, "False Faces," is comparatively small, but she would have done a mere walk-on for a chance in a Sherman picture. She thinks Madge Evans is a grand actress. They've been friends since ten-year-old Madge met little Winona Sammon down in Arkansas, where Madge, then a child star, was making personal appearances in the interests of the Madge Evans hats.

Peggy's thirteen-year-old sister, Carolyn, is often asked, "Aren't you Sylvia Sidney's little sister?" Carolyn has dark brown hair like Sylvia's, plans to be a writer, and is proud of being Peggy Shannon's little sister.

## "Alice, Please Come Home"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

and eyes on his ragged cuff and waving a grimy little hand as long as he could see her face.

They correspond, Alice and Mickey, regularly.

IN Alice White most people recognize something they can understand. A girl like themselves who started from scratch. And never quite erased the scratch. She did the things they would have done, said the things they would have said, made the same mistakes they made, and thus this tremendous bridge of understanding that spans the gulf between Alice, the movie star, and her followers.

A bridge that some stars can never build.

Her advance agent would approach the manager of a theater in a certain city. "What," they'd say, "book Alice White? Naw, she's all washed up. The people won't go for these has-been movie stars, anymore." But when Alice did play that city, did their eyes do some bulging? The only other line in town was the breadline and there hadn't been a line like that before his theater for years.

And so the nine long months of touring brought out at least two million people to see Alice White, and the printed accounts were viewed with alarm in Hollywood. And Hollywood could stand it no longer. So they said in effect, "Alice, please come home. We need you!"

And wasn't that a personal triumph for the little girl; for Hollywood is usually too proud to admit it's wrong—even when it is. So she listened to their pleas and returned. A new Alice. The sunken cheeks, the tired eyes, the emaciated little form, the unsure manner—gone.

Her cheeks were round and lovely. Her eyes bigger and brighter. Her little form rounded out. There was more assurance about Alice. She had been places and learned things.

But Alice doesn't confess (the imp) that with all this rested look, this new assurance, she has gotten herself a new nose. A removed cartilage has certainly done things for Alice.

Today she's right back in the same studio she left so suddenly two years ago. Warners heard the clamoring of the fans, saw those thousands of letters and dozens of packed theaters and, being wise, cried, "Welcome home, Alice."

So Alice is making "Employees' Entrance" at Warners.

The trouble between Alice White and Hollywood was simply this: Hollywood resented the White kid.

THEY resented her easy step into the bright spotlight and big money. Too many actors and actresses had worked long, hard years for that coveted spot. Had suffered hardships and trials. Had studied and worked and withstood disappointments. And only after the hardest years of tramping, had made it.

And here was this flip little kid, just a sassy, untrained script girl, stepping into the place they had been struggling toward for years.

It rankled.

But if Alice had used tact and gone humbly, quietly and gratefully about her work, all might have been eventually forgotten and forgiven.

But, no sir! You weren't going to soft-pedal Alice. Alice was as good as anyone. This with a loud, irritating snap of the fingers.

On the First National lot at the time (this was five years ago) were Billie Dove, the ultra and lady-like Corinne Griffith and the star of stars, Colleen Moore. And into their refined midst stepped Alice. Which was just the same as putting a lighted firecracker under the bishop's chair.

Within Alice burned a flaming desire to succeed.

The whole catastrophe of this misguided kid, if viewed from the stage by an audience, would have honestly brought a lump to the throat and tears to the eyes. She was so wrong in her reasoning. But Hollywood was too close to the thing to see it with anything but a disapproving eye.

She never hesitated to do anything the studio asked her to do. The world's worst publicity fell to Alice. The kind that had to be done and no one else would do. She offered suggestions and planned things herself that were often very good.

AND then she met Sid Bartlett. The one person that really took the time and interest to do things for Alice. She absorbed and learned and quieted down considerably.

And then Alice made the worst blunder she'd made to date. She went elegant. Oh, so elegant. With lavish apartment and chauffeured limousines. Deah me! She grew standoffish with the studio and it was all pretty awful. The little script girl had gone hoity-toity. Hollywood snickered.

And so it went. Hollywood as blind in its views as Alice was in hers.

But the movie patrons loved her. She was real, genuine and just herself. And they knew it.

And there was plenty about this Alice White to love and admire, too. Don't forget that.

For instance, there was that certain star, a big name then, who lost out on the screen. It was Alice who came along and helped her out. Quietly, this time, with no crashing of cymbals. Another little blonde favorite fell from favor and again Alice was the only person who came forward with a helping hand. With no noise or publicity.





The lipstick that Leila Hyams is here shown using is really a cartridge taken from a compartment of her bracelet. Other cartridges in the band contain an eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow. A novelty which will interest you

She made twelve pictures in something like fourteen months and still she held her followers. But Alice was always the hot mama in every picture and even her admirers refused to see their favorite in the same old story. But they still loved Alice.

So along came option time and Alice's option wasn't taken up. She was out. For six months she bravely faced Hollywood without doing a day's work. Still in her chauffeured limousine she went about, her funds dwindling. Without a whimper or a word of complaint. The little blonde head was never once lowered.

And then came that amazing tour with those amazing results.

So now we wonder.

Alice has had some pretty hard knocks in the last five years. She's acquired some of that trouping other stars talked about so much without Alice understanding. But now she does understand. She's learned about movie stars from stage-hands all over the states. How they did this and were criticized. And Alice has learned and trouped and become quieter. So now we'll see what Hollywood has to say about Alice this time.

"You see," she said in talking about the city of Washington, "the taxis have no glass partitions between you and the driver so the conversations can go on." It had never occurred to her that perhaps conversations with taxi drivers did not always go on.

And there, right there, is the secret of this hold Alice White maintains on her admirers.

There is no glass partition between them and Alice.

# Kill a COLD before It Takes Root!

*Get at It Quick and Get at It from the Inside!*

TREAT a cold quickly and treat it *decisively!* Don't fool yourself with half-way measures. Half-way measures lead only to half-cured colds. A cold calls for a COLD remedy. Don't depend on preparations good for half a dozen things besides colds. Many popular remedies actually make a cold worse because they are constipating and also make the system acid.

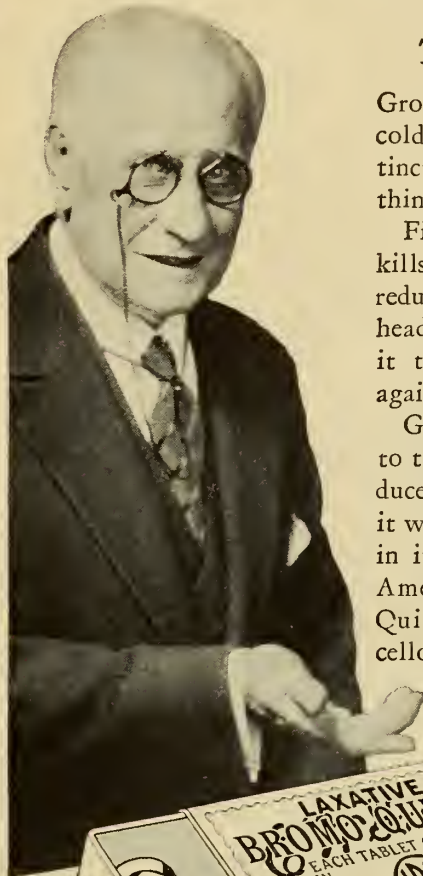
Don't depend, either, on mere surface treatments. A cold is an *internal* infection and calls for internal treatment.

### *The Four Things Necessary!*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine kills a cold and kills it quick because it is distinctly a cold remedy and does the four things necessary to relieve a cold.

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is safe to take! It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Taken promptly, it will usually expel a cold overnight. So in its use lies safety. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Convenient, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get it today!



*"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"*

## Change of Address

WHEN YOU MOVE

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Circulation Department

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

# GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE



# She Was Afraid to Wed

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

dresses in neat little frocks which remind you of mother's girlhood starched gingham.

And the finished actress you have seen in "The Man Who Played God," "The Rich Are Always with Us," "So Big," "The Dark Horse," "Cabin in the Cotton," "Three on a Match" and who will be the lead opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Parachute Jumper" is as simple as that.

"Perhaps I should wear ermines," she says. "That's what they expected when they met the train. But I am not a politician. I can't be anything but what I am. I hope I can act for the screen, but I know I can't act as a person."

IF I were asked to describe Bette in two words, I'd say "common sense." Perhaps that is because "common sense" is the thing to which she clings in making her decisions.

She never tested that out as thoroughly as when she was making up her mind, recently, whether to marry or not to marry. There was so much to be said on both sides!

Love stood on the credit side in huge, undeniable letters. Bette and Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., had graduated from Cushing Academy (prep school) together. They had been in love then. Mr. Nelson finished at Amherst College this past June.

He came to Hollywood to see her the past summer. And three days after his arrival, First National sent her East on personal appearances.

True love has rough riding, you know. He waited in California for her.

But he had no job! He has musical talent

and hopes to become an orchestra leader. But hopes are not cure-alls for financial evils.

He didn't wish to become known as Mr. Bette Davis. Still doesn't!

Bette didn't want him to suffer what so many celebrity-husbands suffer. She'd seen too much of it.

"We'd better wait—" It was a mutual decision.

But they had already waited six years. Love becomes more and more impatient. As Bette progressed, would they grow apart? Should they snatch at the happiness which seemed to be in their grasp?

If they didn't, would they go down the years—regretting?

Bette was so afraid of marriage, so reasonably, logically frightened. Her mother and father had been divorced when she was a youngster. That was a frightful experience for Bette.

When she graduated from prep school, her father had wanted her to take a stenographic course so she could immediately begin making money.

But her mother had fought for Bette's right to fulfill a childhood dream, the dream of becoming an actress.

Her mother did more than fight. She worked in a photographer's shop until she had enough money to take her girl to New York City, walk into John Murray Anderson's school and say:

"Here is my daughter. Will you take her and train her?"

It was Bette's mother who had faith when Bette was cast as atmosphere in George

Cukor's company of "Broadway." She said, "You wait, Bette. I just know someone is going to sprain an ankle. If you learn all the parts—"

Bette learned those many rôles to please her mother. And on the first Wednesday matinee, the ingénue sprained her ankle. Bette replaced her.

It was Bette's mother who secured Bette more than one position.

The child was ushering in the theater of The Provincetown Players. Laura Hope Crews seeing her, said:

"If you can sing 'I Pass by Your Window' by tomorrow I'll have a part for you."

Bette's mother went to the tiny music store. They did not have that song. She stopped the first man she met on the street. "Can you tell me who is the church organist in this town?"

"Why, I am, madam."

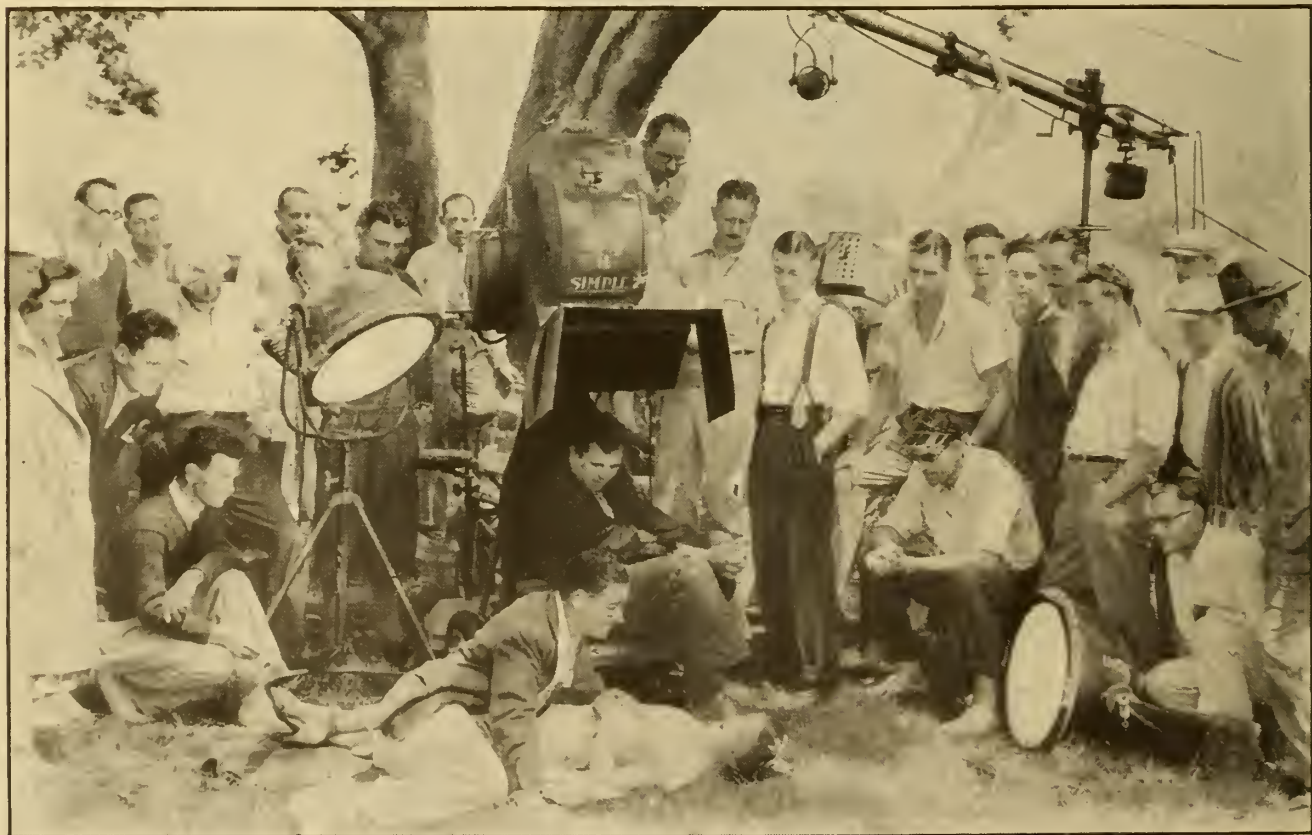
Bette learned the needed piece from the organist and secured the part.

IF marriage could make a lovely woman like her mother unhappy, well—But Bette was lonesome.

"Hollywood is the most lonesome town in the world. I suppose that is natural where people make so much money. I felt I couldn't stand another year here alone. Mother was going East on Friday."

It was at the dinner table on a Wednesday night.

Bette's mother and aunt had to leave for Boston on Friday. Harmon said, "It isn't fair to judge marriage by one experience."



"Keep it simple," says the stencil on the camera, but can you blame Ronald Colman and Phyllis Barry if they aren't able to? For shame, all you Peeping Toms! Weren't you young yourselves, once? We'll say, though, under the circumstances Ronnie's carrying on manfully in this scene from "I Have Been Faithful"



My parents have been as happy as yours have been unhappy."

And suddenly, Bette's common sense began working. "I suppose there's something difficult about every marriage. If it weren't fear and being a picture actress, it would be something else. Marriage is to overcome difficulties—"

Bette's mother nodded.

At one-thirty, they piled into Bette's car. Mother, Bette's aunt, Harmon and Bette. The three-day California license law would not allow them to be married before mother left. They must go out of the state. They started for Yuma, Arizona. They thought it was about fifty miles.

They were on the edge of the desert before they learned it was three hundred.

**T**HEY were married at three-thirty in the afternoon by a minister from the Indian reservation—when it was so hot that even the Indians were having their siestas.

Bette had dreamed since childhood of a wedding veil, bridesmaids, the fragrance of roses.

She had pictured romance amidst soft greenery rather than torture on a desert. But marriage doesn't really depend upon wedding bells and fragrance and honeymoons—her common sense told her. And the outcome of that marriage has proved that Bette was right!

"I have discovered I didn't want a husband who earns a livelihood by peddling his kisses for the amusement of the public," she says. "Hollywood men too often forget that screen love-making is just a part of the script." And maybe Bette is right again!



International

Remember Anita Stewart? Long retired from the screen, she is a prominent member of the social set of Hollywood. Married and happy and more beautiful than she has ever been, here's the way she looked when she attended a recent theater opening

# Keep Slender

...The Way Screen Stars Do It...

They go to expensive Masseurs for regular, health-building and slenderizing massage.

You can enjoy the same benefits in your own home, with the inexpensive little Hemp Bodi-Massager. It was invented by a famous Licensed Masseur of Rochester, Minnesota, and it massages just like skillful human hands—gently lifting and kneading the tissues—working away ugly fat spots and wrinkles—leaving smooth, firm flesh.

It weighs less than a pound, and uses no electricity. Keep it handy in your bed room—and use it every day.

Retail Value

**\$3<sup>95</sup>**



Ask for it at leading department stores or corset shops.

## HEMP BODI-MASSAGER

The Bodi-Massager comes fitted with two large and two small soft rubber sphericals, as shown above. For facial massage, the small model shown at the right is most convenient. For scalp massage, use the Hemp scalp applicators, shown at the left. Many people buy the complete set—Bodi-Massager, Facial Massager and hair applicators. Here's something "different" as a Christmas gift.

**The Conley Company, Inc.  
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA**





# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]



Almost (but not quite!) as good as being invited to tea at Marie Dressler's is this first chance to look into the living-room of her new home, done in shades of cream and peach, with dark blue-green rug. Homey, comfortable and lovely—like Marie

## ROMANCES, coming and going:

It's all off with the Arnst-Weissmuller thing. Bobbe has gotten her divorce and Johnny can now howl like a bull ape in single-blessedness as far as Bobbe is concerned. Ah there, Tarzan!

The rift between Marian Nixon and hubby, Eddie Hillman, grows wider. And everyone is sorry Marian and Eddie couldn't make a go of it.

Lookie, who got married. That nice comedy actor, Eugene Pallette. Eugene went up to Sequoia National Park to make a movie and made a match ('scuse, please, it's the weather). Her name is Marjorie Cagnacci. Or was.

Rose Hobart (remember Rose in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?), has married William Mason Grosvenor, Jr., of New York. Miss Hobart is back on the New York stage.

Don Alvarado left a good movie part in the lurch and trailed after Marilyn Miller to New York. What do you make of that, Watson?

More clashing temperament is the reason given for the Nils Asther-Vivian Duncan rift. Nils has taken himself off to a hotel and Vivian has taken herself off in a huff. And they looked so elegant together. Dear me!

SOME of Hollywood's successful marriages: Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have reached their third wedding anniversary. Janet was far out on the Pacific making scenes for her new picture, "Tess of the Storm Country." Lydell hired a boat and got to the location scenes. They spent their third wedding anniversary together.

Kenneth MacKenna received a wire asking him to open in a New York play with one of the most glamorous of our stage stars. Ken turned it down. It meant leaving wifey, Kay Francis, behind.

dressed Gene took only one pair of blue overalls which he wore all the time.

**DICK POWELL** and **Mary Brian**. Yes, they've got spring fever right in the middle of the winter!

**BUCK JONES** and **Barbara Weeks**, who has been his leading lady in the last two pictures, seem to be making goo-goo eyes at one another.

For one thing, after playing opposite Buck once, Barbara asked for the assignment a second time. Greater love hath no girl than to want to be leading lady for a Western star.

**YOU** should peep into Wally Beery's dressing-room these days. You'd think you had dropped into the training quarters of Jack Dempsey. Wally's taking this "Flesh" business seriously. He's hired Pete Dando, famous trainer (who once handled Dempsey among numerous other ring celebrities) to get him into condition and Dando's turned the dressing-room into his headquarters. The smell of eucalyptus oil strikes you in the nose twenty-five feet from the door.

**THEY** were making "Sport Parade" over at RKO. The director decided there should be a bit of a love scene between Marian Marsh and Joel McCrea. Marian objected. "This picture doesn't call for love scenes and I don't see why I should be called upon to play them," she stormed.

In sympathy Joel assured her he wasn't any more eager to play them than she, and gently patted her on the shoulder. Haughtily she drew away. "Don't do that," she rebuked. "Mister Barrymore never patted me on the shoulder."

Congential Joel nearly swooned.

**ELISSA LANDI**, the lovely English star, was so anxious to have all Hollywood meet John Lawrence, the man to whom she has been happily married for several years, that she gave one of the gayest and best parties of the year.

No one there could doubt the genuineness of Elissa's happiness.

Joan Bennett refused to leave husband Gene Markey behind when Fox asked her to go on location. But here's a bit of a laugh. Joan took thirteen trunks, and the usually well-



"If I've earned the right to anything, it's a little comfort," Marie Dressler said when she planned her bedroom for the new home. Deep chairs, well placed lamps, spaciousness—and a cool scheme of cream and rose and green. The furniture is enameled.



**W**ILLIAM GARGAN may be a newcomer, but he's learned Hollywood's number!

Everyone was rushing up to congratulate him on his performance in "Rain." "You're great, Bill. Simply wonderful."

Billy listened for several days and then he sent for a couple of guys he knew. "I have a job for you. It won't last long, but I want it done well. Everyone is giving me the glad hand about 'Rain.' I want to know what people really think. Mix around with the crowd and knock me. Hear what they have to say. I want a true report on how I went over."

A man who doesn't believe the "yes" men of Hollywood is a novelty—and novelties make news.

**R**AN into Ann Harding the other day. She was looking gorgeous. Red broadcloth suit with black fox collar and cuffs. No hat because her hair is thick and the knot on the back of her head too big to make hats becoming.

Two months ago she looked like a ghost. Now she's the prettiest we've ever seen her. Getting a little plump, viewed from a film angle. But that's glorious. Shows she's got her old pep back, which she lost so completely when she and Harry Bannister parted.

But she's restless. "I've got to get back on the stage. If only for four months. I must get away from here," she says.

The stage was her great professional love. Hollywood has not been too kind to Ann. It has brought her heartache and shattered ideals. Now that she is beginning to be herself again, it is natural she should turn to that first love.

Since it's that way, Ann, we hope you get your wish. But you will probably be just as glad to get back to the movies.

**Y**OU'VE heard the old refrain, "The show must go on!"

Stu Erwin reversed that favorite recently: "The show must wait." After all, a man doesn't have a first-born but once in his life.

June Collyer Erwin was in the hospital waiting. Stu's picture, "He Learned About Women" was ready to start. And Paramount waited three days—a record for studio patience. Stu wouldn't leave his wife!

**T**HE lovely Gwili Andre has become reconciled to the idea of bathing in public in "No Other Woman."

But the climax was reached when a studio employee and ardent admirer of Miss Andre asked her to autograph the tub with black paint.

Just to keep among his souvenirs!

**R**AMON NOVARRO has shaved his head until it's as hairless and shiny as a navy bean. For his picture, of course, "Son Daughter" with Helen Hayes.

**T**HEY were filming a scene in Ruth Chatterton's new picture, "Frisco Jenny." It represented the San Francisco earthquake. As the walls caved in, a pillar against which Ruth was leaning fell. A girl had been hired to dub in the sound of screaming, but Chatterton cut loose with a shriek that shook down what little building remained standing.

"Stick to me," confided Director Bill Wellman to George Brent, who stood in the background, "and you'll learn things about your wife." [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]



## THAT DREADED TIME OF MONTH!

The old story. "Cora's sick!" She doesn't know science has found the way to *block* all menstrual pain. Midol, the discovery of specialists, *ends* such suffering. It does not merely bring relief, but removes every vestige of pain. And it does this for women who once had to spend the day in bed! Midol is a specific that goes straight to the seat of this organic pain. You can't get the same result from any headache remedy. Midol is an absolute antidote for menstrual pain throughout the period. Midol means that any woman can menstruate in absolute comfort. And it is perfectly harmless; it is *not* a narcotic. At any drug store; ten tiny tablets in a smart little box. Simply ask for Midol.



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113 ]



Wide World

Lupe Velez is playing a mother part now—oh, dear no, not on the screen! Even more amazing, it's a real life rôle. Lupe recently adopted her sister's child, four-year-old Joan Del Valle. Mama Lupe, working in "Phantom Fame," keeps one eye on the clock she's so eager to get home to Joan

GEORGE WHITE, famous for his Broadway revues, has been frantically wiring Jeanette MacDonald. It has been a long time since Jeanette played in New York. It is known that Paramount is negotiating with her for a new musical and M-G-M, Radio and Universal have also made overtures. But just what Jeanette is planning to do next, only Jeanette knows.

JOEL McCREA and William Gargan had never met before they reported for work on "Sport Parade." It was a fight scene and the director made it clear they were not to pull their punches. And then Joel interrupted. "Before I land on Mr. Gargan's jaw don't you think we ought to be introduced?" And they both laughed so hard they couldn't shake hands.

THERE'S a girl in Hollywood who has completed the cycle of human emotions and gone virtuous again. "The only thrill left," she told us. In pictures, of course.

ONE more picture and Ann Harding finishes her current contract with Radio. The studio may take up its option for an additional four next year, but Ann is hoping she may obtain a release.

Ann may go to London to play "Holiday" on the stage. "Holiday" has never had an English production. Leslie Howard, with whom Ann is co-starring in "Animal Kingdom," is author of the London idea. He will produce "Holiday" and play opposite Ann in it. The luck of the English theater-goers. What a production that will be!

GEORGE RAFT is homesick for the lights of old Broadway. Not that George has anything against Hollywood. He's anxious to get back again for a visit. But they keep George jumping so fast from one picture to another these days he just can't make the trip.

And, incidentally, it's being rumored about that George's wife may soon be hitting the trail for Hollywood to sever those matrimonial ties. George, however, is mum on the subject. Very mum.

I'VE heard tell that a star is a great influence to the other members of her cast. And now I know. On the Ruth Chatterton set for "Frisco Jenny," there was Ruth chewing away at her inevitable gum. Her stand-in chewed even harder, the director, William Wellman, never let up for a moment, the cameraman chewed, the electricians chewed and to cap the climax, in stepped George Thomas from the publicity department. He took one look around and pulled out a package of his favorite gum. A regular chewing spree. Now beat that!

WILL Claudette Colbert re-sign with Paramount?

Paramount was cold on the little black-headed Frenchie. Then Claudette made "The Phantom President." It was only a fair lead, at most, because the picture went to the men. But she made it stand out like a red rose on a black bonnet.



Jackie Cooper on his ninth birthday with a dozen or so of his little guests. How's this collection of gifts for a lad who, like Jackie, is allowed fifty cents a week spending money? That big boat is a present from Joan Crawford



AROUND the tea table in Ruth Chatterton's studio dressing-room, there sat the other day, Ruth, her new husband, George Brent, and her former husband, Ralph Forbes, having the jolliest time you can imagine.

Kind of nice, isn't it, to have no bad feelings in the family?

WELL, well, Rosco Ates went Izaak Waltoning.

He caught a fish, which slipped off the hook, which hook immediately sank itself into Rosco's bare wrist.

And d-d-d-d-did he b-b-b-b-burn u-u-u-up?

THOSE two old troupers, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, are famous for "going up" on their lines. But no one ever blames them.

People who are loved as much as Marie and Polly somehow don't get blamed for little things like forgetting.

Incidentally, "Prosperity" was slowed up in production because Marie has been allowed to work only four hours a day. She's back to perfect health again, but the producers want to keep her that way.

JIMMY DURANTE was ready to leave for New York when he had finished "The Phantom President" with George M. Cohan. Jimmy hasn't been back to the "sidewalks" since Hollywood made him famous. And did he want to see them rise to pay him honor. Did he! But Producer Irving Thalberg said, "No. We may need you."

Was Jimmy boined? Jimmy was boined! He dashed off into the high mountains of California to go fishing. And he didn't leave

any address. If the fish won't bite, Jimmy's going to bite the fish and get even.

JANET GAYNOR is the most popular star in England. Even more popular than Garbo or Dietrich.

JOAN CRAWFORD is taking singing lessons. Old Cal, roaming about the M-G-M lot the other day, wandered onto one of those huge sound stages and way over there in a corner was Joan and her accompanist practising their "do re mi's" for dear life. And you should hear Joan sing "You're Blasé"! Dear me! 'Tis rumored all these singing lessons may lead up to Joan playing "The Merry Widow." There's usually a good reason behind everything this Miss Crawford does.

THEY were showing a visitor about the set where "The Penguin Pool Murder" is in progress. "See that fish there," they pointed out, "it's insured for fifteen hundred dollars and we pay one hundred and fifty dollars a week for it."

Whereupon a little extra behind them piped out, "And I had to be born a human."

JOAN BLONDELL came out of the theater after the preview of "Three on a Match" in a rage. Her work was no good, she said. She was through with pictures.

Boy-friend George Barnes said, "All right, honey. You stay home. When we're married, you won't have to work any more, anyway."

Well, we're banking on Joan's next picture living up to all that's been expected of this smart little comedienne.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132 ]



## FEU FOLLET Brings Romance to the Holidays

The fragrance of Christmas and the essence of Romance have been captured by Roger & Gallet in their newest fragrance, *Feu Follet* (FLAME OF FOLLY)—a dancing will-o'-the-wisp—light, stimulating, intriguing—the very *spirit of youth*. If you have used *Fleurs d'Amour* or *Le Jade* you know why Roger & Gallet's perfumes hold their supremacy. There is no more appropriate gift for Christmas than a Roger & Gallet fragrance. Extract, face powder, soap, talcum, sachet, toilet water. Popularly priced. Send coupon below for FREE copy of "Fashions in Fragrance," showing how the Parisian woman is using *Feu Follet*.

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FRED NEHER

"A SERIAL! AN' I GET THE CHAIR NEXT WEEK! !"



# Stars, Stars and Stars!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

Watch him, and you'll learn how to make yards."

When Cagle related this to Booth during the shooting of the picture, it was funny for everybody but Fred Linehan, for the Army's great back and Yale's midget quarter ganged on the Yale lineman every chance they got and his ribbing came home to roost . . . with three years' interest. All of which came under the general heading of fun on a football field.

Any preconceived notions on the part of the players that their trip to Hollywood was going to be just a great big picnic, vanished when they went to work. During a college football season the players go on the field at half-past three for practice and play until dark and for most teams Thursday and Friday, before a game, sees only signal drill and rest.

Not so in a motion picture. They had a six o'clock call at the hotel; breakfast at seven and they were on the field shortly after eight . . . every morning. By nine the cameras were set up and from then until late afternoon, when the light was too weak to photograph, they were hard at it. And no football players ever fought harder for the dear old Alma Mater.

FOR that reason the shooting of the football scenes took only four weeks, for Director Russell Mack found he had thirty experienced and highly trained actors—for the parts they were playing. If he wanted Arlen to knife through the line of scrimmage, almost fall when half tackled but break free and gain good yardage, just as three men were cutting down the backfield for him, that is exactly what happened, with speed and precision that made the All American Football Board's mouth water.

And there was a dramatic moment when the players were first introduced to Dick Arlen and Johnny Darrow, specially Arlen.

"He's an actor," the athletes said. "He doesn't want to meet us."



Lanky Irvine Phillips, former captain and end for California, as he is about to let fly a forward pass

"Gosh, those guys are famous." This from Dick Arlen, and with plenty of embarrassment. "They'll laugh themselves to death when they see me in a football suit."

BUT Dick did want to meet them and they did not laugh themselves to death for the reason that Arlen used to play in the backfield for St. Thomas College. It did not take long for some of the feel of the game to come back to

him. Once, when Dick made a slashing tackle of the elusive Booth and "Albie" stayed down, too, the Yale quarterback rolled over and said:

"You certainly tore me down, Dick. You're wasting your time in Hollywood. You ought to be on somebody's football team."

When the players discovered that Arlen and Johnny Darrow made first rate football players and when Dick and Johnny discovered the athletes were first rate actors—but that's the next part of the story.

Very few of the players were self conscious when it came to reading their lines. According to Director Russell Mack, the acting ability of the men assayed pretty high, with, of course, one shining exception. That was the great Ernie Nevers, who is rated by "Pop" Warner as one of the outstanding players of all time. Now Ernie doesn't know how to lose his temper, but he was supposed to fly into a blistering rage at Arlen, supposed to have taken money to "throw" a game.

Well, they worked until three o'clock in the morning on that scene, but Ernie simply couldn't get mad. Finally the despairing director had an idea.

"Don't get mad, Ernie," he said, "just look surprised." And it went that way, for a surprised Nevers is far more dangerous looking than an

angry one and if you don't believe this, just ask them at California, or Oregon, or Washington State or Southern California.

And as for the comedy scenes in the picture. A number of them were extemporaneous, like the scene between Johnny Baker and "Hurry" Cain, the drawling Alabama player. After Cain had monopolized the sponge and water bucket during a rest period, for too long to suit the California linesman, the latter said:

"How about some of that water for me?" "Pahdon me," drawled Cain, "I thought all you Californians drahnk nothin' but orange juice out here."

And when "Hurry" was having his bruised



The All American and All Star teams, who display their most brilliant football in the film, "The All-American." Left to right, standing: Phillips, Nevers, Linehan, Mullins, Wickhorst, Booth, Carideo, Quatse, Howard, Dalrymple, Barrager, Munn, Baker. Kneeling: Russell, Cagle, Saunders, Purvis, Hibbs, Hanley, Schwartz, Cain, Yarr, Orsi, Pinckert, Kelly. In front sits trainer George Stevens. Their collegiate records are on the opposite page



nose bandaged, he kept putting his hands up to it until the doctor slapped it away with the curt admonition: "Keep your hands off that thing."

"But doctah," protested Cain, "ah'm interested in that thing."

After the four weeks of work, into which they crammed more football than most teams see in four seasons, were over, the players scattered again. "Albie" Booth wanted to remain to act in pictures, but he went back East, to attack the picture business from another angle, the selling end. Fred Linehan remained to play extra parts. But the others have all gone, leaving only a photographic record of modern football as all players have dreamed it should be played.

AND this record has been woven into a dramatic story about two brothers, Dick Arien the elder, and Johnny Darrow the younger. It tells how Dick, an All American, became ensnared by a college siren, sold out

to get money for her and thus achieved disaster.

After he has vanished, his young brother becomes an All American on a later team in the same school and he, too, falls for the siren.

Matters come to a climax during a charity game played by the 1931 All American team against a collection of former All American stars. It is in this game that we see all the football great in action, and it is during this torrid struggle that Dick, playing with the older team, manages to fight his kid brother, on the 1931 team, back into the paths of straight and narrow football and morals.

UNDER the direction of the Football Board, Frank Carideo and Rockne's former assistant, Mannie Vezie, almost every sensational play of the past few years has been utilized and put into execution by these two dream teams, whose coming together resulted in a great picture and perhaps the greatest thrill a dyed-in-the-wool football fan will ever get.



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 Now \$4 and \$5  
 A few Styles, \$6

FROM coast to coast women are talking about the remarkable values in Natural Bridge Shoes at their new prices. Such quality in fine leathers that hold their shapeliness. Such amazing lightness and comfort in the natural-form lasts and the wonderful Natural Arch-Bridge that gives constant, normal support to your natural arch. Advance styles in leading shops everywhere. Name of nearest dealer on request. Junior III Shoes for growing girls, \$4.



Natural Bridge Shoemakers  
 Division of Craddock-Terry Co.  
 Lynchburg, Va.

Natural Bridge Shoes

Lupe Velez' popularity added materially to the success of the recent Natural Bridge Screen Star Contest.

COMBINATION LAST  
 AAAA to EEE

## The Stars of "The All-American"

### 1931 ALL AMERICAN

PLAYER	COLLEGE	POSITION	RECORD
Marchmont Schwartz	Notre Dame	Halfback	All American 1931
Gaius Shaver	Southern Calif.	Halfback	All American 1931 (Voted best all-round Far Western gridder)
John Cain	Alabama	Halfback	All American 1931
Jerry Dalrymple	Tulane	End	All American 1931-32
Jack Riley	Northwestern	Tackle	All American 1931
John Baker	Southern Calif.	Guard	All American 1931
Tom Yarr	Notre Dame	Center	All American 1931 (Capt. Notre Dame)
Clarence Munn	Minnesota	Tackle	All American 1931 (Rated the fastest lineman in the Middle West)
Jesse Quatse	Pittsburgh	Guard	All American 1931
John Orsi	Colgate	End	All American 1931 (Rated best end in East)
Ernest Pinckert	Southern Calif.	Halfback	All American 1930 (Voted most valuable player in Far West)*

### ALL STAR TEAM

Chris "Red" Cagle	West Point	Halfback	All American 1927-28-29
Ernie Nevers	Stanford	Fullback	All American 1925 (Rated equal to Jim Thorpe by "Pop" Warner, coach)
Frank Carideo	Notre Dame	Quarterback	All American 1929-30
Albie Booth	Yale	Quarterback	
Fred Linehan	Yale	Guard	All American 1930
Lee Hanley	Northwestern	End	
Reb Russell	Northwestern	Tackle	
Irvine Phillips	California	End	All American mention
Frank Wickhorst	Navy	Tackle	All American 1929
Jesse Hibbs	Southern Calif.	Tackle	All American 1929
Larry Mullins	Notre Dame	Halfback	
Jim Purvis	Purdue	End	(Rated greatest end in Middle West 1930)
Al Howard	Notre Dame	Halfback	
Russell Saunders	Southern Calif.	Fullback	All American 1929
Paul Schwegler	Washington	Tackle	(All-Coast Tackle 1930)
Roy Baker	Nevada	Guard	
Marger Apsit	Southern Calif.	Halfback	
John Kelly	Southern Calif.	Guard	
Nate Barrager	Southern Calif.	Center	(Captain S. C. 1930)

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 Glenn S. "Pop" Warner ..... Stanford  
 Jesse C. Harper ..... Notre Dame  
 Edward L. Casey ..... Harvard  
 Christy Walsh

\*"Pug" Rentner was afraid to play because he had one more year of collegiate football. He was All American half on the 1931 selection. Ernie Pinckert, took Pug's place on the team.



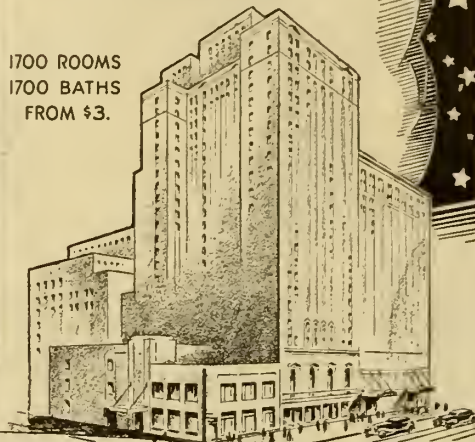
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- Rod La Rocque
- Beatrice Lillie
- Edmund Lowe
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- Victor McLaglen
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### Why Clark Gable Says "I Am Paid Not to Think"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

"Possessed." She insisted with vehemence, too.

Even went to the "front office" and refused to make the picture unless Clark played opposite her.

The parts chanced to fit his screen personality in these pictures. But the race was on. Marion Davies must have her turn and Norma another chance since Joan had him twice. The fact that he didn't fit the part in Norma's "Strange Interlude" was forgotten. Women are apt to forget seemingly minor points when they are fighting for their own way. Even Greta Garbo must have her turn. The rôle in "Susan Lenox" was not appropriate, either.

IN none of these cases was Gable asked whether he would like to play the picture. "I found out I was going to do 'Susan Lenox' in Del Monte," he says. "Read it in the paper. I also read in the paper that I am to go to Paramount to play with Miriam Hopkins in 'No Man of Her Own.'"

"When I walked on the lot, one day, they told me I was to play 'Red Dust' in place of Jack Gilbert."

"But 'Red Dust' is great for you, isn't it, Clark?"

"It was originally chosen for Greta Garbo." "But you have a strong, virile rôle in 'Red Dust'—"

"It was bought for Greta Garbo."

I paused; looked at him closely. His face was non-committal. The story had been bought to star a woman. And unless they changed the script completely, it was a woman's story. Jean Harlow! Since our conversation, "Red Dust" has been released. The script was evidently changed, because it emerges as a man's story—Clark's—and only the exceptional performance of Jean Harlow made her part equal to his.

Well, men had been starred before in a woman's story.

"What should a story contain to make it interesting?" I asked.

He took his time answering, as though thinking aloud. He had forgotten he was paid not to think.

"You must have characters in a play in which the audience is sufficiently interested to care what happens to them. I learned that in stock. It is true of pictures. The characters in themselves must be interesting. As they were in 'Possessed.' If the character isn't interesting, no actor can make him so.

"I did a play on the stage. It did not reach New York. I would like to do it in pictures. It was called 'Broken Windows.'"

SUDDENLY he stopped, looking as though he had awakened abruptly from a dream. He laughed, slightly embarrassed.

I changed the subject quickly. "How's your polo?" I asked.

"I don't play polo any more." "Oh, I forgot. They won't let you play because it's too dangerous."

"Yes, they just want to give me more of the kind of work I have been doing, so I can play polo sooner."

Some bite in those words! For a man of whom thinking is neither expected nor wanted, it seems to me that Clark Gable's mind is exceptionally active.

Can't you read between the lines one of the outstanding reasons for his great popularity and success?



# Barbaric Touches Enliven Hollywood's New Costumes

by Seymour

**H**OLLYWOOD seems to be torn between looking quaint and going primitive! The two trends are certainly far enough removed from each other—but the gist of the thing is that barbaric notes in costume jewelry and accessory trappings have come in with the vogue for jungle and exotic Far-East pictures.

Pagan ladies on "The Sign of the Cross" set are weighted down with heavy metal jewelry. And Tala Birell, in "Magana," wears African tribal necklace and bracelets. A gauntlet of silver rings is one of these bracelets. There are lots of metal and wooden gadgets being seen



Shades of Nero's time! Here's the sort of trappings that pagan ladies loved. Frances Dee is wearing this one of heavy silver discs on a silver chain to show you how smart primitive jewelry can look with your modern clothes. Frances borrowed this, incidentally, from one of the lovely pagans on "The Sign of the Cross" set. Note that the necklace clasps at the side front

about town and it is a trend to watch carefully. Incidentally, those heavy metal necklaces are lovely when worn with the plain high necklines of current fashions.

**B**LACK velvet is almost a Hollywood uniform for evenings this winter. The other night at a night club opening I spotted any number of stunning gowns or ensembles in velvet. Joan Blondell was wearing a dress with a high square neck in front and deep V in the back. Over this went a black velvet jacket with high collar and puff sleeves of sable.

Colleen Moore wore a black velvet with puff sleeves of ermine; her wrap was a sleeveless bolero of the fur. A clever idea.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD appeared at a play opening in Los Angeles, wearing a wine red velvet ensemble that had a most unique wrap. It had only one sleeve caught into a tight cuff and the other side of the wrap was a wide cape. That's a thought to jot down for your next evening appointment.

Olga Baclanova, who is appearing in the stage production of "The Cat and the Fiddle," essays a most daring costume color combination. She wears a street outfit in yellow, brown and deeper-than-coral shades. That alone is striking—but wait, with this she wears two wide bracelets in two subtle shades of red! It takes a real flair for chic to attempt anything like that.

**C**AROLE LOMBARD'S next picture offers some advance summer fashion tips. She wears, for instance, a zebra print dress in green and white. Sounds stunning, doesn't it? Watch striped effects—they will get a big hand. Carole is very fussy about her accessories. She has to have just the right shades for every costume—even hosiery shades are chosen with a hawk eye for matching.

Red fox is increasingly popular with the stars. And Connie Bennett wears a collar of cross fox with muff to match on a tightly belted navy blue coat. She likes those little hats that are slashed to show a bit of hair, too.

**S**PEAKING of fur, muffs are a rage out here. No coat or suit is quite complete without one. And they are all sizes from the tiny barrel ones to huge pillow ones.

At luncheon the other noon, I spotted Minna Gombel wearing an audacious little brown felt sailor with a gold and green feather poised in the very center front.

## They Hope to Stay Married

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34 ]

light a cigarette during intermission without burning my dress. Pictures are work, and Kenneth and I are not in business together!"

The second agreement was a protection against their becoming involved in social engagements where the parties were likely to be professional rather than amusing.

They didn't agree before marriage, however,

not to discuss each other's work. They just drifted into the habit.

"Nothing falls flatter than an effort to be good company," Kenneth explained. "But one can certainly make the effort not to be bad company."

"Kay will come in and say, 'I had a terrible day. How are the dogs?' And we are off into

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a canine discussion. Soon, her bad day is forgotten. Or I will come home and say, 'Damn. When can we get over to Europe?' and we are into a travelogue.

"It's just a form of selfishness for a husband or wife to bring home professional troubles. The other one never gets a fair picture of what really happened, anyway. Everyone tells only his side of troubles. Which would be a bit dangerous in our family. Kay is so irritatingly honest! If I sat down to dinner and told about a scene I'd had to make thirty times and blamed some temperamental actress, she'd probably say: 'And what did you do or not do to make her temperamental?' She knows about directors, of course, being an actress!"

Kay nodded and added, "Kenneth would do the same. He knows about actresses, being a director!"

WHICH seems pretty wise, doesn't it? What good does it really do to make hash from a day's difficulties? Far better to help one forget them!

They do tell the funny things, however. While Kenneth was directing "Careless Lady," he was full of dog stories. They had a trained canine in it. Kay felt as though she were personally acquainted with the clever little actor; she heard so much about him at the dinner table. But she couldn't have told you that her husband was directing Joan Bennett!

Then there was the tale of the girl who was almost hired for a part in one of Kenneth's pictures. The main requirement was a beautiful figure as she was to be—ah, scantily clad. This youngster was French and pretty as a camellia. Said Kenneth to this girl: "I think you will do."

"But you haven't seen my pictures!" she protested.

"But I've seen you."

Still the girl insisted upon showing him the pictures. They were in the nude. She was not hired.

Of course, that was a good story for any husband to tell his wife at the dinner table. Kenneth didn't miss the opportunity. Kay told me about it—but she didn't remember the name of the picture or of the girl who was hired.

There promised to be difficulties about sports. Kay was mad about tennis; Kenneth about golf. Each played his favorite sport every day (including Sundays) they were not working before they were married. Neither knew nor enjoyed the game of the other.

So they bought a boat almost as soon as the ceremony was over. A small, thirty-six foot sailing schooner. Now, they spend every non-working day on that. You'll find them every Sunday headed toward Catalina. When Kenneth is working and Kay isn't, she returns to tennis. And vice versa with his golf.

The boat sounds like a luxury. It isn't.

Last year, it cost them a few cents under one thousand dollars for the entire twelve months. The reason? No crew; no cook; no maids. Kay is cook, maid and stewardess. Kenneth is captain, sailor and deck swabber. When the boat needed cleaning, they were at Catalina. Kenneth spent his day diving beneath it to clean off barnacles!

When either is working they have no social engagements. They broke this rule one evening to attend a dinner at Ben Schulberg's. Kay said, in accepting the invitation, "When ten-thirty comes, I will leave. I am working."

She did. Right in the middle of dinner! Kenneth drove her home and returned to the party. He was not working.

The usual evening formula on working days is dinner, with Kay still in make-up. Then each takes a book, crawls into his separate bed and reads until sleep conquers.

Someone told me recently that Kay Francis is no longer the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. "She has so few clothes. Mostly sports things and yachting costumes."

I told Kenneth. He laughed. "Kay can't help but be best-dressed. You know what I mean? She puts on a pair of blue trousers and sweater on the boat and washes dishes and she still looks swagger!"

Yes, I knew. In New York, Kay was "best-dressed." The day she stepped from the train in Los Angeles, the newspapers shot pictures of her swank trimness and captioned the pictures: "A new best-dressed woman for Hollywood."

She doesn't need many clothes for that reputation. And she hasn't the number she had before she was married. She averaged six parties a week then. "But when I married, I settled down, I suppose. That's civilized, isn't it?"

THEY quarrel. How they quarrel! They are like two trim, intelligent race horses competing for sweepstake honors. Their most recent battle concerned a proposed European trip. One wanted the extreme northern route; the other the extreme southern. Both were decided upon Budapest as a destination but determined that their pet routes were the best way to reach it. They battled all the way from Hollywood to Santa Barbara—as only high-strung, intelligent people can battle.

And at Santa Barbara they discovered that neither was right. The best way was a completely neutral route!

"Which only proves that arguments like that are usually for nothing," Kenneth grinned. "But they're fun—after they're over."

But never a professional discussion! And if that isn't the magic key to Hollywood matrimony, I'll shift my bet to Marlene Dietrich and her husband. I don't know what they talk about. The conversations are in German!

## Hollywood's New Champion Best Dresser

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

playmates. He was always clean. If he started from the door with a bit of dust on his shoes, his mother called him back and brushed it off. His shirts might be frayed, but they were clean and the frays were neatly mended.

At fourteen he ran away from home. Patched breeches and mended collars were not for the "man" George. Boys become men early—in the Tenderloin district.

His first job was helper to an electrician. Four dollars a week. Not enough for clothes. And he couldn't even keep clean. Not so good!

Some of the other "guys" from his district who had escaped as he did were ring fighting

and getting paid for it. As high as ten dollars a night. Money for suits, shirts and collars. George knew he was no pugilist. But he was willing to take beatings as long as he was paid for them. He still wears the scars of those encounters. But he didn't object to torn ears or gashes or bulging eyes as long as he could slip into a fresh suit when the fight was finished.

One day he noticed a boy delivering a parcel at a Park Avenue door. The boy was in uniform. Bright, handsome brass buttons. He noted the name on the delivery truck. A week later he was delivering furs from that exclusive shop to those exclusive doors. Every brass



button of that uniform was a mirror! His fighting days were over.

His first dance halls were the sawdust floors of new markets. Dances were the vogue for market openings. His pals knew he could dance. They urged him to volunteer a performance. He refused until he was dared. A Tenderloin lad rises or falls on dares. He looked down at his new suit. Only a quarter in its new pocket. He danced. The crowd threw money. Dance halls. Vaudeville. Cabarets. An absolute sensation as the interpreter of the Black Bottom.

Excellent tuxedos could be purchased for sixty-five dollars. But George Raft paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for his. And he bought them often. He soon learned that his one passion had an economic advantage. If a man looked the "best dressed" he was treated as though he had money, even though a couple of dollars in the pocket was his only capital!

"I HAVE always been able to get credit. Men trust me. Tailors, especially. I looked as though I could pay!"

Clothes helped his career as a dancer. You have heard him called a gigolo. George gets pretty burned up about that. Someone asked him if he was paid for dancing and he said "Yes"—hence the gigolo. He admits he doesn't know whether to get vicious about that name or just laugh it off and let it go. He thinks it will probably be less trouble to laugh it off. He was paid six hundred and fifty dollars a week for one dance a night in London. The highest paid dancer to go to Europe. He danced at the Vanderbilt home; he danced for the prince of Sweden. He went back into vaudeville.

His eventual entry into pictures was purely accidental. He was hanging around New York and Hollywood. Just commuting. Vaudeville had refused him his former salary, so he left vaudeville. Cabarets had gone the way of the depression. He was the best dressed man on Broadway and at the Brown Derby and Coconut Grove. Women eyed him. He didn't eye back. Twice as interesting.

Roland Brown volunteered a part—a gangster in "Quick Millions." He took it. Easy money. A new suit. He thought he'd go back to New York when it was finished.

And then came "Scarface"! And a Paramount contract. Although George has made three pictures since that one, he's still on his low starting salary. His salary hasn't kept pace with his fame by any means. Not a new Hollywood situation for sudden sensations.

In "Night After Night" he reaches his zenith. He knew he would as soon as he read the script. It might have been written from his own knowledge of life.

THE wardrobe department handed him a double breasted suit. He took one look and said they'd have to wait until he purchased the proper clothes for the picture. They waited. He went to a tailor. He didn't have the money—his expenses as well as his fame had gone beyond his immediate pocketbook, but the tailor trusted him. Made him eight hundred dollars' worth of clothes on credit. George didn't let Paramount provide one suit for "Night After Night." He wanted each one as he wanted it!

The tailor ran an advertisement congratulating George on his work in the picture, in a local trade paper—and the tailor paid for the ad.

Yet, George doesn't have many suits. Just sixteen or seventeen. There's a reason. He'll be sitting with a pal in the Brown Derby and look him over. "I've got a suit I think'll fit you. Better come and try it on."

"I'll pay you for it, George."

"Oh, that's all right."

That happens about once a week. But if the day ever comes when they try to put George Raft into a costume picture! Tunic and bare legs, for example. Ouch! That day will bring a great dancer and a great actor back to New York City. But not to the Tenderloin district!

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It was just 15 years ago that Ethel Barrymore was making "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"



And 15 years ago we interviewed charming Billie Burke and one-year-old daughter, Patricia

### 15 Years Ago

**I**N December, 1917, we had a page of pictures called "Just Five Years Ago," and expressed horror that Francis X. Bushman, the great screen lover, had been doing "character parts"—burlesque country constables and the like—only five years before. We showed Arthur Johnson, who had passed on in 1916; John Bunny and Flora Finch; Maurice Costello and Florence Lawrence. Billie Burke was on the cover and we had a story that said she looked about sixteen, in spite of year-old daughter, Patricia.

We reviewed the latest Ethel Barrymore release, "The Lifted Veil," and praised it highly, but said, "Miss Barrymore is dignified

and serious—perhaps too much so." And, strangely enough, in that same issue we ran a fictionalized story of the motion picture, "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Nance O'Neil was the *Czarina*, the rôle Ethel Barrymore is just completing in "Rasputin."

We showed a "happy home" picture of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen. In an article about Olive Thomas we quoted her almost prophetic words, "Life's too short and fate too funny to get upstage." A page of pictures introduced "Wally Reid, Jr." just one month old.

Cal York item: Charlie Chaplin took a whole month's vacation from the studio.

### 10 Years Ago

**T**EN years ago, just as today, we were saying, "Conrad Nagel is one of the exemplary young men of the Hollywood colony." Yes, ma'am, that was the caption we used under his picture in the gallery. We printed what was probably the first magazine interview with Ernst Lubitsch and called him "the master of tragedy." His recent, "The Man I Killed" still bears that out, but how about the sly, vivacious "Love Parade," "The Smiling Lieutenant" and his new "Trouble in Paradise"?

We worried about Jackie Coogan, who was growing old fast! He was just approaching seven, but we wondered what would happen

when he reached nine—or ten. Well, we were right. The screen lost him.

Three pages were given to pictures of the beloved Mabel Normand in her new Paris wardrobe. And a page to Laurette Taylor as "Peg O' My Heart." And, in "Wedded and Parted," we told the story of Natacha Rambova and Rudolph Valentino.

It was announced that "Tol'able David," starring Richard Barthelmess, had won the Second PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

Cal York item: Rudolph Valentino attended the Broadway première of Rex Ingram's picture, "Trifling Women," and received more applause than the picture.

### 5 Years Ago

**J**OAN CRAWFORD was on the cover, looking utterly unlike the sophisticated Joan of today. Gary Cooper was in the gallery and we said he was reported engaged to Clara Bow and had been given a leading part in "Beau Sabreur." "What more," we asked, "could any young fellow possibly want?" Evidently it wasn't enough, for Gary seems still to be looking for happiness.

We printed "The True Life Story of Lon Chaney," and the interviewer confessed she almost wished she hadn't agreed to get it. "To write such a man as I saw him, detail his character, his grandeur, his work, frightens me. May I do him justice?"

"Beau Geste" won the Seventh PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor. We reviewed "My Best Girl" and said it was "the best picture Mary Pickford has made in several years." And about King Vidor's "The Crowd," we commented, "Here you have Life, as it is lived by millions in New York and other big cities where the crowd walks, pushes, tramples each individual member."

Norma Shearer posed for our Star Recipes page and showed how to make Canadian Office-meal Sticks. Mack Sennett included Carole Lombard in his selection of "Beauties."

Cal York item: Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are not "going together" any more.

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## The New Way of Finding Screen Stars

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85 ]

slimness, unless she is to play character rôles. The same principle applies to the minute mustaches of many screen heroes. A full sized mustache would photograph like the old-fashioned whiskers of the '90's. Even the pencil-line eyebrows of the girls must be exaggerated in their thinness, to thwart the camera which partially flattens out every rounded surface.

THE first photographic test is with a silent camera. The girl whose usual carefully lighted photograph, after retouching, is admired by her friends, gets a terrific shock when she sees the first studio "still." "Camera angles" have been ignored; lights have been played on her from all directions, showing up every irregularity and blemish; there has been no retouching.

She is bad enough in the close-ups, but wait until she sees those long-shots, showing how she moves across a room, how she uses her hands and arms, how she turns her head.

"My heavens, do I look like that?" is a typical comment made when such a girl first sees herself on the screen. "What made me think I could act in pictures?" "Why didn't anyone ever tell me I walked like that?" All these are familiar exclamations when tests are being run off.

Of course, it is impossible to judge ability solely by the silent test. Perhaps the girl's voice will aid her immeasurably—in a silent test she hasn't the help of normal facial expressions in speaking. Or, *vice versa*, the sound camera may reveal that she grimaces far too much when she talks.

But the silent test is a great help in determining the rightness of the make-up, whether the arrangement of hair is pleasing, how the girl carries herself, how she balances her body with her hands.

If she qualifies in the silent test, she goes into rehearsal for a week. With two or three other players, also awaiting tests, she is drilled in a short sketch. Unlike some companies, the Fox director casts his players as carefully as for an actual picture. He chooses a vehicle that suits their types, (often a scene from a play in which they have appeared), and groups

people who should perform well together.

Working conditions are like those on an actual production. There is a continuous story, so the actors have every opportunity to give natural, intelligent performances.

Rehearsals over, the important day arrives. On that one day, in two sessions, morning and afternoon, the complete test is shot, scene by scene. Each actor has his chance to take the center of the stage, to get the close-ups, to benefit from the director's full attention, with the other actors merely feeding lines.

Sometimes the novice forgets that when she hasn't the center of the stage she is still a vital part of the scene. During a recent test sketch in which two men and a girl figured, a sequence called for dialogue between the men, one of whom sat next to the girl at a small table while the other man stood facing them both. The girl, not being included in the dialogue, sat by as indifferently as if she had nothing to do with the story, instead of showing by her expressions the emotions the dialogue aroused in her.

Time and time again the director had to remind her that she was a part of that scene, in spite of the fact that she had no lines. Only at the end, when she spoke a single line, did her face thaw out. Without voice, she was as immobile as the studio dummy who is thrown over the cliff in the long-shots!

LET'S suppose the applicant has passed the test. Let's suppose she has been signed at a weekly salary that may be as low as \$50, if she has had no previous experience, and as high as \$400 or \$500 if she is cast immediately in an important rôle, as Jimmie Dunn was. (Of course, for a prominent stage player, the figure will be much higher.) The contract may be drawn up for three months, for six months, or for a year, with various option periods and salary increases.

She is sent out to the West Coast (if hers was an Eastern test). Like Robert Montgomery, who was signed by M-G-M, she may hang around the lot for months without being assigned definitely even to a minor rôle. Bob loafed for six months, getting more discour-



The reward of a successful screen test. Marion Burns, born and brought up in Hollywood, was "discovered" 3,000 miles from film-land—on a New York stage—and given an Eastern test. She was cast with Joan Bennett in the Fox picture, "Pier 13," and her next will be filmed in far-off Malay

Awaken  
the sleeping beauty  
in your eyes



with the  
New Maybelline

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours *instantly* with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline. Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform *your* lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

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*Is it the kind of picture I would like?*

*Which one shall we see tonight?*

*Shall we take the children?*

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## Photoplay's "Shadow Stage"

is nationally famous. Here are reviews of *all* the new pictures, with the casts of *all* the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

## PHOTOPLAY

The News  
and Fashion Magazine  
of the Screen

aged and dissatisfied every day, until he was finally lent to United Artists for "Three Live Ghosts," in which he had played on the stage. His success in that picture made his own company realize his screen possibilities.

HELEN TWELVETREES, Sylvia Sidney (with excellent stage experience) and Dorothy Jordan are among the hundreds of girls who were dropped by the studio that first signed them, after successful tests, simply because they had not had sufficient time to develop and prove their worth.

Each made good with a second chance at another studio. But so many girls never get that second chance.

And not all tests are as fair to the actress and as sure. Some directors simply pose a girl in front of a black "drop," give her some fragmentary scene to enact with or without the help of other actors, and without any additional coaching expect her to prove her value to the powers that pay.

Once cast in a rôle in an actual production, the actress must be able to hold her own against the scene stealing of veteran players; she must snap into her scenes without too much special coaching; she must not betray inexperience or camera fright.

She must have, above all things, endless ambition and unswerving persistence. She must believe in herself, believe even when the director decries her, when she fails to get the rôles she seems most fitted for.

And she must go on believing, even through long periods when there may seem no basis for such belief.

But if she stays around Hollywood too long, waiting and waiting for her chance, she is apt to be permanently overlooked.

"THERE is more undeveloped talent in Hollywood than any other place in the world," says one director.

"Many of the girls have had excellent stage experience. Some have played extra rôles in pictures. Some have played bits. But producers overlook these girls because they are so used to seeing them around and are no longer struck with their appearance or ability. Newcomers with half their possibilities often get all the opportunities."

That job behind a counter or at the typewriter doesn't seem so hard and unsatisfying after reading all this, now does it!



An echo of the football season—the football hat! Mae Clarke wears it with sports clothes. Of green jersey, shaped and seamed to resemble a football with a tan cord lacing



# Thin Girls Need Sleep, Food, Exercise

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible.)

## Luncheon

- Bowl of thick soup.  
(Cream of mushroom  
or  
Cream of tomato  
or  
Cream of celery  
or  
Thick vegetable soup  
or  
Chicken okra with rice or noodles.)
- Green salad and often half an avocado.
- Spaghetti (with butter — allowed to melt after the food is off the fire).
- Egg noodles (with butter).
- Chocolate or rice or bread pudding  
or  
Cup custard  
or  
Stewed fruits with cream.
- Bottle of certified milk.  
(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk.)

## Dinner

- Fruit cocktail.
- Soup (cream or clear).
- Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it's hard to digest.
- Two vegetables (creamed or with butter, and put the butter on *after* the vegetables are done. Use plenty).
- Glass of milk
- Cup custard  
or  
Ice Cream  
or  
Pudding.  
(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

**FEBRUARY**—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to

thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

**MARCH**—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

**APRIL**—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

**MAY**—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

**JUNE**—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

**JULY**—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

**AUGUST**—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

**SEPTEMBER**—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

**OCTOBER**—How to keep your hands young and beautiful. Care of the feet and special exercises for girls who stand all day. How to make the hands thin and the fingers tapering.

**NOVEMBER**—How to reduce the hips, bust, stomach, legs and arms by diet, exercise and massage. Especially helpful and simple instructions for massage. One of the most helpful and inclusive articles in this series, with particular attention to those difficult parts, bust and calf of leg.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

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**FROSTILLA LOTION**  
for  
chapped hands



Robert W. Coburn

The photographer was in luck here. His camera caught in one scoop four famous faces. Joel McCrea is Mary Pickford's escort to this dinner, with Gary Cooper and the Countess di Frasso matched for the evening

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Wins Back Pep!

HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful

nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all druggists—25c.

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**NR TO-NIGHT**  
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Enjoy normal, healthy, lustrous hair! Let us tell you how to correct your oily hair—dry hair—dandruff—falling hair—graying hair—scalp troubles—or dead looking colorless hair. Each case receives the personal attention of our hair and scalp experts. FREE personal instructions to fit your own case. Thousands of men and women already benefited. Satisfactory results assured.

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  - Eczema
  - Baldness
  - Falling Hair
  - Graying Hair

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see page 17  
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# Short Subjects of the Month



Careful there, Harry! She's trying her best to vamp you. It's a scene from Harry Langdon's new picture, "The Big Flash." The beautiful lady is Lita Chevret

### THE BIG FLASH Educational-Mermaid

Harry Langdon's comeback picture, and he gives you plenty of laughs. Promoted from office porter to newspaper photographer, Harry is sent to get pictures of a gangster's girl. What the girl and Harry get, when the gangster finds them, is worth seeing. Tipped off to a robbery that is planned, Harry is off to get pictures of that, too. He gets the pictures, the gangster and the reward.

### MOVIE ALBUM Vitaphone

Back to the strong but silent days of the movies when matinee idols saved the girl from worse than death! You used to pay a nickel for such thrills, but now you'll howl merrily. The best surprise in this series of flashbacks is none other than Marie Dressler cutting up in one of her old slapstick comedies.

### OLD NEW YORK Educational

One of the funniest pictures ever made of little old New York in the horse-car days. Johnny Walker, star of silent pictures, arranged this series of shots taken when women wore flower-garden hats and men wore mustaches. What laughs you will get when you see the Stock Exchange and the Bowery, but the best of all is a prize-fight at Coney Island. Kidding comments make this a real gloom-chaser.

### SHERLOCK'S HOME Vitaphone

Jack Haley, graduating from a detective correspondence course, is out to detect. While he is taking a blindfold cigarette test, the safe is robbed. Jack discovers where the crooks hang out and disguised as a girl, vamps their leader. The marriage ceremony on the back of a patrol wagon is a riot.

### HEMSTITCHED Universal

Gangsters need a doctor. They kidnap a man, wearing a doctor's coat, from a doctor's

office. He happens to be a gardener masquerading. With the help of a pretty nurse he operates. Hence—hemstitched. There are a few good laughs and June Clyde never looked prettier.

### SCRAM M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy are being deported out of town by a judge who has found them guilty of vagrancy. They are put up for the night by a drunk whom they have helped home. Whose house do you suppose they find themselves in? Plenty of roughhouse.

### FARMER AL FALFA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY Educational-Terrytoon

Our animated friends throw a birthday party for Farmer Al Falfa and if you go you'll have a grand time. What a party! They even make the birthday cake while you wait. Try the recipe sometime.

### OFFICER, SAVE MY CHILD Universal

Slim Summerville and Eddie Gribbon, a couple of marines, end up as policemen when the flat-foots go on strike. And the everlasting grudge between the bugler and the sergent is continued. Isn't it about time they settled it?

### THE PIE COVERED WAGON Educational

The kiddies take you back to the covered wagon days with Indians and warfare. When the Indians attack, a call for help is rushed through to the troops. The battle is on with arrows and pie flying through the air. Are the Indians surprised? See for yourself.

### MICKEY'S GOLDEN RULE Radio

Mickey (Himself) McGuire brings you this with plenty of laughs. It has young urchins on a picnic and the experiences they have when they encounter a trio from wealthy families. Don't miss Mickey in this.



# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander	Bobby Jones
Adrienne Allen	Roscoe Karns
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
Tallulah Bankhead	Jeanette MacDonald
George Barbier	Florine McKinney
Richard Bennett	Fredric March
Mary Boland	Sari Maritza
Clive Brook	Herbert Marshall
Nancy Carroll	Marx Brothers
Maurice Chevalier	Jack Oakie
Marguerite Churchill	Irving Pichel
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Ricardo Cortez	Randolph Scott
Bing Crosby	Sylvia Sydney
Frances Dee	Alison Skipworth
Marlene Dietrich	Kate Smith
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Susan Fleming	Kent Taylor
Norman Foster	Jerry Tucker
Wynne Gibson	Mae West
Cary Grant	Gordon Westcott
Miriam Hopkins	

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter	Elissa Landi
Joan Bennett	Edmund Lowe
John Boles	Patricia "Boots" Mal-
Clara Bow	lory
El Brendel	Ralph Morgan
Marion Burns	Herbert Mundin
Henrietta Crosman	Greta Nissen
James Dunn	Marian Nixon
Sally Eilers	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Nell O'Day
Janet Gaynor	William Pawley
Minna Gombell	Arthur Pierson
Bert Hanlon	Will Rogers
Miriam Jordan	Raul Roulien
Victor Jory	Spencer Tracy
Alexander Kirkland	Irene Ware

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre	Hugh Herbert
Rosco Ates	Leslie Howard
Leslie Banks	Rochelle Hudson
Constance Bennett	Arline Judge
Bill Boyd	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Edgar Kennedy
Joseph Cawthorn	Eric Linden
Creighton Chaney	Anita Louise
Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Mary Mason
Jill Esmond	Edna May Oliver
Phyllis Fraser	Laurence Olivier
Betty Furness	Vivienne Osborne
William Gargan	Gregory Ratoff
John Halliday	Sandra Shaw
Hale Hamilton	Helen Twelvetrees
Ann Harding	John Warburton
Julie Haydon	Dorothy Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Fay Wray

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry	Douglas Fairbanks
Florence Britton	Greta Granstedt
Eddie Cantor	Ruth Hall
Charles Chaplin	Al Jolson
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Lili Damita	Gloria Swanson
Melvyn Douglas	Norma Talmadge
Billie Dove	

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford	Mayo Methot
Eddie Buzzell	Lillian Miles
Walter Connolly	Pat O'Brien
Richard Cromwell	Barbara Stanwyck
Constance Cummings	Ruthelma Stevens
Ralph Graves	Genevieve Tobin
Jack Holt	Lee Tracy
Buck Jones	Barbara Weeks
Evalyn Knapp	Bert Wheeler
Tim McCoy	Robert Woolsey
Adolphe Menjou	

## Culver City, Calif.

### Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue	Stan Laurel
Charley Chase	Gertie Messinger
Mickey Daniels	Our Gang
Dorothy Granger	David Sharpe
Alfred Hardy	Grady Sutton
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander	Hedda Hopper
Nils Asther	Walter Huston
Ethel Barrymore	Leila Hyams
John Barrymore	Dorothy Jordan
Lionel Barrymore	Buster Keaton
Wallace Beery	Myrna Loy
Virginia Bruce	Una Merkel
Marie Dressler	John Miljan
Claire DuBrey	Robert Montgomery
Jimmy Durante	Colleen Moore
Madge Evans	Polly Moran
Muriel Evans	Karen Morley
Wallace Ford	Conrad Nagel
Clark Gable	David Newell
Greta Garbo	Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert	Maureen O'Sullivan
C. Henry Gordon	Anita Page
Lawrence Grant	Kane Richmond
Nora Gregor	Helen Robinson
Mary Carlisle	May Robson
Virginia Cherrill	Ruth Selwyn
Jackie Cooper	Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford	Diane Sinclair
Marion Davies	Martha Sleeper
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Louise Clusser Hale	Verree Teasdale
Jean Harlow	Johnny Weissmuller
Helen Hayes	Diana Wynyard
Jean Hersholt	Robert Young
Phillips Holmes	

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Frank Albertson	James Gleason
Lew Ayres	Russell Hopton
Noah Beery, Jr.	Boris Karloff
Tala Birely	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Tom Mix
June Clyde	ZaSu Pitts
Dorothea Cunningham	Onslow Stevens
Andy Devine	Gloria Stuart
Arletta Duncan	Slim Summerville
Sidney Fox	

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright	Allen Jenkins
George Arliss	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Lorena Layson
Joan Blondell	Ahne MacMahon
George Brent	Frank McHugh
Joe E. Brown	Edward McNamara
James Cagney	Paul Mum
Ruth Chatterton	Dick Powell
Bebe Daniels	William Powell
Bette Davis	Edward G. Robinson
Claire Dodd	Chas. "Chic" Sale
Ann Dvorak	Lyle Talbot
Patricia Ellis	Sheila Terry
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Helen Vinson
Glenda Farrell	John Wayne
Preston Foster	Alice White
Kay Francis	Warren William
Eleanor Holm	John Wray
Harold Huber	Loretta Young

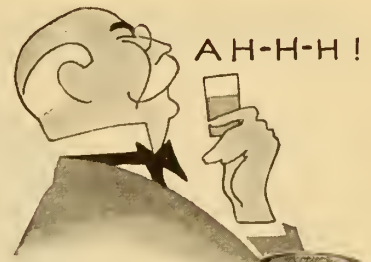
## Hollywood, Calif.

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.  
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd  
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



What a  
whale of a  
difference the word  
**COCKTAIL**  
makes!

What, no sauce for your meat, no seasoning for your salad? By Gad, suh, then *flavor's* gone, so necessary to really enjoy the good things we eat.

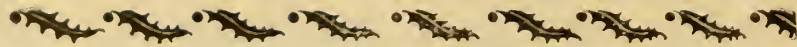
There's the reason why plain tomato juice is so woefully lacking in appeal. Insist on College Inn Tomato Juice *Cocktail*, and you get flavor; a zestful tang that marks the thorough-bred favorite.

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# The Third Girl

**A**MID the gayety of preparations for the Christmas season won't you pause a moment to pity the "third girl"? Among all young women who die between the ages of 15 and 30 one out of three dies of tuberculosis—a human sacrifice to ignorance and indifference. Tuberculosis is preventable and curable. Turn your pity into action and buy Christmas Seals. Your pennies help spread the knowledge that will save lives.



THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL  
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS  
OF THE UNITED STATES

## BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS



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The case is made of handsome embossed leatherette—suitable for pocket or handbag. Complete with a picture of any one movie star listed below—10c.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Marlene Dietrich  | <input type="checkbox"/> George Arliss    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Constance Bennett | <input type="checkbox"/> Wallace Beery    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Norma Shearer     | <input type="checkbox"/> Lionel Barrymore |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Greta Garbo       | <input type="checkbox"/> Joan Crawford    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ann Harding       | <input type="checkbox"/> Marie Dressler   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ramon Novarro     | <input type="checkbox"/> Barbara Stanwyck |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Maurice Chevalier | <input type="checkbox"/> Jean Harlow      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clark Gable       | <input type="checkbox"/> Janet Gaynor     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ronald Colman     | <input type="checkbox"/> Helen Hayes      |

Name.....  
Address.....

## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

**STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

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

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

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

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

**STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

**STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

**TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

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

**THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

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

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

**THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)



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

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

**TRAPEZE**—Harmonic-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

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

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

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

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

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

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

**WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

**WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

**WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)



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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"AIRMAIL"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Dale Van Every and Frank Wead. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Duke, Pat O'Brien, Mike, Ralph Bellamy; *Dizzy*, Russell Hopton; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Ruth*, Gloria Stuart; *Irene*, Lillian Bond; *Tex*, William Daly; *Tommy*, Frank Albertson; *Tony*, Leslie Fenton; *Sleepy*, Tom Carrigan; *Heinie*, Hans Furberg; *Radio Operator*, David Landau; *Passenger Plane Pilots*, Charles de la Montte; Lieut. Pat Davis; *Drunk*, Lew Kelly; *Passengers*, Francis Ford, Frank Beal, James Donlan, Louise MacIntosh, Katherine Perry; *Plane Attendants*, Beth Milton; *Radio Announcer*, Edmund Burns; also Enrico Caruso, Jr., Jim Thorpe, Billy Thorpe, Alene Carroll and others.

**"ALL-AMERICAN, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Richard Selayer and Dale Van Every. Adapted by Frank Wead and Ferdinand Reyher. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Garry King*, Richard Arlen; *Andy Moran*, Andy Devine; *Ellen Steffens*, Gloria Stuart; *Chick Knipe*, James Gleason; *Bob King*, John Darrow; *Steve Kelly*, Preston Foster; *Gloria Neuchard*, Merna Kennedy; *Scheming Willie Walsh*, Harold Waldridge; *Gresham McCormick*, Harvey Clark; *Betty Poe*, June Clyde; *Marceut*, Huntly Gordon; *Ted Bowen*, Earl McCarthy; *Mrs. Bowen*, Ethel Clayton; *Miss Bowen*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mr. King*, George Irving; *Mrs. King*, Florence Roberts; *Mr. Neuchard*, Frederick Burton; *Ken Neuchard*, Carlton Kaddell; *Don Lindsay*, James Flavin; *Reed*, Earle Foxe; *Smythe*, Arthur Hoyt; *Radio Announcers*, Fred Howard and Franklin Parker; *Blackie Doyle*, Maurice Black; *Hop McComb*, Frank Hagney; *Bank President*, Reginald Barlow; *Walter Grant*, Robert Ellis; *Miss Wilson*, Miami Alvarez; *Geli*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Joe Fiore*, Jack LaRue; *Mike Allen*, Manny Vezie; *Fussy Man's Wife*, Theresa Conover; *Spanking*, James Mack; *Rollins*, Lewis Natheaux; *Doctor*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Fussy Man*, Clarence Wilson; *Sappy Kid*, Spec O'Donnell; *Coy*, Walter Brennan; *Friend of Gloria's*, Allen Davis; *Davis*, Rex Lindsay. Also, members of the 1931 All-American Football Team, the All-American Board of Football and members of the All Star Football Team.

**"BALL, THE"** (*Le Bal*)—VANDAL-DELAC PROD.—From the story by Irene Nemirovsky. Directed by William Thiele. The cast: Alfred, Andre Lafaur; *Jeanne*, Germaine Dermoz; *Antoinette*, Danielle Darrieux; *Cousin Isabelle*, Marguerite Pierry; *Betty*, Wanda Greville; *Marcel de Brecourt*, Pierre de Guingand.

**"BIG BROADCAST, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Wild Waves" by William Ford Manley. Screen play by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Leslie McWhinney*, Stuart Erwin; *Bing Hornsby*, Bing Crosby; *Anita Rogers*, Leila Hyams; *Mona Lowe*, Sharon Lynne; *Clapsaddle*, George Barbier; and the stars of the radio: Burns and Allen; Kate Smith; The Mills Brothers; The Boswell Sisters; Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer); Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Cab Calloway and his orchestra; Donald Novis.

**"COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE"**—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—From the story by Jack Natteford. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Dan Alton*, Hoot Gibson; *Ruth Avery*, Sheila Mannors; *Deputy Lase Waters*, Skeeter Bill Robbins; *Bobby Avery*, Bobby Nelson; *Luke Avery*, Fred Gilman; *Bill Clary*, Jack Rutherford; *Sheriff Matt Verity*, Al Bridge; *The Judge*, William Humphrey; *State's Attorney*, Gordon DeMain; *Prisoner*, William McCormack; *Hotel Keeper*, Sam Allen.

**"CRUSADER, THE"**—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the play by Wilson Collier. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Frank Straver. The cast: *Tess Brandon*, Evelyn Brent; *Phillip Brandon*, H. B. Warner; *Jimmie Dale*, Lew Cody; *Eddie Crane*, Ned Sparks; *Joe Carson*, Walter Byron; *Marcia Brandon*, Marceline Day; *Robert Henley*, John Sainpolis; *Oscar Shane*, Arthur Hoyt; *Madge*, Ara Haswell; *Corrigan*, Joseph Girard; *Harry Smeltz*, Sid Saylor; *Alton*, the Warden, Lloyd Ingraham.

**"EXPOSED"**—EAGLE PROD.—From the story by Mauri Grashin. Directed by Albert Herman. The cast: *Jim Harper*, William Collier, Jr.; *Ruth*, Barbara Kent; *Marty*, Raymond Hatton; *Officer Dillon*, Roy Stewart; *Danny*, "Wheeler"; *Chief of Police*, John Ince; *Johnny Russo*, Walter McGrail.

**"FAITHLESS"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Card Morgan*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Bill Wade*, Robert Montgomery; *Mr. Blainey*, Hugh Herbert; *Anthony Wade*, Maurice Murphy; *A Landlady*, Louise Closser Hale; *Another Landlady*, Anna Appel; *Mr. Ledyard*, Lawrence Grant; *Mr. Carter*, Henry Kolker.

**"FALSE FACES"**—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Kubeck Glasmon. Adapted by Kubeck Glasmon and Lewelyn Hughes. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Brenton*, Lowell Sherman; *Elsie*, Peggy Shannon; *Georgia*, Lila Lee; *Parker*, Berton Churehill; *McCullough*, David Landau; *Mrs. Finn*, Nance O'Neil; *Jefferson Howe*, Purnell Pratt; *Mrs. Day*, Olive Tell; *District Attorney*, Forrest Stanley; *Mr. Day*, Edward Martindel; *Florence Day*, Geneva

Mitchell; *Fineberg*, Oscar Apfel; *Dr. McDonald*, John Sainpolis; *June Deering*, Helene Millard; *Jimmie*, Harold Waldridge; *Officer Pjowlich*, Francis Sayles; *Dr. Kelly*, Clay Clement; *Nation Sisters*, Miriam Seegar, Joyce Compton; *Master of Ceremonies*, Gene Morgan.

**"FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE"**—FRENCH FILM.—From the story by Edward Sinclair. Continuity by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Jack Duncan*, William Collier, Jr.; *Jeanette Larkin*, Josephine Dunn; *Violet Reed*, Natalie Moorhead; *Claude Morgan*, Crauford Kent; *Mr. Hurley*, Lee Moran; *Moran*, Pat O'Malley; *Reference*, James J. Jeffries; *Benny Strickland*, Hughie Owens; *Irene*, Mildred Rogers; *Sally*, Peggy Graves; *Barker*, Patty O'Flynn; *Announcer*, Duke Lee.

**"FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Pony Boy" by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Tom Martin*, Tom Mix; *Molly*, Margaret Lindsay; *Gabby*, Raymond Hatton; *Softy*, Fred Kohler; *Slim*, Edmund Cobb; *Fancy*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Thad*, Richard Cramer; *Charlie*, Harry Allen; *Bill*, Herman Nolan; *Billy the Kid*, Paul Shawhan; *The Madam*, Rosita Marstini; *Tony*, Tony.

**"GOLDEN WEST, THE"**—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Gordon Rigby. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *David Lynch*, George O'Brien; *Matano*, George O'Brien; *Betty Summers*, Janet Chandler; *Betty Summers Brown*, Janet Chandler; *Helen Bradley*, Marion Burns; *Robert Summers*, Arthur Pierson; *Calvin Brown*, Onslow Stevens; *Horace Summers*, Emmett Corrigan; *Dennis Epstein*, Bert Hanlon; *William Lynch*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Summers*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Mary Lynch*, Dorothy Ward; *Negro Mammy*, Hattie McDaniels; *Mike*, Sam Adams; *Pat*, Ed Dillon.

**"HER MAD NIGHT"**—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by John Thomas Neville. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Joan Manners*, Irene Rich; *Steven Kennedy*, Conway Tearle; *Constance Kennedy*, Mary Carlisle; *Schuyler Durkin*, Kenneth Thomson; *District Attorney*, William B. Davidson.

**"HIDDEN GOLD"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Natteford. Screen play by Jack Natteford and James Mulhauser. Directed by Ray Taylor. The cast: *Tom*, Tom Mix; *Dora*, Judith Barrie; *Spike*, Raymond Hatton; *Doc*, Donald Kirke; *Ben*, Eddie Gribbon; *Tony*, Tony.

**"HOT SATURDAY"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Harvey Ferguson. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Adapted by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncreux March. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Ruth Brock*, Nancy Carroll; *Romer Sheffield*, Cary Grant; *Bill Padden*, Randolph Scott; *Conny Billop*, Edward Woods; *Eva Randolph*, Lillian Bond; *Harry Brock*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Brock*, Jane Darwell; *Camille*, Rita La Roy; *Annie Brock*, Rose Coghlan; *2nd*; *Edward W. Randolph*, Oscar Apfel; *Aunt Minnie*, Jessie Arnold; *Archie*, Grady Sutton.

**"I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG"**—WARNERS.—From the novel by Robert E. Burns. Screen play by Sheridan Gibney and Brown Holmes. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *James Allen*, Paul Muni; *Marie*, Glenda Farrell; *Helen*, Helen Vinson; *Pete*, Preston Foster; *Second Warden*, Edward McNamara; *Allen's Secretary*, Sheila Terry; *Barney*, Allen Jenkins; *The Warden*, David Landau; *The Judge*, Berton Churchill; *The Bomber*, Edward Ellis; *Alice*, Sally Lane; *Red*, James Bell; *Sheriff's Son*, William Jannay; *Chairman Chamber of Commerce*, Oscar Apfel; *Nordine*, John Wray; *Reverend Allen*, Hale Hamilton; *District Attorney*, C. Henry Gordon; *C. K. Hobbs*, Spencer Charters; *Steve*, Roscoe Karns; *Fuller*, Robert Warwick; *Conductor*, Charles Middleton; *Sheriff of Monroe*, Harry Holman; *Linda*, Noel Francis; *Mrs. Allen*, Louise Carter; *Prison Commissioner*, Willard Robertson; *Ramsey*, Morgan Wallace; *Parker*, Reginald Barlow; *Ackerman*, Jack LaRue; *Owner Hot-dog Stand*, Charles Sellon; *Sheriff*, Russell Simpson; *Wilson*, George Collins; *Doggy*, William Pawley; *Mike*, Lew Kelly; *Sebastian*, Sam Baker; *Texas*, William LeMaire; *Blacksmith*, Dewey Robinson.

**"KING MURDER, THE"**—CHESTERFIELD.—From the novel by Charles Reed Jones. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Henry Barton*, Conway Tearle; *Elizabeth Hawthorne*, Natalie Moorhead; *Miriam King*, Dorothy Revier; *Jose Moreno*, Don Alvarado; *Van Kempen*, Robert Frazer; *Scott*, Maurice Black; *Pearl Hope*, Marceline Day; *Arthur Bronnell*, Huntly Gordon; *Miss Duval*, Rose Diane.

**"KONGO"**—M-G-M.—From the play by Chester De Vonde and Kilbourn Gordon. Screen play by Leon Gordon. Directed by William Cowen. The cast: *Finn*, Walter Huston; *Tula*, Lupe Velez; *Kingsland*, Conrad Nagel; *Ann*, Virginia Bruce; *Gregg*, C. Henry Gordon; *Hogan*, Mitchell Lewis; *Cookie*, Forrester Harvey; *Fuzzy*, Curtis Nero.

**"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE"**—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the comic strip by Harold Gray and Al

Lowenthal. Screen play by Wanda Tuehock and Tom McNamara. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Annie*, Mitzi Green; *Mickey*, Buster Phelps; *Mrs. Stewart*, May Robson; *Mrs. Burgin*, Kate Lawson; *Dr. Griffith*, Matt Moore; *Daddy Warbucks*, Edgar Kennedy; *Buller*, Sidney Bracy.

**"MADISON SQUARE GARDEN"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Thomson Burtis. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Eddie Burke*, Jack Oakie; *Bee*, Marian Nixon; *Carley*, Thomas Meighan; *Sloane*, William Boyd; *Florie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Roarke*, Lew Cody; *Doc Williams*, William Collier, Sr.; *Miller*, Robert Elliott; *Brassy*, Warren Hymer; *McClune*, Mushy Callahan; *Referee*, Lou Magnolia; *Old Timers*, Jack Johnson, Tom Sharkey, Tommy Ryan, Mike Donlin, Billy Papke, Stanislaus Zbyszko; *Famous Sport Writers*, Damon Runyon, Jack Lait, Grantland Rice, Ed. W. Smith, Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico; *Jack Kearns*, Jack Kearns; *Teddy Hayes*, Teddy Hayes.

**"MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Thomas Lennon. Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Ethel Doherty. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Tony Mello*, Leo Carrillo; *Lilli Arno*, Vivienne Osborne; *Molly*, Una Merkel; *Hyland*, Tom Moore; *Herner*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Darrow*, Earle Foxe; *Stiles*, Paul Hurst; *Klepek*, Paul Porcasi; *Spinelli*, Albert Conti; *Eddie Nugent*; *The Warden*, Edward LeSaint; *Randolph*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Gussepp*, Lester Lee.

**"MONKEY'S PAW, THE"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by William Wymark Jacobs. Play by Louise M. Parker. Adapted by Graham Jolin. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *John White*, Ivan Simpson; *Jenny White*, Louise Carter; *Sgt. Major Tom Morris*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Herbert*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Rose*, Betty Lawford; *Mr. Harigan*, Winter Hall; *Samson*, Herbert Bunston.

**"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Single Night" by Louis Bromfield. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Joe Anton*, George Raft; *Miss Healy*, Constance Cummings; *Iris Dawn*, Wynne Gibson; *Maudie Triplett*, Mae West; *Mabel Jellyman*, Alison Skipworth; *Leo*, Roscoe Karns; *Dick Madden*, Louis Calhern; *Frankie Guard*, Bradley Page; *Blainey*, Al Hill; *Jerky*, Harry Wallace; *Patsy*, Dick Templeton; *Malloy*, Marty Martyn.

**"PAYMENT DEFERRED"**—M-G-M.—From the play by Jeffrey F. Dell. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *William Marble*, Charles Laughlin; *Gordon Holmes*, Neil Hamilton; *Hannie Marble*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Annie Marble*, Dorothy Peterson; *Mme. Collins*, Verree Teasdale; *James Medland*, Ray Milland; *Hammond*, Billy Bevan; *A Prospective Tenant*, Halliwell Hobbes; *A Doctor*, William Stack.

**"PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Bartlett Cormack and J. Walter Ruben. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Gary Curtis*, Ricardo Cortez; *Jenny Wren*, Karen Morley; *Esther Wren*, Anita Louise; *Faith Andes*, Pauline Frederick; *Mrs. Walcott*, Aileen Pringle; *Priam Andes*, H. B. Warner; *Pete Harris*, Sam Hardy; *Dorothy Means*, Mary Duncan; *Mack*, Skeets Gallagher; *Walcott*, Robert McWade; *Will Jones*, Gavin Gordon; *Tall Man*, Robert Elliott; *Henry T. Herrick*, Ivan Simpson; *Carter*, Hilda Vaughn; *The Cat*, George E. Stone; *Frank Andes*, Matty Kemp; *The Boy*, Tom Douglas; *Apartment House Manager*, Clarence Wilson; *Bright Eyes*, Eddie Sturgis.

**"PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE"**—MASCOT PICTURES.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Ford Beebe. Directed by Ford Beebe. The cast: *Martha*, Barbara Kent; *Chief Scott*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Dad Tully*, Lucien Littlefield; *Peggy*, Sally Lane; *Tommy*, Glenn Tryon; *Cavanaugh*, Matt Moore; *Klaffki*, Ralph Ince; *Jerry Brewster*, Victor Jory; *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.; *Carnes*, Tommy Dugan; *Moran*, Jason Robards; *McMahon*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Louie*, Bob Kortman; *Shorty*, Ernie Adams; *Taylor*, Bud Osborne; *Sergeant Arnold*, William B. Davidson; *Officer Russell*, Rodney Hildebrand; *Sergeant Johnson*, Jack Cheatham; *Officer Jones*, Arnold Gray; *Sergeant Miller*, Kernan Cripps; *Lieut. Clark*, Wally Dean; *Souse*, Bert Roach; *Halker*, Jack Mower; *Dowager*, Suzanne Wood; *Officer Brown*, Charles Maurice; *Sam*, Charlie Schaeffer; *Cassanelli*, Hector Sarno.

**"RACKETY RAX"**—FOX.—From the story by Joel Sayre. Screen play by Ben Markson and Lou Breslow. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Knucks McGloin*, Victor McLaglen; *Voine*, Greta Nissen; *Doris*, Nell O'Day; *Speed Kendall*, Arthur Pierson; *Counselor Sultsfield*, Alan Dinahart; *Mike Dumphy*, Allen Jenkins; *Dutch*, Vincent Barnett; *Mrs. McGloin*, Marjorie Beebe; *Sister Carrie*, Esther Howard; *Tonsillitis*, Ivan Linow; *Gilotti*, Stanley Fields; *Brick Gilligan*, Ward Bond; *Dr. Vanderveer*, Eric Mayne; *McGloin's Bodyguards*, Joe Brown, John Keyes; *Coaches*, Alonzo P. Stagg, Howard Jones; also famous football players.



"RED DUST"—M-G-M.—From the play by Wilson Collison. Screen play by John Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Dennis Carson*, Clark Gable; *Vanine*, Jean Harlow; *Gary Willis*, Gene Raymond; *Barbara Willis*, Mary Astor; *Guidon*, Donald Crisp; *McQuarg*, Tully Marshall; *Limey*, Forrester Harvey; *Hoy*, Willie Fung.

"RENEGADES OF THE WEST"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Frank Richardson Pierce. Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by Casey Robinson. The cast: *Tom Bigby*, Tom Keene; *Mary Faucett*, Betty Furness; *Dr. Faucett*, Rosco Ates; *Curly Bogard*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Rankin*, Carl Miller; *Dave*, Jack Pennick; *Bob*, Max Wagner; *Blackie*, James Mason; *Dovling*, Joseph Girard; *Dolores*, Josephine Ramos; *Baby*, Roland Southern; *Bar-fly*, Bill Franey.

"SCARLET DAWN"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Revolt" by Mary McCall, Jr. Screen play by Niven Busch and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Nikiti*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Tanyusha*, Nancy Carroll; *Boris*, Earle Foxe; *Vera*, Lilyan Tashman; *Marjorie*, Sheila Terry; *Plotsky*, Frank Reichler; *Marjorie's Father*, Walter Walker; *Serge*, Mischa Auer; *Landlord's Wife*, Mae Busch; *Turkish Landlord*, Hadji Ali; *German Tailor*, Lee Kohlmar; *Head Waiter*, C. Henry Gordon; *Minister*, Alphonse Ethier; *Ivan*, Ivan Linow; *The Girl*, Betty Gillette; *Pyolotr*, Richard Alexander; *Revolutionists*, Harry Cording, William LeMaire; *Cafe Manager*, Maurice Black; *Sergeant*, Dewey Robinson; *Kitchen Boss*, William Ricciardi; *Girl of Streets*, Yola D'Avril.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES"—FOX.—From a story by A. Conan Doyle. Screen play by Bertram Millhauser and Bayard Veiller. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Clive Brook; *Alice Faulkner*, Miriam Jordan; *Moriarty*, Ernest Torrence; *Dr. Watson*, Reginald Owen; *Little Billy*, Howard Leeds; *Gore-King*, Alan Mowbray; *Pub Keeper*, Herbert Mundin; *Judge*, Montague Shaw; *Chaplain*, Arnold Lucy; *Hans*, the Hun, Lucien Prival; *Mannuel Lopez*, Roy D'Arcy; *Tony Ardetti*, Stanley Fields; *Ardetti's Henchman*, Eddie Dillon; *Gaston Reux*, Robert Graves, Jr.; *Sir Albert Hastings*, Claude King.

"SIX HOURS TO LIVE"—FOX.—From the story "Auf Wiedersehen" by Gordon Morris and Morton Barteaux. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Paul Onslow*, Warner Baxter; *Valerie Von Sturm*, Miriam Jordan; *Karl Kranz*, John Boles; *Prof. Bauer*, George F. Marion; *Baron Von Sturm*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Ivan*, Edward McWade; *Kellmer*, Secretary, John Davidson; *Police Commissioner*, Edwin Maxwell; *Blutcher*, Dewey Robinson; *Sturgis*, Torben Meyer; *Street Walker*, Irene Ware; *Widow*, Beryl Mercer.

"SPORT PARADE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Jerry Horvin. Screen play by Corey Ford, Tom Wenning and Francis Cockrell. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Sandy Baker*, Joel McCrea; *Johnny Brown*, William Gargan; *Irene*, Marian Marsh; *Morrison*, Walter Catlett; *Dizzy*, Skeets Gallagher; *Radio Announcer*, Robert Benchley; *Professor*, Eric Wilton.

"TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE"—WARNERS.—From the screen play by Kurt Kempler. Directed by Tenny Wright. The cast: *John Trent*, John Wayne; *Sergeant Tippy*, Frank McHugh; *Alice*, Marceline Day; *Zeke Keller*, Otis Harlan; *Gus Lynch*, Albert J. Smith; *"High Wolf"*, Yakima Canutt; *Calvary Commander*, Clarence Geldert; *Duke*, the wonder horse, Himself.

"THIS SPORTING AGE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by J. K. McGuiness. Adapted by Dudley

Nichols. Directed by Andrew W. Bennison and A. F. Erickson. The cast: *Capt. John Steele*, Jack Holt; *Mickey Steele*, Evalyn Knapp; *Johnny Raeburn*, Hardie Albright; *Charles Morrell*, Walter Byron; *Jerry O'Day*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Rila Duncan*, Ruth Weston; *Mrs. Wainleigh*, Nora Lane; *Ann Erskine*, Shirley Palmer; *Surgeon*, Hal Price.

"THREE ON A MATCH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Mary Keaton*, Joan Blondell; *Henry Kirkwood*, Warren William; *Vivian Revere*, Ann Dvorak; *Ruth Westcott*, Bette Davis; *Mike*, Lyle Talbot; *"The Mugg"*, Humphrey Bogart; *Linda*, Patricia Ellis; *Naomi*, Sheila Terry; *Principal of school*, Grant Mitchell; *Bobby*, Frankie Darro; *Mrs. Keaton*, Clara Blandick; *Defense Attorney*, Hale Hamilton; *Horace*, Dick Brandon; *Max*, Junior Johnston; *Vivian as a child*, Dawn O'Day; *Mary as a child*, Virginia Davis; *Ruth as a child*, Betty Carrs; *Junior*, Buster Phelps; *Vivian's chum*, Glenda Farrell.

"TOO BUSY TO WORK"—FOX.—From the story by Ben Ames Williams. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Jubilo*, Will Rogers; *Rose*, Marian Nixon; *Dan*, Dick Powell; *Judge Hardy*, Frederick Burton; *Axel*, Constantine Romanoff; *Sheriff*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Mammy*, Louise Beavers; *Under Sheriff*, Jack O'Hara.

"TRAILING THE KILLER"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Jackson Richards. Directed by Herman C. Raymaker. The cast: *Lobo*, Caesar, the Wolf Dog; *Pierre LaPlant*, Francis McDonald; *Windy*, Heinie Konkin; *Pedro*, Jose de la Cruz; *Manud*, George Rigas; *Sheriff*, Tom London.

"TROUBLE IN PARADISE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Honest Finder" by Laszlo Aladar. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Adapted by Grover Jones. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Lily*, Miriam Hopkins; *Marianne*, Kay Francis; *Gaston*, Herbert Marshall; *The Major*, Charlie Ruggles; *Francois*, Edward Everett Horton; *Giron*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Jacques (the butler)*, Robert Greig.

"VANITY STREET"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frank Cavett and Edward Roberts. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Brian*, Charles Bickford; *Jeanie*, Helen Chandler; *Fern*, Mayo Methot; *Val*, George Meeker; *Mr. Kerr*, Arthur Hoyt; *Rose Marie*, Ruth Channing; *Susan*, Dolores Ray; *Lou*, Claudia Morgan; *Mary Ann*, Ann Fay; *Mary Ann's Mother*, Katharine Claire Ward; *Mrs. Dantry*, May Beatty; *Grogan*, Dutch Hendrian; *Joe*, Eddie Boland.

"WHITE EAGLE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Fred Myton. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *White Eagle*, Buck Jones; *Janei*, Barbara Weeks; *Bart*, Ward Bond; *Gregory*, Robert Ellis; *Dave Rand*, Jason Robards; *Indian Chief*, Jim Thorpe; *Gray Wolf*, Frank Campeau; *Sheriff*, Bob Kortman; *Captain Blake*, Robert Elliott; *Doctor*, Clarence Geldert; *Zack*, Jimmie House.

"WILD GIRL"—FOX.—From the dramatization of Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane's Kiss" by Paul Armstrong. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Stranger*, Charles Farrell; *Salomy Jane*, Joan Bennett; *John Marbury*, Ralph Bellamy; *Yuba Bill*, Eugene Pallette; *Rufe Waters*, Irving Pichel; *Saloon Girl*, Minna Gombell; *Lise*, Sarah Padden; *Red Pete*, Willard Robertson; *Bartender*, Ferdinand Munier; *Mammy*, Louise Beavers; *Baldwin*, Morgan Wallace; *Madison Clay*, James Durkin; *Larabee*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Sheriff*, Alphonse Ethier; *Anny May*, Marilyn Harris; *Mary Ann*, Carmencita Johnson; *Willie Delmar* Watson.



# Piping HOT

**COMMONER**, King, or Lord High Executioner—it makes no difference to us! If you're a Commoner, we'll try to make you feel like a King; if you're already a King, we'll try to make you feel like visiting us again. For instance, whether you engage our largest suite or smallest room, we'll undertake to serve your hot dishes *piping hot*. We have dumb-waiters to whisk trays from our kitchen to your floor in jig time... special ovens on every floor... waiters not at all dumb to serve you right in your room... and all through our house a very sincere desire to indulge your lowliest wish in royal fashion. Now may we serve you?

## The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York  
Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director



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State of Illinois, ss.  
County of Cook  
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, None. Managing Editor, William T. Walsh, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, John S. Tuomey, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concerns, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Foreman-State Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) Foreman-State Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; First Union Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY  
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1932.  
[SEAL] M. EVELYN McEVILLY,  
(My commission expires January 20, 1935)



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115]



They'll never let him be himself, this Boris Karloff chap. As the monster in "Frankenstein," he got a grand start in weird rôles. Here he is being made up for the part of *Fu Manchu*, and the cameraman is scrutinizing the result with the "blue glass" to make sure it will pass the lens' keen eye

IF the rumors of the little difficulties of Carole and Bill Powell were true, they must have been smoothed over.

Carole had to work all night recently. Bill was not on a picture. Bill went to the set and spent the entire night so his wife wouldn't be lonesome between scenes. And husbands who are quarreling with their wives don't do that.

A GROUP of friends were discussing a flop made by a famous comedian.

"Bet the poor guy feels ashamed of it," one remarked.

"Ashamed," another said, "why the only time he holds up his head is when he gargles."

WE all know how ill Joe E. Brown has been and we're all glad he's well enough to be back in a picture. But what nobody knows is that Joe is making that swimming yarn with a brace on his back. It'll be there for at least six months. They can't get a double for Joe. That mouth, you know. So Joe is making those scenes in the water (it's supposed to be a swimming race from Los Angeles to Catalina Island) himself—carrying his back-brace right along with him!

LOUISE CARTER, character actress, was bemoaning her fate in pictures playing one mother rôle after another. "Always a mother," she moaned, "and never a bride."

IF you wanted a truly tough day you should have gone with the "Red Dust" location into Laurel Canyon.

They had twelve wind machines going at

wind machines to scatter. When those folks got home—

But they spared the ladies. Clark Gable and Lewis Stone were on hand, but Jean Harlow and Mary Astor were basking in cleanliness at home.

They didn't escape the rain, however. It rained for eighteen days without stopping on the stage at Metro where they were shooting Clark's torrid love affair with Mary.

AND here's the latest quip on those fast growing quickies. Seems an actor was called to one of the smaller studios for a part. His agent phoned about it. "Sorry," the studio replied, "but we can't use him. He doesn't fit the uniform."

IT looks as if that Nancy Lyon-Harry Bannister affair is not just a publicity blurb, after all. For Nancy is leaving for London and making no bones about stating that Harry Bannister is awaiting her there.

While Alexander Kirkland, who made such a hit in "Strange Interlude," is phoning a New York divorcee every night. And when her decree becomes final, it's wedding bells for Alex. So you see, that rumor about Ann Harding and Alex was false. Merely old friends, tried and true.

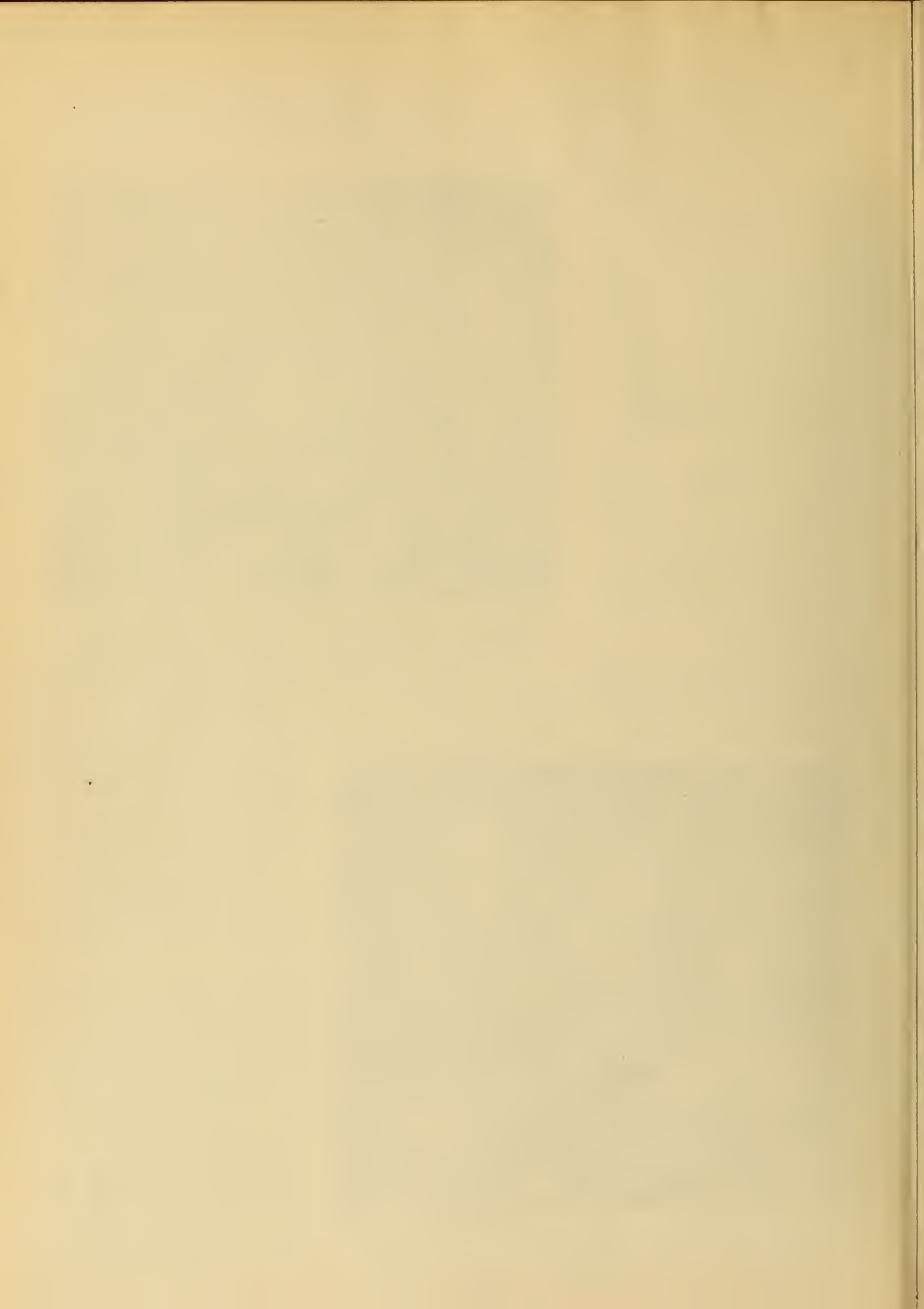
PERHAPS Laurel and Hardy's next feature picture will be filmed in Paris. A French company has asked Stan and Oliver to name their price for a two version comedy, French and English. Even if the sum is as large as the national debt, they guarantee to meet it.



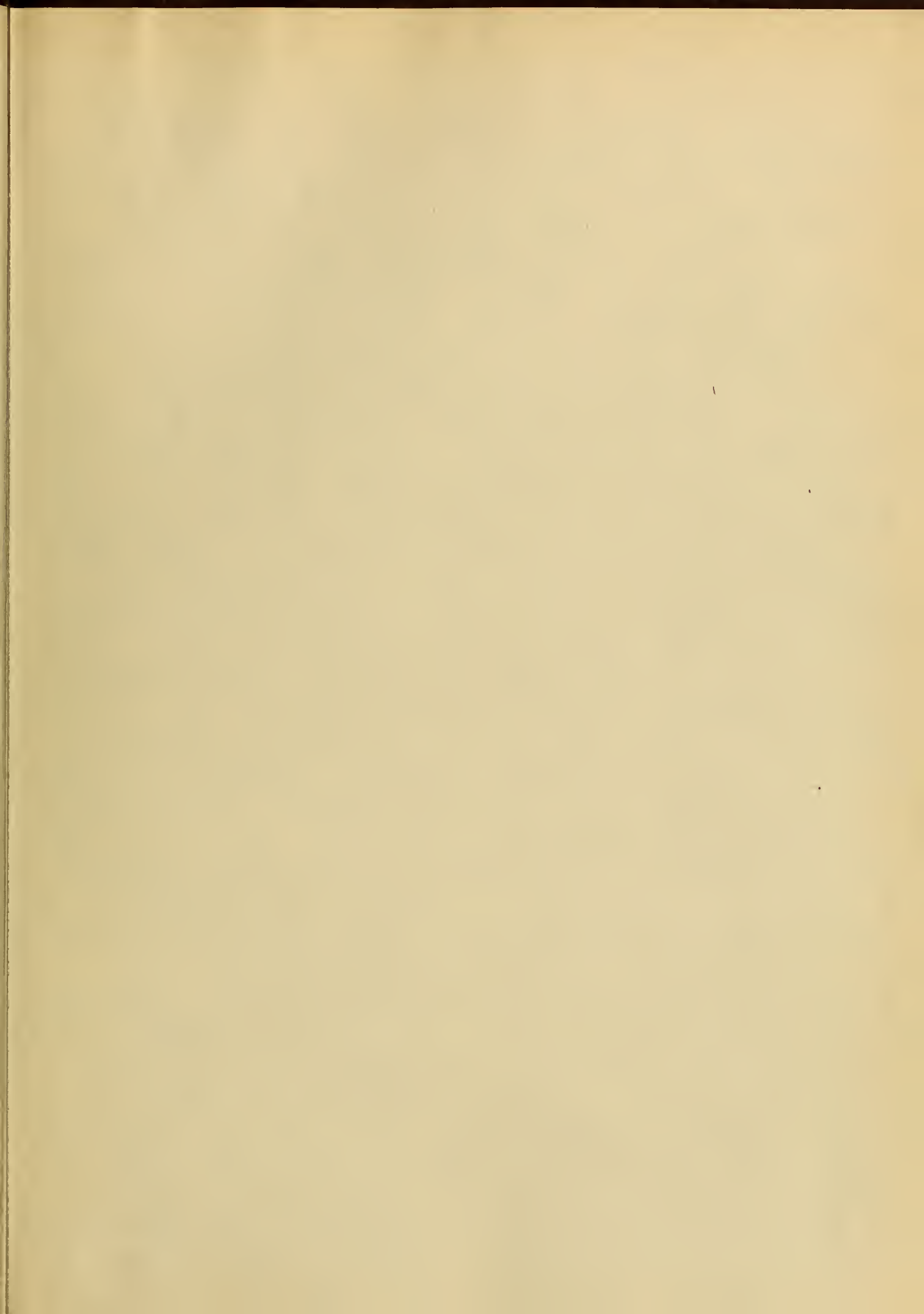
You'll see that honest Scotchman, Ernest Torrence, in the arch criminal rôle of *Moriarty*, in the Fox film, "Sherlock Holmes." Isn't this an interesting camera study of Director Howard and Torrence as he intently reads the lengthy script of his part just before the cameras are turned on?

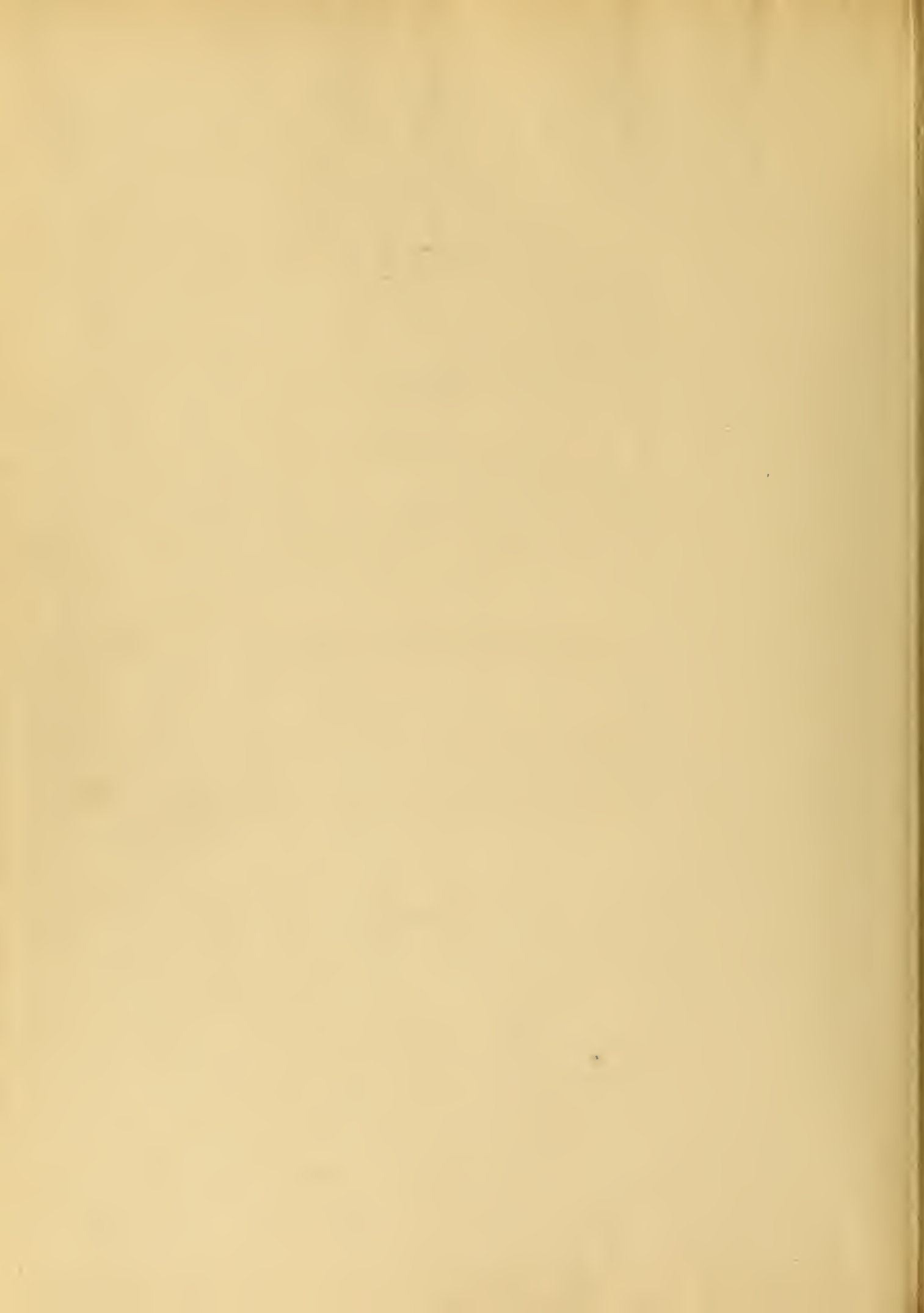














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